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THE
CONTINENTAL MONTHLY:

DEVOTED TO

Literature and National Policy.

VOL. V.

JANUARY—JUNE, 1864.

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THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY:

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE AND NATIONAL POLICY.

VOL. V.—JANUARY, 1864.—No. I.

RETROSPECTIVE.

Time makes many dark things clear, and often in a wonderfully short and decisive way. So we said hopefully two years and more ago in regard to one of the unsolved problems which then pressed on the minds of thoughtful men—how, namely, it was to fare with slavery in the progress and sequel of the war. The history of our national struggle has illustrated the truth and justified the hope. Time has quite nearly solved that problem and some others almost equally perplexing. The stream of historical causes has borne the nation onward on the bosom of its inevitable flow, until we can now almost see clear through to the end; at any rate, we have reached a point where we can look backward and forward with perhaps greater advantage than at any former period. What changes of opinion have been wrought! How many doubts resolved! How many fears dispelled! How many old prejudices and preconceived notions have been abandoned! How many vexed questions put at rest! How many things have safely got an established place among accepted and almost generally acceptable facts, which were once matters of loyal foreboding

and of disloyal denunciation! No man of good sense and loyalty now doubts the rightfulness and wisdom of depriving the rebels of the aid derived from their slaves, and making them an element of strength on our side; while the fact that the enfranchised slaves make good soldiers, is put beyond question by an amenability to military discipline and a bravery in battle not surpassed by any troops in the world.

HAS THE WAR GONE SLOWLY?

The work of subduing the rebellion has gone slowly as compared with the impatient demands of an indignant people at the outset; but not slowly if you consider the vast theatre of the war, the immense extent of the lines of military operations, and the prodigious advantages possessed by the rebels at the beginning—partly advantages such as always attend the first outbreak of a revolutionary conspiracy long matured in secret against an unsuspecting and unprepared Government, and partly the extraordinary and peculiar advantages that accrued to them from the traitorous complicity of Buchanan's Administration, through which the conspirators were enabled to rob

the national treasury, strip the Government of arms, and possess themselves of national forts, arsenals, and munitions of war, before the conflict began.

NOT TOO SLOW—WHY? SLAVERY.

But either way the war has not gone too slowly with reference to its great end—the establishment of a durable peace. If the rebellion had been crushed at once by overwhelming force, it would have been crushed only to break out anew. Slavery would have been left unimpaired, and that would inevitably have entailed another conflict in no long time. In the interest of slavery the rebels have drawn the sword; let slavery perish by the sword. In the interest of slavery they have attempted to overthrow the National Government and to dismember the national domain; let slavery be overthrown to maintain the Government and to preserve the integrity of the nation. Let the cause of the war perish with the war. Not until slavery is extinguished can there be a lasting peace; for not until then can the conditions of true national unity begin to exist. What wise and good man would wish to save it from extinction? It is as incompatible with the highest prosperity of the South as it is with a true national union between the South and the North. Once extinguished, there will be a thousand-fold increase in every element of Southern welfare, economical, social, and moral; and possibilities of national wealth and strength, greatness and glory, above every nation on the globe, will be established. Let slavery go down. Let us rejoice that in the progress and sequel of this war, it must and will go down.

EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

Looking back, we can now see that much that was trying to the patience of the loyal masses of the North in the early stages of the war, has only served to make it more certain that what ought to be will be. Time has done

justice to the idiotic policy of fighting the rebellion with one hand and with the other upholding the institution that constituted at once its motive and its strength. Time has brought policy and justice to shake hands together at the right moment on the same road, and made that respectable and acceptable as a military necessity which was once repudiated as a fanaticism. Time has brought out the President's Emancipation Proclamation, and established it on a firm basis in the judgment and consent of all wise and true loyal men, North and South—to the great discomfiture of sundry politicians—the utterances of some of whom not long ago can be no otherwise taken than as the revelation and despairing death wail of disconcerted schemes. Strange that men whose whole lives have been passed in forecasting public opinion for their political uses, should have rushed upon the thick bosses of the great shield of the public will, which begirds the President and his Emancipation Proclamation,—for certainly all the railing at *radicalism*, which we heard in certain quarters last summer, was in fact nothing but the expression of disappointment and chagrin at the emancipation policy of the President, and that too at a time when that policy had come to be accepted by the great body of the loyal people of the nation (including all the eminent Southern loyalists), as not only indispensable to the national salvation, but desirable in every view. Strange that at such a time, and among those once active and influential in the formation of the Republican party—a party born of the roused spirit of resistance to slavery aggressions—there should have been found a single person unable to discern and to accept the inevitable logic of events which was to make the extinction of slavery the only wise, practicable, and truly loyal stand point. Strange that any Republican should be disposed to put a stop to the 'irrepressible conflict.' It was too late in the

day to attempt the organization of a great, victorious Conservative party by splitting up the old organizations. The old organizations may fall to pieces. It is best, perhaps, they should—but not to form a Conservative party. Conservatism is not now to the popular taste. It means nothing but the saving of slavery, and the great body of the loyal people now feel absolved from all obligation to save it; they do not care to have it saved; and the vaticinations of those prophets of evil who predicted disaster and ruin to the national cause from the emancipation policy of the Government excite no consternation in the loyal heart of the nation.

In a review of the conduct of the war, how little reason appears for regret and how much for satisfaction in regard to all the great measures of the Government!

THE FINANCIAL SYSTEM.

The successful working of the *financial system* has demonstrated the wisdom of its principles. Instead of following the old wretched way of throwing an immense amount of stocks into market at a sacrifice of fifteen to thirty per cent., the Government has got all the money it wanted at half or a little more than half the usual rate of interest. It would have been better if the currency had been made to consist wholly of United States legal-tender notes, fundable in six per cent. bonds—with a proper provision for the interest and for a sinking fund.

But the financial system adopted is a matter of satisfaction, apart from its admirable success in furnishing the Government with the means to carry on the war: it is the inauguration of sounder principles on currency than have heretofore prevailed, which, if unfolded and carried legitimately out, will give the country the best currency in the world—perfectly secured, uniform in value at every point, and liable to no disastrous expansions and contractions. The notion that any great

industrial, manufacturing, and commercial nation can conduct its business—any more than it can carry on a great war—with a specie currency alone, is indeed exploded; but the notion that a paper currency to be safe must be based on specie, still prevails—although the currency furnished by the thousands of banks scattered throughout the country has never been really based upon the actual possession of specie to the extent of more than *one fifth* of the amount in circulation. It may be the doctrine will never come to prevail that a specie basis in whole or in part is no more indispensable to a sound and safe paper currency than an exclusive specie currency is possible or desirable in a country like this. It may be that the people will never come to believe that a legal-tender paper currency, issued exclusively by the National Government—based upon the credit of the nation, constituting a lien upon all the property of the country, and proportioned in amount of issue to the needs of the people for it as an instrument of exchange—would, for all home uses, possess in full perfection the nature, functions, and powers of money. It is a subject we do not propose to discuss. It is enough now to say that the notes of the United States, fundable in national six per cent. bonds, and drawing interest as they do semi-annually in gold, must be admitted by everybody to be as safe a currency as the banks as a whole have ever supplied, and to possess other advantages which make them incomparably a better currency than that of local banks.

The high price to which gold has been carried by gambling speculators, is not to be taken as indicating a proportionate want of confidence in the success of the national cause and in the intrinsic value of the national securities. It indicates nothing of the sort—at any rate, whatever it may be taken to indicate, it is none the less true that United States six per cent. bonds were from the first eagerly sought for and

taken as investments at the rate of a million a day—faster indeed than the Government could at first supply them; with a constantly augmenting demand, until in the last week of October *thirty-six* millions were disposed of—leaving only one hundred and fifty millions unsold, which will doubtless all be taken before this paper is published. Comment on this is entirely needless.

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

In the conduct of our *foreign relations*, certain official declarations in the early part of the war on the policy and purpose of Government in carrying it on, are to be regretted as gratuitous and unfortunate. It is to be regretted also that the capture of the *Trent* and the seizure of Mason and Slidell was not at once disavowed as being contrary to our doctrine on neutral rights, and the rebel emissaries surrendered without waiting for reclamation on the part of the British Government; or, if it was thought best to await that reclamation as containing a virtual concession of our doctrine, it would have been better—more dignified and effective—if the reply had been limited to a simple statement that the surrender was necessitated by the principles always maintained by our Government, and not by a reclamation which the British Government, by its own construction of public law and by its own practice, was not entitled to make, but which being made, might now, it was to be hoped, be taken as an abandonment in the future of the ground heretofore maintained by that Government.

CONCESSION OF BELLIGERENT RIGHTS TO THE REBELS.

There has been some dissatisfaction with the conduct of our official communications with Great Britain and France respecting the question on belligerent rights and neutral obligations which the rebellion has raised. But there are points of no inconsiderable difficulty and delicacy involved in these

questions, which a great many people, in their natural displeasure against the English and French, have failed to consider. Our Government deserves the credit of having consulted the interests without compromising the dignity of the nation. Admitting the conduct of the British and French Governments in recognizing the rebels as belligerents to be as unfriendly and as unrequired by the obligations of public law as it is generally held to be among us, that would not make it right or wise for our Government to depart from the tone of moderation. We can no more make it a matter for official complaint and demand against these Governments, than we could the unfriendly tone of many of their newspapers and Parliamentary orators. We might say to them: We take it as unkindly in you to do as you have done; but if they will continue to do so, we have nothing for it but to submit. Even if we could have afforded it, we could not rightly have gone to war with them for doing what we ourselves—through the necessity of our circumstances—have been compelled in effect to do, and what they, though not forced by any such necessity, had yet a right—and in their own opinion were obliged—by public law to do. We could not have made it a cause of war, and therefore it would have been worse than idle to indulge in a style of official representation which means war if it means anything.

THE REBEL CRUISERS.

The question of the rebel cruisers on the high seas is a question by itself. The anger excited among us by the injuries we have suffered from these vessels is not strange; nor is it strange that our anger should beget a disposition to quarrel with Great Britain and France for conceding the rights of lawful belligerents to the perpetrators of such atrocities. The rebels have no courts of admiralty, carry their prizes to no ports, submit them to no lawful

adjudication—but capture, plunder, and burn private vessels in mid ocean. Such proceedings by the laws of nations are undoubtedly piratical in their nature. We have a right so to hold and declare. We may think that Great Britain and France are bound so to hold and declare. But what then? Should they have ordered their men of war to cruise against these rebel cruisers or to capture every one which they might chance to encounter, and to send them home for trial? We may think they were bound in vindication of public law to do so; but could we make their not doing so a matter of formal complaint and a cause of war? There are a number of things to be well considered before any one should permit himself to quarrel with our Government for not quarrelling with Great Britain and France on this matter.

BRITISH VIOLATION OF NEUTRAL OBLIGATIONS.

But the conduct of the British Government in allowing her ports to be made the basis of these nefarious operations—in permitting vessels of whose character and purpose there could be no doubt to be built in her ports—not to be delivered in any Confederate port, but in effect armed and manned from her ports to go immediately to cruise against our commerce on the high seas—is an outrageous violation of the obligations of neutrals, for which that Government may justly be held responsible. It is a responsibility which no technical pleading about the insufficiency of British laws, either in matter of prohibition or rules of evidence, can avoid. Great Britain is bound to have laws and rules of evidence which will enable her effectually to discharge her neutral obligations; whether she has or not, does not alter her responsibility to us. Her conduct may rightfully be made a matter of official complaint, and of war too—if satisfaction and reparation be refused. It is a case in which our rights and dignity are

concerned; and it is to be presumed that our Government will not fail to vindicate them.*

LEGISLATION—THE CONFISCATION LAW.

The action of *Congress* has in everything been nobly patriotic in spirit, and in nearly everything it has wisely and adequately met the exigencies of the crisis.

But we are compelled to hold the Confiscation Act, in the form in which it was passed, as a mistake.† If the clause of the Constitution prohibiting ‘attainder of treason to work forfeiture except during the life of the person attainted,’ be necessarily applicable to the Confiscation Act, it seems to us impossible to avoid the conclusion that the act is unconstitutional. So far as the language of the prohibition is decisive of anything, it must be taken to include all sorts of property, real as well as personal—the term *forfeiture* certainly having that extent of application in the old English law and practice, from which the framers of our Constitution took it, and there is nothing elsewhere in the Constitution or in its history to warrant any other con-

* Since the above was written, the speech of Earl Russell, in Scotland, indicates a disposition on the part of the British Government to do us justice, at least in the future; and it is to be hoped that a satisfactory adjustment of all differences on the whole matter may be peacefully made.

† In the ‘Letters to Professor Morse,’ in the November number of *THE CONTINENTAL*, a sentence on page 521, relating to the Confiscation Law, was left incomplete. The whole sentence should have been as follows: ‘As to the *Confiscation Acts*—it is enough to say that the Constitution gives Congress power ‘to declare the punishment of treason’;—or if the constitutionality of the *Confiscation law* cannot be concluded from the terms of that grant—about which there may be a doubt—it is undoubtedly contained in the war powers vested in Congress.’

I have here put in italics the clause omitted in that article, and hope my readers will insert it in the proper place. The sentence, as thus completed, contains all I cared then to say on the point—my object being mainly to vindicate the justice and conformity to public law of the policy of confiscation. In the present article I have gone more at length into the question of the constitutionality of the law of Congress, and have come to the conclusions herein expressed.

struction. So the Congress of 1790 understood it in the act declaring the punishment of treason and some other high crimes. As to the *perpetuity* of forfeiture, it seems equally necessary to hold that it is prohibited by the clause of the Constitution in question. Such is undeniably the first and obvious meaning of the terms. It has been argued indeed that it was not the intention of the framers of the Constitution to prohibit perpetual forfeiture of property from being 'declared' by Congress, but only to prohibit 'attainder of treason' from 'working' of itself that effect by necessary consequence—as it did under the Common Law of England. It has also been argued that the constitutional restriction does not relate to perpetuity of forfeiture, but only requires that the forfeiture or act of alienation take place, have effect, and be accomplished 'during the life of the person attainted,' and not after his death.

But this reasoning is more subtle than satisfactory. A fair consideration of the subject leaves little room for doubt that the framers of the Constitution had in view and intended to prohibit everything which under the old English common law followed upon 'attainder of treason'—to prohibit forfeiture in perpetuity of property of every sort, no less than 'bills of attainder,' 'corruption of blood,' and barbarities of punishment, such as disembowelling, quartering, etc.

If therefore the constitutional restriction on forfeiture apply to the Confiscation Law, it makes the law unconstitutional, in so far as it enacts the *perpetual* forfeiture of the personal estate of rebels; and the discrimination made in regard to their real estate does not save the constitutionality of the act.

If, therefore, the Confiscation Law is to be held as constitutional, it can be so, as it seems to us, only on the ground that it does not fall within the scope of the constitutional prohibition in question. This ground may be main-

tained by asserting that the constitutional prohibition of perpetual forfeiture applies only to cases of 'attainder of treason,' that is, according to Blackstone, of 'judgment of death for treason,' and that cases under this act are not such; that the limitations applicable to ordinary judicial proceedings against traitors are not applicable here; that the Confiscation Act seizes the property of rebels not in their quality of criminals, but of public enemies; that it is not an act for the punishment of treason, but for weakening and subduing an armed rebellion, and securing indemnification for the costs and damages it has entailed—in short, not a penal statute, but a war measure; and that the Constitution which gives Congress the right to make war for the suppression of the rebellion, and to subject the lives of rebels to the laws of war, gives it the right to subject their property also to the same laws—putting both out of the protection of the ordinary laws; and finally that all the objects aimed at by the measure are legitimated by the principles of public law.

If these views can be sustained, it follows that Congress was justified not only in enacting the perpetual confiscation of the *personal* property of rebels, but need not, and should not, have passed the explanatory clause prohibiting 'forfeiture of *real* estate beyond the natural life' of the rebel. So far as weakening the rebellion, indemnifying the nation for costs and damages, or the rights and interests of the heirs of rebels, are concerned, there is no reason in justice or in policy for the discrimination made between personal and real estate; if it is right and wise to take the one in perpetuity, it is equally so to take the other. In our judgment, it is right and wise to do both.

MILITARY ADMINISTRATION—NO ARMY OF RESERVE.

In looking over the war, we can all now see a very great error in the *mili-*

tary administration—the neglect, namely, to provide and keep up a proper reserved force. It is the grand mistake of the war. Two years and a half of war, and no army of reserve! Eighteen months ago, a force of reserve of at least two hundred thousand men should have been formed. It could probably then have been formed of volunteers. From it, vacancies made in the armies in the field by battle, disease, or expiration of time of service, could have been filled with drilled and disciplined soldiers, and reinforcements drawn to meet any special exigency. The victory of Gettysburgh might have resulted in the total destruction of Lee's army before he could recross the Potomac; and Rosecrans might have been strengthened without weakening the Army of the Potomac or any other. Whether the cost of forming and keeping up such a force of reserve would have greatly exceeded the cost of the recent draft, we do not pretend to know. We are inclined to think it would not. But that is a question of little moment. Money wisely spent is well spent; money unwisely saved is ill saved. With such a force, the recent draft might not have been necessary—at all events there would have been no necessity for suspending active military operations in Virginia, and awaiting the slow completion of the draft, at a moment when large additions to the forces in the field were precisely the one thing needful. The army of reserve would at once have supplied disciplined soldiers, and their places in the camps of instruction and reserve could have been filled with the new conscripts as fast as they were collected.

CONSOLATION—ENFORCEMENT OF THE DRAFT IN NEW YORK.

But grave as the error is which we have signalized, there is something that might well console us for greater misfortunes than it has entailed, and which gives us another illustration of the truth that God and Time often

work for us better than we for ourselves, and out of our errors bring good that we could not forecast.

It would not be wise to assert that the not having such a reserved force necessitated the recent draft, and thereby occasioned the horrible outbreak in New York. But if it may even be safely suggested as possibly true, the successful enforcement of the draft becomes all the more a matter for boundless joy and congratulation. Important as its enforcement throughout the country was as a means of filling up the ranks of our armies, the outbreak in New York made it a thousand times more important as the only adequate assertion of the supremacy of national law.

There can be no doubt as to the nature, origin, and purpose of that outbreak. It was the result of a long-prepared traitorous conspiracy in the interest of the rebels. The enforcement of the draft against mob violence instigated by treason, was indispensable not only to the successful prosecution of the war against the rebels of the South, but to the maintenance of the supreme authority and power of the National Government, and of the foundations of social order at the North. Not to have enforced it might have insured the triumph of the rebellion and the independence of the South; it certainly would have rendered the North no longer a country fit for any decent man to live in. Such and so great was the significance of the crisis. The responsibility of the Administration was immense. The President met it nobly. He took care that a sufficient military force—not under the control of Governor Seymour, but of a well-tried patriot—was present in New York. He carried out the draft there and everywhere else. He crushed the schemes and hopes of the traitorous conspirators—more guilty than the rebels in arms—and gave a demonstration of the *strength of the National Government*, as grand in its majesty as it

was indispensable to the national salvation in this crisis and to its security in all future time. The Government has triumphed in the quiet majesty of its irresistible force over factious and traitorous opposition at the North, springing from treasonable sympathy with the rebels, or, from what, in a crisis like this, is equally wicked, the selfishness of party spirit, preferring party to country. More than this, it has triumphed over the dangerous and destructive notions on State sovereignty, which traitors and partisans have dared invoke. It is impossible to overestimate the importance for the present and for the future of this victorious assertion of the *supremacy of the National Government*.

SUMMARY REVIEW.

In a review, then, of this gigantic struggle, we have every reason to be content and confident—no reason to bate one jot of heart or hope. The triumph over Northern treason, achieved by the force of the Government, has been followed by a moral triumph at the polls, no less grand in its significance. The country is not oppressed by the stupendous expenses of the war. The money is all spent at home. It stimulates the productive industry of the country, and the nation is all the time growing rich. The rebels have been disastrously repulsed in two attempts at invasion, and do not hold one inch of Northern soil. One third of the States claimed by them at the

outset, are gone from them forever: Maryland, Missouri, Kentucky, are securely in the Union; Virginia we have cut in two—nearly one half of its territory, by the will of its inhabitants, now constituting a loyal member of the Union as the new State of West Virginia—while of its eastern half we securely hold its coast, harbors, and fortresses, and a considerable number of its counties. Tennessee is ours, and cannot, we think, be wrenched away. We have New Orleans, and the uncontrolled possession of the Mississippi river—cutting the territory of the rebels in two, destroying their communications, and giving us a considerable portion of the States bordering that river. In North Carolina and South Carolina we have a hold, from which it will be hard to drive us. On the Atlantic and Gulf coast nearly every fortress is in our possession; there is not a port which is not possessed by us, or else so blockaded that (except in the peculiar case of Wilmington) it is a hazardous affair for any vessel to attempt going in or coming out; and the rebels are utterly unable to raise the blockade of a single port. In fine, they have lost more than one third of their territory forever, and of the remaining portion there is not one considerable subdivision over which in some part the flag of the Union does not securely wave. What title to recognition as an independent power can the Confederate rebels present to the neutral powers of the world?

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN LIFE AND SCENERY.

WHILE American tourists are delightedly visiting and minutely describing the most hidden recesses of beauty among the mountains, plains, seas, lakes, and rivers of Europe, there are, close within their reach, innumerable spots well worthy of consideration, and hitherto entirely unknown to the great mass of pleasure and scenery seeking travellers. These fair but hidden gems have become of the more importance that the grand struggle convulsing our country has rendered foreign travel difficult, even when advisable, and has roused within our people a love for their own land, a pride in its loveliness, much more rarely felt before the attempt to dismember and ruin it had awakened dormant patriotism and completed the severance between the recent *provinces* and the historically renowned mother country. American painters are worthily illustrating American life and landscape; American poets, and no less poetical prose writers, are singing the forests, skies, flowers, and birds of their native land; and the inquisitive traveller should surely not fail to add his humbler mite in the way of discovery and description. The following sketches are founded upon actual observation, and the delineations of scenery and manners therein contained are strictly in accordance with the personal experience of the author.

I.—A SUMMER EXCURSION.

'All very well,' said Aunt Sarah; 'I have no doubt the excursion would be charming; but who will accompany you?'

'We do not require an escort; we can take care of each other.'

'Can it be that you, Lucy, a staid married woman of thirty-six, and you, Elsie, a demure young girl of twenty,

are suddenly about to enter the ranks of the strong minded?'

'Why, dear aunt,' said Lucy D—, 'you would not have us weak minded, would you? I think I heard you say no longer ago than yesterday that half the domestic miseries in this world were due to the weak nerves and feeble intellects of poorly educated women.'

'True; but the technical expression, 'strong minded,' does not mean strong in mind—rather the contrary.'

'In other words, strong minded means weak minded, is that it, auntie?' laughed Elsie.

'I see, Aunt Sarah,' said Lucy, 'we shall be forced to call upon you for that most difficult of tasks, a definition. What is meant by the term, 'strong-minded woman'?''

'A monster,' replied Mrs. Sarah Grundy, 'who lectures, speaks in public, wants women to vote, to wear men's garments; in a word, one who would like to upset religion, social life, and the world in general.'

'Well,' dear auntie, 'we surely do not purpose committing any of these enormities; our intentions simply embrace a short excursion of some forty miles in search of fine scenery, health, and a little amusement. We have no confidence in our power to influence the public, even if we thought we had aught to say which they do not already know; we do not see that voting has a very beneficial effect upon men, witness election days; as for their garments, they are too hideously ungraceful for us to covet; in faith, we are of the most orthodox; we confess, we do think social life needs sundry reforms, more charity and forbearance, less detraction and ostentation, etc., etc.; and as for the world in general, we think it very beautiful, and only wish to overlook

some few additional miles of its lovely mountains, lakes, and streams.'

'Well, well, girls, young people always can talk faster than old ones; but do you really think it safe for you to venture without escort? You do not even know the name of the place which you wish to visit; you have been informed that on the summit of yonder mountain is a lake, said to be picturesque; but of its cognomen, and of the proper means to reach it, you are utterly ignorant. You will have to ask questions of all sorts of people.'

'Suppose we do—being women, we will certainly in America receive civil answers.'

'But if some person unknown to you should speak to you?'

'Little danger, dear aunt, of dread unknowns, if we comport ourselves properly; I have travelled much in all kinds of public conveyances, and never yet have been improperly addressed. Did you ever have an adventure of the sort?'

'Once only,' replied Aunt Sarah, 'and then the fault was my own. I was young and giddy; Cousin Nancy was with me, and we were in a rail-car. In a near seat sat a very good-looking young man; Nancy looked toward him once or twice and, meeting his eye, began to giggle: I foolishly joined her; thus encouraged, our young gentleman opened a conversation. Nancy laughed immoderately; but I, being a few years older, soon controlled my silly giggling; and by the tone of my reply speedily silenced our would-be admirer. He turned his back upon us, and, so far as I know, in less than five minutes had forgotten our very existence.'

'Decidedly a case in our favor! And if the boat should blow up, or the car roll down an embankment, in what would we be benefited by the fact of having an escort also to be scalded or have his head broken?'

'Ye maun even then gang your ain gait. I wish you a pleasant journey and a safe return.'

'Thank you, auntie, and you will not call us strong minded?'

'Certainly not, unless I find you merit the appellation.'

The little trunk was soon packed, and one fine July morning the two travellers set off in search of the beautiful lake, whose name is not to be found in the guide books. They knew it was to be looked for in a sharp and peculiar dent in the Shawangunk mountain, which dent, so far as they could judge from the hills near their dwelling on the northern slope of the Highlands, must be nearly opposite Poughkeepsie. Neither map nor gazetteer could they procure; the neighbors could give them no information, and they were forced to proceed with only the above-mentioned meagre stock of knowledge.

The first stage was of five miles, in a carriage to Newburg, where they took the day boat for Albany. Our novices felt more or less anxiety regarding the fidelity of the porter intrusted with their two small articles of baggage; but said articles appearing somewhat late, though still in season, and being duly marked for Poughkeepsie, the first question asked was as to the existence of such a place as New Paltz Landing, opposite the above-named city, and the facilities for crossing the river. None of those in authority knew certainly of a ferry, but supposed it highly probable. The wharf at Poughkeepsie was suggested as a proper place to obtain information; and, once there, our travellers soon found themselves in the hands of an intelligent contraband, who promised to place them safely on the desired ferry boat. As they neared the dock, a great rock, with an upset wagon for foreground, furnished an encouraging picture for two lone lady tourists. The boat proved neat and comfortable, and here again inquiries were made. The very polite captain had heard of a lake on the Shawangunk mountain, but knew neither its name nor exact location. He advised them to have their baggage sent to the little

inn at the landing, where they might dine and await a stage expected to pass in about an hour on its way to New Paltz, a village nine miles west of the river. At the inn they fancied they must certainly learn something definite regarding the final object of their undertaking. A large map of Ulster county hung in the sitting room, and gave promise of some decided information. Unfortunately, it was not of a recent edition: a nameless lake on the Shawangunk mountain, about five miles from New Paltz, seemed to be the object of their search; but the landlord, who had heard of a lake in that direction, could not tell how it was to be reached, or whether shelter could there be found in any decent tenement; his impression was that there had been a public house on top of the mountain, but that it had recently been destroyed by fire. Certainties were evidently still unattainable.

Finally, the stage arrived—a vehicle drawn by two horses, and intended to seat four persons. In it were already two ladies, with bags and bundles, two trunks, a champagne basket, numberless packages, and about fifty bottles of soda water, laid in among the straw covering the bottom of the accommodating conveyance. The driver, a good-natured, intelligent man, gave our travellers his bench, and arranged a seat for himself and the champagne basket on a sort of shelf overhanging the tails of the horses. At the top of the first hill is the village of Houstonville, where they stopped at the post office to leave the mail, and where two ladies appeared as claimants for seats in the stage. The driver at first demurred; but, finding the ladies persistent, he drew forth a board, and, fastening it at either end to a perpendicular prop, constructed a third bench, on which the two new passengers took their places.

The stage was by this time more than well packed; but ere long the process of lightening up commenced, as first

the champagne basket, then packages, bundles, and newspapers, were left at various dwellings along the roadside. One novelty especially striking was the wayside post office, consisting of a box on a pole, intended to contain the daily newspaper therein thrust to await the coming of the owners.

Of course the driver was plied with numerous questions regarding the thus far nameless lake. He had been up the Shawangunk mountain fishing, but that was years before; there was a lake, but he had never heard any name given to it; he had understood a house had been built since his last visit; but he did not know if it was intended to accommodate visitors during the night. Of one thing, however, he was quite certain, and that was, the impossibility of finding a horse in New Paltz to take the ladies up that evening. The inns had none to let; there were no livery stables, and his own pair were too greatly fatigued by their twenty-mile drive to venture up so steep an ascent; but he thought a conveyance might be found for the following morning. The views along the road were charming; and the sharp, jagged crest known as Paltz Point, overhung the well-cultivated rolling valley beneath, giving a fair promise of an extended and characteristic view.

The inn, to which the travellers were driven, proved very neat and comfortable. It was a new edifice, with an accommodating landlord and landlady, the latter of which personages seemed quite mystified by the advent of two lorn ladies in search of an unknown lake. In the entry hung a new map of Ulster county, on which appeared a lake nestling under the cliffs of Paltz Point, but still without a name. Paltz Point!—that must be the very jagged pile of rock visible from the Cornwall hills, and the lake at its foot more probably the object of the journey.

The landlord was quite positive as to the existence of a house, but doubted its capacity in regard to sleeping ac-

commodations; he also corroborated the testimony of the driver respecting the difficulty of obtaining a vehicle, every horse being engaged haying. The ladies announced that, as the distance was only six miles, it could be walked, in case this difficulty proved insuperable. An individual at the tea table proposed that the travellers should be taken up some time in the middle of the night, that the horse might return by six o'clock in the morning; but this suggestion was unanimously frowned down. The chief reason for requiring a horse and wagon lay in the little trunk, which, as it contained the painting box of our Elsie, who thought the lake and vicinity might offer some picturesque studies, could not possibly be left behind. After tea, a walk was taken, and the vicinage of New Paltz duly inspected. The Wallkill, here a quiet stream, runs through rich, green meadows, bordered by the noble range of the Catskills and the singular, broken ridges of the Shawangunk. The sun set clear, casting pale gold streams of light over the meadows, and leaving a long, lingering, rosy twilight. The young art-student drank in beauty with every breath. The cows were driven home; the ducks came slowly up out of the stream, and all the winged creatures went to roost. Night came, and repose was welcome after the pleasures and fatigues of the day's journey.

At eight the following morning, a steady black pony, with a light open wagon, appeared at the door; and by ten o'clock the travellers reached the mountain top. Their steed showed marvellous endurance in the way of slow pacing down steep hills, which they afterward found had been acquired in leading sad trains of mourners to the modest graveyards, wherein rest the earthly remains of the peaceful dwellers in this pastoral vale. The first four or five miles of road were excellent, but the last one or two so rough and stony, that they were quite willing to walk. On top of the mountain

stands a little inn, commanding a magnificent view in several directions. As they neared the end of their journey, they rejoiced to see a white house gleaming through the trees, and promising food and shelter. The sound of coming wheels brought out the landlady, who gave the travellers a hearty welcome, and assured them of her ability to harbor them for the night. The end was accomplished—the goal reached! And what a goal! Nowhere among all the beautiful scenery in the Middle and Eastern States is there a spot more characteristic and interesting than Paltz Point, and the lake that lies under its shadow—that lake, whose name was a mystery, even to the inmates of the house built upon its brink. Its waters are clear, and of a deep green hue; its depth is said to be great, and its rocky shores rise in perpendicular cliffs of from ten to two hundred feet. The highest point stands three or four hundred feet above the surface of the water; but in that part the cliffs are no longer perpendicular. The length of the lake is about a mile, and the width perhaps half that distance. The rocks are gray sandstone or quartz conglomerate, making the cliffsides, except where covered by black lichens, of a glittering white. On one side, the rocks rise in steep, precipitous masses, while on the other they are shattered into every imaginable form. The clefts are deep and narrow, great hemlocks rise from the bottoms of the fissures, and the vast masses of fallen or split rock lie piled and cloven, confusedly tossed about, gigantic memorials of the great convulsion that in days long gone by heaped up the long ridge of the Shawangunk, and shattered its northern dip into such majestic and fantastic cliffs. The deepest and wildest chasm is filled by the weird, green lake. Straying along the tops of the precipices bordering the water, our travellers beheld lovely vistas of the far-away country, north, south, east, or west, stealing in

through rocky or leafy openings. An easy ascent of about half a mile leads to the summit of the Point. Blueberries were ripe, and beguiled the pair into many a moment's dallying by the wayside. Not until they reached the very top were they quite sure they had after all found the place they came to seek; but one view down the jagged line of the Shawangunk, convinced our Elsie that no other spot could have furnished the sketch seen in the studio, where she had been advised to seek 'the lake on the Shawangunk mountain.'

The view from Paltz Point is magical. The long line of the Catskills sweeps boldly across the near northern horizon. Nowhere do those mountains seem so majestic, or their forms so broken and beautiful; nearer are the Olive mountains, beyond which flows the Esopus. Rondout creek, the Wallkill, and the Hudson, water the fertile vales lying among the hills. To the south stretches the line of the Shawangunk toward the Delaware river, and on the extreme southern and southeastern horizon rise the Highlands, with the river gap, the rifted sides of the Storm King, the Beacons, the great broad shoulders of Schunemunk;—even the white buildings on the plain at West Point may be seen glittering in the afternoon sun. A clear atmosphere is needed for the full enjoyment of the view, as the panorama is so vast that even a slight haze obscures many of the more interesting distant objects. And what words could describe the jutting headlands—wild, broken lines of white cliffs stretching to the southward, deep chasms, steep, forest-clad mountains, green or blue as distance, sunshine, or shadow may decree, and the tranquil green lake, smiling as a deep, strong and cheerful spirit amid the ruins of a shattered, wasted life? As our travellers gazed,

they thanked God that His world was so beautiful, and wondered if even Aunt Sarah would not be willing to run the risk of being thought strong minded to see so fair a corner of it.

The moon that night rose late; and the air was chill as the sisters stood on a rock waiting until its rays should silver the placid waves. Overhead ran a strange, broad, coruscating band of magnetic light, meteors flashed down the sky, a solitary loon sent a wild, despairing cry athwart the lake, and for the first time did our travellers feel they were alone, eighteen hundred feet above the Hudson, far away from other human habitation. A truly feminine shudder ran through their hearts, as they turned toward the house and betook them to the cells appropriated to their use. The following day they were driven down the mountain by the owner (not the keeper) of the little inn beside the lake. He was one of nature's own gentlemen; tall,—six feet, perhaps,—gray haired, blue eyed, with every feature well cut, and with the most honest expression ever beaming through a human countenance. The hearts of the sisters warmed toward him, and never were they more willing to acknowledge the solidarity of the race, the great fact of the brotherhood of all humanity.

Cornwall once again safely reached, and the outlines of the journey duly sketched, Aunt Sarah's first question was: 'Well, and what is the name of this famous lake?'

The travellers were forced to confess the ill success of their efforts in discovering the proper appellation of that exquisite gem, and it was not until many months later that, when visiting an exhibition of paintings, they found their new friend accurately portrayed under the name of—Mogunk Lake.

REASON, RHYME, AND RHYTHM.

'All arts are one, howe'er distributed they stand,
Verse, tone, shape, color, form, are fingers on one hand.'

PREFACE TO VOLUME SECOND.

OUR first volume having been devoted to the Reason or Theory of Art in general, it is our intention in the second, Rhyme and Rhythm, to bring these comprehensive thoughts to a focus, and concentrate their light upon the art of Versification. Indeed, this volume is to be considered as a *manual* of poetic Rhythm. Practical rules are given for its construction and criticism; simple solutions offered of its apparent irregularities and anomalies; and examples of sufficient length are quoted from the best poets to afford just ideas of the scope and power of the measure under consideration. The numerous citations given under their appropriate metrical heads are intended not only to assist the student in the analysis of verse, but to aid him in the choice of forms in accordance with his subject, in case he should himself wish to create Poems.

By its extrication from the entanglement of quantity and syllabic accent, under which it has been almost buried, an effort has been made to simplify the study of Rhythm: by tracing its origin and characteristics, and by the citation of poems in which its power and beauty are conspicuous, we have endeavored to render the subject one of vivid interest.

CHAPTER FIRST.

RHYTHM.

What is Rhythm? The best definition of this perplexing word has been given by the grand old Bohemian composer Tomaschek:

'The order perceptible in a succession of sounds recurring in *determinate* portions of Time, which portions of Time are more distinctly marked for the ear through the *accentuation* of certain determinate parts, constitutes Rhythm.'

Rhythm has been surrounded with so much mystery, has been the subject of so much learned debate and research, has called forth so many quartos and folios, that few know what a familiar thing it is, how closely it everywhere surrounds us, how constantly it beats within us. For the pulsations of the heart are rhythmical, and the measured throbs of life register in music every moment of our passing existence on the bosom of Time. And when life manifests itself to the senses through the medium of time, time being to the ear what space is to the eye, the Order of its pulsations is Rhythm. Strange relation between our own marvellous being and the march of time, for its mystic rhythm beats in tune with every feeling that sweeps over the heart, forever singing its primeval chant at the very core of our existence! The law of Rhythm is the law of mortal life: the constant recurrence of new effort sinking but to recover itself in accurately proportioned rest, rising ever again in new exertion, to sink again in ever new repose:

'And our hearts, though true and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.'

This low music of the heart never ceases until stilled by the touch of death, when the spirit, led by God, enters upon the waveless ocean of an immeasurable eternity, where past and future meet in the eternal present. Time with its rhythmic measures is then no more. The necessity of 'effort and rest,' 'exertion and repose,' will exist no longer. What the fuller music of that higher life is to be, 'it has not yet entered into the heart of man to conceive.' But if the very imperfection of our being has been rendered so full of charm to us in the

* I believe we shall labor in the other world, not in the same sense as we understand labor in this world, still, we shall be active and useful. Good God deliver us.

order and proportion with which it records its law, 'effort and repose,' 'life and death'—what may we not expect when this mortal shall have put on immortality? We should think of this when that saddest of human sounds, 'it beats no more; it measures time no longer'—knells upon our ear the silence of the throbbing, passionate heart.

Nor is inanimate nature without the quickening breath of Rhythm. It cadences the dash of the wave, chimes in the flash of the oar, patters in the drops of rain, whispers in the murmurings of the forest leaves, leaps in the dash of the torrent, wails through the sighing of the restless winds, and booms in the claps and crashes of heaven's thunders.

Only through *succession* do we arrive at the idea of time, and through a continual *being and ceasing to be* are its steppings made sensible to us. It is thus literally true, as sung by the Poet, that 'we take no note of Time but from its loss.' Happy are we if so used that it may mark our eternal progress.

There is but little mystery in the art of keeping time, since we may at once gather a correct notion of it from the vibrations of the pulse, or from our manner of walking. If we listen to the sound of our own step, we find it equal and regular, corresponding with what is termed common time in music. Probably the time in which we walk is governed by the action of the heart, and those who step alike have pulses beating in the same time. To walk faster than this gives the sensation of hurry; to walk slower, that of loitering. The mere recurrence of sounds at regular intervals by no means constitutes the properties of *musical* time; accent is necessary to parcel them out into those portions which Rhythm and the ear approve. If we listen to the trotting of a horse or the tread of our own feet, we cannot but notice that each alternate step is louder than the other—by which we throw the sounds into the order of common

time. But if we listen to the amble or canter of a horse, we hear every third step to be louder than the other two, owing to the first and third foot striking the ground together. This regularity throws the sounds into the order of triple time. To one or other of these descriptions may be referred every sort of time.

There is a sympathetic power in measured time which has not yet received the attention it deserves. It has been found that in a watchmaker's shop the timepieces or clocks connected with the same wall or shelf have such a sympathetic effect in keeping time, that they stop those which beat in irregular time; and if any are at rest, set agoing those which beat accurately. What wonder then that the living, soldiers, artisans, such as smiths, paviors, etc., who work in unison with the pulse, should acquire habits of keeping time with the greatest correctness.

Rhythm not only measures the footfall of the pedestrian, but exerts a sympathetic power, so that if two are walking together, they feel its spell, and unconsciously fall into the same step, not aware that they are thus conforming to a Unity always engendered by the Order regulating rhythmical motion. It is this entrancing sense of unity which wings the feet of the dancers, and enables them to endure with delight a degree of physical exertion which, without it, would be utterly exhausting. The following extract from the *Atlantic Monthly*, of July, 1858, is so much to our purpose, that we place it before the reader:

'The sailor does not lack for singing. He sings at certain parts of his work;—indeed, he must sing, if he would work. On vessels of war, the drum and fife or boatswain's whistle furnish the necessary movement-regulator. There, where the strength of one or two hundred men can be applied to one and the same effort, the labor is not intermittent, but continuous. The men form on either side of the rope to be hauled, and walk away with it like firemen marching with their engine.

When the headmost pair bring up at the stern or bow, they part, and the two streams flow back to the starting point, outside the following files. Thus in this perpetual 'follow-my-leader' way the work is done, with more precision and steadiness than in the merchant service. Merchantmen are invariably manned with the least possible number, and often go to sea short-handed, even according to the parsimonious calculations of their owners. The only way the heavier work can be done at all is by each man doing his utmost at the same moment. This is regulated by the song. And here is the true singing of the deep sea. It is not recreation; it is an essential part of the work. It mastsheads the topsail yards, on making sail; it starts the anchor from the domestic or foreign mud; it 'rides down the main tack with a will'; it breaks out and takes on board a cargo; it keeps the pumps (the ship's, not the sailor's) going. A good voice and a new and stirring chorus are worth an extra man. And there is plenty of need of both.

'I remember well one black night in the mid-Atlantic, when we were beating up against a stiff breeze, coming on deck near midnight, just as the ship was put about. When a ship is tacking, the tacks and sheets (ropes which confine the clews or lower corners of the sails) are let run, in order that the yards may be swung round to meet the altered position of the ship. They must then be hauled taut again, and belayed, or secured, in order to keep the sails in their place and to prevent them from shaking. When the ship's head comes up in the wind, the sail is for a moment or two edgewise to it, and then is the nice moment, as soon as the headsails fairly fill, when the mainyard and the yards above it can be swung readily, and the tacks and sheets hauled in. If the crew are too few in number, or too slow at their work, and the sails get fairly filled on the new tack, it is a fatiguing piece of work enough to 'board' the tacks and sheets, as it is called. You are pulling at one end of the rope—but the gale is tugging at the other. The advantages of lungs are all against you, and perhaps the only thing to be done is to put the helm down a little, and set the sails shaking again before they can be trimmed properly. It was just at such a time that I came on deck, as above

mentioned. Being near eight bells, the watch on deck had been not over spry; and the consequence was that our big maincourse was slatting and flying out overhead with a might that shook the ship from stem to stern. The flaps of the mad canvas were like successive thumps of a giant's fist upon a mighty drum. The sheets were jerking at the belaying pins, the blocks rattling in sharp snappings like castanets. You could hear the hiss and seething of the sea alongside, and see it flash by in sudden white patches of phosphorescent foam, while all over head was black with the flying scud. The English second mate was stamping with vexation, and, with all his h's misplaced, storming at the men: 'An'somely the weather mainbrace—'an'somely, I tell you!—'Alf a dozen of you clap on to the main sheet here—down with 'im!—D'y'see 'ere's hall like a midshipman's bag—heverythink huppermost and nothing 'andy. 'Aul 'im in, Hi say!' But the sail wouldn't come, though. All the most forcible expressions of the Commination Service were liberally bestowed on the watch. 'Give us the song, men!' sang out the mate, at last—'pull with a will!—together men!—haltogether now!'—And then a cracked, melancholy voice struck up this chant:

'Oh, the bowline, bully, bully bowline,
Oh, the bowline, bowline, HAUL!'

At the last word every man threw his whole strength into the pull—all singing it in chorus, with a quick, explosive sound. And so, jump by jump, the sheet was at last hauled taut.

It would be well if the philanthropist and utilitarian would stoop to examine these primeval but neglected facts, for there is no doubt that under the healthful and delicious spell of Rhythm a far steadier and greater amount of labor would be cheerfully and happily endured by the working classes. The continuous but rhythmized croon of the negro when at work, the yo-heave-o of the sailor straining at the cordage, the rowing songs of the oarsman, etc., etc., are all suggestive of what might be effected by judicious effort in this direction. But man, ever wiser than his Maker, neglects the intuitions of nature. Rendered conceited by a false

education, and heartless by a constant craving for gold, he scorns the simple but deep intuitions which are his surest guide to civilization, health, and cheerfulness. There can be no doubt that the physical exercise so distasteful to the pale inhabitants of our cities, yet so essential for the preservation of health and life, might be rendered delightful and invigorating through the neglected powers of rhythmical motion. Like Michal, the proud daughter of Saul, who despised King David in her haughty heart when 'she saw him dancing with all his might before the Lord,' we scorn the simple and innocent delights of our nature, and, like Michal, we too are bitterly punished for our mistaken pride of intellect, for, neglecting the rhythmical requisitions of the body, we injure the mind, and may deprave the heart. Virtuously, purely, and judiciously applied to the amusements and artistic culture of a people, we are convinced the power of Rhythm would banish much of that craving for false excitement, for drinks and narcotics, an indulgence in which exerts so fatal an influence over the character and spiritual progress of a nation. It is surely not astonishing that Rhythm should be so pleasant to the senses, when we consider that the laws of order and unity by which it is regulated are the proper aliment of the soul.

Strange pedantries have grown out of the neglect of music as a practical pervading element in modern education. We should endeavor to reform this fault; we should use this powerful engine of healing nature to remove from us the reproach of being merely a shopkeeping and money-making people.

The wildest savage is not insensible to Rhythm. It fires his spirit in the war dance and battle chant, soothes him in the monotonous hum of the pow-wow, and softens him in naive love songs. It is the heart of music, and it can be proved that low and vulgar rhythms have a debasing effect

upon the character of a people. 'Let me write the songs of a people,' said a great thinker, 'and I care not who makes its laws:—if he included the tunes, there was no exaggeration in his thought. Alas! a meretricious age scorns and neglects the true, because it is always simple in its sublimity, and, striving to banish God from His own creation, would also banish nature and joy from the heart! A pedantic age loves all that is pretentious, glaring, and assuming; and Rhythm stoops to rock the cradle of the newborn infant; to soothe the negro in the rice swamp or cotton field; to shape into beauty the national and patriotic songs of a laborious but contented peasantry, as among the Slaves—but what cares the age for the happiness of the race? 'Put money in thy purse,' is its consolation and lesson for humanity.

The beat of the healthful heart is in unison with the feelings of the hour. Agitation makes it fitful and broken, excitement accelerates, and sorrow retards it. And this fact should be the model for all poetical and musical rhythm.

To show how readily we associate feelings with different orders of sound, let us suppose we are passing the night somewhere, where a stranger, utterly unknown to us, occupies a room from which we can hear the sound of his footsteps. Suppose that through the tranquil hours of the night we hear his measured tread falling in equally accented and monotonous spondees, it is certain that a quick imagination will at once associate this deliberate tread with the state of mind in the unknown from which it will believe it to proceed, and will immediately suggest that the stranger is maturing some great design of heavy import to his future peace.

Should the character of the spondaic tread suddenly change, should the footsteps become rapid, eager, and broken, we look upon the term of meditation and doubt as over, the resolve as definitely fixed, and the unknown as rest-

lessly longing for the hour of its fulfilment.

When we hear steps resembling dactyls, anapaests, and choriambes thrown hurriedly together, broken by irregular pauses, we begin to build a whole romance on the steps of the stranger; we infer from them moments of grave deliberation; the languor consequent upon overwrought thought; renewed effort; resolve; alternations of passion; hope struggling with despair; until all at last seems merged in impatient longing for the hour of anticipated victory.

Nor has the imagination been alone in its strange workings; it has whispered, as it always does, its secrets to the heart, and succeeded in arousing its ever-ready affections, so that we cannot help feeling a degree of interest in the unknown, whose emotions we have followed through the night, reading their history in his alternating footsteps: *for sounds impress themselves immediately upon the feelings, exciting, not abstract or antagonistic thought, but uniting humanity in concrete feeling.* (See vol. i.)

As the imagination necessarily associates different feelings with different orders of Rhythm, it is the task of the Poet to select those in the closest conformity with the emotions he is struggling to excite. It is positively certain that we not only naturally and intuitively associate distinctive feelings with different orders of rhythmical sounds, but that varied emotions are awakened by them. Some rhythms inspire calmness, some sublime and stately courage, some energy and aggressive force, some stir the spirit to the most daring deeds, some, as in our maddening Tarantulas, produce a restless excitement through the whole nervous system, some excite mere joyousness, some whisper love through every fibre of the heart, and some lead us in their holy calm and unbroken order to the throne of God. Why is this? We need not look in the region of the understanding for the philosophy of that which is to be found

only in the living tide of basic emotions. The pleasure we receive from Rhythm is a feeling. Alternate accentuation and non-accentuation are facts in the living organism of the universe; this may be expressed, not explained. There is an order in the living succession of musical sounds or poetic emotions, which order is expressed by the words 'equality and proportion.' These things *are*. What more can be said? Do comparisons help us? the waves in the eternal ocean of vitality—the shuttle strokes of the ever-moving loom of creation! Let us take it as it is, and rejoice in it. We cannot tell you why we live—let us be glad that our life is music through every heart-throb!

Rhythm is a species of natural but inarticulate language, in which the *thought* is never disengaged from the *feeling*; in language its aim should be to awaken the *feeling* properly attached to the thought it modulates; it should be the *tune* of the thought of the Poet. To write a love song in alexandrines, an idyl in hexameters, would be to incarnate the shy spirit of a girl in the brawny frame of a Hercules, to incase the loving soul of a Juliet in a gauntleted Minerva. Genius and deep sympathy with human nature can alone guide the Poet aright in this delicate and difficult path; it lies too near the core of our unconscious being to be susceptible of the trim regularity of rule—he must trust his own intuitions while he studies with care what has already been successfully done by our best poets. We may however remark in passing that if the rhythm be abruptly broken without a corresponding break in the flow of thought or feeling, the reader will be confused, because the outward form has fallen into contradiction with its inner soul, and he discerns the opposition, and knows not with which to sympathize. Such contrarieties argue want of power or want of freedom in the poet, who should never suffer the clanking of his

rhythmical chains to be heard. Such causeless breaks proceed from want of truth to the subject, and prove a lack of the careful rendering of love in the author. The poet must listen to the naive voice of nature as he moulds his rhythms, for the ingenious and elaborate constructions of the intellect alone will never touch the heart. Rhythm may proceed with regularity, yet that regularity be so relieved from monotony and so modified in its actual effects, that however regular may be the structure of parts, what is composed of them may be infinitely various. Milton's exquisite poem, 'Comus,' is an example of perfect rhythm with ceaseless intricacy and great variety. It would indeed be a fatal mistake to suppose that *proportion* cannot be susceptible of great variety, since the whole meaning of the term has reference to the adjustment and proportional correspondence of *variable* properties.

The appreciation of rhythm is universal, pertaining to no region, race, nor era, in especial. Even those who have never *thought* about it, *feel* order to be the law of life and happiness, and in the marking of the *proportioned* flow of time and the regular accentuation of its *determinate* portions find a perpetual source of healthful pleasure.

If we will but think of it, we will be astonished how many ideas already analyzed we may find exhibited through rhythm. We may have: similarity, variety, identity, repetition, adaptation, symmetry, proportion, fitness, melody, harmony, order, and unity; in addition to the varied feelings of which it becomes the symbolic utterance. The Greeks placed rhythms in the hands of a god, thus testifying to their knowledge of their range and power.

Wordsworth asserts that

'More pathetic situations and sentiments, that is, those which have a greater proportion of pain connected with them, may be endured in metrical compositions than in prose.'

The reason of this seems to be that

the bright beams forever raying from the Divine Sun of unity and order, shine through the measured beat of the rhythm, and are always felt as life and peace, even when their golden light is broken by the wild and drifting clouds of human woe, or seen athwart the surging and blinding mists of mortal anguish.

Rhythm lurks in the inmost heart of language, accentuating our words that their enunciation may be clear and distinct; lengthening and shortening the time of our syllables that they may be expressive, emotional, and musical. Let the orator as well as the poet study its capabilities; it has more power over the sympathies of the masses than the most labored thought.

Although through the quantitative arrangement and determinate accentuation of syllabic sound, rhythm may be exquisitely manifested through language, yet in music alone does it attain its full power and wonderful complexity. For the *tones* are not *thoughts*, but *feelings*, and yield themselves implicitly to the loving hand which would reunite them and form them into higher unities. These passionate tones, always seeking for and surging into each other, are plastic pearls on the string of rhythm, whose proportions may be indefinitely varied at the will of the fond hand which would wreath them into strands of symmetrical beauty; while *words*, the vehicles of antagonistic thought, frequently refuse to conform to the requisitions of feeling, are often obstinate and wilful, will not be remodelled, and hard, in their self-sufficiency, refuse to bear any stamp save that of their known and fixed value. Like irregular beads of uncut coral, they protrude their individualities in jagged spikes and unsightly thorns, breaking often the unity of the whole, and painfully wounding the sense of order.

The true poet overcomes these difficulties. When, in the hands of a master, they are forced to bend under the onward and impetuous sweep of the

passionate rhythm, compelled to sing the tune of the overpowering emotions—the chords of the spirit quiver in response. The heart recognizes the organic law of its own life: *the constant recurrence of new effort sinking but to recover itself in accurately proportioned rest, rising again in ever-renewed exertion, to sink again in ever-new repose*; feeling seems clothing itself with living form, while the divine attribute, Order, marks for the ear, as it links in mystic Unity, the flying footsteps of that forever invisible element by which all mortal

being is conditioned and limited:
TIME!

'There is no architect
Can build as the Muse can;
She is skilful to select
Materials for her plan.
'She lays her beams in music,
In music every one,
To the cadence of the whirling world
Which dances round the sun.
'That so they shall not be displaced
By lapses or by wars,
But for the love of happy souls
Outlive the newest stars.'

EMERSON.

'OUR ARTICLE.'

'JOHN,' said I to my husband, as he came home from business, and settled into an armchair for half an hour's rest before dinner, 'I think of writing an article for THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY.'

'Humph!' said my husband.

Now 'humph' bears different interpretations; it may argue assent, indifference, disgust, disapprobation—in all cases it is aggressive; but this 'humph' seemed to be a combination of at least three of the above-mentioned frames of mind.

Natural indignation was about taking full possession of me, but reflection stepped in, and I preserved a discreet silence. The truth is, no man should be assailed by a new idea before he has dined, and I, having had three years' opportunity of studying man nature, met my deserts when the above answer was given. So I still looked amiable, and behaved very prettily till dinner was over, and then John, having subsided into dressing gown, slippers, easy chair, and good nature, I remarked again:

'John, I think of writing an article for THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY.'

'How shall you begin it?' said he.

'Well, I haven't exactly settled on a beginning yet, but—'

'Exactly! I supposed so!' remarked this barbarian.

Unfortunately, he knew my weak point, for hadn't he been allowed to see a desk full of magnificent middles, only wanting a beginning and an end, and a publisher, and some readers, to place me in the front ranks of our modern essayists, side by side with 'Spare Hours,' and the 'Country Parson,' and 'Gail Hamilton?'

The fact is, I have always been brimming over with brilliant ideas on all sorts of subjects, which never would arrange themselves or be arranged under any given head, but presented a series of remarkable literary fragments, jotted down on stray bits of paper, in old account books and diaries, and even, on one or two occasions, when seized by a sudden inspiration, on a smooth stone, taken from the brook, a fair sheet of birch bark, and the front of a pew in a white-painted country church. Having been subject to these inspirational attacks for many years, I had decided

to take them in hand, and, if they must come, derive some benefit from them. An idea suggested itself. Claude Lorraine, it is said, never put the figures in his landscapes, but left that work for some brother artist. Now I could bring together material for an article; the inspiration, the picturing should be mine, but John should put in the figures. In other words, he should polish it, write the introduction and the *finis*, and send it out to the public, as the work of 'my wife and I.'

Then a question occurred: how should we divide the honors, supposing such an article should really find its way into print? Would there not be material for a standard quarrel in the fact that neither could claim sole proprietorship? What would be John's sensation, should any one say to him: 'Mr. —, I have just been reading you wife's last article; capital thing!' and, *vice versa*, imagine the same thing said of me. Could I preserve amiability under such circumstances, and would not the result be, a divorce in a year, and a furious lawsuit as to the ownership of the copyright? John certainly is magnanimous, I thought, but no one cares for divided honors, and there is that middle-aged relation of his, with a figure like a vinegar cruet, and a voice as acid as its contents, who never comes here for a day without doing her best to set us by the ears, and who, in the beginning of our married life, when we did not understand each other quite so well as now, sometimes succeeded, to her intense satisfaction.

How she would go about among all the friends and relations, pulling the poor articles to pieces, giving all the fine bits to John and the rubbish to me, and hinting generally that my pretensions to authorship were all very well, but that every one knew John did the work and I looked out for the credit.

Here I paused. I had been successfully engaged in the pursuit of trouble, and had conjured up so irritating a

picture, that actually a small tear had left its source, and was running over the bridge of my nose!

'John,' I said, 'notwithstanding that I never did know how to begin anything in an effective way, I am still determined to write, and you must help me.'

Then I opened my heart to him, and told him my plan, and the imagined tribulation it had given me in the last ten minutes.

'There are too many writers already, Helen,' he said; 'every man who cannot see his way clear through life—every woman who fancies herself misunderstood and unappreciated, worries out a book or poem or a set of essays, to picture their individual wrongs and sufferings, and bores every publisher of every magazine and paper of which they have ever heard, till he is tormented into printing; or dies of manuscript on the brain. I tell you, Helen, we do our share in aggravating the people we meet daily, without tormenting an innocent man, 'who never did us any harm;' and I for one, don't want an extra sin on my conscience. Moreover, I am afraid it would spoil you, should you happen to succeed. Have you forgotten your old friend Angelina Hobbs? One article ruined her for life. Until that poem got into print and was favorably noticed, she was as sensible as ordinary girls, and never imagined herself a genius. Since then, there is not an 'ism' in America that she has not taken up and run into the ground; I have met her in every stage, from the coat and pantaloons of the Bloomer ten years ago to the hoopless old maid I saw yesterday going into Dodworth's Hall with the last spiritual paper and a spirit photograph in her hand. Not a literary man or woman do I know, who has not some crotchet in his or her brain, and who does not in some way violate the harmonies of life at least once an hour. Be content as you are: be satisfied to live without seeing yourself in THE

CONTINENTAL MONTHLY, or any other monthly under the sun !'

'John,' I said, 'I am surprised, I am astonished at the view you take of the case. I don't desire that publishers should be tormented into their graves; and if they are all as fat and rosy as the two we met the other day, I think you can dismiss all fears on that score. Moreover, I believe the world to be better for every book that is written, however insignificant it may be. The days of the corsairs and *glaours*, romantic robbers, and devout murderers, are over: our young ladies and our servant girls see no fascination in the pages of 'Fatherless Fanny,' 'The Foundling,' or 'The Mysteries of Slabtown.' Arthur's stories and ten thousand others of the same class have taken their place, and commonplace as they may often be, have brought a healthier influence into action. No book written with an honest heart is lost; no poem or essay, however poor, fails to reach some mark. The printed page that to you or me looks so barren and poor, may carry to some soul a message of healing; may to some eyes have the light of heaven about it. And to how many aimless lives, writing has given a purpose which otherwise never might have entered it! John, I believe in writing, and this baby shall be taught to put his ideas into shape as soon as he is taught anything! I never wish him to settle down in the belief that he is a genius and can live on the fact; but he shall write if he can, and publish too, if any one will do it for him. If not, we will have a private printing press of our own, and get up an original library for our descendants.'

'A genuine woman's answer,' said John; 'only one point in it touching upon my argument.' Here the baby opened his blue eyes wide. 'There!' said John; 'just for the present your life has a purpose, and we can dispense with writing, at least till that fellow is asleep again. When you have disposed of him, we will find out how

many aims it is necessary for one woman to have, and what arrangement of them it is best to make.'

The baby stayed awake obstinately, but I was reconciled to the fact, for our discussion might have become hot, and the writing ended for that evening quite as effectually as the baby had done it.

Night came again, and this time John opened the subject, by placing before me a large package of foolscap, and a new gold pen.

'I have brought some paper for you to spoil, Helen,' he said, 'for I foresaw how it would end. Do your best, and I will do mine in the matter of beginnings. I cannot write easily, you know, but I can suggest and dictate, when you wish it; and you have been my amanuensis for a year and more, so it will all seem very natural.'

He looked down, as he spoke, at the scarred right hand and its missing fingers, carried away eighteen months before by a rebel bullet, and a little shade passed over his face.

'No, John,' I said, 'don't look there now; look at my two hands waiting to do the work of that, and tell me if two are not better than one. We will write an article which shall astonish the critics, and bring letters from all the magazines, begging us to become special contributors at once; and we will not quarrel as to who shall have the glory, but make it a joint matter. And now I am ready to begin, and propose to speak upon a subject which I wonder greatly no one has taken up in detail before. Your words last evening brought out some dormant ideas. 'We do our share in aggravating the people we meet daily,' you said, and I have been reflecting upon the matter ever since, till now I am prepared to give my opinions to the world.'

So saying, I arranged the table properly, took out some sheets of the smooth, white paper, filled my pen, and waited for the dawning of an idea. To which it came first, I shall not tell

you. The results are before you: which part is John's, which mine, you will never learn from us. It will be of no avail for you to write to the editors, for they don't know either, and will not be told. It will be a useful exercise for you to dissect the article, and set apart the masculine from the feminine portions. The critics will for once be quite at a loss how to abuse it, probably. I foresee a general distraction in the minds of our readers, and already hear ourselves classed as among one of the trials which I select as the title of 'Our Article.'

SOME OF THE AGGRAVATIONS OF LIVING.

Two thirds of life in the aggregate are made up of aggravations. They begin with our beginning, and only cease with our ending; perhaps, if good Calvinists speak the truth, not even then, for, according to their belief, the souls in torment look always upon the blessed in heaven, and this surely is the most horrible species of aggravation ever devised by man or fiend.

From the time when the air first fills the lungs and the infant screams at the new sensation, to the day when fingers press down the resisting lids and straighten the stiffening limbs, we are forced to meet and to bear all manner of aggravations in nine tenths of our daily life.

Has it ever occurred to any of you what an amount of unnecessary suffering an infant endures, and have you ever watched the operations it undergoes daily, with reference to the confirming of this fact? If not, an inexhaustible field of inquiry lies open before you, and after a week's observation of bandages rolled till the flesh actually squeaks—of pins stuck in and left, where you know they will prick—of smotherings in blankets and garrotings with bibs—of trottings for the wind and poundings for the stomach ache—of wakings up to show to visitors, and puttings to sleep when sleep is at the other end of the land of Nod, and will

not be induced to come under any circumstances—of rockings and tossings—of boiling catnip tea and smooth horrible castor oil poured down the unsuspecting throat—after a week of such observations, I say, you will decide with me that the baby's life is only a series of aggravations, and feel astonished the bills of infant mortality do not double and treble.

As years round out the little life, the hands, reaching out to the tree of knowledge, find themselves pushed back on all sides. The dearest wishes are made light of, the most earnest desires slighted, the most sacred thoughts ridiculed, till one marvels that men can grow up anything but devils. In the path where Gail Hamilton's feet have trod I need not follow, for she has told us what these 'Happiest Days' are, in better words than my pen can find. It warmed my heart as I read her protest against the platitudes concerning childhood and its various imagined delights. Mentally I shook hands, for she expressed my ideas so fully, that the notes I had long ago jotted down upon the subject I committed at once to the flames, satisfied I never could do any better, and might possibly do very much worse.

I believe that the major part of sour-tempered, perversely wrong-headed, and unhappily disposed people, of hot-headed fanatics, victims to one idea, of once noble souls who sink themselves in sensuality, and so go down to death, and of all the sad cases one hears and reads of day after day and year after year, are made so through unceasing aggravation at the most impressive time of life. Do any of you who may be my readers know of half a dozen happy families in your circle of friends and acquaintance? Do you know of half a dozen where boys prefer home and their sisters to the streets, or where girls do not court the most uninviting boy in preference to their own brothers?

One would almost imagine spite had

been the feeling implanted in all homes, as they look at the private pinch exchanged between John and James, the face made by Mary at which Martha cries and is slapped by way of adjusting matters, and the general refusal of requests made to father and mother, whether reasonable or not. My own childhood was moderately happy, and yet I recall now the sense of burning indignation I sometimes suffered at wrongs done me, which the child's sense of justice told me were wrongs, and which I now know to have been so. Children are themselves one of the aggravations of living, but it is because we do not know how to treat them. I look for a time when every father shall be just, every mother reasonable as well as loving; when children shall neither be flogged up the way of life as in times past, or coaxed up with sugar-plums as in times present, but, seeing with clear eyes the straight path, shall walk in it with joy, and finish their course with rejoicing.

Another aggravation, and not a minor one either it strikes me, is the summary way in which youth is put down by middle-aged and aged people. Youthful emotions are 'bosh and twaddle,' youthful ideas, 'crude, sir, very crude!' and youthful attempts to be and to do something in the world frowned at, as if action of any sort, save inaction, before forty, were an outrage on humanity, and an insult to the Creator.

How fares it with young professional men during the first ten years of their career? They hope and wait, doubt and wait, curse and wait, labor to wait, and in the mean time a wheezing old lawyer, with no more enthusiasm than a brickbat, takes the cases which Justice, if she were not blind, would have sent to his starving younger brethren, and pockets fat fees, a tenth of which would have lifted loads from many a heavy heart. An old family physician, an old minister, an old lawyer, are excellent in their way, and have a variety

of pleasant associations with them, which it is impossible to pass over to the young aspirant who steps in to take their place; yet because Dr. Jones, aged sixty-eight, carried us safely through the measles, does it follow that Dr. Smith, aged twenty-eight, cannot do the same for our children?

Because for thirty years the Rev. Dr. Holdfast has preached upon election, and justification by faith, is the Rev. Dr. Holeman to be set down as presumptuously progressive, because he suggests works as a test of the faith we profess, and ventures to speak of God, not as the stern Deity who commands us all to be afraid of Him, and who drops lost souls into the pit with a calm satisfaction, but as the loving Father of the world, who wills that all men should come to the knowledge of His truth.

It is well for the old to give us their experience, well for the young to listen, but every man and every woman lives a life of their own, which the widest experience cannot touch at all points. No two natures have ever been nor ever can be exactly alike; no rules of the past can form the present in the same mould. Girls and boys, young men and women, must 'see the folly' for themselves, and all the advice and warning of all the ancestors under heaven cannot prevent it. Therefore, O middle-aged aunt, or white-haired grandparent, aggravate by unceasing advice, if you will, but be not aggravated if it isn't taken. Reflect as to how fully you availed yourself of the experience of *your* grandparents when you were young, and then make your demands accordingly. Tell the young the story of your life as a story, and they will listen and mayhap profit; give it as advice, and you shall see them keep as far off as circumstances will admit. It is my fixed belief that until the people in the world have learned how to hold their tongues, it will be entirely useless to read Dr. Cumming; believe in the Great Trib-

ulation as much as you please, for it is about us all day long, but don't look out for the Millennium, which I think will consist entirely in people's minding their own business.

In the inability or unwillingness of people to let other people alone, may be summed up all the aggravation of living. The bane of my life has been never being let alone. People seem to think they have come into the world with a special mission to give me advice, and from my babyhood up, I have never been allowed to carry out the best-arranged plan of operation, without interference. As each man and woman is the representative of a certain class, I conclude others have had the same experience with myself; and there is a gloomy satisfaction in reflecting that there are many who have been made as essentially uncomfortable as I. The result has been, I have come to the unalterable determination never, under any circumstances, to either advise anybody or receive it myself where it can be avoided. If it is ordained that I am to make a fool of myself, it shall be done on my own responsibility, and not with the assistance of meddling friends—though if they have any desire to take the credit of it, I shall make no objections whatever. I doubt if they will. The longer I live in the world, the clearer appears the fact that half at least of our unhappiness is unnecessary. We seem perversely bent on tormenting and being tormented. We visit people for whom we do not care one straw, because our position in society or our interests demand it. We sacrifice our own judgment to the

whims of others as a matter of expediency, and almost ignore our own capacity in the eagerness to agree with everybody. We suffer because a rich snob snubs us, and agonize over unfavorable remarks made concerning our abilities or standing. These things ought not so to be. No man can find a substitute when he lies a-dying;—why should all his years be spent in the vain endeavor to find a substitute for living? An endless dependence upon the opinions, the whims, the prejudices of others, is the bane of living, and the mark of a weak mind, made so oftener by education than nature.

When the young forget to abuse the old, and the old to run down the young; when mothers-in-law cease to hate their daughters-in-law, and to improve all opportunities for sowing strife; when wives take pains to understand their husbands, and husbands decide that woman nature is worth studying; when women can remember to be charitable to other women; when the Golden Rule can be read as it is written, and not 'Do unto others as ye would *not* they should do unto you;' when justice and truth rule men, rather than unreason and petty spite, then the aggravation of living will die a natural death, and the world become as comfortable an abiding place as its inhabitants need desire.

Till then, hope and wait. Live the life God gives us, as purely and truly as you know how. Have some faith in human nature, but more in God, and wait his own good time for the perfect life, not to be reached here, but hereafter.

THE LESSON OF THE WOOD.

IN the same soil the family of trees
Spring up, and, like a band of brothers, grow
In the same sun, while from their leafy lips
Comes not the faintest whisper of dissent
Because of various girth and grain and hue.
The oak flings not his acorns at the elm ;
The white birch shrinks not from the swarthy ash ;
The green plume of the pine nods to the shrub ;
The loftiest monarch of the realm of wood
Spare not his crown in elemental storms,
But shares the blows with trees of humbler growth,
And stretches forth his arms to save their fall.
Wild flowers festoon the feet of all alike ;
Green mosses grow upon the trunks of all ;
Sweet birds pour out their songs on every bough ;
Clouds drop baptismal showers of rain on each,
And the broad sun floods every leaf with light.
Behold them clad in Autumn's golden pomp—
Their rich magnificence, of different dyes,
More beautiful than royal robes, and crowns
Of emperors on coronation day.
But the deserted nest in silence sways
Like a sad heart beneath a royal scarf ;
And the red tint upon the maple leaves
Is colored like the fields where fell our braves
In hurricanes of flame and leaden hail.
I love to gaze up at the grand old trees ;
Their branches point like hope to Heaven serene ;
Their roots point to the silent world that's dead ;
Their grand old trunks hold towns and fleets for us,
And cots and coffins for the race unborn.
When at their feet their predecessors fell,
Spring covered their remains with mourning moss,
And wrote their epitaph in pale wood flowers,
And Summer gave ripe berries to the birds
To stay and sing their sad sweet requiem ;
And Autumn rent the garments of the trees
That stood mute mourners in a field of graves,
And Winter wrapped them in a winding sheet.
They seemed like giants sleeping in their shrouds.

DIARY OF FRANCES KRASINSKA;

OR, LIFE IN POLAND DURING THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

CASTLE OF JANOWICZ,
Wednesday, May 27th, 1780.

I HAD hoped too much! He is going, and the memory of the past will render the days to come very sad. I knew that Monday was an unlucky day: since my maid gave me such a fright by announcing the approaching departure of the princes, all has gone from bad to worse.

The huntsman who brought me the bouquet from the prince, told me, in his name, that he too was forced to depart. With great difficulty could he invent a pretext for remaining three days after his brothers left. These three days will not expire until to-morrow, and yet he leaves me to-day; he must go, and can no longer delay. The king has sent an express for him, with an order to return as soon as possible. He will leave in one half hour, and I do not know when we can meet again. Ah! how soon happiness passes away!

Sunday, June 7th.

It is now two weeks since the prince royal left me; he has sent two expresses, and slipped two notes for me under cover to the prince palatine. But what is a letter? An unfinished thought—it soothes for a moment, but cannot calm. A letter can never replace even a few seconds of personal intercourse; he has left me his portrait; I am sure every one would think it like him; but for me, it is merely a shred of inanimate canvas. It has his features, but it is not he, and has not his expression. . . . I have him much better in my memory.

All consolation is denied me, for I will not reply to his letters; this restraint I have imposed upon myself; I am sure that my hand would become motionless as the cold marble were I to

write to the man I love without the knowledge of my aunt, my elder sister, and my parents. I told the prince royal that he could never have a letter from me until I was his wife. This is a great sacrifice, but I have promised my God that I will accomplish it.

Since his departure, time weighs upon me as a continued torture. During the first few days I wandered about as if bereft of reason; I could not fix my thoughts, or apply myself to any occupation. The illness of the princess has restored some energy to my soul. The injury to her foot, which she at first neglected, has become very serious; during three days she had a burning fever, which threatened her life. My anguish was beyond description; I am sure I could not have been more uneasy had it been my sister or one of my parents. I scarcely thought of the prince royal during the whole of those three days; and what is most strange, I no longer regretted his absence; if he had been here, I could not have devoted myself so entirely to the princess. The idea of her death was terrible to me, for, notwithstanding all the arguments of the prince royal and of the Princes Lubomirski, I feel myself very culpable in having withheld my confidence from her; if she suspects the truth, she has every reason to accuse me of perfidy. . . . There is in this world but one inconsolable evil, and that is the torture of a bad conscience—remorse. . . .

I hoped one day to be able to repair my wrongs toward the princess, to fall at her feet and confess my fault, but when I saw her in danger, I felt as if hell itself were menacing me, and as if I must be forever crushed under the weight of an eternal remorse. . . .

Another thought too has distressed me to the very bottom of my soul! My parents are advanced in years; if I should lose them before I have confessed my secret to them! It is written above that I am to know every sorrow! Heaven has cruelly tried me, but to-day a ray of pity seems to have fallen upon my miserable fate. The princess is steadily improving, and I have received good news from Maleszow; I breathe again.

Were the king to give his consent to our marriage, I could not be happier than I was on hearing from the physician's own mouth that the princess was out of danger. . . . I will then be able to open my heart to her! Ah! my God! if this painful dissimulation weighs so heavily upon me, what must be the state of the prince royal, who is deceiving his father, his king, and offending him by a misplaced affection!

Why did not these reflections present themselves to me before? Why did I not show him the abyss into which we were about to fall? . . . My happiness then blinded me, and now I can fancy no condition which I would not prefer to my own. . . . I feel humiliated by my imprudence. Did I not, with the whole strength of my wishes and desires draw upon me this very love so dear to my heart and so fatal to my repose? My pride has lost me; and that pride is an implacable enemy, which I have no longer strength to subdue. Oh! I must indeed blame our little Matthias! It was he who first awoke such ambitious dreams within my soul.

Happy Barbara! If I only, like her, loved a man of rank equal to my own! But no, I am not of good faith with myself: the prince royal's position dazzled me. Ah! how merciful is heaven to cover our innermost thoughts with an impenetrable veil! Alas! God pardons the defects in our frail humanity sooner than we ourselves can!

I left the princess half an hour ago, and must now return to her; she loves so to have me with her! And indeed, no one can wait upon her as well as myself. I feel happy when sitting at her bedside; I regain courage when I think that I am useful to her, and I feel a kind of joy in finding that my heart is not occupied by one sentiment to the exclusion of all others.

CASTLE OF OPOLE, Thursday, June 1824.

The princess has entirely recovered, and we have been three days at Opole. I was sorry to leave Janowiec, for all around me bore the impress of his presence. In his last letter, he announces a very sad piece of news: he is forced to pass two months in his duchy of Courland. He will endeavor to see me before he goes; but will he succeed? Two months! how many centuries, when one must wait!

We have had several visitors from Warsaw; among others, Adam Krasinski, Bishop of Kamieniec; he is in every way estimable, and universally esteemed! All speak of the change in the prince royal: he is pale and sad, and flies the world. The king himself is uneasy concerning his son, and it is I who am the cause of all this woe. Is love then a never-ending source of sorrow? He suffers for me, and his suffering is my most cruel torment. . . . They say too that I am changed, and believe me ill: the good princess attributes my pallor to the nights I have watched by her side. Her manifestations of interest pierce my heart! When shall I be at peace with my conscience?

Saturday, July 11th.

Like a flash of lightning has a single ray of happiness shone out and then disappeared. He came here to see me, but could remain only two hours. Last Wednesday he left Warsaw, as if he were going to Courland, but, sending his carriages before him on the way to the north, he turned aside and hastened here. His court awaited him

at Bialystok, and he was forced to travel night and day to avoid suspicion. I saw him for so short a time that those few happy moments seem only a dream. He was obliged to assume his huntsman's dress in order to gain admittance unknown into the castle.

No one penetrated his disguise, and no one except the prince palatine was cognizant of our interview. He spoke to me, he gave me repeated assurances of his love, and restored to me my dearest hopes; had he not done so, I feel I should have died before the expiration of the three months. Three months is the very least that he can remain at Mittau. How many days, how many hours, how many minutes in those three months! I could be more resigned were I alone to suffer; but he is so unhappy at our separation!

Thursday, September 3d.

I have neglected my journal during nearly two months. Good and evil, all passes in this world. My days have been sad and monotonous, but they are gone, and their flight brings me nearer to my happiness. The prince royal assures me in all his letters that he will return in October. I was crazy with joy to-day when I found the leaves were falling: I am charmed with this foretaste of autumn. We will leave for Warsaw in a very few days.

A new incident has lately come to pass: a very brilliant match has been offered for me, and the princess, who loves me twice as well since I nursed her through her illness, after having concerted the marriage with my parents and the Bishop of Kamieniec, hoped to win my consent. I was forced to bear her anger and reproaches, and worse than all that, the bitter allusions which she made to the prince royal. . . .

To satisfy my parents, I was obliged to humiliate myself, and write a letter of excuse; my mother deigned to send me a reply filled with sorrow, but without anger. She ends her letter by say-

ing: 'Parents who send their children away from them, must expect to find them rebellious to their will.'

My poor mother! She still gives me her sacred blessing, and assures me of my father's forgiveness! Ah! I purchase very dearly my future happiness and greatness!

WARSAW, Tuesday, September 22d.

We returned to Warsaw several days ago. Ah! with what joy did I find myself once more here; how beautiful this city is! Here I will often see the prince royal. He assures me in his last letter that he will return by the first of October; I have then only one week to wait; without this hope I should no longer have any desire to live. Nothing now gives me any pleasure. Dress tires and annoys me, visits and assemblies weary me to death; every person whom I meet seems to me a scrutinizing judge; I fancy that all are pitying or blaming me. Especially do I fear the women of my acquaintance; they are not indulgent, because they are never disinterested; they are no better pleased with another woman's good fortune than they are with her beauty and agreeability. . . .

Even yesterday, with what cruelty Madame —, but I will not write her name—questioned me! She enjoyed my confusion; I was almost ready to weep, and she was delighted. In the presence of fifty persons, she revenged herself for what is called *my triumph*, but what I consider the most *sacred happiness*. Ah! how deeply she wounded me! I almost hate her. . . . This feeling alone was wanting to complete the torment of my soul. The prince palatine took pity on me, and came to my aid; may God reward him! In every difficult crisis he is always near with his active and powerful friendship. He would be quite perfect, if he only understood me a little better; but when I weep and show my sorrow, he laughs and calls me a child. . . . I cannot tell him everything.

Thursday, October 1st.

He has come, and I have seen him; he is quite well, and yet I am not happy. I saw him amid a crowd of indifferent people; and when my feelings impelled me to run and meet him in the palace court, I was forced to remain by my work table and wait until he came into the saloon, when he of course first saluted the princess, and my only consolation consisted in being able to make him a formal and icy reverence. But he is come, and all must now go well.

October 12th.

Great God! how sweet are the words to which I have just given utterance! Happy, a thousand times happy, is the woman who can promise with all her heart to give her hand during her whole life to him whom she loves! The fourth of November is the prince's birthday. He desires, he demands, that this may be the day of our holy union! He made me swear by my God, and by my parents, that I would no longer oppose his wishes; he said he would doubt my affection if I still hesitated. His tears and prayers overcame me; encouraged by the advice of the prince palatine, I promised all he desired, and already do I repent my weakness. But he—he was happy when he left me. . . .

He wished our marriage to be kept secret from my parents, as it must be during some time from the rest of the world; he desired that the Princes Lubomirski should be our only witnesses and our only confidants; but I opposed this project with all my strength; I even threatened him with becoming a nun rather than play so guilty a part toward my parents. He finally yielded: he is so kind to me. It was then decided that I should write to my parents, and that he would add a postscript to my letter.

At first I felt grateful to him for his submission; but with a little more reflection I felt offended. Is it not he who should write to my parents? Is

it not thus that such affairs are conducted? Alas, yes; but only when one weds an equal! It is a prince, a prince of the blood royal who *deigns* to unite himself to me! He then does me a favor in wedding me. . . . This thought has become so bitter that I was on the point of retracting; but it is too late, for I have given my word.

I must now write to my parents; I must confess to them the love which I have so long kept a secret from them. Ah! how wicked they will think me! I have been wanting in confidence toward the best of mothers. . . . My God! inspire me; give me courage! A criminal dragged before his judges could not tremble more than I do!

Thursday, October 22d.

The prince palatine's confidential chamberlain has already left for Maleszow. I am very well satisfied with my letter; but the prince royal finds fault with it, and says it is too humble; I, in my turn, found his postscript altogether too royal. I was about to tell him so, when the prince palatine stopped me.

What will my parents say? Perhaps they will refuse their consent, and, strange as it may appear, during the last few days, the sense of my own dignity has been stronger than my vanity or my desire for greatness. This event seems to me quite ordinary: it is true he is the prince royal, Duke of Courland, and will perhaps one day be King of Poland, but if he has not my father's consent, it is he who is not my equal.

If no opposition is made to my marriage, I ardently desire that it may be the parish priest of Maleszow who will give us the nuptial benediction; the prince palatine has promised me to do all he can; at least, he will be the representative of my parents, and will confer a small degree of propriety upon the ceremony. Barbara's destiny is ever in my thoughts! I deemed her wishes very modest when she said to me: 'Strive to be as happy as I am!' Alas! her happiness is immense, when I compare it with mine! . . .

Wednesday, October 22nd A.

My parents' answer has arrived; they give us their blessing and wish me much happiness; but the tenderness they express toward me is not like that obtained and merited by Barbara. This is just; I suffer, but have no right to complain. The prince royal expected to receive an especial letter addressed to himself; but my parents have not written to him. He is piqued, and conversed a long time with the prince palatine on the pride of certain Polish nobles.

I feel more tranquil since my parents know our secret; my heart is relieved from a most cruel torment. My parents promise not to reveal our marriage without the prince royal's consent; one may see in their letter both joy and surprise; but there is a tone of sadness in my mother's expressions which touches me deeply. She says:

'If you are unhappy, I will not be responsible for it; if you are happy (and I shall never cease to beg this blessing of God in my prayers), I will rejoice, but at the same time regret that I had no part in contributing to your felicity.'

These words are almost illegible, for I have nearly effaced them with my tears.

The curate from Maleszow will arrive next week, and we will be married immediately after. The prince palatine has had the necessary papers prepared, and no one has any suspicion. I can scarcely believe that my marriage is so near. No preparations will be made for me; all must be conducted with the greatest secrecy. When Barbara married, she had no reason to hide herself; all Maleszow was in commotion on her account.

If I could only see the prince royal, I should feel consoled. But sometimes two whole days pass by without any possibility of meeting him. He is afraid of exciting the king's suspicions, and still more, those of Bruhl; he avoids me at all public assemblies, and

comes less frequently to the prince palatine's. To all these painful necessities of my position must I submit.

Yesterday evening, at Madame Moszynska's *soirée*, I accidentally overheard a conversation which pained me deeply. A gentleman whom I did not know, said to his neighbor: 'But the Starostine Krasinska is terribly changed!' The answer was: 'That is not at all astonishing, for the poor young girl is madly in love with the prince royal, and he is somewhat capricious; when he sees a pretty woman, he falls in love with her immediately, and now he is all devotion to Madame Potocka, and has eyes for no one but her.'

I am sure the prince pretends to be occupied with other women that he may the more readily conceal his real feelings, and yet I shuddered when I heard this conversation. It is really frightful to be the subject of such improper pleasantries!

If I only had a friend in whom I could confide, and whose advice I could ask! My maid is as stupid as an owl, and suspects nothing, but notwithstanding, she is to be sent to the interior of Lithuania, and in a few days her place will be supplied by a middle-aged married lady of good birth and acknowledged discretion. I have not seen her yet, and I have no one to consult with regard to my wedding toilette. For want of a better adviser, I consulted the prince palatine, and he replied: 'Dress as you do every day.'

What a strange destiny! I am making the most brilliant marriage in the whole kingdom, and yet my shoemaker's daughter will have a trousseau and wedding festivities which I am forced to envy.

WARSAW, Wednesday, November 4th, 1793.

My destiny is accomplished, and I am the prince royal's wife! We have sworn before God eternal love and fidelity; he is mine, irrevocably mine! Ah! how sweet, and yet how cruel was that moment! They were forced to

hurry the ceremony, as we feared discovery.

I saw nothing of the prince royal during the week preceding my marriage; he feigned sickness, and did not leave his room; he has refused to-day invitations to dinner at the prince primates, the ambassadors, and even one to the ball given by the grand general of the crown: his supposed illness was the pretext on which he freed himself from these obligations.

My former waiting woman was sent away day before yesterday, and yesterday came the new one, who has sworn upon the crucifix to be silent upon all she may see and hear.

At five o'clock this morning, the prince palatine knocked at my door; I had been dressed for at least two hours. We departed as noiselessly as possible, the prince royal and Prince Martin Lubomirski met us at the palace gate. . . . The night was dark, the wind blew, and the cold was intense. We went on foot to the Carmelite church, because it is the nearest: our good priest already stood before the altar. If the prince royal had not supported me, I should have fallen many times during the passage.

And how sad and melancholy was all within the church! On all sides the silence and darkness of the grave! Two wax tapers burned upon the altar, casting a dim and uncertain light, while the sound of our own steps was the only sign of life heard within the solemn and sombre vault of the temple. The ceremony did not last ten minutes, the curate made all possible haste, and we fled the church as if we had committed some crime. The prince royal returned with us: Prince Martin wished him to go at once to the palace, but he would not leave me, and with great difficulty did he at length part from me.

My dress was such as I wear every day. I had only dared to place one little branch of rosemary in my hair. . . . While I was dressing, I thought of Barbara's wedding, and could not

refrain from weeping. . . . It was not my mother who prepared the ducat, the morsel of bread, the salt, and the sugar, which the betrothed should bear with her on her wedding day; and so, at the last moment, I forgot them.

I am now alone in my chamber; not a single friendly eye will say to me: 'Be happy!' My parents have not blessed me. . . . Profound silence reigns in every direction, all are yet asleep, and this light burns as if near a corpse. . . . Ah! my God! what a mournful festival! Were it not for this feverish agitation and this wedding ring, which I must soon take off and hide from every eye, I should believe all these events to be merely a dream. . . . But no, I am his, and God has received our vows.

SULGOSTOW, Monday, December 24th.

I thought when I married that I would no longer have any occasion to write in my journal: I believed that a friend, another me, would be the depository of all my thoughts. I said to myself: 'Why should I write, when I will tell all to the prince royal (it seems to me as if I could call him thus during my whole life)? He does not know enough Polish to read my diary, and consequently it is useless.' But everything separates me from my well-beloved husband; I will continue to write that I may be more closely bound to him, that I may preserve all the remembrances which come to me from him. . . . I am pursued by a pitiless fate! Ah! what despair is at my heart! When shall I see him again?

These last few days have been fearful! I thank Heaven that I am not yet mad! The princess palatiness has sent me from her house, driven me out as if I were unworthy to remain. . . . I have taken refuge with my sister at Sulgostow: when I arrived, I sent for Barbara and her husband, and said to them: 'Oh, have pity, have pity on me, for I am innocent; I am the prince royal's wife!'

My poor sister, to whom the whole transaction was a mystery, thought I had lost my reason, and was about calling in her maids to aid me. I endeavored to calm her fears, and to-day I have confided to her all my sorrows.

I will try to write down all these recent events. If God ever permits me to enjoy happiness and tranquillity, I will again read these pages, and will better appreciate the value of a quiet felicity.

Six weeks passed after our marriage, and no one had the least suspicion: neither the king, the court, nor the watchful society surrounding me, had penetrated our secret; all called me as usual, the Starostine Krasinska. The prince royal, under the pretext of his health, went nowhere, and the prince palatine managed our interviews. But a week since the prince royal began to go out, and paid a visit to my aunt, the princess. I was in the saloon when he was announced; it was the first time since our marriage that I had seen him in presence of a third person, and I found it impossible to hide my confusion. I could not see and hear him without telling him through my eyes that I loved him.

The princess observed me. When he was gone, she scolded me, and reproached me with what she called my coquetry and imprudence; I could not bear her injustice, and very rashly replied, that no one had a right to blame me when my own conscience absolved me. The prince royal came again the next day; the princess was abstracted, and a dissatisfaction, which she strove in vain to disguise, appeared in her whole manner. He was entirely occupied with me, and did not perceive the storm which was gathering; not having been able to speak with me alone on that day, he had written to me, and while pretending to play with my work basket, he slipped a note into it. The princess saw it, and as soon as he had gone, seized upon the fatal note,

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which was addressed to: 'My well beloved.'

I can never describe her anger and indignation. How did I ever live through that horrible scene! . . .

'Your *intrigue*,' she cried, 'will never succeed in my house; you are the horror, the shame, and the ignominy of your family, and you shall not disgrace my mansion. I have already taken measures to put an end to your infamous conduct; here is a copy of the letter sent by me this morning to the minister, Bruhl. I tell him that honor is dearer and more sacred to me than all family ties, that an ambitious hope will never induce me to renounce the duties which it imposes upon me, and that I now esteem it my duty to inform him that the prince royal loves Frances Krasinska. I conjure the minister to do all in his power to end this intrigue while there is yet time. I will prove that I have nothing to do with this abomination, and that if I have been in fault, it was because I placed such implicit confidence in my niece's virtue. Yes—the king himself, at this very moment, probably knows the whole extent of your shame and your insane pride.'

'The king!' I cried, almost out of my senses, 'the king! Ah! Let no one tell him that I am the prince royal's wife; let no one tell him that, or I shall die at your feet!'

Lost to all memory, all sense, except that of the fearful abyss just opened before me, I thus confessed the secret which no personal invective or humiliation could have drawn from me.

'How?' she replied, 'the wife of the prince royal! You! his wife!'

This word recalled me to myself, and led me to comprehend the enormity of my fault. I shuddered when I thought of the prince's anger, and I saw but one chance for safety, and that was by confessing all to the princess.

I fell at her feet, imploring her to forgive the past, and keep our secret. Whether she was offended by the tardi-

ness of my confession, or whether she thought she had gone too far to retrace her steps, I know not, but she remained implacable, and with cold and repulsive dignity commanded me to rise, saying:

'So great a lady should never be found at any one's feet, and I offer you a thousand apologies for my conduct toward you.'

I attempted to kiss her hand, but she withdrew it, and ended by saying that her house was unworthy of a lady of my quality, of a princess royal, of an independent duchess, of the future Queen of Poland. She then made all the preparations necessary for my departure.

I retained strength enough to control my feelings, for which I thank God: a momentary flash of anger did not cause me to forget so many proofs of kindness and affection, and, with the docility of a girl of sixteen, I prepared to depart, although I was entirely ignorant where I should go to, or who would offer me protection and an asylum. . . . I believe the word *Sulgostow* was uttered either by myself or by the princess. The valet who came to take the princess's orders during the latter part of our conversation, mentioned throughout the mansion that I was going to Sulgostow to pass the Christmas holidays.

Chance decided my fate, and, incapable of forming any resolution, I was happy in permitting myself to be guided by others. Before I left, I wrote a long letter to the prince royal, which I confided to the princess. In less than two hours all my arrangements were made; I came and went, I acted mechanically, without fixed thought or purpose; I was finally placed in the carriage with my lady companion, and the horses bore us rapidly away from Warsaw.

When I beheld the walls of Sulgostow, I began to think upon how I could best acquaint my sister with these incredible events; but once in her presence, my confusion was such that I lost the power of measuring my words, and hence she fancied I had gone mad. . . .

Now that all has been explained, we laugh together over this strange mistake, but such laughter is only a momentary forgetfulness of my position, and a passing truce to my torment. These first two days have been most painful, for I have as yet heard nothing from the prince royal. I cannot express my grief and my anguish; my health must be very strong not to have suffered more from such torments. . . . At least, may I not hope that my dreams of bliss will one day be realized?

THE GREAT STRUGGLE.

Is it true that 'our democratic institutions are now on trial?' Everybody, or nearly everybody, says so. *The London Times* says so, and is or has been gloating over their failure. Many of our 'able editors' say so, and are trying desperately to prove that they will not fail. Thus, while there is a wide difference in opinion as to what may be the result, there seems to be a quite general agreement as to the fact that the trial is going on. There ap-

pears to be no suspicion that the question is not properly stated. Doubtless the assertion will excite surprise, if heeded at all, that in fact the great struggle here and now is *not* between aristocracy or despotism on the one hand, and democracy on the other. Most people in the United States have come to entertain the fixed idea that the only natural political antagonisms are democratic as opposed to despotic in any and all shapes. And this idea has

become so ingrained in the American mind that it will be difficult to gain credence for the assertion that the terms constitutionalism and absolutism represent the forces or systems which have really been antagonistic ever since Christianity began to affect and animate social and political relations.

It may be a new idea to many readers that absolutism can be democratic, as well as aristocratic or autocratic. Yet such is the fact, and the whole history of Greece and Rome proves it. Plato, the friend of the people, taught the absolute power of the state—of the power holder, whoever that might be, whether the people, the aristocracy, the triumvirate, the archon, or the consul. It was not possible for Plato, Demosthenes, or Cicero, to conceive the idea of constitutionalism.

Wherever the will of the power holder operates *directly* upon the subject or object, there is absolutism. Interpose a *medium* between the two, separate the law maker from the law executor, make *both* the subjects or servants of the law, and then, if the people are virtuous, you can harmonize private liberty with public order. The individual must not be absorbed by the state; individual liberty must not be merged in absolutism. Nor must the state go down before individualism.

The problem is to render possible and reconcile the coexistence of the largest private liberty and the highest public authority. This implies the idea of *mediation*. There must be *mediating* institutions standing between the state and the individual, insuring the safe transmission of power, and guaranteeing justice between the state and individuals, as well as between individuals in their relations with each other. This done, you realize or actualize the grand idea of mediation in the political relations of men. The distinguishing idea of Christianity—the God-man reconciling man with God, and thus harmonizing the finite with the infinite—this idea must actualize itself in the

affairs of men, in order to harmonize perfect liberty with salutary authority. Animated by this idea, penetrated with profoundest belief of the infinite worth of the individual man because the God-man had wonderfully renewed his nature, the early Christian heroes and martyrs took hold of the hostile and disorganized elements of European society—the fragments of the Roman empire on the one hand, and the barbarians of the north on the other—and brought order out of chaos. They re-organized society by naturally, though slowly, developing those numerous intermediary institutions—guilds, corporations, trial by jury, the judiciary, and representation of interests, orders, guilds and corporations, *not of individual heads*, in Parliament—all which, as a living, harmonious system, constitute, or *did* constitute, the English Constitution, and were essentially reproduced in the Constitution of the United States, and which wonderfully distinguish constitutionalism from absolutism.

'The will of the emperor has the force of law,' was the fundamental maxim of the civil law. Emperor, emperor;—hence, imperialism, Caesarism, absolutism. That maxim obtained with pagans—civilized it may be, but none the less pagans—whose theory or gospel was that 'man is his own end.' Man's infinite moral worth as man, was not known or not recognized in the pagan civilization of the classic Greeks and Romans. Hence the state, which outlived the individual, was of more importance than the individual, and naturally absorbed the individual. Man being his own end, and existence being next to impossible without society, the state was the best means to obtain his end, and therefore Plato taught that man lives for the state, must be trained up for the state, belongs to the state, and is of no value outside of the state. Hence the pagan civilization of Greece and Rome, being intensely human, while it became very splendid and refined, became also, and could not help

becoming intensely and unutterably corrupt—so corrupt that St. Paul refrained from finishing the disgusting catalogue of its awful sins and vices. The church, Christianity, could save *man*, but it could not save the *empire*. The principle of social harmony being lost, government and society fell to pieces.

On a certain memorable occasion, the present Emperor of France uttered the mystic phrase: *The empire is peace!* So it is. But how? I answer: Several centuries of Godless French statesmanship—engineered by men who, though nominal Christians or Catholics, discarded God in affairs of state, and attempted to rule without God in the world, except to use Him (pardon the expression) as a sort of scarecrow for the 'lower orders'—resulted in gradually drying up those intermediary institutions which had served at once to develop a manly civic life and to protect private liberty, and in reabsorbing and concentrating all power in the central government. Even in the early part of these centuries, Louis the Fourteenth made his boast, 'I am the state,' and thereby announced the substantial reinauguration of pagan imperialism or absolutism. His successors, aided by the ever-growing influence of the renaissance, which was but the revivification of classic paganism, continued his system, and when at last their cruel, inhuman, and unchristian oppressions drove men to the assertion of their rights in the fierce whirlwind of the French Revolution, that very assertion, 'clad in hell fire,' as Carlyle says, was based on the self-same fundamental principle that 'man is his own end.' The Revolution also ignored the divine idea, and failed. The subsequent revolutions, and especially that of 1848, were no wiser. The last was simply the triumph of democratic absolutism by universal suffrage, in place of autocratic or monarchic absolutism, as De Tocqueville clearly demonstrated in his 'Ancient Regime and the Revolution.'

De Tocqueville had thoroughly mastered the constitutional system, as had also Lacordaire and Montalembert, and he, as well as they, joined the so-called republican movement of 1848, hoping that constitutionalism would triumph at last. But he soon saw that European Democrats or Red Republicans did not comprehend the idea;—that, in fact, they meant absolutism, though democratic; and he retired in disappointment, though calm hopefulness, to his estate, and there wrote his 'Ancient Regime.'

True, the Red Republicans issued high-sounding phrases about liberty, rights of man, and the right of the people to govern. But they meant rights of man independent of God, and the right of the people to be absolute; and they continued the system of centralism, or government by bureaucracy, without God. The French have learned by sad experience that there is a thousand times more danger of change, turbulence, and disruption, under democratic absolutism than under autocratic absolutism. Louis Napoleon knows it well, and hence his significant phrase, 'The empire is peace.' It is the strong iron band around a mass of antagonistic atoms, which have lost, at least in the sphere of politics, the cohesive principle of harmony: union with each other by virtue of union with the God-man.

Through all the terrific scenes of turbulence and carnage, the frequent dynastic changes, and the fearful scourings of the French empire since the days of Louis the Fourteenth, the nation itself has not been destroyed, because, after all, there was and is a vast deal of virtue in the people as individuals. God never destroyed a nation for its public or national sins until the people themselves had become individually thoroughly corrupt. The city of Sodom itself would have been spared had even *five* good men been found therein. And so the French nation does not go to pieces, as the Roman empire did, because, notwithstanding

the vice of Paris, of which we hear and read so much, and the godlessness of French statesmanship and French literature, the great body of the people, even in Paris, still retain their integrity, and a wholesome fear of God. But because their current literature is heathenish, and their statesmanship has ignored honesty and the divine origin of man's rights, those intermediary institutions, which were developed by Christian charity from the idea that man's rights are sacred because God-given and dignified by the God-man, have been undermined or disanimated, and it has come to pass that the only government possible, where the divine idea is eliminated from politics, is one in the form of absolutism. How long this form will continue in France remains to be seen. But it is certain that European Democrats or Red Republicans, with their ideas—or rather lack of ideas—will never comprehend the constitutional system, and will never rehabilitate or reanimate those intermediary municipal institutions, the monuments of which De Tocqueville was surprised to find scattered so generally through continental Europe, as well as in England and in New England.

Turning, now, to the United States, it is plainly evident that the whole tendency of our politics, intensely accelerated by the influence of Jefferson's French views, has been, first, to lose out of mind the true significance of those intermediary institutions embodied in the common law of England, and inherited by us from the mother country; and, secondly, to depreciate them as standing in the way of the people's will, or popular sovereignty; and, lastly, to break them down entirely, and substitute for them the tyranny of an irresponsible majority, or democratic absolutism. The persistent efforts to get rid of grand juries and trial by jury, to popularize the judiciary, to make senatorial terms dependent on changing party majorities, to reduce the representative to a mere deputy,

and other similar schemes to bring about the direct *unmediated* operation of the popular will upon the subject, are all illustrations of this direful tendency.

Concurrently with, and greatly aiding this tendency, there has been a gradual decay of the manly virtue that characterized our fathers. Men have become less conscientious in the performance of their public duties, and more regardless of private rights. A genuine manly self-respect implies sincere respect for the rights of others, and both inevitably decay as the fear of God dies out. When men continually act on the idea that man is his own end, and when each one is intensely engaged in seeking his own interest, what can result but jarring of interests, opposition, repulsion, disregard of law in so far as it clashes with private ends, and thus, finally, social and political disruption more or less extensive? Thus our trouble lies deeper than slavery. Remove the canker of slavery to-day, and yet the tendency to disruption and dissolution would evermore go on while prevailing ideas actuated society. The remorseless mill of selfishness would keep on grinding, grinding, grinding toward dissolution. Look at our literature, our architecture, our science, our political and moral theories, our social arrangements generally, and especially our hideous, almost diabolical arrangements or lack of arrangements for the care of the poor and the unfortunate, and what a confused jumble they present! Having no grand animating idea, no all-pervading principle of harmony, no universally recognized standard for anything, we are necessarily the most anomalous, amorphous, helter-skelter aggregation of independent and antagonistic individualities ever gathered together since nations began to exist. What can prevent such an agglomeration from falling to pieces? What can hold it together?

Thus, with the frightful decay of

Christian, and even manly virtue—alas! too plainly visible all around us—and the entire divorcement of morality or religious ideas from politics, what fate is in store for us but the inevitable triumph of anarchy, and through it of despotism? Herein lies our real danger. The great struggle is *not*, as many assert, between aristocracy, or monarchy, or despotism and democracy. But it is between despotism or absolutism and constitutionalism. It is the struggle of the pagan system (revived by the renaissance), based on the idea that 'man is his own end,' with the Christian system based on the idea of mediation, involving the idea that the true end of man is God. It is not true, therefore, that democratic institutions are now on trial in the United States. Democracy, pure and simple, precisely in the form it is assuming or has assumed in this country, was tried long ago. It was tried in ancient Greece, and found wanting. It was tried in Rome, and ended in the dissolution of the empire. And in both these trials it had, to begin with, a much more highly finished, fresh, robust, and whole-souled manhood to work with and to work upon than that of modern democracy. More recently it was tried in France, and for the present is blooming in the despotism of Napoleon III.

The question, then, I repeat, is whether constitutionalism, as originally developed in England and embodied and reproduced by our fathers—who, perhaps, 'buildd wiser than they knew'—can come safely through this crisis and triumph over the two ideas which, thus far, have predominated in the American mind, and driven us with fearful strides toward absolutism. 'Every man for himself' is the first idea. In the family, in church, in politics, in commerce, in all social and political relations, every man striving, pushing, scrambling, straining every nerve to advance himself, regardless of his neighbor or the public interest—such

everywhere is the confused and hideous picture of American society. Selfishness predominates, and selfishness is repellant. So it was before the ages were, when Lucifer, in the pride of self, refused obedience to the Word. So it is even yet, and its inevitable tendency is to hostile isolation and final dissolution. Its logical consequence is anarchy. But anarchy is intolerable, and a civilized people, yea, even barbarians, will submit to anything rather than social and political chaos. Then comes the iron band of despotism to hold together the antagonistic fragments.

'The supremacy of the people's will' is the second idea. *Vox Populi, vox Dei!* What the people decree is right, and nothing must stand between their will and the subject or object upon which it operates! Such is the political gospel according to democracy, and fifty years' earnest proclamation thereof has wellnigh abolished all the barriers of constitutionalism—barriers, which stood like faithful guardians, stern but just, between the Individual and the State, which reconciled the harmonious coexistence of private liberty and public power—an idea wholly unknown in pagan or classic civilization—and which at once prevented the anarchy of individualism and the tyranny of absolutism. But true it is, whatever a people constantly assert they come to believe, and whatever they believe will at last crystallize itself in action. And thus, with the oft-repeated and ever-increasing assertion that 'man is his own end,' and 'is sufficient unto himself,' and with that other assertion that the will of the people is law and must act directly upon its object, we have gradually lost out of mind the true significance of the constitutional system. Those numberless intermediary institutions—which logically *grew* out of the Christian idea of mediation, as the oak naturally grows out of the acorn, and which wonderfully reconciled liberty with authority, freedom with order, the finite with the infinite—have be-

come more and more obsolete, and less and less understood. They have crumbled away like the stately columns of a magnificent but neglected cathedral. They have become dead branches that must be lopped off. They are rubbish that must be removed—relics of monarchy or aristocracy, cunningly devised inventions of priestcraft or kingcraft, that retard the triumph of democracy.

If the will of the people is supreme, then away with your high and life-long judges, or at least let them be elected by the people and for very brief terms. Let grand juries be voted a humbug, and trial by jury a nuisance. Let electoral colleges be abolished as meaningless and cumbersome anomalies. Let the President be the direct representative of a mighty people, and act without let or hindrance—only let him act with gigantic energy and swift execution. Let senatorial terms be dependent upon changing legislative majorities. In fact, let the two legislative houses, as being wholly useless and very expensive, be reduced to one. Let the representative be a tongue-bound deputy, and not a free, manly, self-acting agent. Let county boards of supervisors give way to the one man power of the county judge. And, in short, let us go on, as we have been going on, democratizing or popularizing our institutions, 'improving,' or rather impairing and tearing down one after another of the venerable columns of the original system, until every safeguard of personal freedom is removed, and there shall be nothing left to restrain the giant sway of unmitigated and unmediatized public power. Then we shall have despotism or absolutism, pure and simple—and none the less so because it shall be democratic.

The London *Times* will have nothing to jubilate over if what it mistakenly calls our 'trial of democratic institutions' shall be unsuccessful. For in fact, our constitutional system was but the reproduction, in a broader field and on a grander scale, of the British

Constitution, in all its essential features, differing only in what philosophic historians call 'accidentals.' And if that system finally fails here, *The Times* may have a 'most comfortable assurance' that it will fail in England. True, we have more rapidly departed from and defaced that system than the English, chiefly because, in escaping from the fogs of England, we left behind us that stolid conservatism, that bulldog tenacity for the old because it is old, which are instinctive in the narrow-minded islanders. But they, just as much as we, have lost out of mind the significance of the Christian idea. They, just as much as we, have become thoroughly paganized—have become saturated with the central idea of pagan civilization, that man is his own end, lives for himself alone, and not for God, and therefore is inferior to and must be the mere tool of the state. If Americans hold that the state can *make* right, as well as enforce it, so do the English. If divine sanctions have no longer any significance in America, so have they not in England. If expediency, and not God's truth, is the universal rule of action here, so is it there. If every American or 'Yankee' seeks his own end in his own way, regardless of his neighbor, his Government, and his God, so does every Englishman. The Englishman has no God except his belly or his purse. Years ago it was said by one of themselves, 'The hell of the English is—*not to make money.*' If the divine principle of charity is a myth, and selfishness rages against selfishness here, much more so with a people whose only God is Mammon. And finally, if inevitable dissolution shall overtake us, and we rush into absolutism as a refuge from anarchy, we shall have the melancholy pleasure—if it can be a pleasure—of hailing the almost simultaneous wreck of the British Constitution, whose noble ruins, no less than ours, would be mournful monumental witnesses to the glory of ages wiser and better than our own.

AMERICAN FINANCES AND RESOURCES.

LETTER NO. II, FROM HON. ROBERT J. WALKER.

LONDON, 10 Half Moon Street, Piccadilly,
October 8, 1863.

IN view of the fact that the people of the United Kingdom and of the United States are mainly of the same race, speak the same language, have the same literature, ancestry, and common law, with the same history for centuries, and a reciprocal commerce exceeding that of all the rest of the world, it is amazing how little is known in each country of the other. This condition of affairs is most unfavorable to the continuance of peace and good will between two great and kindred nations. It causes constant misapprehension by each party of the acts and motives of the other, arrests the development of friendly feeling, and retards the advance of commercial freedom. It excites almost daily rumors of impending war, disturbing the course of trade, causing large mercantile losses, and great unnecessary Government expenditures. If war has not ensued, it has led to angry controversy and bitter recrimination. It is sowing broadcast in both countries the seeds of international hatred, rendering England and America two hostile camps, frowning mutual defiance; and, if not terminating in war, must, if not arrested, end in embargoes and non-intercourse, or discriminating duties on imports and tonnage, greatly injurious to both countries. I know it has become fashionable in England and America to sneer at the fact of our common origin; but the great truth still exists, and is fraught with momentous consequences, for good or evil, to both nations, and to mankind. The United States were colonized mainly by the people of England. Ten of our original thirteen States bear English names, as do also

nearly all their counties, townships, cities, and villages.

Leaving to Englishmen the task of disabusing the Americans in regard to their own country, I will endeavor to present, in a condensed form, some material and authentic facts as regards the United States, for the consideration of the people of the United Kingdom. I read and hear every day here predictions of our impending bankruptcy and national dissolution; our wealth and resources depreciated; our cause, our people, our armies, and Government decried; and a war in words and in the press prosecuted against us with vindictive fury. All this hostility is fully reciprocated in America; and if the war is not confined to words and types, it will not be the fault of agitators in both countries. So far as an American can, even in part, arrest this fatal progress of misapprehension, by communicating information in regard to his own country, is the principal purpose of these essays.

In answer to the daily predictions here of our impending ruin and national bankruptcy, I shall first discuss the question of our wealth, resources, and material progress.

AREA.—The area of the United States, including lakes and rivers, is 3,250,000 square miles, being larger than all Europe. (Rep. Sec. of Interior and of Com. of Gen. Land Office for Dec. 1860, p. 13.)

Our land surface is 3,010,370 square miles, being 1,926,686,000 acres. This area is compact and contiguous, divided into States and Territories, united by lakes, rivers, canals, and railroads. We have no colonies. Congress governs the nation by what the Constitution declares to be '*the supreme law*,'

whilst local regulations are prescribed and administered by the several States and Territories. We front on the two great oceans—the Atlantic and Pacific; extending from the St. Lawrence and the lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, from near the 24th to the 49th parallel of north latitude; and in longitude, from 67° 25' to 124° 40' west of Greenwich. Our location on the globe as regards its land surface is central, and all within the temperate zone. No empire of contiguous territory possesses such a variety of climate, soil, forests and prairies, fruits and fisheries, animal, vegetable, mineral, and agricultural products. We have all those of Europe, with many in addition, and a climate (on the average) more salubrious, and with greater longevity, as shown by the international census. We have a far more fertile soil and genial sun, with longer and better seasons for crops and stock; and already, in our infancy, with our vast products, feed and clothe many millions in Europe and other continents. Last year our exports to foreign countries of breadstuffs and provisions, from the loyal States alone, were of the value of \$108,000,000. (Table of Com. and Nav. 1860.)

If as well cultivated as England, our country could much more than feed and clothe the whole population of the world. If as densely settled as England, our population would be more than twelve hundred millions, exceeding that of all the earth. If as densely settled as Massachusetts (among the least fertile of all our States), we would number 518,000,000 inhabitants.

We have seen that our area exceeds that of Europe, with a far more genial sun and fertile soil, and capable of yielding more than double the amount of agricultural products and of sustaining more than twice the number of inhabitants. We have a greater extent of mines than all Europe, especially of coal, iron, gold, silver, and quicksilver. Our coal alone, as stated by Sir William Armstrong (the highest British

authority), is 32 times as great as that of the United Kingdom, and our iron will bear a similar proportion.

Our maritime front is 5,120 miles; but our whole coast line, including bays, sounds, and rivers, up to the head of tide water, is 33,663 miles. (Ex. Doc. No. 7, pp. 75, 76, Official Report of Professor A. D. Bache, Superintendent of U. S. Coast Survey, Dec. 5th, 1848.) Our own lake shore line is 3,620 miles. (Top. Rep. ib. 77.)

The shore line of the Mississippi river above tide water and its tributaries, is 85,644 (ib. 77); and of all our other rivers, above tide water, is 49,857 miles, making in all 132,784 miles. Of this stupendous water mileage, more than one half is navigable by steam, employing an interior steam tonnage exceeding that of all the internal steam tonnage of the rest of the world. No country is arterialized by such a vast system of navigable streams, to have constructed which as canals of equal capacity would have cost more than ten billions of dollars, and then these canals would have been subjected to large tolls, the cost of their annual repairs would have been enormous, and the interruption by lockage a serious obstacle. We may rest assured then, that, all Europe combined, can never have such facilities for cheap water communication as the United States. This is a mighty element in estimating the power and progress of a nation. It shows, also, why we have no such deserts as Sahara, so small a portion of our lands requiring manures or irrigation, and no general failures of crops, with so few even partial failures of any one crop.

We have more deep, capacious, and safe harbors, accessible at *all tides*, than all Europe, with more than twenty capable of receiving the *Great Eastern*. (Charta, U. S. Coast Survey.)

Our hydraulic power (including Niagara) far exceeds that of all Europe. We have more timber than all Europe, including most varieties, useful and ornamental. We have, including

cotton, vastly more of the raw material for manufactures than all Europe. With all these vast natural advantages, has man, in our country, performed his duty, in availing himself of the bounteous gifts of Providence? We are considering now the question of our material progress, in regard to which, the following official data are presented.

We have completed since 1790, 5,782 miles of canals, from 4 to 10 feet deep, and from 40 to 75 feet wide, costing \$148,000,000, and mostly navigable by steam. (Census Table, 1860, No. 89.)

We have constructed since 1829, 83,698 miles of railroad (more than all the rest of the world), costing \$1,258,922,729. (Table 38, Census of 1860, and Addenda.)

We have in operation on the land, more miles of telegraph than all the world, a single route, from New York to San Francisco, being 3,500 miles.

Our lighthouses exceed in number those of any other country, and we have no light-dues, as in England.

Our coast survey, executed by Professor Bache, Superintendent of the U. S. Coast Survey, exceeds in extent and accuracy that of any other country. On this subject, we have the united opinions of British and Continental savans.

We have made since 1790, 1,505,454 linear miles of survey of the public lands of the United States, belonging to the Government, including 460,000,000 of acres already divided into townships, each six miles square (28,040 acres), subdivided into square miles, called sections, of 640 acres each, and each section further subdivided into 16 lots of 40 acres each.

TONNAGE.—The total tonnage of the United States was in—

1814,	1,368,127 tons.
June, 1851,	3,772,439 "
June, 1861,	5,539,812 "

At the same rate of increase as from 1851 to 1861, our tonnage would be, in

1871,	8,184,578 tons.
1881,	11,952,817 "
1891,	17,541,514 "
1901,	25,758,948 "

(Table of Com. and Nav.)

At the close of this century our tonnage then, at this rate of increase, would far exceed that of all the rest of the world.

GOLD AND SILVER.—The aggregate product of our gold and silver mines approaches now *one billion of dollars*, most of which has been converted into coin at our mint. Nearly all of this product has been obtained since the discovery of gold in California. Less than two per cent. of the precious metals has been the product of the seceded States. This gold and silver are found now in seven States, and nine Territories; the yield is rapidly augmenting, and new discoveries constantly developed.

The Secretary of the Interior estimates the total product 'next year,' of our mines of precious metals, at '\$100,000,000,' and when our railroad to the Pacific (traversing this region) is completed, his estimate of the 'annual yield' is '\$150,000,000.' The mines are declared 'inexhaustible' by the highest authority, and our Nevada silver mines are now admitted to be 'the richest in the world.' The completion of our imperial railroad, now progressing to the Pacific, will carry an immense population to the gold and silver regions, vastly increase the number of miners, diminish the cost of mining, and decrease the price of provisions and supplies to the laborers. When we add to this, the vast and increasing product of our quicksilver mines of California, so indispensable as an amalgam in producing gold and silver, as also the great and progressive improvement in processes and machinery for working the quartz veins, it is now believed that the estimates of our Secretary of the Interior, and Commissioner of the General Land Office, will be exceeded by the result. These

mines of the precious metals are nearly all on the public lands of the United States; they are the *property of the Federal Government*, and their intrinsic value *exceeds our public debt*.

PUBLIC LANDS.—The United States own an immense public domain, acquired by treaties with France, Spain, and Mexico, and by compacts with States and Indian tribes. This domain is thus described in the Report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, of November 29th, 1860:

‘Of the 3,250,000 of square miles which constitute the territorial extent of the Union, the public lands embrace an area of 2,265,625 square miles, or 1,450,000,000 of acres, being more than two thirds of our geographical extent, and nearly three times as large as the United States at the ratification of the definitive treaty of peace in 1783 with Great Britain. This empire domain extends from the northern line of Texas, the Gulf of Mexico, reaching to the Atlantic Ocean, northwesterly to the Canada line bordering upon the great Lakes Erie, Huron, Michigan, and Superior, extending westward to the Pacific Ocean, with Puget’s Sound on the north, the Mediterranean Sea of our extreme northwestern possessions.

‘It includes fifteen sovereignties, known as the ‘Land States,’ and an extent of territory sufficient for thirty-two additional, each equal to the great central land State of Ohio.

‘It embraces soils capable of abundant yield of the rich productions of the tropics, of sugar, cotton, rice, tobacco, corn, and the grape, the vintage, now a staple, particularly so of California; of the great cereals, wheat and corn, in the Western, Northwestern, and Pacific States, and in that vast interior region from the valley of the Mississippi River to the Rocky Mountains; and thence to the chain formed by the Sierra Nevada and Cascades, the eastern wall of the Pacific slope, every variety of soil is found revealing its wealth.

‘Instead of dreary, inarable wastes, as supposed in earlier times, the millions of buffalo, elk, deer, mountain sheep, the primitive inhabitants of the soil, fed by the hand of nature, attest its capacity for the abundant support of a dense population through the skilful toil of the agriculturist, dealing

with the earth under the guidance of the science of the present age.

‘Not only is the yield of food for man in this region abundant, but it holds in its bosom the precious metals of gold, silver, with cinnabar, the useful metals of iron, lead, copper, interspersed with immense belts or strata of that propulsive element, coal, the source of riches and power, and now the indispensable agent, not only for domestic purposes of life, but in the machine shop, the steam car, and steam vessel, quickening the advance of civilization and the permanent settlement of the country, and being the agent of active and constant intercommunication with every part of the republic.’

Kansas having been admitted since the date of this Report, our public domain, thus described officially, now includes the sixteen *land States*, and all the Territories.

Of this vast region (originally 1,450,000,000 acres), there was surveyed up to September, 1860, 441,067,915 acres, and 394,088,712 acres disposed of by sales, grants, etc., leaving, as the Commissioner states, ‘the total area of unsold and unappropriated, of offered and unoffered lands of the public domain, 1,055,911,288 acres.’ This is ‘land surface,’ exclusive of lakes, bays, rivers, etc., 1,055,911,288 acres, or 1,649,861 square miles, and exceeds one half the area of the whole Union. The area of New York, being 47,000 square miles, is less than a thirty-fifth part of our public domain. England* (proper) has 50,922 square miles, France 208,736, Prussia 107,921, and Germany 80,820 square miles. The area then of our public domain is more than eight times as large as France, more than fifteen times as large as Prussia, more than twenty times as large as Germany, more than thirty-two times as large as England, and larger (excluding Russia) than all Europe, containing more than 200 millions of people.

As England (proper) contained in 1861, 18,949,916 inhabitants, if our

* Our whole area is more than sixty times as large as England.

public domain were as densely settled, its population would exceed 606 millions; and it would be 260,497,561, if numbering as many to the square mile as Massachusetts. Its average fertility far exceeds that of Europe, as does also the extent of its mines, especially gold, silver, coal, and iron, with every variety of soil, climate, mineral and agricultural products.

These lands are surveyed at the expense of the Government into townships of six miles square, subdivided into sections, and these into quarter sections (160) acres, set apart for homesteads. Our system of public surveys into squares, by lines running due north and south, east and west, is so simple as to have precluded all disputes as to boundary or title. This domain reaches from the 24th to the 49th parallel, from the lakes to the gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Its isothermes (the lines of equal mean annual temperatures) strike on the north the coast of Norway midway, touch St. Petersburg in Russia, and pass through Manchouria on the coast of Asia, about three degrees south of the mouth of the Amour river. On the south, these isothermes run through Northern Africa, and nearly the centre of Egypt near Thebes, cross Northern Arabia, Persia, Northern Hindostan, and Southern China near Canton.

Of this vast domain, less than two per cent. is cursed by slavery, which is prohibited by law in eleven of these land States, and in all the Territories.

Now, however, within our present vast domain, not only the poor, but our own industrious classes and those of Europe, may not only find a home, but a farm for each settler, substantially as a free gift by the Government. Here all who would rather be owners than tenants, and wish to improve and cultivate their own soil, are invited. Here, too, all who would become equals among equals, citizens (not subjects) of a great and free country, enjoying the right of suffrage, and

eligible to every office except the presidency, can come and occupy with us this great inheritance. Here liberty, equality, and fraternity reign supreme, not in theory, or in name only, but in truth and reality. This is the brotherhood of man, secured and protected by our organic law. Here the Constitution and the people are the only sovereigns, and the Government is administered by their elected agents, and for the benefit of the people. Those toiling elsewhere for wages that will scarcely support existence, for the education of whose children no provision is made by law, who are excluded from the right of suffrage, may come here and be voters and citizens, find a farm given as a homestead, free schools provided for their children at the public expense, and hold any office but the presidency, to which their children, born here, are eligible. What does Europe for any of its toiling millions who reject this munificent offer? He is worked and taxed there to his utmost endurance. He has the right to *work*, and *pay taxes*, but not to vote. Unschooling ignorance is his lot and that of his descendants. If a farmer, he works and improves the land of others, in constant terror of rent day, the landlord, and eviction. Indeed the annual rent of a single acre in England exceeds the price—\$10 (£2. 2s. 8d.)—payable for the ownership in fee simple of the entire homestead of 160 acres, granted him here by the Government. For centuries that are past and for all time to come, there, severe toil, poverty, ignorance, the workhouse, or low wages, and disfranchisement, would seem to be his lot. Here, freedom, competence, the right of suffrage, the homestead farm, and free schools for his children.

In selecting these homestead farms, the emigrant can have any temperature, from St. Petersburg to Canton. He can have a cold, a temperate, or a warm climate, and farming or gardening, grazing or vintage, varied by fishing or hunting. He can raise wheat, rye, In-

dian corn, oats, rice, indigo, cotton, tobacco, cane or maple sugar and molasses, sorghum, wool, peas and beans, Irish or sweet potatoes, barley, buckwheat, wine, butter, cheese, hay, clover, and all the grasses, hemp, hops, flax and flaxseed, silk, beeswax and honey, and poultry, in uncounted abundance. If he prefers a stock farm, he can raise horses, asses, and mules, camels, milch cows, working oxen, and other cattle, goats, sheep, and swine. In most locations, these will require neither housing nor feeding throughout the year. He can have orchards, and all the fruits and vegetables of Europe, and many in addition. He can have an Irish or German, Scotch, English or Welsh, French, Swiss, Norwegian, or American neighborhood. He can select the shores of oceans, lakes, or rivers; live on tide water or higher lands, valleys, or mountains. He can be near a church of his own denomination; the freedom of conscience is complete; he pays no tithe, nor church tax, except voluntarily. His sons and daughters, on reaching twenty-one years of age, or sooner, if the head of a family, are each entitled to a homestead of 160 acres; if he dies, the title is secured to his widow, children, or heirs. Our flag is his, and covers him everywhere with its protection. He is our brother; and he and his children will enjoy with us the same heritage of competence and freedom. He comes where labor is king, and toil is respected and rewarded. If before, or instead of receiving his homestead, he chooses to pursue his profession or business, to work at his trade, or for daily wages, he will find them double the European rate, and subsistence cheaper. From whatever part of Europe he may come, he will meet his countrymen here, and from them and us receive a cordial welcome. A Government which gives him a farm, the right to vote, and free schools for his children, must desire his welfare.

Of this vast domain (more than

thirty-two times as large as England) the Government of the United States grants substantially as a free gift, a *farm of 160 acres* to every settler who will occupy and cultivate the same, the title being in fee simple, and free from all rent whatsoever. The settler may be *native or European*, a present or future immigrant, including females as well as males, but must be at least twenty-one years of age, or the head of a family. If an immigrant, the declaration must first be made of an *intention* to become a citizen of the United States, when the grant is immediately made, without waiting for naturalization. When the children of the settler reach twenty-one years of age, or become the head of a family, they each receive from the Government a like donation of 160 acres. The intrinsic value of this public domain far exceeds the whole public debt of the United States.

Our national wealth, by the last census, was \$16,159,616,068, and its increase during the last ten years \$3,925,481,011, or 126.45 per cent. (Census, 1880, p. 195.) Now, if, as a consequence of the Homestead Bill, there should be occupied, improved, and cultivated, during the next ten years, 100,000 additional farms by settlers, or only 10,000 per annum, it would make an aggregate of 16,000,000 acres. If, including houses, fences, barns, and other improvements, we should value each of these farms at ten dollars an acre, it would make an aggregate of \$160,000,000. But if we add the product of these farms, allowing only one half of each (80 acres) to be cultivated, and the average annual value of the crops, stock included, to be only ten dollars per acre, it would give \$80,000,000 a year, and, in ten years, \$800,000,000, independent of the reinvestment of capital. It is clear that thus vast additional employment would be given to labor, freight to steamers, railroads, and canals, markets for manufactures, and augmented revenue.

The homestead privilege will largely increase immigration. Now, beside the money brought here by immigrants, the census proves that the average annual value of the labor of Massachusetts, *per capita*, was, in 1860, \$300 for each man, woman, and child. Assuming that of the immigrants at an average net annual value of only \$100 each, or less than 38 cents a day, it would make, in ten years, at the rate of 200,000 each year, the following aggregate:

1st year,	200,000	=	\$20,000,000
2d "	400,000	"	40,000,000
3d "	600,000	"	60,000,000
4th "	800,000	"	80,000,000
5th "	1,000,000	"	100,000,000
6th "	1,200,000	"	120,000,000
7th "	1,400,000	"	140,000,000
8th "	1,600,000	"	160,000,000
9th "	1,800,000	"	180,000,000
10th "	2,000,000	"	200,000,000

Total, \$1,100,000,000

In this table, the labor of all immigrants each year is properly added to those arriving the succeeding year, so as to make the aggregate, the last year, two millions. This would make the value of the labor of these two millions of immigrants, in ten years, \$1,100,000,000, independent of the annual accumulation of capital, and the labor of the children of the immigrants after the first ten years, which, with their descendants, would go on constantly increasing.

But, by the actual official returns (see page 14 of Census), the number of alien immigrants to the United States, from December, 1850, to December, 1860, was 2,598,316, or an annual average of 259,831, say 260,000. The effect, then, of this immigration, on the basis of the last table, upon the increase of national wealth, was as follows:

1st year,	260,000	=	\$26,000,000
2d "	520,000	"	52,000,000
3d "	780,000	"	78,000,000
4th "	1,040,000	"	104,000,000

5th year,	1,300,000	=	\$130,000,000
6th "	1,560,000	"	156,000,000
7th "	1,820,000	"	182,000,000
8th "	2,080,000	"	208,000,000
9th "	2,340,000	"	234,000,000
10th "	2,600,000	"	260,000,000

Total, \$1,480,000,000

Thus the value of the labor of the immigrants from 1850 to 1860 was fourteen hundred and thirty millions of dollars, making no allowance for the accumulation of capital by annual investment, nor for the natural increase of population, amounting, by the census, in ten years, to about 24 per cent. This addition to our wealth by the labor of the children, in the first ten years, would be small; but in the second, and each succeeding decennium, when we count children and their descendants, it would be large and constantly augmenting. But the census shows that our wealth increases each ten years at the rate of 126.45 per cent. Now, then, take our increase of wealth in consequence of immigration as before stated, and compound it at the rate of 126.45 per cent. every ten years, and the result is largely over three billions of dollars in 1870, and over seven billions of dollars in 1880, independent of the effect of any immigration succeeding 1860. If these results are astonishing, we must remember that immigration here is augmented population, and that it is population and labor that create wealth. Capital, indeed, is the accumulation of labor. Immigration, then, from 1850 to 1860, added to our national wealth a sum more than one third greater than our whole debt on the 1st of July last, and augmenting in a ratio much more rapid than its increase, and thus enabling us to bear the war expenses.

As the homestead privilege must largely increase immigration, and add especially to the cultivation of our soil, it will contribute more than any other measure to increase our population,

wealth, and power, and augment our revenue from duties and taxes.

We have seen that, by the Census (p. 195), the total value of the real and personal estate in the United States was, in—

1860, \$16,159,616,068
1850, 7,135,780,228

Increase from 1850 to 1860, 126.45 per cent.

At the same rate of increase, for the four succeeding decades, the result would be, in—

1870, \$36,593,450,565
1880, 82,865,868,849
1890, 187,314,353,225
1900, 423,380,488,288

If we subtract one fourth from the aggregate, we will find that our public debt constitutes less than *one half of one per cent.* of the increase of our national wealth. This debt, then, does not exhaust our capital, but effects only a small diminution of the rate of augmentation.

If we look at the causes of this vast increase of our national wealth, they will be found mainly in the enormous extent of our fertile lands, the vast emigration from Europe, and the constant addition of new States to the Union. Thus, from 1850 to 1860, four new States were added to the Union. These four States were almost an untrodden wilderness in 1850, but in 1860 were rich and flourishing States, with a population of 638,965, and an aggregate wealth of \$331,809,418. Within this decade, from 1860 to 1870, at least six new States will be added to the Union. This is evident from a reference to our present Territories, as follows:

Dacotah,	95,316,480	acres.
Nebraska,	48,636,800	"
Indian,	56,924,000	"
Idaho,	208,878,720	"
Washington,	44,796,160	"
Nevada,	52,184,960	"
Utah,	68,084,480	"
Arizona,	80,780,240	"

New Mexico,	. . .	77,568,640	acres.
Colorado,	. . .	66,880,000	"

Total, 800,000,480 acres.

Here then are Territories with an aggregate area of 800,000,480 acres, sufficient for twenty-six States of the size of New York. In all these Territories but one, the precious metals are found in great abundance, and the railroad to the Pacific, with numerous branches through this vast region, together with the greatest advantages of our new Homestead Bill of last year, is settling these Territories with unprecedented rapidity. Notwithstanding the war, immigration to the United States is progressing with more than its usual volume, caused by the very high wages for labor, the great benefits of our recent Homestead Bill, and the exclusion, by recent act of Congress, of slavery from all this vast domain.

It will be observed, that, whilst the lands constituting these Territories remain *public* lands, no estimate is made of them as wealth in the national census. It is only when these public lands become farms and private property, that they are valued as part of the wealth of the nation. This remark also applies to that 255,000,000 acres of public lands in the sixteen *Land States* of the Union. Hence the amazing increase of wealth at each decade, in the new States and Territories. Thus, by Table 35 of the Census of 1860, page 195, the rate of increase of wealth in the following States and Territories, from 1850 to 1860, was:

<i>Territories.</i>	
Washington, 5,000 per cent.
Nebraska, 4,800 "
Utah, 467 "
New Mexico, 303 "

<i>States.</i>	
Kansas, 8,000 per cent.
Iowa, 942 "
California, 837 "
Minnesota, 6,000 "
Michigan, 380 "

Oregon, 471 per cent.
 Illinois, 457 "
 Wisconsin, 550 "

It is thus that the wave of population moves onward in our Western States and Territories, that the axe and the plough are the pioneers of civilization, that farms, cities, and villages, the schoolhouse, and the church, rise from the wilderness, as if by the touch of an enchanter's wand. That enchantment is the power of *freedom and education*, the effect of which (as compared with

the deadly influence of slavery and ignorance) shall be illustrated in a succeeding letter. In that letter, by comparing the relative progress of our Free and Slave States, as demonstrated by our Census, it will be proved, incontestably, that the total exclusion of slavery from our Union will cause an addition to our national wealth vastly exceeding the whole public debt of our country, and soon leave us much richer than before the rebellion.

R. J. WALKER.

THE DECLINE OF ENGLAND.

In Europe, two nations for almost a thousand years have contended for empire. England and France, for the greater portion of that period, have waged war with each other. When not engaged in actual hostilities, they have watched each other with jealous animosity—seeking by intrigue and diplomatic schemes to thwart or defeat the designs which one or the other had formed for national aggrandizement.

No one of Anglo-Saxon descent can peruse the histories of those countries, and not feel pride in the valor and success which have distinguished his race. Twice the victorious banner of England has fluttered in the gaze of Paris. Until a recent age, the French flag visited the ocean only at the sufferance of England.

Whatever may be thought of the wisdom of the continental policy of England since 1688—in pursuance of which she has persistently sought to defeat the ambition of France—no one can help admiring the ability and indomitable courage she has displayed in the gratification of her national antipathy. From the League of Augsburg, of 1687, to which she became a party, to the

Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, she put forth herculean efforts to compel the relinquishment of the family compact by Louis XIV. By that treaty, the darling project of that monarch to secure the crown of Spain for a Bourbon, was forever abandoned by France. Elated with this triumph over her adversary, throughout the eighteenth century England continued to pursue the same policy of checking and defeating all the schemes of France for territorial acquisition. It mattered not where; in whatever quarter of the globe France sought to plant her standard, she always found there an English enemy. In Asia, Africa, and America, as well as in Europe, all her attempts to extend her empire were defeated by England. Pondicherry was the only East Indian possession which the genius of Clive allowed her to retain. By the Treaty of Paris, of 1763, she was compelled to relinquish Canada in order to regain her West Indian islands conquered by England.*

Vainly, under good or bad, weak or

* One hundred years have elapsed since that treaty, and the London *Times* proclaims that England will not fight for Canada now.

potent sovereigns, did France attempt the enlargement of her empire or an increase of national power. England, on one pretence or another, always confronted her, and by successful war, or unscrupulous diplomacy, baffled her designs.

The English mind was cultivated throughout the eighteenth century into the belief that every accession to France was a menace and an injury to England.

At last the French Revolution, inspiring with preternatural energy that gallant people, turned the tide of events so long adverse to French aggrandizement. Still true to her hereditary hostility, England combined all Europe to resist the aggression of republican France. But soon, from the raging elements of that awful convulsion, the 'Man of Destiny' arose, who could 'ride the whirlwind and direct the storm.' He seized the helm, evoked order from chaos, and smote the enemies of France wherever they appeared, revived the splendors of her early history, and, like her mediæval Charlemagne, gave the law to Europe.

England took the measure of Napoleon, and recognized in him an enemy whom she must subdue at any cost, or submit to be reduced in the scale of nations to that importance and those proportions befitting her diminutive territory in Europe.

The battle of Marengo—the Peace of Luneville—the ascendancy of Napoleon on the continent—the defection of the continental allies of England—and the preparations of Napoleon for her invasion, led to the Treaty of Amiens.

That treaty, however, was only a brief truce, which England never designed to observe but temporarily. She refused to respect its obligations, and even to negotiate for its modification. She feared that peace would enable Napoleon to rebuild his shattered navy.

Lord Hawkesbury's note of March 15th, 1803, assigned as her avowed reason for the renewal of the war—'the

acquisition made by France in various quarters, particularly in Italy, and therefore England would be justified in claiming equivalents for these acquisitions as a counterpoise to the augmentation of the power of France.'*

This note of Lord Hawkesbury avows distinctly the spirit of the foreign policy of England for the last two hundred years. She would not tolerate any acquisition by her rival unless she obtained 'equivalents.' In pursuance of this unchangeable policy, she again declared war against France. Mr. Pitt resumed his position of prime minister, and soon formed a new continental coalition to resist the mighty power and the aggressions of the French emperor.

Thenceforward she listened to no overtures for peace, but prosecuted with implacable resentment the war—until she finally prostrated her imperial foe, and became his inglorious jailer, until death relieved her from all apprehensions of danger.

But this triumph of a vindictive policy, so gratifying to the national antipathy, was purchased at a price perhaps far exceeding its value.

The overthrow of Napoleon was an achievement which compelled England to anticipate the resources of future generations. These generations have come, and are coming, and they find themselves unable any longer to contend with French ambition.

The first Napoleon, whom England fought with such relentless animosity, won his throne by the display of matchless ability in the field and the cabinet. The present Napoleon reached his throne by perjury, assassination, and crimes of the blackest atrocity. The first Napoleon England pursued with her hatred to his grave. The present Napoleon, reeking with the blood of his unarmed fellow citizens, kisses the queen of England, and the *entente cordial* with him becomes the foreign policy of England. Entangled in his toils, she makes war on Russia as his

* See Alison's History, chap. xxvii, p. 200.

ally, stands silently while he humbles Austria and changes the map of Europe, and barely escapes by an after-thought being dragged into an attempt to destroy a free republic in America, to enable France to augment the area for the expansion of the Latin race at the expense of that of the Anglo-Saxon.

What would the great Chatham and his son—who so long moulded the destiny of Europe—say, if they could revisit the earth and peruse the history of their country for the last twelve years? Would they recognize her as that England who in their hands smote the house of Bourbon, and inaugurated the policy which led to the overthrow of the greatest captain who ever tormented with his lust for glory the human race? Certainly, in all the wars which England waged against the house of Bourbon, France never attempted a conquest of greater value than that which the present Napoleon has commenced in Mexico. Certainly, no conquest which the first Napoleon ever threatened in Europe would have so strengthened France as would the annexation of Mexico to her dominions. But England has expended in her wars with the first Napoleon, to restrain him from acquisitions which could not have materially injured England, all her resources for war. She is not in the condition to wage such wars with France as she prosecuted during the last and the beginning of the present century. She knows that she must acquiesce in the ambitious acquisitions of the present Napoleon, or else encounter his hostility. Cherbourg and the steam navy of France render an invasion of the British Isles a more practicable achievement for the present Napoleon than ever the first Napoleon could hope for. England shrinks, therefore, from any effort to curb the present aggrandizement of France, from fear. She ignominiously renounces and abandons the policy of her monarchy, her aristocracy, and her people—pursued for two hundred years with

unflinching pertinacity; not because she condemns it, not because she does not feel 'justified' in resisting French acquisitions unless 'equivalents for these acquisitions as a counterpoise to the augmentation of the power of France' are obtained; but obviously, because she fears to encounter the arms of the present Napoleon.

When the French emperor forced upon the acceptance of Lord Aberdeen's cabinet 'the harsh and insulting scheme of action' (as Kinglake calls it) 'which provoked the war with Russia in 1854, England's dilemma was: a war with Nicholas, or a rupture with France. 'The negotiation which had seemed to be almost ripe for a settlement was then ruined.'*

A war for Napoleon at that time with one of the great powers, was a necessity. It was necessary for the stability of his throne. It was necessary to prevent the thoughts of France from dwelling upon the assassination of the republic and her own infamy in submitting to that enormous villany. If it had not been Russia, it would have been England that the imperial usurper would have denounced as disturbing the waters for his provocation.

Mellowed by time, and enlightened by their deplorable results, England now views the wars with Napoleon the First in their true light. So far from British power having been augmented by that tremendous struggle, it has compelled England to descend from the position of a first-rate to that of a second-rate power, so far as it concerns the politics of Europe. Had the first Napoleon survived to this day, she would hardly have consented to act with the same subserviency to him as she now voluntarily acts toward his ignoble counterfeit. She would never have stood an idle spectator of the humiliation of Austria by him. She would never have permitted him to betray her into the causeless and ridiculous war with her ancient ally Russia.

* Kinglake's *Crimean Invasion*, p. 260.

It was the aid of Russia which enabled her to overthrow the great Napoleon, and now she permits the little Napoleon to bully her into a war with Russia that he may bedizen his name with the glory of a conflict with the conqueror of his illustrious kinsman.

If the object of Napoleon was so ignominious, contemptible, and criminal, as we know it to have been, in producing the war of 1854, with what obloquy must England be covered for allowing herself to be beguiled into such a war by such a juggler?

The pretended cause of the Crimean war, as alleged, was the threatened invasion of Turkey by Nicholas. But what injury was *that* to England, compared to the seizure of Mexico by France?

England had not for two hundred years made it the chief object of her foreign policy to resist the expansion of the Russian empire. She had acquiesced in the partition of Poland, and by the Treaty of Vienna made herself a party to that nefarious spoliation by Russia, Austria, and Prussia. She knew that Austria, Prussia, and the German Confederation were pledged to protect Turkey from Russia.* Her subserviency to France in separately with her making war on Russia, upon the pretence of the protection of Turkey, was supererogatory as well as needless.

The truth is, and so will history make up the record, the French emperor desired to humiliate England, and England dare not refuse to be humiliated by him. It was a 'GREAT SURRENDER.'†

It will not do for England to excuse herself for not resisting the French invasion of Mexico by any such allegation as that she has received Napoleon's assurances that he does not intend to make a French province of Mexico.

* Kinglake.

† See Kinglake's remarks on the design of Louis Napoleon in making St. Arnaud commander-in-chief of the French army in the Crimean war, p. 321.

She must know, that no confidence can be placed in his veracity. She must know, that such assurances are but a flimsy veil to deceive her and other nations. They are designed to meet the contingency—of Federal success in crushing rebellion.

He has been willing to be fooled by those who surround him, into the belief that the rebels will achieve their independence.* In that event, he will never relinquish his grasp on Mexico, unless compelled to do so by force of arms. Should the rebellion succeed, as he professes to believe it will, his instrument and accomplice, Maximilian, will be discarded with as little ceremony as the first Napoleon discarded some of the puppet kings whom he saw proper to crown and discrown according to the exigency of his occasions.

The treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle (1748) terminated one of the wars of England with Louis XIV. The renunciation by France of the cause of the Pretender was the most material advantage accruing to England from that treaty. But the ink was hardly dry with which it was written, before England took umbrage at France for efforts to rebuild her navy, which had been seriously reduced and crippled by the events of the previous war, and also for the encroachments of the French in Canada on the English settlements. For these causes the Seven Years' War was commenced, and, under the auspices of the first William Pitt, successfully prosecuted, until France was completely humbled. Now, however, Napoleon the Third constructs a navy more powerful than France ever before possessed, and, instead of molesting some obscure English settlement in the interior of America, appropriates to himself a great country, fertile in resources, with mines of incalculable wealth, and in close proximity to English colonies, cherished by the most vigilant protection of England.

* Written in August, 1862.

The value of Mexico is thus portrayed by the British historian Alison (vol. iv., p. 438):

‘Humboldt has told us that he was never wearied with astonishment at the smallness of the portion of soil which, in Mexico and the adjoining provinces, would yield sustenance to a family for a year: and that the same extent of ground which in wheat would maintain only two persons, would yield sustenance under the banana to fifty; though in that favored region the return of wheat is never under seventy, sometimes as much as a hundred fold. The return on an average of Great Britain is not more than nine to one. If due weight be given to these extraordinary facts, it will not appear extravagant to assert that Mexico, with a territory embracing seven times the whole area of France, may at some future and possibly not remote period contain two hundred millions of inhabitants.’

This is the magnificent empire which France now seeks to conquer, without a murmur of remonstrance from Great Britain, who so often combined Europe to resist the petty acquisition by France of territory less than one of the Mexican States.

It is needless to say that England relies on the United States to prevent Mexico becoming a French province. Her statesmen have for the past two years professed the belief that the dismemberment of the United States is inevitable. In that event, they must know that the United States would prove no obstacle to the occupation of Mexico by France. No; the acquiescence of England in this gigantic acquisition of France can be ascribed to no such assurance of the power of the United States. It may be said that she has flattered herself that by letting alone Napoleon, he may possibly, by an alliance with the rebels, secure the permanent dissolution of the American Union;—that the United States, if successful in crushing the rebellion, would be to her a greater terror than Napoleon. We do not believe that she is influenced by such considerations. She

knows that the United States, however powerful by the recent development of military strength, would hardly attempt the invasion of the British Islands. But she has no such faith in her crafty neighbor. She knows that France and the Bonapartes owe her a debt of vengeance which only the ravage and desolation of the British soil will ever liquidate. She remembers that the favorite scheme of Napoleon the First was the invasion of England; and she knows that this scheme is among the *Idées Napoléon* of the nephew. She is aware, too, that Napoleon the Third has the means at his command which will enable him to place any number of troops on her shores. She is satisfied that upon the first provocation which she offers, he will gratify the treasured hatred of the French and of his family, by consummating the darling project of his uncle. The terror of invasion has induced her to change the nature of her foreign policy. She will cling to the French alliance until the French emperor has satiated his national craving for her degradation; and not until he strikes her a blow, which will resound throughout the world, will England be prepared to battle with the Gaul. No future accession of territory would make France more formidable for the invasion of England than she is now. Her army of five hundred thousand men, and her steam navy and ironclads are all-sufficient for that purpose, whenever the French emperor chooses so to employ them. But if Napoleon devotes this army and that navy to such a formidable conquest as that of a country seven times as large as France, three thousand miles from her shores, it is not probable that he will soon be able to spare them for the invasion of Great Britain. Spain vainly struggled for years to conquer her revolted provinces in America. England failed to conquer her rebellious colonies, with a population not exceeding three millions. France lost an army of thirty-

five thousand men, veterans of Moreau's, in the vain effort to subdue the negroes of St. Domingo. England could desire no better scheme for the destruction of the military strength of Napoleon than that of the attempted conquest of Mexico. She will therefore rather stimulate than restrain the second French emperor in his desire to devote his legions to the enlargement of the area for the supremacy of the Latin race in America. Her motive will be the despicable safety of her shores from Gallic invasion. For this she sacrifices her prestige in the world—her hereditary policy—the time-hon-

ored traditions of the Anglo-Saxon. The world hereafter is free to the Frenchman, for robbery, spoliation, conquest, and invasion, wherever else than in England he chooses to prosecute the vocation of national crime. England is no longer the foe of French ambition or rapacity. So long as France will abstain from the invasion of the 'inviolate isle,' where for almost a thousand years no foreign enemy has placed his foot, so long she may be free from molestation from England, whatever else she may attempt; and this is the inglorious policy of England in the year of our Lord 1862-'8.

T E M P T A T I O N .

[A LITERAL translation of this remarkable prose-poem was kindly placed in our hands by Prof. Podbielski. It is allegorical throughout, every phase of its marvellous symbolism resting upon dire and tragic truth.

The many times murdered Mother is of course Poland. We hope that the publication of this prophetic vision of her great son, patriot, poet, statesman, and sage, as he undoubtedly was, may excite a vivid interest at the present hour, when that heroic but unhappy country is again struggling for life and freedom.

In its present English form, 'Temptation' is reverently dedicated to the patriot sons of the Mother of heroes, by MARTHA W. COOK.]

Alas, crimsoned with blood and swollen with tears
run our troubled life-waves !

From the depths and whirlpools of the stormful
currents sounds the moan of eternal sorrow !

Behind roars the bottomless abyss, black with the
gloomy mists rising ever from the woes of the
Past :

Before lies the far-off Heaven, burning and blazing
with flames red as of blood :

Around struggle the swimmers, in surges so cold,
hopeless, and murky,

That from each as he floats onward is forced the
cry : ' WOE ! THE CURSE IS UPON US ! '

MOTHER, many times murdered !
Unhappy mother ! with the long and

countless blades of thy ever-green
grasses, with the waving stems of thy
grain fields, thou wilt bind our undying
memories closely to thee, but hence-
forth must thy sons wander and suffer,
as they love thee. Behind them, from
sea to sea, is the Grave ; before them,
wheresoever they may roam, the Sun
set ; while monarchs and merchants
curse the endless progression !

The Living cannot understand those
reared on the bosom of the Dead—
human faces grow pale at the approach
of the spectres—at the echo of their
footsteps the home-fires glimmer and
flicker low on the hearthstone—the
mother hides her child—the wife leads
away the husband that he may not
clasp hands with the wandering exile,
—the evening star alone, the star of
graves, smiles from Heaven on them !

Was not the silence of the forests
holy ? When the wind swept over the
Pines, did not the mystic murmurs,
sacred as the prayers of the Priest, say
to you : ' Nowhere there will you find

your God !' The spaces are filled with the giant skeletons torn from the dim woods ; they are chained and clamped with iron and fed with steam ; the eagles soar not in the air above them, nor do the glad birds twitter in the swaying branches ; none among you may mount the strong horse of the desert and fly afar over the boundless steppes, rejoicing in his arrowy swiftness ;—you are alone in the midst of the world !

As you wander on, poor exiles, your very gratitude is half disdain ! When they lead you into cities without castles or temples, where trade and commerce rule ; among whitewashed houses where the spirit of Beauty is not, and the green window-shutters are the sole adornment—murmur ye : **THE DEAD !**

On the shores of the seas when you dwell with Jews, Armenians, and Greeks, quarrelling forever over their vile profits ; seeing not the heavens, nor hearing the thunder as it booms over the waves—murmur ye : **THE DEAD !**

When women in rich attire move around you, and you feel that the faint fluttering of the silken robe is far more spiritual than the life-breath of their souls—murmur ye : **THE DEAD !**

Float on, then, like the sacred whippers from the unhewn forests ! The world will not know you, because you are of the race sprung from coffins ; born and cradled in coffins ; but as you rise from the grave, strew upon the ground beneath your feet the mouldering rags of your shrouds—and *he*, seated on the verge of the abyss, on the steep and slippery declivity ; *he*, robed in the royal purple of power, will not survive your Resurrection—but must himself descend into the coffin !

I saw imaged before me, as in a

wondrous vision, the varied scenes and changes as it were of a long life—rising, progressing, and vanishing, as if bound in a single day, beginning with the morning and fleeting away with the evening shadows.

It seemed to me in my vision that the morning was strangely transparent. No clouds dulled the ether above. Far over the wide green space rose the sun, and in front of the House on the Hill stood a horse already saddled, impatiently wounding the velvety grass with his iron hoofs, and snuffing with wide nostrils the fresh breeze from the valley. Near him stood his young master. The light in his blue eye was bright as the young beam of the day. He had one foot in the stirrup, and the other on the soft home-turf ; with one hand caressing the long waving mane of the steed, and the other clasped in the grasp of the man from whom he was taking leave—they knew not for how long, but yet felt it was not forever. Words were pouring from the heart of the one into the heart of the other. The elder, he who stood on the ground and was to move on on foot, kept his gaze steadily fixed on the rocks and forests lying beyond the smooth green turf. The younger, with raised eyes, gazed into the sky, as if absorbing its light in the blue lustrous pupils ; and when he spoke, his voice was like the fresh breath of spring. The elder spoke more slowly, almost sternly, as though advising, warning, beseeching—as if he loved deeply, yet doubted, feared ; but the younger had no fear, no doubts—he pledged himself and vowed—threw himself first into the arms of his friend, then leaped into his saddle. He pushed his horse rapidly on, swift as the arrow skims the plain, or the mountain stream plunges below. A cloud of servants poured forth from the halls of the ancient House, and followed their young Lord.

He who remained behind, knelt ; and fragments of his prayer were brought me by the wind. 'O Heavenly

Father! let not this blooming soul wither away upon this arid earth! Lead it not into the temptation of human servitude; remove from it all sinful stain! Let it serve Thee alone! Thee and the many times murdered Mother!’

He continued kneeling, although sunk in silence, as if wrapped in deep meditation, scarcely knowing whether to indulge in the dim prophecies then surging his soul, or to prolong his prayers. Then I saw him start, clasp his hands forcibly together—and again his words were borne to me by the wind.

‘O Heavenly Father! I ask Thee not to sweeten the bitter cup of life for my friend; I know that all who live must suffer; but, O merciful God, spare him the blush of shame, the infamy of weakness!’

Then I saw the Wanderer rise from his knees, descend the hill, and make his way on foot through the forest to the distant rocks.

About high noon of the same day they met again before the gate of a great city. The young man was still on his horse, his fair brow already darkened by the heat of the sun; the dew from the fresh home-turf was quite dry upon his stirrups, and the glitter of the steel dimmed with rust. The horse gladly stopped, as if wearied with his rapid flight through the distant space, but the blue eye of the youth still sparkled with its early fire.

The elder, gray from head to foot with the dust of the road, seated himself on a stone by the wayside. The youth jumped lightly to the earth, and threw himself into the arms of his friend. I saw him give his horse in charge to his servants, take the arm of his companion, enter the gate of the great city, and lead him to the imperial Palace. In one of the inner chambers they sat down together to rest. They conversed however in whispers, as if

they feared the ear of the enemy even through the massive stone walls. Stretching himself on the soft Persian carpet, the younger raised the cup of wrought silver to his thirsty lip. But when he handed it to the elder, he refused to taste the wine from the rich goblet. Nor would he look upon the tapestried walls, or the objects of luxury lying profusely scattered around the room, even when pointed out to him by his young companion. At last he rose, and taking the hand of the youth, led him to a window, from which the entire city was seen lying below, with the moving crowds of the populous nation. The immense city, wonderfully monotonous in its whitewashed walls! the immense nation, wonderfully monotonous in its black garments! The young man looked on curiously; the wanderer sighed, and said: ‘When they shall lead you into cities without castles or temples, where the spirit of freedom is chained, murmur ye: **THE DEAD!**’

But the younger continued to gaze with ever-growing interest. Carriages filled with women dressed in brilliant hues were rapidly driving by, drawn by strong, fleet horses. He saw one drive aside from the throng, the snowy veil and white draperies of the fair one within fluttering and floating far on the breeze, as if the flying chariot were borne onward by the outspread sails. The Wanderer sighed, and said: ‘When women in rich attire move around you, and you feel that the faint fluttering of the snowy robe is more spiritual than the life-breath of their souls—murmur ye: **THE DEAD!**’

The young man seemed not to hear the words of his friend. Heavy masses of lurid clouds gathered from every direction, and obscured the face of the sky. How different the hour of the gloomy noon from that of the fresh, transparent morning!

The men before whom the People of the Black Nation kneel and prostrate themselves now began to move through the streets. Their short garments

glittered with gold, and were richly embroidered in gorgeous colors. They wore long thin swords at their sides, and thick tufts of plumes on their heads. Shouting with harsh voices, they passed on in power, striking the children who were lingering in the road as they moved forward. The children cried and wept; the crowd drew back and fled; and they remained alone upon the Great Square. More and more of them were ever thronging there; more and more courteously they ever bowed to one another, and lower and lower grew their salutes, until at last One rode forward on a steed richly caparisoned—and then they all fell down with their faces upon the ground—as if he were the Lord of Life and Death.

Then said the Wanderer: 'He is already on the verge of the abyss, on the slope of the steep and slippery declivity; he, robed in the purple of Power, must himself descend into the coffin!'

But the young man riveted his gaze on the magnificence of the rider, as if absorbing the diamond glitter into the lustrous pupils of his eyes, as in the morning they had absorbed and reflected the clear blue of the skies. He seemed not to hear the words of his friend. When they were earnestly repeated to him, he covered his face with his hands, and tenderly uttered the holy name of the murdered Mother, as if the love of childhood were upon his heart. The Wanderer pressed him to his breast, and said: 'Look not upon them! Look not upon them!'

'Never! never!' he replied, as he again threw himself down to rest upon the Persian carpet.

As the Wanderer rose to depart, I heard the prayer again rising to God from his divining soul:

'O Heavenly Father! even at the burning noon of this bitter trial, I implore Thee for him whom I love! O God! I now entreat Thee to work a miracle in his behalf—to sweeten the

bitter cup of life for this young, eager, thirsting soul! Deliver it from the temptations with which Thou hast seen good to surround the strong on this earth, led like him into these snares! Let him not fall, I beseech Thee, as did even the mighty and beautiful angels round Thy Throne, when the thirst for power was upon them. Save him, O God!'

The young man remained alone, utterly alone, in the midst of the great city, and was soon forced to seek companionship with his fellow beings. It was strange, meanwhile, how black the heavens grew, as if the whole sky were sheeted with a curtain of lead. I saw him now constantly in the streets, the rooms, and in the midst of the people: he fascinated my gaze as if I saw only him. Under the calm of a tranquil face, he concealed bitter torment, intense suffering. Evil thoughts are winding through him, like swarms of black and poisonous worms, while the good are also thronging near him, like clouds of bright blue fireflies. The worms crawl over his heart, boring and bleeding it as they writhe; the fireflies would burn out the black congested gore, and cure the festering wounds, but new swarms of reptiles are forever slithering into life, and ever deeper and more gangrened are the wounds they make. Everywhere danger, everywhere torment; there is no human being whom he may trust! He too must learn to deceive in turn, to betray even women and children; must learn to lie as the masterpiece of art. He attains skill in the profession, and can command looks, smiles, tears, emotions; but alas! the light in his clear eye, once rivalling the young beam of day, no longer flashes from his pupils. Pity him, O God! his very garments become a lie; he throws aside the costume of his nation, in which he once rode so freely over the boundless steppe. He mounts on his head the tall tufts of plumes; he girds the thin sword to his side; and I saw in my dream that the

people began to fall back before him, and bow as he drew near.

But I saw that the steed of the desert refused to recognize his master when he entered the courtyard of the Palace. In vain he pats, with his own hand, the wavy silken mane: no neigh of joy now answers his caress; he strives to leap upon him as in the morning of this eventful day, but the haughty charger rears, stands erect upon his hind legs, and refuses to be mounted. Enraged beyond control, he thrusts his long sword into the glossy flanks. The startled animal breaks away, spurns the blood-sprinkled soil, and flies thundering afar, rattling and clashing his iron hoofs on the pavement, marking his track with a long line of glittering sparks, flashing but to die in the dying light of evening!

The hour of twilight is already on the earth!

Again, for the third time in that day of life, met the Wanderer and his friend. They stood together in a Church, which was without the gates, and the cross on its towers was different from those on the Basilicas within the walls of the city. The altar was without adornment, and, as well as the walls and ceilings, was shrouded in the deepest mourning. Three tapers only were upon it, and they struggled vainly with the surrounding gloom.

I saw the Wanderer take one of these lights, and gaze, with a look of woe, upon the face of his friend. The young man was silent, he found no utterance, he had lost the secret of revealing, by honest words, the depths of the soul. But the bitter truth was expressed in the long wild cry which burst spasmodically from his lips. In it might be read the seduction and destruction of a young spirit, not consenting to its own shame and ruin!

He laid his head on the strong shoulder of his friend, and closed his heavy eyelids, as if he dreamed, in this trying moment, it would be possible

for him thus to close them forever. But the Wanderer, suddenly calling him back to consciousness, said: 'Follow me! follow me, that thou mayst remember forever the Form of the murdered Mother!'

So saying, he led the young man to a low door which opened behind the Great Altar. A whirlwind, as if from plains of ice, blew upon them from the subterranean passages below, and the flame of the taper streamed upon the blast, swaying and torn into a line of dying sparks. And thus they commenced the plunge into the very bosom of night, descending ever lower and lower, exploring depth after depth, until at last they had worked their way through the narrow and winding passages, and stood in the sublime silence of the immensity of space.

Their taper had long ago gone out, but they needed not its flickering light. The swamp-fires of the night, the corpse-lights, the will-o'-the-wisps, sometimes fell like falling stars; sometimes rose like rising moons. Countless cemeteries seemed moving on in this weird light, one solemnly following the other, and on the dark gate of each glittered, as if graved in frosted silver, the name of the Murdered Nation, and on the white crosses gleaming within, the names of her martyred children. Vast piles of skeletons, of bones and skulls, lay in the path of the young man, and as he advanced he read the glorious inscriptions.

It now seemed to him that the ghosts of the buried were also moving on before him, increasing constantly in number, and all moaning as they sped on, until at last they seemed to condense into a murky vapor like a trailing storm-cloud, growing ever more and more pervading, and murmuring with thousands upon thousands of sad, but spirit-stirring national songs. The air gleamed with the flashing of sabres and wild waving of standards; confagurations and flames filled the intervening spaces, like vivid flashes of rest-

less lightning, now gleaming, now sinking into the bosom of the cloud. Faster and faster, farther and farther whirls the cloud of spirits. Then in my dream I saw them suddenly descend, driven over the earth like the withered leaves of autumn—beaten low upon the ground and drifting on like the summer's dust—while a strong cry burst from the driven shadows: 'O God, have mercy upon us!'

The Wanderer stopped before the gate of an open sepulchre, on which was graven the name of the many times Murdered. The letters blazed with a soft lambent flame, and he fell reverently upon his knees. Penetrated with mystic awe, he quivered from head to foot when he arose, and wept tenderly as he crossed the threshold.

A soft light, like that of an evening late in autumn, dimly illumined the space within. I saw the holy Coffin as it lay on the gentle slope of a hill; a giant Pine stood at its head, and in its topmost branches perched the Eagle, pierced to the heart and sleeping in its own blood. Within the coffin lay the sacred Form, with the cross on her breast, the veil on her face, the fetters on her hands, and the crown upon her forehead. I saw six such hills rising one after the other, separated from one another by the long grass, through which, in place of sunny brooks, flowed crimson streams of human gore. Hilts and shivered fragments of broken swords, overgrown with weeds and covered with rust, were lying scattered in every direction through the rank grass. On each of the six hills lay the same Coffin; the same Form. But always more and more strongly surged the streams of human blood; heavier and heavier grew the chains on the hands of the Dead; and paler and paler the dim autumnal light. At the foot of the last hill it was dark, and bitter cold; the currents of blood were frozen; the icicles hung from the branches of the Pine; the Eagle lay in his congealed gore; and in place of the

veil, the face of the six times murdered Mother was closely covered with a sheet of snow.

When the young man reached this spot of gloom, he fell with his face upon the frozen earth, and cursed his life! In the distance sounded the moans of the shadows left at the gate of the sepulchre; he bowed his head and wept. He heard them ask: 'Is the six times Murdered really dead? will she rise no more to deliver her faithful children from mortal anguish?'

The Wanderer replied not, but looked with eyes of melancholy love upon his friend who had thrown himself upon the frozen earth, and gently raised him in his strong arms.

Then rose the wail of all the armies of the grave; they broke the silence of death with loud and fearful cries: 'O Heavenly Father, Thou hast betrayed us! Thou hast delivered us up to Hell, for our Saint is really dead!'

The Wanderer answered the cry, and his voice pealed like distant thunder. 'Blaspheme not! Our Saint yet breathes! I see her lying in her last coffin on the hill of ice—there is no seventh beyond it—from it comes the Resurrection!' The wails and sobs of the spirits suddenly ceased, and a murmuring chant of the Mother's was intoned, low and sweet as the first sigh of a germinating hope.

The young man now perceived, for hitherto he had not seen it, the illimitable space beyond the coffin. Afar over the infinite blue broke the growing splendor of the early dawn—the clash and clamor of battles yet unborn broke through the veil of Time—and above it all he heard the Mother's ancient hymn of victory!

The young dawn shone but for a moment, the clash of battle ceased, the song of triumph died upon the ear—the gloomy silence of the twilight was again upon them, and frost and cold upon the earth. The two friends reverently pressed their lips upon the still feet of the fettered Form; together

listened to the faint breathing from the icy lips, catching it even through the veil of snow shrouding the sacred face; together they ascended the frozen hill, bowing their heads in their hands to hide their tears.

I saw them again as they were returning by the same road, and overheard them binding themselves with fearful oaths. The Wanderer took leave of the young man at the entrance of the church, saying with wonderfully tender and conjuring tones: 'Be not deceived by those who would fain ruin thy soul, and blot out thy name from the number of honorable sounds on earth! Remember, whatsoever the splendor of the things thou shalt this night see, they are but deceptions from the lowest Hell! Then placing his hand on the heart of the young man, he prayed: 'O Heavenly Father! have mercy upon him and upon me, for if he withstands not this terrible Temptation, Thou knowest we shall both have lived in vain, and our part on earth is done forever! After this they parted, and went their way on different routes.

It was already night in the great city. Innumerable throngs were crowding the streets, all moving in the same direction, to the palace lighted with a thousand lamps, sounding with music, and gay with the dance. Old and young, men and women thronged the brazen stairs leading to the upper saloons; hurrying on as eagerly, as unceasingly as if ascending into Heaven!

The hours of the night passed slowly by, seeming longer to me than the whole of the preceding day. It was almost one o'clock before I again saw the young man, and the traces of the oaths he had taken were cunningly hidden under smiles. Groups of servants stood around him; he carelessly threw them his cloak, and climbed with the rest the brazen stairs. He was richly dressed; the magnificent guest was worthy of the splendor of the wedding feast. He

entered gracefully, and gazed curiously on the thousands who were dancing around him. His eyes fell upon the rich and varied spoils overhanging the Hall; broken swords were wrought into the walls like mosaics; the flags of the conquered nations were draped in their varied hues across the vaulted ceiling; but as he looked on all these trophies of power, I saw him suddenly turn pale with rage, and bite his lips until the blood followed the pressure of his teeth; but then the whirling crowds caught him in their midst—violins, harps, flutes and horns poured the reeling air into his dizzied brain—clouds of incense intoxicated his senses—piled and mossy carpets luxuriously yielded to the pressure of his feet—rainbow hues shifted gayly before his dazzled eyes—until giddy, fascinated, stimulated, he sank upon a pile of cushions, resting his hot temples in his burning palms, dreaming of snowy hands and taper fingers, of azure eyes and cheeks like rose leaves.

As he thus rested, I heard the bell heavily toll one; I felt that this long night was in its darkest hour!

When he raised his eyes, he saw, through the long vista of the illuminated apartments, the Throne of the Splendor of the Sun. It stood above the moving sea of dancers; upon it sat the Autocrat of Life and Death; and above him waved the canopy of flags torn from the dying nations. The young man started, for he saw one among them dyed in gore, and tattered into rags, and from its torn streamers, drop by drop, the blood was ever falling; but no one saw or heeded it save himself. When this sight fell upon his reeling gaze, he determined to repel with all his force the allurements of temptation, and again his eye gleamed blue and pure as it had done in the early morning.

A movement now began in the crowd. It dispersed, divided, and formed into long lines upon the right and the left, leaving a wide, open pathway through

the whole length of the long vista of the apartments. The Lord of the Palace descended from his Throne, and moved through the living walls as if he were a God, while all prostrated themselves as he passed along. He turned not aside, but went directly to the spot where the young man was seated. Nearer and nearer he approached, wondrously beautiful and strong. The young man rose and looked boldly into his eyes. The Master of Life and Death did not frown upon him, but said gently: 'Come, let us take a stroll together; I will show you the wonders of my Palace!'

The youth stood as if transfixed to the spot, but the Lord of Life and Death drew closer to him, stooped and pressed a kiss on his brow, and led him away with easy grace.

Although he seemed to see the coffin of the murdered Mother ever winding on before him, the young man accompanied the Monarch. His arm trembled with the quick beating of his boiling blood as it lay on the hard one of the Autocrat, who, thunder as he might to the bowing throng prostrating themselves before him, continued to speak in soft tones and with a noble, courteous air to his present companion. He spoke of the past, he uttered without trembling even the name of the murdered Mother, as if her assassination did not weigh upon his conscience. He did not seem to have the least doubt that she was really dead, vanished forever from the face of the earth. He artfully pointed out to the young man another immense future,* graven, as he said, in the Book of Fata. He painted it in the most alluring colors, awakening his young desires for its attainment; he spared no promises, and as if he held himself to be one of God's prophets, he parodied inspiration. The unhappy young man turned his eyes toward the ground, away from the handsome face, as though it had been that

of Antichrist. Each word of the Tempter fell like a drop of poison on his heart, engendering and hatching the worms within. They walked together through the long ranges of apartments, the close ranks of men prostrating themselves as they passed, until they struck with their foreheads the malachites wrought into the tessellated floor.

When they arrived at the other end of the Palace, the gates of bronze upon the order of the Master were suddenly thrown open, while the mass behind, lifting their heads from the ground, looked enviously after them.

'Behold, this is my Treasury,' said the Monarch. 'Look, and have faith in the extent of my power!'

The young man looked before him. He was standing at the portals of deep mines of wealth, endlessly extended. Alas! the glowing splendor from the hills and valleys burned into the blue eyes of the young man; his pupils rapidly absorbed the molten torrents of gold and silver; circles of light from amethyst, opal, and emerald, bent like rainbows round the azure orbs. The subterranean flames roared and crackled; the hills were shaken to their centre; the caves were heaving in their depths, and fresh, glittering, golden, diamondine lumps came ever gushing from the fused and seething mass.

But strange sounds were ever and anon heard amidst the hissing and sputtering of the boiling metals. Long cries came up as if from men in the agonies of death; a clatter as of chains sounded from the abyss; muttered curses; and bent and wretched human figures were seen moving over swards of diamonds and precious stones, like the dark stains passing athwart the bright face of the moon. The eye of the Monarch then flamed with wrath. Sometimes clanging their chains as they moved their fettered limbs, these melancholy figures raised to him their suppliant hands, begging with anguished cries for one drop of water, for one

* Paneslavism!

moment of respite to breathe the free air of heaven. He vouchsafed to them no answer, and with every moment the wretched and emaciated shadows fell from utter exhaustion into the molten metals seething in the depths of the mine. But what mattered that, since with every instant, new bands of living shadows, equally fettered, doomed, and wretched, arrived to fill the vacant places? The young man thought he had seen some of these melancholy faces before in the high places of the earth, that the noble traits once had been dear to him, but the flashes of lightning blinded him, and the features were rapidly lost in the depths of the succeeding gloom. The roar of the seething, fusing metals deafened the sound of the groans from the chained and broken-hearted miners. And as I gazed, an all-pervading splendor, like the golden calm of the Desert, settled over all, covering with glittering veil the anguish which had been revealed.

As this light overflowed the scene with its brilliant haze, the gates of bronze clapped to with heavy clang. The Master of Life and Death took leave of the young man, and as he departed, said: When the great bell again strikes, be in the Hall of the Throne; thy seat at my Banquet is next my own.

As the young man turned to move away, the throng greeted him with shouts and cheers. Many knelt to kiss his hand, because it had touched the hand of the Master. They asked him what music he would hear, and when his choice was made, the grand orchestra rolled it forth in massive waves of sound. They bore him luscious wines in jewelled vases, kneeling as he took the cup. He marvelled, and at first scorned the homage, but again I saw him look proudly round him, and assume an air of command.

In a recess of the most exquisite beauty, veiled by groves of perfumed flowers, he meets resplendent groups of married women, blooming clusters

of budding maidens. They surround him as he enters, greeting him with lovely smiles; and scattering rose leaves o'er him. His cheeks flame as with fever; his blood boils in his veins; he grows giddy, faint:—alas, he feels at last that he might find happiness in the Palace of the mortal enemy of his Mother! This feeling falls upon him like a thunderbolt, and scathes his heart. He turns to fly, but they pursue, the perfumed wind bearing onward and wafting around him the full drapery of their floating trains of luxury. Their long ringlets kiss his cheeks, and weave their nets around him.

Through two long hours of this fitful night I watched him with the keenest interest. I saw him struggle, confused, bewildered, reeling, giddy, dazzled, sometimes almost yielding to temptation, sometimes earnestly imploring the Heavenly Father for strength to resist delusion. As if in despair, I saw him hurrying through the long suite of apartments in search of a sword to pierce his weak, vacillating heart, but no arms were here to be found. Sometimes I saw him rush to meet the alluring Circes of the Palace, as if seeking their fascinations; then, suddenly turning upon them, he would curse and insult the seductive Sirens. I saw him tear from them their veils of snow, rend them asunder, and trample the costly fragments under his feet. They knelt, wept, and humiliated themselves before him. They prayed for love, saying: 'Once, only once, we implore thee, confess that thou lovest!' Utter madness came upon him; electric flashes fired his veins; rapture tingled through every fibre of his young frame; and in the voluptuous delirium of the moment he wildly cried: 'I love! I love!'

As he spake, he caught in his arms the Houri of the foreign race; he fastened his burning lips upon her rosebud mouth; and by the magic of her breath she drew him on to the Hall of the Throne!

There sat the Master of Life and Death, with the flags and standards of the conquered nations floating around and above him. As the youth and maiden entered, I again heard the great bell toll the hour. Throngs of courtiers stood around the Throne. Slowly the curtain of inwrought tapestry rose from the platina door. Those who had been waiting beyond its threshold for admittance, were summoned by the Heralds to appear. Ambassadors from the Kings of the East and the Kings of the West entered the Presence Chamber. On they filed in long and solemn procession. They all bowed as they passed the Throne, each one depositing an urn of pure gold at the feet of the Monarch. The urns were filled with the ashes of those who had fallen in battle, heroes killed in holy causes, patriots and martyrs from different parts of the world. The Grand Duke entered last in the train, ~~she~~ ^{he} was clad in the ermine only worn by Princes, and as he bowed his head, he placed the last urn on the floor. The young man started—the name of the murdered Mother was deeply graven on the sculptured swells. Then all grew dark before him, he saw neither the Throne of the Monarch, nor the fair girl still clinging to his arm. But his ear quickened as his eye grew dim, and the question of the Monarch rang loudly through his brain: 'Are they all really dead, and will they rise from the grave no more?'

And as if with one voice answered the Ambassadors: 'They are all surely dead, and will rise no more forever.' At a sign from the Monarch, the courtiers approached, took up the urns, and solemnly deposited them upon the columns of black marble ranged on either side of the Hall. Flaming torches were then handed by the attendants, taken by those high in the favor of the court, and held over the open crypt of the urn. The ashes within kindled, and burned with a dim, bluish flame. The pale smoke rose from the shrine,

spread through the air, and wafted the smell of Death to the nostrils of the Lord!

It now seemed to the young man as if all he had seen at the hour of twilight was but a dream; he looked upon these throngs as the sole masters of the world, and on their Monarch as omnipotent and eternal. At this moment the table of festival rose in the Hall, everywhere surrounded by the blazing funereal urns. The maiden begged the bridegroom to take his seat at the banquet; the Master, descending from his Throne, placed his arm in his, and led him to the place of honor, at his side. The great bell again tolled the hour. The guests also took their places at the feast.

Directly in front of the young man stood the column of black marble bearing the urn containing the ashes of his Mother. And whenever he saw her holy name, his long lashes veiled his sinking eyes; but his bride constantly recalled his attention to the blue flames of the crypt.

More and more madly, fiercely, fearfully, his reeling and wretched soul struggled to regain its ancient faith, to return to its early hopes; but temptation was around him; his brain was bewildered; his understanding darkened; and madness within.

Hearts poisonous to his heart went round, and he was forced to drain them in honor of the Master. An inward shivering disjointed his members, unstrung his nerves, heart and frame fainted into weakness, a dew cold as death covered his temples, and his head fell wearily upon his breast—the walls, the floors, the ceilings, the men, the burning urns, danced, reeled, and tottered in wild confusion before him. The murmuring voices, the buzz of sound, the swell of the triumphant music, the strange words of the foreign bride, mingled and boomed like the roar of the sea in the ears of the swooning man—and so the last hours passed away!

He still lived, if life be measured by the wild throbs of the heart. Like the clap of doom the last hour struck upon his ear. He opened his heavy eyelids, the blue flames from the urns were dying out. The Master of Life and Death, graciously smiling and courteously inclining toward him, said: 'Guest of my Banquet, the hour has struck in which thou art to swear to serve me; in which thou must abjure thine ancient faith and name.'

As he spake, he threw to him across the table jewelled orders and diamond crosses, saying: 'Wear these in memory of me!' The Herald then drew near, and read to him from the Black Book the form of abjuration. The agonizing and swooning man mechanically repeated the words one by one after him, not even hearing the sound of his own voice. His head had fallen on the bosom of his bride, his lips still moved, but his eyes were glaring in the whiteness of death—and so he uttered all the prescribed words until the very last was said!

Scarcely had he finished, when the Master of Life and Death arose and said: 'Servant of my servants art thou now—beware! shouldst thou prove false to thy oath, the rope of the hangman surely awaits thee.' Then he broke into a loud, coarse laugh of triumph!

The unfortunate man raised his wretched head, and his first look fell upon the urn of his murdered Mother. In place of her name of glory another word was standing now: 'INFAMY!' 'Infamy,'—he looked again; he shrieked aloud, 'Infamy;' and started from his seat with the last effort of his failing strength. 'Infamy!' shouted the thousands from before, behind, from either side. 'Infamy' sounded from the ceilings of the Palace, the Hall of the Throne, the deep mines and limitless Treasury! Some among the crowd hastened to greet him by his new name, while others fastened to his garments the glittering orders and diamond

crosses. Some commanded him to bow before them, while others ordered him to trample under foot the still smouldering ashes of his Mother!

That thought sent the blood back in hot torrents to his heart. He broke through the surrounding throng, rushed on, fled from the Presence Chamber, eagerly looking for his bride. He saw her leaning on the arm of another, mocking and jeering with the rest. He glides on behind the statues, steals along the recesses, is discovered, and again flies before the enemy. The Palace winds before him into countless labyrinths—nowhere is shelter to be found—sneers, menaces, insults, are everywhere around him—but worse than all, *the curse is now within his soul!*

Then he suddenly turns to meet his enemies; he baffles them at first, but countless numbers are upon him. They hurl him to the ground, trample him under foot, and pass on singing a song from the land of his Mother. As he rises, fresh numbers assail him, he bids defiance to them all, struggles, advances, until foaming, bleeding, sinking, he is again driven back, again forced to seek an outlet from the Palace. Thus fighting, running, falling, fainting, he makes his way until the first dim dawn of day, and as it breaks, he falls heavily down the brazen staircase, and rolls below into the court of the Palace. Here strong arms seize him, and bear him rapidly away to the steps of the church—the same church which he had left in the evening twilight.

It is the hour of the young dawn, but the sun of this earth will never rise for him again! Light will awake the world, but it will shine into his blue eyes no more!

He awakes to consciousness on the steps of the church, and finds himself face to face alone with the Wanderer. He is mute in his despair. The Wanderer, regarding him sternly, says: 'In other times and scenes thou mightst perchance have been a hero, but the

Fates doomed thee to heavy trial, and thou wert not strong enough to preserve thy virtue! The *visible reality* prevailed with thee above the *invisible, holy, and eternal truth*! Alas, thou art lost!

'Give me back my horse!' cried the young man, as life again began to flow through his veins. 'Give me the free dress of the steppes, give me my arms, and thou shalt see that I know how to revenge the wrongs inflicted on my brethren, to redress my own infamy!'

He grasped the hand of his friend, and threw himself into his arms, quivering with rage. Far more sadly than before, the Wanderer replied:

'The hour for bold and open defiance is not yet near. It is the time for silent sacrifice. But even shouldst thou live until the Day of Judgment, the hour of Resurrection, thy brethren will always number thee among those who have renounced the Mother. Hark! thy enemies are in pursuit of thee, already near. Should they capture thee, thou must be the slave of their wills, the partner of their crimes, the sport and butt of all their bitter jests throughout the remnant of thy wretched life. One only refuge remains for thee!' And as he spoke, he drew his glittering sword.

The young man understood his meaning. With dauntless courage he tore aside the covering from his breast.

'Strike!' he exclaimed. 'I die as a true son of the many times murdered Mother—honor to her holy name forever and ever!'

The Wanderer groaned from the depths of his soul. He plunged the sharp cold steel into the young naked heart. The unfortunate victim fell without a moan. He fell in the first rays of the rising sun, and in the same hour in which but yesterday, full of strength and hope, he had mounted his swift horse from the green home-turf, urging him down the hill to push eagerly over the broad steppe of life.

He fell in silence, but his dying eye

again flashed forth a light rivalling the young beam of Day.

The Wanderer knelt beside him, and lifting his clasped hands to Heaven, said: 'O Heavenly Father! Thou knowest that I loved him better than aught else on earth! As long as it was possible, I shielded him from the Temptation of Hell, and in the first moment of his fall, I tore his soul out from the grasp of the enemy, and sent it back to Thee! Save it in eternity, merciful Father! Let the crimson tide poured out by me, be joined to that sea of innocent blood which is ever wailing and moaning at the foot of Thy Throne! Let it with that sea fall upon the head of the Tempters!'

After these words I saw him, with the point of the same sword, draw blood from under his own heart, and write with the sharp red blade on the stone above the head of the dead: **SENT HOME BY THE HAND OF A FRIEND!**

The echoing steps and voices of the pursuers fell loudly on the ear; they were close at hand. The Wanderer arose, and rapidly disappeared from my eyes in the sanctuary of the ancient church.

Thus passed and ended that one day of my vision!

O Mother, many times murdered! When thou shalt waken from thy long sleep, and again rest on the long grass of the home turf, again hear the holy whispers of thy unhewn forests green from sea to sea, again feel thy youth returning upon thee, thou wilt remember thy long night of death, the terrible phantoms of thy protracted agonies. Weep not then, O Mother! weep not for those who fell in glorious battle, nor for those who perished on alien soil—although their flesh was torn by the vulture and devoured by the wolf, they were still happy! Neither weep for those who died in the dark and silent dungeon underground by the hand of the executioner, though the dismal

prison-lamp was their only star, and the harsh words of the oppressor the last farewell they heard on earth—they too were happy!

But drop a tear, O Mother! One tear of tender pity for those who were deceived by thy Murderers, misled by their tissues of glittering falsehood, blinded by misty veils woven of specious deceptions, when the command of the tyrant had no power to tear their true hearts from thee! Alas, Mother, these victims have suffered the most of all thy martyred children! Deceitful hopes, born but to die, like blades of naked steel, forever pierced their breasts! Thousands of fierce combats, unknown to fame, were waging in their souls, combats fuller of bitter suffering than the bloody battles thundering on in the broad light of the sun, clashing with the gleam of steel, and booming with the roar of artillery. No glory shone on the dim paths of thy deceived

sons; thy reproachful phantom walked ever beside them, as part of their own shadow! The glittering eye of the enemy lured them to the steep slopes of ice, down into the abyss of eternal snow, and at every step into the frozen depths, their tears fell fast for thee! They waited until their hearts withered in the misery of hope long deferred; until their hands sank in utter weariness; until they could no longer move their emaciated limbs in the fetters of their invisible chain; still conscious of life, they moved as living corpses with frozen hearts—alone amidst a hating People—alone even in the sanctuary of their own homes—alone forever on the face of the earth!

My Mother! When thou shalt again live in thy olden glory, shed a tear over their wretched fate, over the agony of agonies, and whisper upon their dark and silent graves, the sublime word: PARDON!

M A D A G A S C A R .

THE 'Last Travels' of Ida Pfeiffer, published in London in 1861, called the public attention to an island which had been excluded from civilization for more than a quarter of a century. The great Island of Madagascar, situated in the path of all the commerce of Europe with the East, for reasons we are about to explain, has again attracted the notice of diplomatists, and threatens to become a second Eastern question. We propose to sketch the history of the island and to explain the cause of its sudden importance.

Though discovered in 1506 by the Portuguese, and partially colonized at times by the Dutch, French, and English, it has, up to this time, preserved an independent government; or rather, the native tribes have been allowed to

fight and enslave each other without much aid or hindrance from Europeans.

When England, early in the present century, began the task of subduing the East, she found in her conquests of Mauritius and Bourbon the natural and important links in her chain of posts. As a recent writer has well pointed out, she has a succession of fortified posts, Gibraltar, St. Helena, the Cape of Good Hope, Mauritius, and Ceylon, reaching from London to Calcutta and Singapore. The commerce of the world, as it sweeps by the Cape of Good Hope, is forced to pursue a track in which her strongholds are situated. But for the blindness of her former rulers, she would be the mistress of the Eastern seas. Two points, however, have been

left unguarded. In some trading convention, some congress of nations, England made the great mistake of restoring to France the Island of Bourbon, surrendering one of the keys to the impregnable position she held. Other reasons have prevented the acquisition of Madagascar, and it is not yet too late to render this mistake fatal to her supremacy. It is true that in case of war, her armed steamers may start with the assurance of a secure coaling station at the end of every ten days' journey, but from the Cape eastward she is dependent upon her maintenance of Mauritius.

France has made the most of the opportunity given to her, by holding Bourbon as a military colony, and maintaining a powerful fleet there. It is, however, for us to regard the interests of the United States, and to see if any foothold can be gained for our protection. Had war been the result of the *Trent* affair, what would have become of our immense fleet of merchant ships which was then afloat in Indian waters? Manila and Batavia were the only two neutral ports to which they could have fled for safety; and neither Spain nor Holland would have dared to permit our cruisers to refit or to coal in their ports. The American flag would have been driven from those seas without the slightest difficulty.

And yet the means for avoiding this disgraceful state of affairs in the future lie open to us now. The fertile Island of Madagascar, abounding in safe harbors, lies as near the track of commerce as do Mauritius and Bourbon. It has innumerable advantages over either of these islands, and it is especially adapted to our wants. Mauritius must be weak in time of war, because it is so entirely an artificial colony. A mere dot on the map, only some thirty miles in diameter, it has a population of over three hundred thousand, wholly devoted to the cultivation of sugar. This product has been the source of immense wealth to the island, but it has neces-

sitated the abandonment of every other branch of agriculture. These three hundred thousand inhabitants are literally dependent for their daily food on the kindness of the elements in time of peace, and on the naval supremacy of England in time of war. There is not enough grain raised there to supply the colonists with food for twenty-four hours, and there is rarely a supply in reserve to last them for two months. Their rice is brought from India, their cattle from Madagascar. Let the free intercourse with these countries be suspended, and a famine is inevitable. The noble harbor of Port Louis, with its fortifications, its dockyards, and coal sheds, is a source of strength to England only so long as she can prevent her enemies from establishing themselves in Madagascar.

France is striving to rival and surpass England. At Bourbon, already strongly fortified, immense artificial docks are projected, perhaps commenced. The colony has annually a deficit in its accounts to be made good from the national treasury, but extension rather than retrenchment is its policy. France has acquired the Mayotte or Comoro Islands, and several ports on the north of Madagascar. She has also the sympathy of all the creoles of Mauritius, in whose minds the English occupation of fifty years has been unable to stifle the instinct of nationality.

Thus the two great Western powers stand, nominally allies at home, jealous and active enemies abroad.

Circumstances have kept both powers from seizing the tempting prize which has so long hung before them. What are these two pitiful islands in comparison with the great, wealthy, and fertile island which lies to the west of them? In time of peace they are convenient points in the great lines of commerce; here the disabled vessels of all nations find a resting place. In time of war they are strongly entrenched positions, liable to capture by any na-

tion which can secure a base for operations against them. Madagascar, on the other hand, stands fifth on the list of islands in magnitude, is situated in the latitude most favorable for agriculture, and abounds in every kind of material wealth. A harbor on its coast, with the whole island as a depot from whence supplies can be drawn, would be a source of strength more than sufficient to counterbalance the works of half a century's growth at Mauritius. We have only to see, therefore, if such a concession can be obtained for this country.

We have said that repeated and ineffectual attempts were made to subdue and colonize the island. Numerous tribes, of widely varying origin, people the island, some black as the blackest negro, others of the Malay or Arab type. For centuries they had been engaged in domestic wars, when in 1816 the English Government agreed to recognize the chief of one tribe as king of the island, on condition that he would suppress the foreign slave trade.

The chief thus selected was Radama, king of the Hovas, a tribe occupying the centre of the island, and the one which ranked highest in the scale for intelligence. It is believed that this race, presenting so many characteristics of the Malays, is the result of some piratical colony here, established by chance or the desire of conquest. That the Hovas possess a high degree of intelligence, and are capable of as much culture as the Japanese or Mavris, is indisputable.

Thanks to the muskets and military instructors with which England provided him, Radama was enabled to extend his conquests in every direction. He was indeed fitted to be a ruler, and, a savage Napoleon, he devoted as much time to improvement of his subjects as he did to the increase of his territories. Though not a convert, he allowed the missionaries to preach the gospel, to reduce the Hova language to writing,

and to translate the Bible. He permitted them to establish schools, to import printing presses, to instruct his people in agriculture and mechanics. They rapidly availed themselves of the opportunity, and with mines of coal, iron, and copper in abundance, they became skilful artificers.

Unfortunately, Radama died in 1828, in the prime of life; and, by an intrigue in his harem, a concubine, Ranavallo, was proclaimed Queen of Madagascar. The advance had been too rapid, and, as in Japan, there was a large party of conservatives anxious to return to the old regime. The new queen dissembled for a few years, but finally expelled the missionaries in 1835. Idolatry was again resumed, and Christianity stifled. A certain amount of commerce was allowed with Europeans, but under severe restrictions. So necessary to the existence of the neighboring colonists was the supply of food, that when in 1844 the trade was forbidden, the English Government was obliged to yield. The difficulty arose from the fact that an English vessel, the 'Marie Laure,' kidnapped some of the Malagash. The Hovas seized one of the crew, and then declared non-intercourse. In 1845, one English and two French men-of-war attacked Tamatave, but were repulsed with considerable losses.

Finally the matter was settled by the payment of \$15,000 to the queen as an indemnity, and this sum, raised by the contributions of the merchants of Port Louis, was paid with the consent of the English Government.

Until 1861, there was no change in the position of affairs, except one incident, which Madame Pfeiffer records. In 1831, a certain M. Laborde, shipwrecked on the coast, was carried as a prisoner to the capital, where he was kept in an honorable captivity. He taught the natives the art of casting cannon and manufacturing gunpowder, and acquired a considerable property. In 1855, he was joined by M.

Lambert, a Fenchman of wealth, and they became the favorites of the Prince Rakoto. This son of the queen was at the head of the liberal party, as his cousin, Ramboasalama, was of the conservative. The latter, nephew of the queen, and brother-in-law of the prince, had been designated as heir presumptive before the birth of Rakoto; and he had always the credit of a design to contest the succession.

The visit of Mr. Ellis, an English missionary, in 1856, was the signal for the intrigues which were about to commence between the French and English. The prince was warmly attached to M. Lambert, but the English hoped to claim him as a Protestant. Finally, as Madame Pfeiffer says, M. Lambert attempted to create a revolution, seeking to depose the queen, but he was discovered and banished.

In 1861, the queen died, and her son succeeded as Radama II, after a short contest with his cousin. Having been on the island at the time, and leaving it in the vessel which carried the new king's letters to the colonial governments, the writer can testify to the intense interest evinced by the French and English. It was confidently asserted at Bourbon that Radama had placed the island under the protection of France, and that French influence was to predominate. This proved unfounded, but the court was the centre for incessant intrigues.

The new king commenced his reign under the happiest auspices. He was very popular, and his reputation for kindness had soon caused many of the surrounding tribes to acknowledge his supremacy. The Hovas had spread from the centre toward the coast in all directions—to the eastward they had subdued the Betsimarakas; to the westward, the Saccalaves. Yet numerous tribes had remained independent, and held large portions of the coast and the interior. The cruelty of the queen had kept alive their animosity, but now they voluntarily came forward to ac-

knowledge her son and to be received into the Hova nation.

The people already had acquired a taste for European luxuries, and were desirous of an extended commerce. As they were rich in herds and flocks, in grain and fruits, as their forests of ebony, rosewood, and other valuable woods were immense, as their mines yielded coal and iron, perhaps even gold, they were ready and anxious to open their ports to the commerce of the world. England and France both recognized the king, sent envoys with congratulatory letters and presents, and appointed resident consuls. The United States alone, unfortunately plunged in civil war, neglected the opportunity.

The king proclaimed freedom of religion, permitted the establishment of schools, established freedom of imports and exports, and granted lands to all *bona fide* settlers.

It was with the greatest surprise, therefore, that we have learned, some two months since, that a revolution has taken place, and that these fair prospects have been darkened by the murder of the king. It seems that he had made such lavish grants of land to his favorite, Lambert, that his nobles rebelled. Lambert had been sent to France to obtain the regalia for the coronation, and had organized a great company to hold these concessions. Whether the feuds of the missionaries, Protestant English and Catholic French, aided this, is not yet known.

It is clear, however, that the king and many of his personal friends were killed, and that his wife, Rabodo, is the queen. She is the sister of Ramboasalama, and probably represents the party of retrogression.

It is not, however, too late for our Government to recognize the ruler of Madagascar, and to obtain those indispensable advantages resulting. In time of peace, we shall have safe harbors for our merchant vessels, and we shall open a new field for our commerce. In time of war, we shall have these neutral ports

as a refuge, and should diplomacy go one step farther and secure us a coal-ing station, we shall be on equal terms in the East with the other great maritime powers.

There is certainly no time to be lost. A single English steamer, flying the confederate flag, can pass the Cape, can coal at Mauritius, or rendezvous at Madagascar, and could then destroy more shipping than the whole fleet of pirates has yet done. It is at least probable that our national vessels would be refused permission to avail of Port Louis for repairs or supplies. It certainly does not comport with the honor of the nation to have to rely upon the churlish courtesy of England. Already, too, we see it announced that Napoleon will find in the massacre of French subjects a pretext to seize on the island. If our Government will spare a single one of the cruisers which have so uselessly sought the *Alabama*, it may, during the present year, negotiate a treaty which will at once advance our prosperity in peace, and increase our strength in any future war.

It seems strange, indeed, that our statesmen cannot learn that we must hereafter abandon our isolated condition. England has taught us the folly of continuing indifferent to her aggressions in the East, in the hope that she will not interfere in the West. No blow can be more fatal to her supremacy abroad than the knowledge that we have secured a point where we perpetually threaten her line of communication with her colonies.

We have written thus fully, because so few persons have had occasion to consider the subject. It seems probable, from the latest advices from Port Louis, that some envoy has visited the island, but what we require is a more imposing display of our power. The new queen, who has assumed the name of *Rahoserina*, is but a puppet in the hands of the council of nobles, of which *Rainihaihanivony* is the chief. Formerly all honors were held subject to

the pleasure of the king, who could degrade his servants at pleasure; but this power is now declared to be abrogated. The powerful tribe of *Saccalaves*, always independent until the accession of *Radama II*, refuses to acknowledge his successor. It may be necessary to negotiate different treaties, perhaps, to protect American citizens in case of civil war. It is certainly most important to show the natives that we are really a great maritime nation. The time and position demand the employment of an able envoy, and the presence of such a naval force as may cause his mission to be respected.

Our last topic is to be considered. We do not advocate the establishment of costly works by Government, or the acquisition of a colony. The laws of commerce will provide the first, if only a proper protection is given to enterprise. Let us obtain but a single port under the safeguard of the American flag, and it will become a depot as flourishing as *Singapore*. Private enterprise will speedily establish dock-yards and machine shops; for not only will there be an immense legitimate commerce with the *Malagash*, but the port will be the great centre for repairing and refitting our merchant vessels and whalers. The one thing needful, we repeat, is prompt action by our Government, with the certainty that the opportunity now presented will not return.

NOTE.—The latest advices from Madagascar, received *via* Mauritius, throw a little light upon the revolution which resulted in the death of *Radama II*. It seems probable that the late king had lost the esteem of his people by his partiality toward his favorites, by the concessions made to foreigners, especially to *M. Lambert*, and by his vacillating course in religious matters. His private life was such as to render it highly improbable that he had become a Christian; yet *Mr. Ellis*, the English missionary, exercised a great control over him.

The late queen was buried at Ambohimanga, a little village where there was a temple devoted to the chief idol. It seems that her son had promised to keep this spot sacred from the intrusion of the missionaries. Mr. Ellis most imprudently determined to preach there, and though driven away once, obtained troops from the king, and succeeded in a second attempt.

As the nobles and the population were almost unanimously in favor of idolatry, this course gave cause for great dissatisfaction. The more devout, assembling near the capital, held daily meetings, and a disease called *ramanena*—a sort of nervous affection, such as has too often accompanied revivals in Christian countries—appeared among them. The nobles confederated under the lead of the commander-in-chief, *Rainivoninahitriniony*, and remained aloof from supporting the king. Finally, the king published a mysterious law, allowing individuals or tribes to fight in the presence of witnesses—a law supposed by the one party to encourage assassination, and by the other to tend to the extirpation of the Christians.

The prime minister, in a letter written in English, explains the last scene thus: On the 8th May, the chief officers requested the repeal of these laws; the king refused; and the tenth day, a public tumult resulted in the slaughter of the *Menaimaso*, or native favorites of the king. On the 12th May, the leaders, afraid to pause, strangled the king, and proclaimed *Rabodo* queen, under the name of *Rahoserina*.

It is believed that no foreigner was injured; but the nobles have taken an important step in proclaiming the new queen as direct successor of *Ranavaloa*—thereby ignoring the reign of *Radama II*. As the fundamental rule of the *Hovas* had been that the title to all land was in the sovereign and inalienable, the grants to *Lambert* and others are held to be void. We believe this

has not been officially stated, but *Commodore Dupré*, who negotiated the treaty between France and *Radama*, says that the treaty was almost unanimously rejected by the great council of nobles, and was accepted solely by the king.

The last advices, 6th September, from Port Louis, are that the French fleet at *Tamatave* maintains a semi-warlike attitude toward the *Hovas*, not landing nor recognizing the authorities. Rumors are rife of the intentions of the French Government to seize *Tamatave*, and apply other coercive measures, unless the former treaty is carried into effect.

The case seems to stand thus: The emperor, availing of the weakness of *Radama II* for his favorite *Lambert*, concluded a treaty, by which the king was to entirely alter the laws of the kingdom, and to give the French a controlling influence in the Indian Ocean. The people have deposed their ruler, and refuse to be bound by arrangements made by his will alone. Under ordinary circumstances, *Napoleon* would hardly brave the anger of England in a matter in which the latter has so much at stake. The prize, however, is well worth the effort. Any European nation obtaining sole possession of *Madagascar* dominates the East. It is surely time for our Government to awake to the importance of the steps now being taken. It is not a time when the interests of the country can be intrusted to the efforts of a consul or any inferior naval officer. We ought to send an envoy with powers to negotiate a treaty, and with such a fleet as will insure a respectful attention to our demands. The number of American vessels which frequent the coasts of *Madagascar* is a sufficient reason for us to interfere, without regard to the vastly greater interests which demand that this island shall not become a French colony. Our prediction that the confederate pirates would soon sweep the

Indian Ocean of our richly laden India- temptuous forbearance of England and
men seems in a fair way to be accom- France, can our cruisers find a port for
plished; and where, save by the con- supplies, repairs, or information?

A VIGIL WITH ST. LOUIS.

"*Χαίρες μὲν ἀγαθὰ, φέρην δ' ἔχει μίσησιν τι.*"

EURIPIDES.

O FRIEND, thy brow is overcast; but haply for thy grief,
Though all untold, a spell I hold to work a swift relief,—
A hallowed spell;—no rites we need that need to shun the light.
Thy taper trim; for we must read some dark old words to-night.
For I will, shall I?—from their graves call up the holy dead,
More mighty than the living oft such soul as thine to aid.
From Fear and Woe, through fears and woes like thine, they won release,
And through our still confronting foes once fought their way to peace.
Twixt woe and weal, a balm to heal our every wound they found,
An outlet for each pool of strife, that whirls us round and round.
And if perhaps their childish time discerned not all aright,—
While Fancy her stained windows reared between them and the light,—
That in these clearer latter days 'tis given to thee to know,
Then seek the spirit they received, and bid the letter go.
Thy heart unto its Lord unlock; and shut thy closet's door.
The holy water of thy tears drop on the quiet floor.
Unclasp the old brown tome. The walls no more are seen. The page
I read; and we are backward borne far in a bygone age.
The spell hath wrought. To take us in, a tower and bower advance
Where grows upon our steadfast gaze the royal saint of France.
The bower full well a hermit's cell—with hourglass and with skull—
Might seem,—the hangings woven all of rocks and mosses full.
The floor is thick with rushes strown. Some resting place is there
Worn,—as amid the rushy marsh by stag that made his lair,—
Worn just beneath yon carven form, that bends in pain and love,
As if to bless, from its high place, and almost seems to move,
While round it in the wind of night the arras swells and swings,—
The viceroy's of the universe, son of the King of kings.
For Louis loves to leave his court, and lay aside his crown,
And to a mightier Prince than he to bow in homage down.
In this great presence learns the king peace, truth, and lowliness;
Here learns the saint the majesty no earthly power to dread.
But now the king's mute voice it rings, and through the shades doth call:
'Ho, Sire de Jonville, come to me, my doughty seneschal!'

The rafters feel the tramp of steel ; and by the monarch stand
 Again the feet that by him stood far in the Holy Land.
 ' O Sire de Jonville,' to his friend and servant Louis saith,
 ' Hold fast and firmly to the end the jewel of thy faith.
 Strong faith's the key of heaven ; and once an abbot taught to me,
 If will is good, though faith is weak, shall faith accepted be.
 This tale he told : *

' A Master old,—Master of Sacred Lore,—
 Of life unsmirched, once came to him in straits and travail sore.
 ' What wouldst thou, Master ?—What the grief that makes thee peak and
 pine ?

And comest thou to me ?—My soul hath often leaned on thine !'
 ' Let each co-pilgrim lean in turn on each,' in anguish meek,
 With tongue that clave unto his mouth, the Master then did speak ;
 But when the abbot led him in and lent his pitying ears,
 Then tears came fast instead of words ; words could not come for tears.
 ' O brother, weep no more ; but speak, and banish thy dismay.
 Of man is guilt ; but grace is God's, that purgeth guilt away.
 If all our little being's bound were filled and stuffed with sin,
 'Twere nothing to the holiness His mighty heart within ;
 And in this wilderness of life there's no such crooked road,
 But from it may a path be found straight to the throne of God.
 The penitent that mourns like thee, that path will surely take.
 What needeth but to own thy sin and straight thy sin forsake ?'
 ' Yet must I weep. Mine inward plight is one that stands alone.
 The outward ill the tempted wight may do or leave undone ;
 But when I to the altar go, to eat the sacred bread
 And gaze upon the blood divine, that for us all was shed,
 Still Satan stirreth up in me a heart of unbelief !—
 This guilt must sure unmeasured be, save haply by this grief !'
 The abbot's brows were sternly bent an instant on his guest :
 ' Dost thou—thou dost not, sure !—invite this traitor to thy breast ?'
 ' The livelong day, though sore assailed, true watch and ward I keep,—
 Keep vigils long as flesh can bear,—but in my helpless sleep—
 Thronged heaven, canst thou no angel spare, to sit by me by night
 And drive away the hell-sent dreams, that drive me wild with fright ?—
 I seem to spill with frantic hands, and spurn the piteous blood,
 To trample on the blessed bread, and spit upon the rood !'
 The abbot's cheer grew calm and clear : ' Now, Master, tell me true :
 For aught that Satan proffers thee, such trespass wouldst thou do ?'
 ' From his poor thrall he taketh all, and offers nought instead.
 The Father's grace,—the Son's mild face,—are all I crave,' he said.
 ' For any threat of any fate, wouldst follow his commands ?'
 ' The fiery stake I'd rather make my portion at his hands !'
 The abbot's mien was bright, I ween, as 'twere a saint's in bliss :
 ' O fiend, 'tis well to seek for hell so pure a gem as this !
 O cunning foe, that round dost go these heavenward birds to snare,
 When every brighter line is vain, wouldst tempt them with despair ?

* The following story, in substance, is to be found in Joinville's Memoirs.

Bethink thee, Master. War doth rage 'twixt Britain's king, we know,
And ours. Now tell me unto whom most thanks our liege shall owe,
When war is o'er? To him who, oft assailed but never quelled,
The castle of Rochelle upon the dangerous Marches held,—
Whose battlements must bristle still with halberd, bow, and lance,—
Or Montlhery's, that nestles safe close to the heart of France? '
'Unto the warden of Rochelle. Thou'rt answered easily!'
'That stronghold is thy heart, but mine the keep of Montlhery.
For He who giveth gifts to all, hath given me to believe
So steadfastly, that strife like thine my wit can scarce conceive.
From th' Enemy God keepeth me,—He knows my weaker strength,—
But suffers thee assayed to be for higher meed at length.
Then let us at our different posts His equal mercies own;
But they the sharpest thorns who bear may wear the brightest crown.'
Beside the kneeling penitent the abbot bent his knee,
Sent his own praise and prayers to heaven forth on an embassy,
Then raised him up, and saw that God had sent him answering grace;
The shadow of the Enemy had left his heart and face.
Calmly as warily he walked his fellow men beside,
A good, grave man. 'Tis said, at last a happy man he died.'

UNION NOT TO BE MAINTAINED BY FORCE.

THE enemies of our cause in Europe seem to have settled in their own minds the certainty of a final separation of the American States. Compelled though they may be, reluctantly to admit the superiority of our resources and the immense advantages we have recently gained over the conspirators, they yet adhere with singular tenacity to the belief that all our victories will be barren, and that all our vast acquisitions of Southern territory will not avail for the ultimate restoration of the Union. Though the domain originally usurped by the rebellion is already sundered by our possession of that great continental highway, the Mississippi river, and though no shadow of hope remains that the enemies of the Union will ever be able to recover it; though the recent boundless theatre of hostilities is gradually contracting, and the resources of the rebellion are rapidly melting away, until there remains no longer any doubt of our ultimate and even speedy success in crushing the wasted armies of the desperate foe; and though the boundaries of the boasted confederacy are uncertain, ever-shifting, and mystical, while whole populations of recovered regions of country hail the advent of our conquering flag with streaming eyes and shouts of joy; yet our jealous friends across the water, in the very act of acknowledging all this, never fail to assert, with the utmost vehemence, that in spite of all our military advantages, the Union is still irrecoverably destroyed. There is something remarkable in this persistent opinion, which, through all the changes of condition exhibited by the hostile parties in our struggling country, continues to possess the mind of British statesmen with unshaken firmness. If they undertake to justify their hasty recognition of the

rebels as belligerents, and to vindicate their alleged impartial neutrality, they take apparently peculiar delight in fortifying themselves with the declaration that the Union is effectually broken, and can never be restored. It is necessary to throw the shield of this cherished anticipation back on the unfriendly acts they have perpetrated against us, in order fully to justify their conduct to themselves. If the rebellious States should indeed be compelled to acknowledge the authority of the Federal Government, and should return again to their position in the Union, the hostile cruisers which have been fitted out in England to harass our commerce, would occasion some unpleasant negotiations, and perhaps some costly responsibilities. To brush these all aside, and at the same time to get rid of a troublesome rival in commerce and manufactures, by the final separation of the Union, is, to them, on all accounts, 'a consummation most devoutly to be wished.' They may yet have to learn, through the experience of their Southern friends, that

'The ample proposition, that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promised largeness.'

But perhaps, after all, it is we, ourselves, who are the victims of delusive hope in reference to the destiny of our noble Union. Possibly our disinterested friends across the water, calmly looking on from a distance, may be better able to understand the tendency of events, and to foresee the issue of the mighty civil contest which rages around us. They are not at all involved in the awful passions which the war has engendered in our bosoms, and thus, cool and deliberate, from the great altitude of their assumed moral serenity and disinterestedness, they may in reality behold the division of our country already accomplished, whatever may be the result of our grand strategy and our bloody battles.

Let us open our eyes fully, and look this matter dispassionately in the face.

Let us try and ascertain whether we are in reality deceiving ourselves and waging a vain and fruitless war against our exasperated and misguided brethren of the South. We know they have instituted a causeless rebellion, which has brought unnumbered woes upon our common country. But if we cannot restore the Union, and reestablish one great and powerful nationality within the magnificent domain which we possess as it was when this unhappy war began, then surely we are wasting our blood and treasure—our lives and fortunes—with the most wanton and wicked disregard of the sufferings and sacrifices of the people. If the war is to accomplish nothing, then the sooner it is closed the better. If the Union is indeed irrevocably broken and gone forever, let us, by all means, hasten to arrange the terms of honorable peace, and stop the effusion of blood at the earliest practicable moment. Unless we can assure ourselves that there is some object to be gained, commensurate in value with all the terrible sacrifices we are daily making, it is only criminal stubbornness and passion which induce us to continue the awful conflict.

Of one thing, at least, there is no shadow of doubt. The people of the loyal States, who, by an immense majority, have just emphasized their determination to sustain the war, are firmly convinced that they are not laboring and suffering in vain. It is no spasmodic impulse of blind passion, or even of useless though just resentment against wrong, which impels them, after nearly three years of ruinous war, to redouble their sublime efforts to conquer the treason that still obstinately resists the lawful authority of the Union. Whatever else may be truly said of this great conflict and its terrible results, it cannot be questioned that the people of the loyal States are profoundly impressed with the inestimable value of their free institutions and of the constitutional integrity and unity of the Government which shall administer them

on this continent. They have faith in the exalted destiny of their country. They at least do not admit that the Union is irrecoverably lost; on the contrary, they believe, with a religious sincerity, which no temporary disaster can shake, in the certainty of its speedy restoration. This earnest faith is not merely the result of education and national prejudice. While it is to some extent an instinctive or intuitive insight of the American people, prophetically anticipating the future, it is also a matter of sober judgment, founded upon the most substantial and convincing reasons.

In the first place, the loyal people of the United States plainly see that the true interests of both sections demand the restoration of their old connection under one free and benign Government. Having originated and developed a mighty republican government, until it became continental in its dimensions, and having through it achieved results unexampled in history, with the promise of future prosperity immeasurably grand and imposing, the lovers of the Union would hold themselves utterly unworthy of their lineage and of their inherited freedom, if they could consent, in the presence of whatever dangers and difficulties, to see the glorious destiny of their country defeated. They would justly consider themselves traitors, not only to their country, but also to the highest interests of humanity itself; and they would feel the ineffable shame of imprinting the brand of their degradation upon their own brows. Partakers of the noblest forms and the most precious blessings of liberty, under a splendid, powerful, and growing nationality, they are too conscious of the dignity and glory of the American character ever to be willing to fall from that high estate without a struggle which shall fully demonstrate their lofty patriotism and their intelligent appreciation of the priceless political and social structure they seek to preserve for the benefit of the whole

country and of the world. The history of Europe, and indeed the experience of the entire human race, have taught them the immense value of a mighty continental organization, such as our Union has hitherto established. Solemnly impressed with this great lesson of human history, they will never consent to see their country broken up into discordant fragments. As they plainly foresee the tremendous and ever-increasing evils of such a national disintegration, they have deliberately come to consider the worst calamities of this war as mere dust in the balance when weighed against them. It is this awful picture of bloody conflicts, perpetuated through coming generations, wasting the substance and paralyzing the fruitful energies of this mighty nation, perhaps for centuries to come—it is this vista of inevitable calamities and horrors, which reconciles the loyal people of North America to the dreadful war in which they have been so earnestly engaged for the last two years and more. They feel the inspiration of a sacred cause, the mighty impulse of an idea as grand as their cherished hopes for their country, and as immense as the interests of all humanity. They hear the mute appeals of a swarming posterity, gathered from all nations in pursuit of freedom, progress, and happiness, and they know that these countless millions will justly hold them responsible for the deeds of the present momentous hour. Is it strange that, penetrated and nerved with the high motives to be derived from these solemn considerations, the American people are prepared to accept the responsibilities of the great occasion, and even to wade through blood for the realization of the grandeur of those human hopes which are now intrusted to their keeping? One nation—one government—one universal freedom within those imperial boundaries which have heretofore been the theatre of our glorious achievements as a people! This is the grand thought of the Union

men of America. This is the principle of their organization, and this it is which gives them hope, and strength, and courage. What weakness, what degeneracy, what dwindling of power for good and retrogression of thought and aim would be the consequence of permanent division! What a lamentable fall in our position among the nations of the earth, and what a diminution of our capacity for progress among ourselves and for usefulness to mankind! It is our duty and our destiny to develop all the physical resources of the continent—to stimulate its agricultural capabilities—to bring to light its boundless mineral treasures—to pierce its mountains and level its valleys—to control its mighty floods—and to make it worthy to be the seat of human freedom and of human empire. Nor is it less our destiny to build up a moral and social power and a political organization, which shall shed abroad a new and glorious light, beaming with immortal hopes, and penetrating to the farthest verge of the habitable globe. Nature, in every form of benignant usefulness and unequalled grandeur, invites us to this tremendous task. The loyal people of the nation have not been insensible to these mystic calls and the noble anticipations growing out of them, fraught as they are with the happiness and progress of the human race. They have projected works of the most gigantic proportions, nor, although they are conscious that union is indispensable to their success, have they hesitated to begin them, with all the high confidence necessary to their completion. Even amid the perils and the vast expenditures of civil war have they embarked in the grand enterprise of uniting the Atlantic and Pacific oceans by a continental highway, equal in its cost and its importance to the power and resources of a mighty empire. Vast internal streams and lakes call for union by canals, which shall typify the union of hearts and of interests destined to bind together mil-

lions of freemen, whose connection of brotherhood and national unity shall be as lasting as the perpetual flow of our mighty rivers, and as full of blessings as our great lakes are of their pure and crystal waters. The agitation of these momentous schemes, under existing circumstances, is a phenomenon indicating a consciousness of security and of vast power in the community, which, at the same time that it is engaged in the perilous and bloody work of preserving the Union, is preparing to perform the most important duties appertaining to the nation in the hour of its most perfectly established and permanent authority. It is the instinct of the national destiny working out its ends in spite of the difficulties and dangers of the hour. It is the prophetic vision of the popular mind, unconsciously preparing for a great future not yet visible to the natural eye, but which the providence of God, in its own good time, will verify to the firm and courageous hearts of our people.

The loyal people of our country, those who are determined to restore the Union, are well aware that it cannot be maintained by force. That great political organization was voluntary in its origin, based on the consent of the governed; and it has been upheld through all its marvellous career of prosperity by the free and unconstrained will of the people, who rejoiced in its common benefits and blessings. The novel system on which it was built, not only required the largest liberty for its very conception and for its practical embodiment, but was also admirably devised to secure the complete and permanent enjoyment of that individual independence in thought and action, which is the first of human privileges. Those States of the Union which are preëminently loyal to it, have ever cherished the most liberal principles of civil polity, and have framed their constitutions, in accordance with the most modern and advanced maxims of popular rights. So

far are they from any disposition to usurp authority or to impose unjust or unnecessary restraints upon the political action of the people, that they are charged with the opposite fault of carrying liberty to the extreme of ungoverned license. Of all the American States, these are the least likely to interfere with the great principles of civil liberty, or to impose an unacceptable government on the people by force. All the violence, so far as any has been shown, is wholly on the other side. Leaving entirely out of view the exceptional irregularities arising from a state of civil war, and it must be acknowledged that the social and political system of the Southern States is one which rests on arbitrary force as its corner stone. It is this arbitrary and tyrannical spirit embodied in Southern institutions which has seized on the pretext of secession in order to destroy the Government of the Union. The efforts of the loyal States and of the Federal authority in the present war are antagonistic to this spirit. Their purpose is to break down and destroy this system of arbitrary power, which has set itself up against the Union; and in its stead to bring into play the great principle of popular assent to the fundamental principles and conditions of government. Annihilate the despotism which controls in the pretended confederacy, give the masses of the people absolute freedom of choice under the conditions necessary for deliberate and intelligent decision, and they will certainly pronounce for the restoration of the old Union, under which they have enjoyed such boundless prosperity. No friend of the Union entertains any serious thought of disregarding or destroying the great principle that governments are only rightly founded on the consent of the governed. But it is not every temporary aberration of thought, nor every outbreak of revolutionary violence, which may properly be allowed to avail in changing the forms of an established government. Some respect

is due to obligations once assumed and long recognized as the basis of a permanent political organization; and when the minority in that organization have taken up arms against it, the majority, in possession of the lawful power of the nation, are bound to vindicate its constitutional authority. If the Union cannot be maintained by force, it ought not to be destroyed by force. The instinct of self-preservation, which is but the impulse of a solemn duty, would necessarily and rightfully lead it to suppress the lawless force that assailed it. If this assault is wholly wrong and unjustifiable, if it is in reality as injurious to the seceding States themselves as to those which remain in the Union, then it is certain that, with the suppression of the violence prevailing in the disaffected region, the spirit of disunion itself will disappear. The Federal Government cannot escape the necessity of performing this duty, of suppressing and destroying the lawless power which assails it, and permitting the Southern people to return to the Union. At the present moment, in the midst of a sanguinary conflict, they are blinded with passion and overflowing with enmity. But set them free from the power which now deceives and abuses them, which arrays them against their own best interests, and makes them the helpless victims of a wicked war, and they will, at no distant period, gladly pronounce for the unity of the great nation with which Providence has cast their lot. Innumerable indications of this disposition among the masses of the Southern people are visible in the events of every day; and these will multiply in proportion to the success of our arms and the decline of power in the rebellion. If we are mistaken in this view, then our argument falls to the ground. If, upon a full consideration of all the circumstances and with perfect freedom to act according to their understanding of their best interests, the people of the Southern States should

deliberately determine upon a permanent separation, our noblest hopes would be sadly disappointed. But this is utterly impossible. In moments of frenzy, men may perpetrate deeds of desperation. Among the masses of all communities, some are found who, under various impulses, will commit suicide. But the conduct of the great majority everywhere is controlled by the dictates of reason and self-interest. Whatever folly, even to the extremity of self-destruction, a few madmen in the Southern States may counsel, it may confidently be expected that rational thoughts will prevail among the masses. The paths of duty and of interest are for them the same; and, upon the whole, are too broad and plain to be mistaken. Their self-constituted leaders have already overwhelmed them with calamities. The emancipated people will scarcely heed the advice of these, when their plausible schemes shall have been all baffled, and their usurped power utterly overthrown.

It is, therefore, very far from the thoughts of loyal men, in upholding the Federal Government, to establish the principle of force as the bond of the American Union. They repel the lawless force which now assails it; and even while they do so, they invite the misguided people of the rebellious region to return again to their allegiance and to take shelter under the political system which is their only security for permanent peace and prosperity. The result of the contest in the restoration of the Union, so far from establishing force as the basis of political authority, on the contrary, will certainly destroy it, and give a far wider scope to the voluntary principle of consent, which is the only solid foundation of freedom. In the normal condition of the larger number of the loyal States, that is to say, in times of peace, liberty prevails in its broadest and most universal sense. Force nowhere holds a place in society, except for the protection of individual rights and of public order. Every man

is permitted to pursue happiness in his own way, and to enjoy perfect freedom of thought, of speech, and of action, except when his published words or his overt acts are calculated to interfere with the acknowledged rights or interests of others. This is, theoretically, the consummation of the greatest possible human liberty. It provides only for order and justice, and leaves everything else to the control of individual will and social coöperation. In the present war for the Union, the loyal States are by no means contending for the abrogation of this principle of liberty, but for its extension. They desire neither to abolish it with reference to the Union, when exercised through the forms provided in the Constitution, nor to prevent its operations within the limits of the Southern States themselves.

It is not possible that the great civil conflict now pending could take place without causing, in the end, an important extension of liberal principles. These, when they once acquire a firm hold upon any society possessed of the requisite intelligence, are altogether too strong for the antagonistic principle of force, because the latter can be nothing but an authority usurped by the few and exerted against the many; while the former is the accumulation of the whole power of society wielded for the benefit of all. Obviously, this affords the only basis broad enough to sustain a social structure of any stability and permanence.

Under the operation of this voluntary principle—the principle of voluntary consent and of universal freedom—the conflicting elements of Southern society will be compelled to adjust themselves to each other more wisely, and therefore more safely and profitably, than under the arbitrary system which has hitherto prevailed.

Some of the wealthiest men and the largest slaveholders have already discerned the necessities of their condition, and are fully prepared to accept the

new order of things, and to make their arrangements for future operations accordingly. Under the law of liberty, the races, in their new relations, will soon find their appropriate positions in the social organization, subject chiefly to the natural influences of intelligence, morality, industry, and property, but not without the inevitable pressure and disturbance of traditional prejudice to hinder and embarrass the operation of the principle of freedom. It is impossible to prevent this, so long as human nature retains its present tendency to selfishness and violence. The only alternative is to await the soothing operation of time, which gradually softens the asperities of prejudice, and may be expected ultimately to bring the noblest harmony out of the present confusion and disorder.

Many good and humane men apprehend the most serious evils from the sudden change of relations, now certain to be effected, between the two races in the South. It will be a rude and violent shock to the interests and feelings of the whites, and will undoubtedly produce that inconvenience which always results from great social transformations. But the anticipation is doubtless worse than the reality will prove to be. There is a plastic capacity in human nature which enables it readily to adjust itself in new situations when overruling necessity compels submission. It remains to be seen what will be the results, immediate and remote, of freedom in a society composed of so nearly equal proportions of the two races. Whatever may be the mere

temporary difficulties at the outset, we do not doubt that, in the long run, freedom will produce the best results to both. Nature is unerring in the wisdom of her general purposes and in the selection of the means by which she fulfils them, when left free to pursue her own laws. Whatever oscillations may take place, the mean result is always good. The experience of a single generation will dissipate all the delusions which now blind and enrage the Southern people.

With the disappearance of the principle of arbitrary power now embodied in Southern society, the last motive for a dissolution of the American Union will have vanished forever. Should that principle only decline to a subordinate authority, with the certainty of gradual extinction, the interests of freedom will be in the ascendant, and their influence secure the restoration of the Federal authority. Here lies the whole problem: let despotism continue to prevail in the South, and the separation, with all its terrible consequences, must inevitably be accomplished; let freedom succeed, and from that moment, every hostile sentiment at once subsides, and the sundered sections, 'like kindred drops,' again 'mingle into one.' A free community will gravitate to the central orb of liberty; one that is repellent to freedom will fly off on its erratic course to the regions of outer darkness, and will never return until, having completed the cycle of its destiny of ruin, it shall be brought back to be regenerated at the fountain of light, and truth, and liberty.

WAS HE SUCCESSFUL?

PART THE LAST.

'Do but grasp into the thick of human life! Every one *sees* it—to not many is it *known*; and seize it where you will, it is interesting.'—GOSWELL.

'SUCCESSFUL.—Terminating in accomplishing what is wished or intended.'—WEBSTER'S *Dictionary*.

CHAPTER I.

MORE than twenty-five years have elapsed since the events narrated in the last chapter.

New York has become a great and magnificent metropolis. The avenues of the city extend for miles beyond the old landmarks. The adjacent farms have been converted into lots, and covered with handsome houses. The old buildings are torn down, and new and elegant ones erected in their place. The streets are thronged with a purely cosmopolitan class. You behold specimens of every nation under the heavens jostling the citizens on the sidewalk, or filling the omnibuses which choke the way. And from the commingled sounds of the tramp of horses, the rolling of vehicles, and the tread of human beings, there arises through the day and far into the night a perpetual but muffled roar from this great thoroughfare.

It is a lovely October afternoon—one of those mellow days for which this latitude is so remarkable—possessing the softness and genial temperature of summer, without its scorching heat.

The world of fashion has returned from the Spas, the mountains, the seaside. Elegant equipages pass up and down, or stop before the favorite resorts for shopping. The streets and sidewalks are literally crowded, as if it were some grand gala-time.

It is nearly four o'clock. Walking slowly up Broadway is a person probably about fifty-five, of medium height, inclining to be stout, who carries his hands behind him as he proceeds

thoughtfully along. His dress is particularly neat. His hat, while it conceals an excessive baldness, permits the escape of a quantity of light hair, quite unmixed with gray, which fringes the back of the head. At a distance, his complexion looks soft and fair; but, on closer observation, it has the appearance of smooth leather. Occasionally he raises his face to regard a building, as if he had a special interest in so doing; then one may see a light-blue eye, clear and icy as a fine December day, having an expression like a flint.

He walks on. Two young men are just passing him. One says to his companion:

'Do you know who that is?'

'Which?'

'That old fellow right by your side.'

'No. Who is it?'

'That's Hiram Meeker.'

'You don't say so!'

He pauses, and lets the individual alluded to pass, that he may take a good look at him.

'I would like to have some of his cash, anyhow. What do you suppose he is worth?'

'Oh, there is no telling; he is variously estimated at from five to ten millions, but nobody knows. Started without a penny, as clerk in a ship-chandler's store.'

Yes, reader, that is Hiram. [We shall continue our familiarity, and call him, when we see fit, by his first name.] That is our old acquaintance Hiram Meeker, who commenced at Hampton, with Benjamin Jesusup—Hiram Meeker of Burnsville, now the great Hiram Meeker of New York.

We have devoted a large part of this

volume to Hiram's early career, going into the minutiae of his education, his religious training, and his business life. This was not without design. For the reader, once in possession of these circumstances, had no need to be informed in detail of the achievements of those years in which Hiram worked vigorously on through successive stages in his career, while his heart grew hard as the nether millstone.

As you see him now, pursuing his way along the street, he has really but one single absorbing idea—ACQUISITION. True, he clings to his belief in the importance of church membership. He has long been the leading vestryman at St. Jude's. He is the friend and adviser of the Bishop.

Famous is Hiram Meeker the millionaire!

Famous is Hiram Meeker the Churchman!

Still, I repeat, he has but one thought—one all-absorbing, all-engrossing passion.

You have not forgotten, I am sure, the early calculating policy of Hiram, and to what degree he had carried it when we took leave of him. Imagine this developed and intensified day by day, month by month, and year by year, over more than a quarter of a century.

Since we first made his acquaintance, he has kept on rigidly. In all his intercourse with his fellow beings—man to man—with high and low—with the sex—with his nearest relations,—he has never, no, *never* looked to anything except what he considered his personal advantage. He is a member of the Church; he performs certain rites and formulæ of our holy religion; he subscribes to charities: but it is to secure to himself personally the benefit of heaven and whatever advantages may be connected with it. So that, where he has acted wisely and well, the action has been robbed of all merit, because there was no wise or right intent, but simply a politic end in view.

Look at him, as he pushes along in

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the crowd! Notwithstanding his millions, he is there a mere atom out of this world's creation. He has not a sympathy beyond himself—not a hope which does not centre in self—no connecting link with anything outside or beyond—no thought, no emotion, no sense, no feeling, which are not produced by a desire to advance the interests of "*H. Meeker*," here and hereafter.

We will go on in advance of Hiram, and enter his house before him.

It is one of the best in the city. Not showy, but large, ample, and well constructed; indicating the abode of a solid man. It is situated in one of the finest streets far 'up town.'

Before the door are two equipages. One is Mrs. Meeker's carriage, very handsome and in exquisite taste. The other is a stylish single-seat phaeton, with two horses tandem, and a rather flashy-looking servant in gay livery.

Let us go into the house.

Mrs. Meeker is just preparing for a short shopping excursion before dinner. At the distance from which we regard her, Time seems to have dealt very kindly with her. The figure is quite the same, the style the same, the face the same, and you see no gray hairs. In short, you behold our old friend Arabella, slightly exaggerated, perhaps—but it is she.

She leaves her room, and prepares to descend.

As she passes to the top of the staircase, a faint voice exclaims:

'Mamma!'

Mrs. Meeker stops with an expression of impatience, turns, and enters the adjoining apartment.

On a sort of couch or ottoman reclines a young lady, who, you can perceive at a glance, is a victim of consumption.

It is their oldest child, who for five years has been an invalid, and whose strength of late has been fast declining. One can hardly say how she would

have looked in health, for disease is a fearful ravager. Still, Harriet (she is named for Mr. Meeker's mother) probably resembled her own mother more than any one else in personal appearance, but beyond that there was no resemblance whatever. Neither was she like her father, but more like her grandfather Meeker, of whom her uncle says she always reminds him. She possesses a kind and happy nature; and since she was stricken by the terrible malady, she has grown day by day more gentle and more heavenly, as her frame has been gradually weakened under its insidious inroads.

When Mrs. Meeker came in, she demanded, in an irritated tone, 'What do you want, Harriet?'

'I wish very much, mamma, you would send and ask Uncle Frank if he will not come and see me to-day.'

'I think it very improper, Harriet, for you to be sending for your uncle when you are under Dr. Alsop's charge.'

'But, mamma, Uncle Frank does not prescribe for me. I do not send for him as my physician.'

'It looks very odd, though,' continued Mrs. Meeker, with increased irritation. 'I am sure Dr. Alsop would not like it if he knew it.'

'Dr. Alsop met Uncle Frank here one day, and they appeared to be excellent friends. I am sure there can be no misunderstanding on his part, and papa says he is quite willing.'

'Do as you like, child,' replied Mrs. Meeker. Then turning to the nurse she said, 'You may ring, and send Thomas with a message from Miss Meeker, if she desires.'

'Thank you, dear mamma. If you will come to me, I will give you a kiss.'

The door closed before the sentence was finished, and Mrs. Meeker descends the staircase, passes through the hall, and steps into the open air.

Alas, what is revealed to you! Marks, grim and ghastly marks of those years of wear and tear, which the sunlight,

that remorseless trier of woman's looks, makes quite apparent. What evidence of irritability, of discontent, and general disappointment and disgust with everything and all things, is revealed in those deep-cut lines and angles which in the light of day become painfully visible under the delicate layers of Baume d'Osmán, rouge, and pearl powder!

Mrs. Meeker adjusts her veil so as to hang gracefully down to the tip of her nose, and enters her carriage.

I had nearly forgotten to point out a very genteel-looking young man in black, who wears a distressingly long frock coat and a white neckcloth, who escorts Mrs. Meeker to her carriage, and enters it after her.

Arabella has not lost her *penchant* for young clergymen, nor young clergymen for her.

Leaving Mrs. Meeker to her excursion, we go into the parlors.

On one of the sofas is a young fair girl, no more than eighteen years old. Her complexion, eyes, and general cast of features, exhibit a striking likeness to her father. She is of medium height, and her form is fine and well rounded. Add to these the adornments and appliances of dress, and you have before you a very beautiful young woman.

Seated on the same sofa, and in very close proximity, is a person whose *status* it will be difficult to decide from mere inspection. He is a tall, large, coarse-featured, but well-proportioned man, with black hair, inclining to curl, dark complexion, and very black eyes. His age is possibly thirty. He is showily dressed, with a vast expanse of cravat and waistcoat. Across the latter stretches a very heavy gold chain, to which is attached a quantity of seals and other trinkets known as charmas. A massive ring, with coat of arms and crest carved on it, encircles the little finger of the right hand. Every point of the dress and toilet is in keeping with what I have already described. The hair dresser has been de-

voted. There has been no stint of oil and pomade in the arrangement of whiskers and mustache. In short, judging the individual by a certain standard, which passes current with a good many people, you would pronounce him remarkably well 'got up.'

Looking at the fine and delicate-featured girl, in whose surroundings you behold evidences of so much taste and refinement, you could scarcely be made to believe that the gross organization by her side is to her liking. Yet I assure you she is in love with the handsome animal—'madly in love' with him, as she herself avows!

This girl is the youngest of Hiram's three children. She is named for her mother, but is called by all her acquaintance, Belle. And she is *belle* every way—except in temper and disposition. Resembling her father so closely, she inherits her mother's jealous irritability and tyrannical nature. She is beautiful only to look on. She is a spoiled child besides.

I cannot avow that Hiram has any genuine parental affection. He is so entirely absorbed in gathering in his harvests from the golden fields at his command, that I think in God's providence this is denied to him.

[Else he would exhibit some tenderness and love for the poor, sinking child who is lying in her chamber, with no companion but her nurse.]

But there is that about the youngest which commends itself (I know no other way to express it) to his senses. She is fair and young, and graceful and a beauty, and she resembles him; and he loves to look at her and have her near him when he is at home, and to pet her, after a sort.

Hiram is too much occupied, however, to attend at all to the well-being of his children, and his wife 'has no taste for anything of the kind.' So, as I said, Belle grows up a spoiled child. She has never been subject to control, and has not the slightest idea of self-restraint.

This is her second season in society. She is universally admired—indeed, is quite 'the rage.' 'All the young men are dying for her'—I quote from the observations about town; but few have the hardihood to pay serious court to the daughter of Hiram Meeker.

Yet you perceive one man has ventured—successfully ventured.

Who is he? I do not wonder you inquire with some degree of curiosity. I shall proceed to gratify it.

The large, dark, coarse-visaged, foreign-looking fellow, who 'lives but to adore the angel of beauty and perfection' at his side, and with whom the 'angel' is so blindly infatuated, is Signor Filippo Barbonne, a second-rate performer of the last season's opera troupes!

It is a fact, reader, so it will be vain for me to deny it.

What, meantime, can I say by way of explanation? I hardly know. This Signor Filippo, who is an impudent, audacious scamp, made the acquaintance of Belle two years ago, when she was a schoolgirl. She was amused at seeing him follow her persistently, and at last she permitted him to accost her.

The cunning fellow conducted himself with the utmost deference, not to say humility. He pretended not to have the slightest knowledge who she was. He had been seized and subdued by her charms, her loveliness; and it was quite sufficient happiness for him to be permitted to watch for her and to tread in her steps day by day. He only wished to speak and tell her so, lest she might suppose him disrespectful.

The ice once broken, arrangements for accidental meetings followed.

Signor Filippo did not disclose himself, except to say his position was so far below hers, that he had but one hope, one aspiration, which was, that she would permit him to be her willing slave forever. He asked and expected nothing beyond the privilege of worshipping her.

But how happens it that Belle Meeker is desperately in love with the Signor?

I will endeavor to explain.

Possessing not one spark of sentiment or native refinement, accustomed to no restraint on her temper or will, she presents an example of a strong sensuous nature, uncontrolled by any fine moral instincts or perceptions.

This is why in person and appearance Signor Filippo is quite to her taste. The wily adventurer had made no mistake when he judged of the girl's nature. Understanding her arbitrary disposition, and her impatience of any restraint whatever, he adroitly maintained his air of extreme deference and respect, which was increased a thousand-fold on his discovering, as he pretended one day to do, who the object of his adoration was.

What an agony he was in, lest now he should not be permitted even to look on her! Though assured on this point, he became reserved and shy, giving vent to his impassioned feelings by sighs and various mute but eloquent expressions.

Miss Belle began to be very impatient. These sentimental meetings had lasted more than a year. Meantime, she was 'brought out.' This made it difficult for her to keep up her stolen interviews, but she could now ask the Signor to the house.

To effect this, however, she must first bring over her mother. She informed her that the gentleman was a Neapolitan Count, who from political motives was forced to remain *perdu* for a time, and so forth, and so forth, and so forth. By dint of entreaty and argument, and exhibition of much temper, Belle persuaded her mother to say nothing to her father about the visits of this Count in disguise. The truth is, Mrs. Meeker had sometimes to request Belle's silence about little matters involving some expenditures which Mr. Meeker might consider extravagant. So, with occasional protests on her part, the Signor was permitted to make his visits.

Belle was too shrewd to attempt to impose on her father in such a case. She knew she could not succeed for a minute. So the intimacy is continued without his knowledge.

Long before this, she has been told by the Signor who he really is. He admits his late position in the *troupe*, but has a long story to recount of adverse fortune, and so on. His respectful manner still continues; it is the young lady who woos.

What is to be done? This state of things cannot last forever. Belle is more and more impatient. Her adorer still respectful and sad.

After this long but necessary digression, I return to our place in the front parlor, where the lovers are seated.

'I must leave you, oh, my angel—I must leave you! It is nearly time for your father to be here.'

'I do not care if it is. I want you to stay.'

'As you will, but—'

'If you really loved me, you would not be so indifferent,' exclaims the young lady, passionately.

Then follows a scene. The result is, that Belle vows she will endure the suspense no longer. She will not ask her father's permission—she will marry him—yes, she *will* marry the Signor; and who dare prevent, who dare thwart her wishes!

The Signor takes impressive leave. His little plot approaches a *dénouement*. He walks with an 'air noble' down the steps, and, mounting his phaeton, he takes the ribbons from the servant in gay livery, and the tandem team, after some well-trained prancing, dash forward.

Miss Belle is at the window, a delighted witness of the spectacle.

[The Signor has got up this fine turnout, through aid of a friend who is in the plot, especially to captivate her.]

'What a singular man!' she exclaims to herself. 'How heroic he seems, controlling those wild creatures! Strange he should always be so diffident when

in my society. There shall be an end of this; I cannot endure it!

Presently she sees her father mount the steps, and runs to meet him, a little doubtful whether or not he beheld her lover start from before the door.

The greeting is most affectionate; Belle throws her arms caressingly around her father's neck.

'Who is our new visitor, Belle, who indulges in a tandem?' said Hiram, turning his penetrating eyes on his daughter, but with no suspicious glance.

'New visitor! What do you mean, papa?'

'I thought I saw a phaeton drive from here.'

'Oh, that was at Mrs. Longworth's. Such a handsome man, though, papa! I was at the window when he got in.'

Hiram patted his daughter's cheek playfully, and passed in. Keen and discerning as he was, his *child* could deceive him.

'Where is your mamma?' he asked.

'Out for a drive.'

'Is Gus at home?'

'No, papa; I have not seen him to-day.'

'Give orders to have dinner served punctually. I must go out immediately after.'

CHAPTER II.

I HAVE spoken of Hiram's three children.

The individual referred to in the last chapter as 'Gus' is the oldest, and the only son. He is, at this period, about twenty-three years of age.

His father undertook to bring him up in a very strict manner. He could, however, give none of his time to the important business of starting his son in the right path, and aiding him to continue in it. It was enough for Hiram that *he* was secure. He contented himself with laying down severe courses, and holding his boy to the strictest fulfilment of 'duty.'

The result can readily be imagined. The young man, as he grew up and

understood fully his father's position, came to the conclusion that it was quite unnecessary for him to practise the strict habits which had been so despotically inculcated. So he gave loose rein to his fancies, and while yet in college was one of the wildest in the class. By his mother's interposition, he was sent abroad. He came back all the worse for the year's sojourn, and, young as he was, soon got to be a regular 'man about town.' He lived at home—ostensibly; but he was seldom to be seen in the house. He had come to entertain very little respect for his father; for he had a sort of native insight into his character. He constantly complains of his miserly treatment, though Hiram makes his son a respectable allowance—more, I think, to be rid of the annoyance of his repeated and incessant applications, than for any other reason.

'Gus' was a favorite with his mother (I forgot to say she had named him Augustus Myrtle Meeker, with her husband's full consent), and heavy were the drafts he made on her purse. This was a point of constant discussion between Mr. and Mrs. Meeker. It was of no use. The lady continued to indulge her only son, and her husband to protest against it.

Of late, Gus had been in possession of pretty large sums of money, which he certainly had not obtained either from his father or mother. And it was something connected with this circumstance which takes Hiram out immediately after dinner.

I think it is in place here to say something of Hiram Meeker's domestic life.

Taking 'Arabella' for just what the reader knows her to be, it is probable he has made her a better husband than ninety-nine men of a hundred would have made. True, he is master, in every respect. But this is just what Arabella requires. She would have been the death of any ordinary man in a short time. There is not the slightest

danger of her injuring Hiram's prospects of a long life, or of causing him an hour's uneasiness. To be sure, he is despotic, but he is neither irritable nor unamiable. Besides, he has a great desire for social position (it aids in carrying out his plans), in which his wife is of real service. Hiram, although close and careful in all matters, is not what would be called penurious. In other words, he makes liberal provision for his household, while he rules it with rigor; besides, in petty things he has not proved a tyrant.

On the whole, we repeat our conviction that Arabella has been fortunate in her husband. To be sure, she is fretful, discontented, peevish, irritable, cross; but that is her normal condition. At times Hiram has treated her with severity, but never cruelty. He has borne quietly and with patience what would have set most husbands frantic; and has contented himself with remaining silent, when many would have been tempted to positive acts of violence.

Toward his sick child Hiram Meeker's conduct has been exemplary—that is the word. He considers the affliction a direct chastening of *him* from the Lord; and 'whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.' He spends some moments with his daughter daily, but he has no more sympathy for her situation than if his heart were made of leather. Yet the best care is provided, the best medical attendance, and everything done for the poor girl which is proper. Hiram even overrules his wife in many things where he thinks her severe toward the invalid, as in the instance of her wishing to see her Uncle Frank, who is our old acquaintance 'Doctor Frank,' as you no doubt understand—now one of the first medical men of New York.

Although there has never been the least cordiality between the brothers since the Doctor came to the city, still they have kept on visiting terms. The Doctor has taken a deep interest in

his invalid niece, and she is never so happy as when he is talking with her. He has told her to send for him at any time when she feels disposed to do so, and he is a frequent visitor.

It was late before Mrs. Meeker returned. Something occurred to give her excursion a very unpleasant direction. She was engaged in turning over some new silks at Stewart's, while the young clerical gentleman stood admiringly by, when a man of very coarse appearance and vulgar aspect approached and placed a letter before her.

Mrs. Meeker was prepared to utter a faint shriek, but it occurred to her that it would not appear well where she was. The young clerical gentleman cast a look of disgust and indignation on the intruder, who did not stop to resent it, but turned quickly on his heel and left the place.

Mrs. Meeker, after waiting a moment to regain her composure, opened the note, and read as follows:

'DEAR MA: Come to me directly, and bring all the money you can. I am in a terrible fix! Gus.'

Mrs. Meeker pushed aside the rich purple silk she was examining, with so much suddenness, that the young clerical gentleman could not but notice it.

'My dear madam, are you ill?' he asked, with a show of devotion distressing to witness.

'No, oh no; but this moment I recollect I have a commission to execute for a friend, which I had quite forgotten. And, do you know, I am going to ask you to drive home, and tell Belle not to delay dinner for me.'

The young clerical gentleman bowed in acquiescence. For him to hear was to obey. But he felt curious to know what was the cause of so abrupt a termination of the afternoon's shopping.

'I hope there was nothing unpleasant in that letter?'

It was presuming a good deal to ask such a question, but the young clerical

gentleman could not restrain his curiosity.

'That letter!' exclaimed Mrs. Meeker, now quite herself again—'no, indeed; it is only a word from Augustus. What a queer creature, to send it by such a horrid fright of a man!' And Mrs. Meeker laughed.

The young clerical gentleman was thrown completely off the scent. He bowed and hurried to the carriage, leaving Mrs. Meeker still at the counter.

She looked carelessly over the different patterns, and said, in a languid tone, 'I think I will not buy anything to-day,' to which the clerk obsequiously assented—he well knew whom he was serving—and Mrs. Meeker left the store.

Her carriage was out of sight; first she assured herself of that. Then she called a hack, and ordered it to be driven to a distant quarter of the city.

The carriage stopped at the number indicated in the note. Mrs. Meeker was met at the door by her son, who conducted her to a back room in the third story. It was dirty and in disorder. Bottles, wine glasses, and tumblers were scattered around, and the atmosphere was full of the fumes of whiskey and tobacco.

What a spot for the son of Hiram Meeker to select, in which to receive his mother's visit!

What a place for the fastidious Arabella to enter!



THE GREAT AMERICAN CRISIS.

PART TWO.

We come, in this paper, to the consideration of the possible results which this war might have, viewed from the beginning; of the several modes, in other words, in which it might terminate. The most distant extremes of possible eventuality were the entire conquest of the North by the South, and the entire conquest of the Southern rebellion by the North, so as to secure the continuance of the old Union upon the old basis; or with such modifications as the changed condition of things at the South might require. The supposition of the conquest of the Northern States by the Southern Vandals has been already glanced at and sufficiently considered for so remote and improbable a contingency. The counter supposition of the entire success of the United States Government in the reassertion of its own authority over the whole of its original domain,

divided, at the commencement of the war, into two branches.

It was the general theory at the North, at that time, that the *animus* of rebellion was confined at the South to comparatively few minds, and that the war was to be a war, not against the South as a people, but against a tyrannical and usurping faction at the South, and for the defence of the people at large residing in that region. There was a modicum of truth in this theory, but events have shown, and any one who knew the South well might safely have predicted, that the whole people there would soon be subdued to the authority of those few. Such was the terror throughout the confederacy, and still is, where the facts have not been already changed by the war, at the mere imputation of sympathy with anti-slavery sentiment in any form, that a part, hardly one tenth even of the whole, in

numerical strength, could successfully put the remaining nine tenths into Coventry, and bully them out of all expression of adverse opinion, by simply threatening to accuse them of abolition tendencies. No people on earth were ever so completely *cowed* by the nightmare of unpopular opinion as the people of the South. Hence whatever was violently advocated under pretence of excessive devotion to, or ultra championship of the cause of slavery, was sure in the end to succeed. By this process, the Union party at the South has been gradually overawed and diminished for years past, and finally driven, since the outbreak of the rebellion, into a complete surrender to, and a full coöperation with the rebel chiefs. Whatever may seem to be the reaction in behalf of Union sentiment, as the triumphant armies of the North march to the Gulf, it will be long before the real opinion of the masses will declare itself in full as it exists. The fear of the renewal of the old terrorism, so soon as our armies shall be withdrawn, will effectually prevent the free expression of the favorable sentiment which has heretofore existed, and still exists, as a substratum of Southern opinion in favor of the Union, unless the Northern conquest is made unquestionably final.

In the event that the theory just stated should have proved true, that, aided by the presence of Northern troops, there should have been a loyal sentiment sufficiently powerful and extended to reassert itself, in the extreme South, and that, consequently, all the Southern States should have been again represented in Congress at an early day, and should again have taken their places as equal partners under the Constitution of our common country, it seemed just possible that the results of the war should be confined, in their immediate action, to what may be called its educational effects upon the Southern mind and its economical bearings upon the wealth and industry of the nation.

As the other branch of the alternative, the South might have to be conquered by the force of our arms, and might remain unanimously, or in vast preponderance, disloyal and rebellious in spirit. In that event, it would be requisite, if those States were to be retained at all as part of the Union, that they should be reconsigned to the Territorial condition, or otherwise governed still by the central authority.

In the former of these two latter suppositions: that of the reëstablishment of the old *status*, it was foreseen by some, as not impossible, that the final result might prove disastrous to the freedom of the North. With the advent of peace, the suspicions of the Northern people with regard to the designs and real character of Southern men would have been allayed. A certain appeal would even have been made, by the suggestions of their own generosity, to the hearts of Northern men to lay aside all hostile and adverse action as against the South, and to welcome them with open arms to all the rights and privileges of the common country. Meantime, a horde of unscrupulous machinators would have been installed in the seats of power at Washington, and would have recommenced operations, in the consciousness of the new strength acquired in the field from which they had just retired, with all the chicanery and craft with which heretofore they had blinded the North and secretly controlled the destinies of our Government. Southern men and Southern women would again have been feasted and feted at Northern hotels and watering places, and again have given tone to Northern opinion, while new and especial reasons would have seemed to exist for opposing countervailing influences, as unnecessary agitation, and causes of the retention of acrimonious feeling between the two sections, which had now resolved to live in amity with each other. In a word, all the sources of corruption of Northern sentiment, emanating from

the South, would have been renewed in their operation, with some circumstances added, tending to give to them greater potency than ever before.

Undoubtedly, immense advantages were to be contemplated in the restoration of the United States to their primitive boundaries and united power. But it was not without deep apprehension of moral taint and ulterior evil consequences, that a wise patriot could look even then to any attempt of the old matrimonial partners to dwell again in a common household, upon the old terms, and with no real settlement of the dispute between them.

The latter of these suppositions, the remanding of a hostile and rebellious tier of States, who had long and proudly enjoyed the dignity of State sovereignty, to a subordinate condition, had also its proportion of difficulty and danger. To carry out a *programme* of this kind would demand a great increase of the army and navy, and would give to the military spirit and power a preponderance in the councils of the nation which has always been deemed dangerous to the liberties of the country. A constant drain of expenditure of the resources of the nation; a continuous unrest and anxiety of the whole people; a succession of outbreaks and partial renewals of the civil war; the installation of a necessary system of proconsular or vice-royal commissions; the appointment of men who, whether as provost-marshal, dictators, or what not, would be in the stated exercise of authority unmeasured by the theories of republican policy—all these were serious and threatening considerations, which must give the thoughtful mind some pause ere it entered upon their adoption.

There were other remaining possible suppositions in respect to the termination of the war, of a middling character, or those lying between the two opposite extremes. In case, without any positive conquest or submission on either side, the general tenor of success

throughout the war should be with the South, so that it finally behoved the North to secure the most favorable terms, but to submit, nevertheless, to great deductions from its confident expectations, a theory then not wholly impossible, we had to contemplate, as one evil of the war, a final disruption of the original territory of the United States into two nationalities, coincident, as to boundary, with the Free and the Slave States. Except in the way of absolute conquest, the South would be little inclined to insist upon the addition to itself of any territory absolutely free. We were not required, therefore, to make this supposition any less favorable to the North than the division just suggested; and unless, again, power had been acquired by the South to impose terms on the North little short of those which a conqueror imposes on a conquered people, the North, within its own limit of Free States, would be left in a condition boldly to announce and actively to defend its own legitimate policy in behalf of the extension of free institutions and their development to the supreme degree of beneficent truth.

But again, it might have been foreseen that in case the eagle of victory should perch on the banners of the North; in case our arms should be generally victorious after a few incipient disasters; in case our armies should move in power southward, meeting, nevertheless, a steady and resisting front on the part of the South, making the prospect of ultimate conquest remote or hopeless; in case, in a single word, the North should find herself in position to dictate terms short of absolute submission and return to the common fold, but substantially in accordance with her own wishes, the question of boundary and of the future policy of the new North would have become one of immense importance.

Had such considerations been forced on the attention of the country by the course of the war, it may not be unin-

teresting to speculate upon the nature of the possible boundary, which a drawn game in the contest—a possibility at least, viewed from that early point of observation—might have imposed upon the two future nationalities. We are considering the case still in which the preponderance of advantage should have remained with the North. It would have been, in that event, of the first importance that we should retain within the limits of the North all that portion of the South—by no means inconsiderable in extent—which has never been thoroughly debauched by Southern slaveholding opinion and theories of government; where the true American feeling is still extant; and where a good degree of loyalty to the Government of the United States has been hitherto exhibited. Such are especially Delaware, Maryland, Western Virginia, Kentucky, Western North Carolina, Eastern, and to some extent, Middle Tennessee, Northern Georgia, Northern Alabama, and Missouri. An important object would have been, had the power of the North proved inadequate to do more, to secure this territory within the boundary of the new North, and upon such terms as to give strength and new impetus to the freedom-loving sentiment there extant. A second object would have been the retention of Washington City, to be used, at least for the time being, as the capital of the country; avoiding the disgrace of being driven from that centre of national authority; and to secure it on terms in respect to territorial arrangement which should prevent it from being continually threatened from the South. To this end, it would have been necessary that the boundary be carried far enough south to include a portion of Northern and Northeastern Virginia, as thoroughly imbued at that day with slaveholding faith and practice, and as little loyal, perhaps, as any portion of the South—a region, however, which at this time has been so completely devastated by the opera-

tions of the war, that it would be readily liable to be resettled from the North, and made into an efficient military border.

If, retaining Fortress Monroe, we should then have run with the James River and the line of Richmond and Lynchburg, or if, ascending higher to the Chesapeake Bay and the Rappahannock, we were to run with the line of Fredericksburg, we should reach either the Blue Ridge or the Alleghany Mountains, as in the case of power on our part, we might have chosen. With these mountains, sweeping in a southwesterly direction into Northern Georgia and Alabama, runs the line of division between the 'true-blue' Southern slaveholding opinion and policy, on the south and east, and the semi-Free-State opinion and policy on the north and west. One or other of these mountain ranges, with their unfrequent and difficult passes, would have offered the best natural boundary between the two future nations, whose divergent national tendencies would not have ceased with the nominal termination of the war to be essentially hostile.

Following this line till we reach the Tennessee river, thence along the course of that stream, turning northwardly to the Ohio, or more properly, perhaps, to the southern line of Kentucky, we exclude the most pestilent portion of Tennessee, of which Memphis is the capital, and retain the middle and eastern parts, along with Eastern Kentucky and Western Virginia. Thence passing westward with the southern line of Missouri to the Indian Territory, thence southward with the western line of Arkansas to the Red river, thence westward along that river as the boundary between the Indian Territory and Texas, to the one hundredth degree of longitude west from Greenwich, and with that meridian south, to the Rio Grande and the Gulf—dividing the western from the eastern half of Texas—we circumscribe very fairly the exact region of country in which the slave-

holding epidemic is violent and intense, and throw within the limits of the great Northern Republic all of the region in which freedom is already established, and all that in which, as above stated, there was still a surviving and half vital tendency in freedom's behalf.

In addition to a boundary so favorable to ourselves, and forced by our commanding position upon our unwilling adversary, we might have imposed upon her such other terms in relation to her foreign policy, custom-house regulations, and the like, as the extent of our power should have authorized. We might even have consigned the Southern States to a species of provisional and *quasi* nationality, with the claim and expectation of their ultimate return within the pale of the Union, when, through the severe ordeal of military despotism or anarchy at home, or from other causes, they should have purged themselves of that institution, adverse to all our policy, which has been the sole cause of all our woes.

Still more important it would have been, under the theory of this essentially victorious position of the Northern people, that Northern opinion and the purposes of Americanism on this continent—the assertion and defence of freedom and of free institutions of all sorts—should have been distinctly, peremptorily, and finally impressed upon the character and future career of our own Northern nationality. While those portions of slaveholding territory which would still have remained within the Union, would have had, of course, to be treated with courtesy and consideration, if the institution of slavery were to have been permitted to survive, they should have been thoroughly made to know from the first, that slavery among us was no longer to be regarded as a perpetuity; that it was only tolerated provisionally; and that we, as a people, had no intention of permitting its renewed influence in the councils of the nation. Out off as these States would then have

been from the possibilities of carrying on an inter-State slave trade with the Southern confederacy, the institution of slavery would have lost much of its value and potency; and allied, as those States would have been, as a small minority, with a country whose territorial and institutional preponderance would have been wholly in favor of freedom, we might have anticipated that, if closely watched and incidentally aided in its decline, the institution in these adhering slaveholding States would have reached its term of existence at no very distant day; at any rate, that it would, from the first, have been neutralized for any serious bad effects which it might have otherwise impressed upon our healthy national life. It was even worth reflection at that time whether, if the whole adjustment of the future were placed at our own disposition, there would not be less danger incurred, and more promise of a prompt, healthy, and powerful development on this continent of those grand purposes of national existence which the true American people have always had in view and at heart, if this plan were to be adopted, than if, on the contrary, the whole South were either quiescently, by the subsidence of the rebellion, or forcibly, to be reinstated within the limits of the Union, the institution of slavery remaining intact.

Northeastern Virginia, Southern Maryland, and portions of Kentucky, Middle Tennessee, and Middle Missouri would still have furnished pestilent centres of intense slaveholding sentiment, and would have required, perhaps, as much exercise of vigilance in preventing their undue influence as our usually sleepy habits of inattention to such causes would have authorized us to count upon.

With the gradual decline of this remnant of slavery in the Northern Union, and with the thousand contingencies threatening its perpetuity in the Southern States, after the sustain-

ing influence of the North in its behalf should have been finally withdrawn, the anticipation would not have been without high grounds of probability, that the institution, as a whole, would have hastened more or less rapidly to its final dissolution; and that, one by one, the States of the South, ridding themselves of the incubus of slavery and its concomitants—oligarchic, mobocratic, and military despotism—would have sought, for their own protection and happiness, to reënter the original Union as Free States. Such an issue of the conflict might at the commencement of the war have been looked forward to as almost fortunate, and as perhaps that which Providence had in store for us as a people. That larger measure of success, the entire destruction of slavery throughout the land, now rapidly coming to be a foregone conclusion in most minds, was then hardly hoped for by the most sanguine, although, as will appear by what follows, that alternative was then anticipated by the writer.

Finally, in case the war should have proved a drawn game between the two sections, with no special advantage on either side, some middle ground of adjustment between the two last suppositions might have been sought out, and an irregular line, running anywhere between Mason and Dixon's line and the Ohio, on the one hand, and the Blue Ridge and the Tennessee river on the other, might have been forced upon us. In that event, a long-continued border warfare would have been to be anticipated, with innumerable complex difficulties from expenditure in the protection of the irregular and imperfect boundary, the collection of the revenues, and the like.

The reason why we have chosen, in these glances at the possible outcomes of the conflict, to go back to the state of the case as it was at the opening of the war, and to view the subject as it would present itself to the mind of a thoughtful man then, is, that this very

paper was originally written at that day, and is now only recast to adapt it to the altered events from the actual progress of the war. The boundary line above sketched, as one which the nation might possibly find itself compelled to accept, was sketched, as it stands above, at that time, nearly two and a half years ago; and the reader will hardly fail to be struck with the remarkable coincidence between it and the present state of the military lines between the Northern and Southern armies; except in the fact of our actual possession of the Mississippi river to its mouth, cutting the Southern confederacy in twain. Had the defences below New Orleans proved impregnable, and Vicksburg more than a match for the strategy of General Grant, our present position would be almost identical with that contemplated by the writer at that early period of the war, as one of the alternative positions at which the struggle might at least temporarily terminate; and our present military line would be almost the same as that indicated as the halting point of the war, then to be nominally but not really brought to an end. The pages following, and until the reader is advised to the contrary, are literally extracted from the original article, and should be read therefore as relating to the past period in question. Quotation marks are added to aid this understanding of the subject. They indicate, in this exceptional way, not literally the words of another writer, but those of the same writer, upon a different occasion.

'We have reserved to the last the consideration of that possible outcome of the war which is looked upon with most dread, both at the South and the North; from which both sections almost equally shrink as the possible issue; but which, nevertheless, may be forced on them by the logic of events, and that, too, at an earlier day than has been indicated by the expectations of either. While we write, the startling announcement is made from

St. Louis that Major-General Fremont has been forced, by the threatening progress of the Southern armies, to declare martial law for the whole State of Missouri, coupled with the offer of freedom to the slaves. A military critic, writing from the Potomac and the lower counties of Maryland, is urging the application of the same policy to that region, as a means of defeating the contemplated passage of the river by the forces of the South. Whether the rumor so announced prove to be literally correct or not, it is hardly possible that the war can continue long, and grow desperate and earnest on any territory where slavery exists, without leading to this result. Tenderness and deference are sentiments which must soon give place to the stern struggle for life between hostile and desperate men. Already the South has not hesitated, in some instances, to muster her slaves into armed regiments, and in all cases to avail herself of their brawny arms as equally valuable assistants in the work of fortification, camp service, and all the other incidents of war. Still further, as a great body of laborers, undisturbed by the war, quietly conducting the general industry at home, and providing the means of sustaining immense armies in the field, the slaves are, in effect, an important auxiliary of the enemy's power. Already the Congress of the United States has passed a law for the confiscation of all property so used, so stringent in its terms that, without much strain of legal ingenuity, it might be made to cover the whole case. The threatened continuance of disaster to Northern arms may at any moment force upon our generals the military necessity of declaring emancipation within a given district or State, and finally, it may be incumbent on the Government to resort to the same policy in reference to the whole South. The contest is one of life and death for the greatest human interests ever brought face to face in hostile array. But a single step is

wanting, and we may at any moment be forced over the boundary which hitherto has prevented it from being a conflict avowedly for the utter extinction of the institution of slavery on the North American continent, on the one hand, and for the triumphant establishment of the policy and power of that institution over the whole land on the other.

'In case such an event as that above alluded to should occur, a new disappointment will probably, to some extent, break upon the Northern mind. It will be found that the slaves of the South are not, as a body, so desirous of freedom, not so consciously intent upon the attainment of that boon, as ardent philanthropists at the North have supposed. The great masses of that population are too far depressed in the scale of humanity to avail themselves earnestly and at once, of even the most favorable means which should be placed at their disposal to secure their own emanipation from thralldom.

'To progress, even from slavery to freedom, is progression, nevertheless; and, as such, it is beset with all the hindrances and prejudices from ignorance and superstition which the advancement of the race meets always and at every step. Those among the slaves who fully appreciate the disadvantages of their position, and are earnestly intent upon the achievement of freedom, are a minority—the vigorous thinkers and reformers of the slave-population. The great masses are stupid and conservative, in the midst of the evil which they endure, until aroused by circumstances or the appeals of their more enterprising leaders. Even John Brown, knowing as much as he did of the South and of the negro character, miscalculated the readiness of the slaves of Virginia to fly to his standard, judging them by his knowledge of the readiness of Missouri slaves upon the Kansas border, who, through a few years of local agitation, had come to be on the alert and ready to move.

'In case, therefore, of the proclama-

tion of emancipation in any slaveholding districts by our military chiefs, it will not be surprising if, for a time, the results of that step shall seem to be feeble, and shall be disproportionate to the expectations based upon it.

'The course of events will probably be this: The emancipation of slaves by the proclamation of Northern generals will be followed by a partial tendency on the part of the slave-population to flock to their camps in a way similar to what has already happened in the neighborhood of Fortress Monroe; and this, again, by mustering them into our service, arming and drilling them as part of the regular and effective force of our armies, after the example of General Jackson in the defence of New Orleans, and other Southern generals on various occasions in the South. A step like this will be met by a nearly or precisely similar expedient of desperate necessity by the military chieftains of the South. Either with or without the offer of emancipation, they will muster the blacks in great numbers into their army, arming, equipping, and drilling them as thoroughly as the same offices are performed for the white soldiers.

'Things may seem to stand much upon this footing, and no great advantage have been gained by the North through emancipation, until, in the event of some great battle, or successively through a series of local contests, the blacks in the Southern army will fraternize with those of the North, and go over in a body to their Northern allies, so soon as the course of events shall have informed them somewhat of the true state of the case, and have given them confidence in the earnest intention of the Northern troops to stand by them in the assertion of their freedom. A defection of this kind would carry dismay and insure defeat throughout the whole South, especially if it were vigorously followed up by the same policy and by adequate military skill on the part of the North; and

the result of a war so inaugurated could hardly fail to be the rapid and complete disorganization of the whole system of Southern industry and the total revolution and final submission of the Southern States.

'No man can exactly foresee the consequences of so great a conflict, nor predict with any certainty the course of events through such an untried and tremendous pathway; but it is next to impossible to conceive that the Southern war-spirit could in any way long survive the disasters inevitably consequent upon the general prevalence of a claim to freedom by the slaves, upon any legal basis, suddenly diffused throughout the South. Should the alternative be forced upon the people of that region, of submission, or servile in addition to civil war, their troubles will thicken upon them to a degree calculated to calm their over-excited imaginations, and to subdue their vaulting ambition. Panic will come to their own doors with a new and all-pervading significance, such as the North hardly knows how to conceive. The North should abstain to the last moment from thrusting even enemies into calamity so dire. But, if the arrogance and madness of the South shall force on us, now or later, this terrific resort, the world *may* witness, as the result of this war, the most tremendous retribution for national and organic sin which any people has ever yet been called on to endure. The Nemesis of History may, perhaps, impress the darkest record of her terrible sanctions on the page which records the termination of the great American Rebellion.

'In the event last supposed, that is to say, if the war shall end in the entire extinction of American slavery, the state in which the Southern country, with its diverse populations, will find itself placed; the future destiny of the cotton-growing region, of the South generally; of our whole country, and of the continent, under this immense change of our condition as a nation, are

subjects of sufficient importance to demand, on some future occasion, a distinct consideration. Enough points have been crowded, in this article, upon the reflections of the reader. History must not be too audaciously anticipated. The phases of the great crisis, already developed and developing, are sufficiently grave and numerous for the present occasion. Let the future withdraw her own veil from our eyes, while we reverentially await the revelation of coming events.

'All the forbearance hitherto on the part of the North, may have had in it an element of wisdom. It is not the object of this paper to criticize or complain of the past conduct of the war, nor to urge on the Government to convert a war, begun for the resistance of a violent and fraudulent dismemberment of the Union, into a war against slavery or a crusade in behalf of human rights. There is no present purpose on the part of the writer to conduct the discussion—far less to attempt the decision—of so grave a question of national policy at this eventful and critical epoch in the affairs of our national life. No doubt the subject stands as yet complicated in the minds of statesmen with the possibilities of the early and frank submission of the South, and the consequent early reestablishment substantially of the *status quo ante bellum*; with the dread of inflicting measureless calamity upon those who are at heart faithful to our cause in the South; and, most of all, with the interests and feelings of the population of the few slaveholding States remaining faithful to the Union. The object of the present article is simply to lay open the true state of the case; to reveal to the Northern mind in a clearer light, if possible, the causes emanating from the South, which have gone and which go still to the formation of Northern opinion adversely to the spirit of our own institutions, and begetting, unconsciously in ourselves, a secret treasonable sympathy at the bottom of our

own hearts; a sympathy which is the parent of that otherwise unaccountable tenderness on our part in respect to the patent weakness of the enemy's defences. It is not that we counsel, for the present, a change in the tenor of the war, but that we wish, as the logic of circumstances shall force this question upon us, that we may come to the consideration of it, in the future, disabused of any preconceived prejudices in favor of that which is the vital source of all the trouble which exists, and fully armed by a complete understanding of the subject.'

So ended the original paper, the same, with a few changes of the tense-forms to adapt it to the present time, as the Part One, published in the last number of THE CONTINENTAL, and Part Two of this series up to this point. The document was written for publication at that time, more than two years ago, but no periodical was found then ready to indulge in such bold speculations on the future. What has now in great part become history, was deemed too audacious for the public ear then. Perhaps no better gauge of the progress of events and opinion could have happened. A magazine article, rejected so recently, as too radical or wild in its prognostications, now stands in danger of being thought tame, in the light of the changes already effected. Thrown into a drawer as refuse matter, it has been like the log of a ship thrown overboard, and remaining quiescent, while the winds, the waves, and the current have combined to surge the vessel onward in her course; and, *hauled in by the line* at this hour, it may serve to chronicle the rate of our speed.

Events hurry forward in this age with tremendous velocity. Great as has been the progress of our arms, numerous as our warlike achievements and advantages, the real victories we have won are, in the truest method of judging, the victories of opinion which have occurred and are now occurring.

Our greatest conquest, as a people, is, and is to be, the conquest over our own prejudices; our highest attainment the readiness to be just, and to act with the boldness and vigor which justice requires.

Taking things as they now are, let us again try to penetrate the future, or at least to sketch different alternatives of what may happen. Let us then try to catch the spirit of each alternative, and so be prepared to draw from the event such of good, and to guard against such of evil as each may involve.

As a first alternative, we may now speedily conquer the South. Insurrection may spring up in the South, against the insurrection there, and in aid of our arms. New vigor and new fortune may attend our own military operations; and our future military task may—somewhat contrary to our expectations, we confess—prove easy, and its conclusion close at hand. In that event, dangers of another kind, dangers already alluded to as existing at the commencement of the war, and hardly less to be apprehended now than then, hardly less, indeed, than the indefinite continuance of war, threaten the future of our political horizon. We may see in a few months' time the very men who are leading the armies and the councils of the Southern confederacy again cracking the whip of their sharp and arrogant logic about the ears of the men who had conquered them in the field of battle; claiming to dictate every political measure; forcing the mould of their thought upon every form of opinion, and, by astute political combinations, wielding the destiny of the nation in behalf of slavery and despotism, and against the principle of freedom. Do not imagine for an instant that any considerations of modesty or humiliation on the one hand, nor of haughtiness or pride on the other, would stand in the way of the immediate participation of those men in our affairs. Let there be no delusions either, with regard to the ability of the

same leading class of men to keep themselves in the saddle at the South, through all political changes not involving the absolute destruction of slavery, and the complete and consolidated establishment of other institutions and habits of life among the people at large;—the virtual creation, in fact, of a new and different population, by the blending of our own Northern men and manners with the feeble indigenous freedom-loving growth. The return of this dominant class of cotton lords among the common masses of a Southern population anywhere, on any terms short of the utter extinction of their basis of wealth and distinction, will be the return of an armed overseer to a cowering mob of insubordinate slaves. The mere assertion of their authority will be its instant acceptance, and the most abject submission by the people. They will only have to demand reflection to the National Congress, and to every place of power, to be reinstated in precisely their old position, their arrogance and self-assertion only augmented by their having met and survived every disaster short of the destruction of the source of their superiority.

Already schemes to restore the old State governments are rife, in respect to Louisiana, Mississippi, and other of the rebel States, now again brought within our military lines. Let this be done upon the old footing at an early day, for these States and for the others, which under the hypothesis now under consideration, will soon be subjugated; let the Emancipation Proclamation fall into desuetude; let the military authority of our army officers be withdrawn, and there is nothing in the character of the Southern slaveholding aristocracy, and no other power on earth, to prevent their flocking in crowds and at the very first general election back to Washington, reuniting their forces with the old-body of profligate political hacks at the North, and flaunting with increased presumption

and activity the pretensions of slavery to dictate the whole policy of the land. In that event, a strong party, more distinctively proslavery and Southern than ever before, will be organized; more openly and shamelessly than ever devoted to the destruction of the last remnant of American liberty. Of course there will be a new reaction against the new usurpation. The conflict will be renewed, beginning precisely where the first war began, with the only exception that the issue will be then more distinctly understood, the conflict more desperate, and the result more definitive.

It is of the utmost importance that the true nature of the case be understood: that this war is no accident of the hour, no merely political or national event even. It is a death struggle between two antagonist civilizations; if indeed one of them can be called a civilization, and not rather a conspiracy against the very idea of civilization. Again, the men involved in that conspiracy are not *hidalgos*, *ancien régime*, nor any of the proud aristocracies of the old world, who, when beaten, retire upon their dignity and bide their time. They are, on the contrary, an enterprising gang of desperadoes, who for the nonce may find it convenient to play the rôle of high life and dignified pretension, but who, on the slightest change of circumstances, are ready for any shift, any seeming degradation or humiliation, any temporary lowering of their claims, in order to rise higher on the next wave. There is also enough of the savage and barbarous element of character remaining in the Southern bogus chivalry to make them, like the Chinaman or the Japanese, incapable of appreciating magnanimity. All conciliation or clemency will be construed into weakness; generosity and forbearance into poltroonery. These are sad truths; but being truths, the failure to know them in season may cost us another and a more desperate war, with more doubtful and dangerous results.

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Let us once surrender, through national verdancy, sentimental commiseration, misunderstanding of the nature and purposes of our enemy, or any or all of these causes combined with others, the dear-bought advantages we have won, and disasters untold involve the future of the land. Terrible beyond description will be, in that event, the condition of the Union and emancipationist party now incipiently developing itself at the South;—abandoned and deserted by the withdrawal of the actual presence and protection of Northern arms. No barbarism on earth, no savagism extant, is so barbarous or so savage as the ruthless vengeance with which this hybrid civilization of the South is ready at any time to visit the crime of abolitionism; and seven times hotter than usual will the furnace of their wrath be heated against Southern men who under the ægis of Northern protection shall have exhibited some sympathy with freedom.

That a powerful Northern party will immediately arise in behalf of the simple readmission of the Southern States, upon precisely the old basis, when the war shall end by the suppression of the rebellion, is certain. The existence of such a party will rest, in part, upon a real sympathy with the South and the rebellion; partly upon interested political motives of a more ordinary and short-sighted character; and, in still greater part than either of these, upon the easy credence and insufficient information of the great mass of the Northern people; somewhat, indeed, upon a magnanimity highly creditable to their character as men, but unwise and dangerous in the extreme, in any exercise of it which should surrender a vital advantage.

It does not require even that the complete reconquest of the South should be awaited in order that the question of the return of subdued States into the Union upon the old terms should be sprung upon the nation, and perhaps decided, by a prece-

dent, before the attention of the country can be thoroughly directed to the momentous nature of the step proposed. The *New York Herald* has been hitherto a steady and consistent advocate of this policy, and a powerful agitator in its behalf. The following extract from its columns indicates the imminence of the issue, as well as the simple and seemingly reasonable political machinery by which the whole thing is to be effected :

'It appears from the correspondence to which we have referred that certain citizens of New Orleans, some of whose names are given elsewhere, have resolved to restore Louisiana to the Union, and that they intend to do this in the manner pointed out by Secretary Seward in his famous reply to the intervention despatch of M. Drouyn de Lhuys. That is to say, they intend to set the State Government in motion, elect members of the Legislature, and send loyal representatives to Congress. These gentlemen assert—and the *Tribune* does not deny—that Mr. Seward and Mr. Bates indorse this idea, and that Mr. Etheridge, as Clerk of the House of Representatives, has consented to receive the loyal members from Louisiana, upon their own credentials, until the House is organized. They also say—and the *Tribune* does not deny—that Mr. Etheridge has a perfect right to do this upon the precedent established by the Broad Seal controversy, some twenty years ago. Under these circumstances, the Union men propose to hold an election for five members of Congress—one from each district and one on the general ticket—and also for members of the State Senate and Assembly. 'They are anxious,' says the *Tribune* correspondent, 'that Louisiana shall take the lead in this matter, and there is no doubt but Mississippi and the other States will, in due time, follow.' So far, the patriotic reader will search in vain for any objection to a plan which promises so much good for the Union, and will be at a loss to know upon what grounds the *Tribune* can oppose it with any show of loyalty.'

It is no part of the object of this writing to discuss the legality or the constitutionality of any course of pro-

ceeding in the premises. What can be done and what cannot be done under the law, as it stands, is a question for lawyers and judges. How far, if at all, the exigency has annulled or modified the law; how far the axiom, *inter arma silent leges* ('in war the laws are silent'), shall be stretched to cover the case, is a question for statesmen and military commanders. The writer of these strictures speaks from none of those points of view, but as a social philosopher, viewing the drifts of inevitable consequence from one or the other grand policy in respect to the national destiny—irrespective of the minor measures by which it may be executed. A course utterly suicidal, viewed from this higher platform of observation, may proceed with the most unimpeachable subserviency to all the forms of the law; or, contrariwise, a policy replete with the highest prosperity and happiness of the coming ages, may chance to have its foundations laid in some startling deviation from all considerations of precedent and routine.

In other words, what can be done or cannot be done under the law, or without violence to the law, is not now the question under consideration. What *must* be done, whether under the law or above the law,* to secure certain great ends of human progression, and to avoid positions of utter disaster to the life of the American people of the future, is so.

Whether the theory of Mr. Sumner, that the revolted States are, by the operation of the revolt, or should be by the action of the Government, remanded to the territorial condition, holds good; whether the theory of Mr. Owen, that the machinery of the State Governments

* There may be extreme cases, few and far between, when the evil contained in laws may justify their overthrow by revolutionary force—witness our own separation from Great Britain; but the doctrine is one most unsafe when lightly broached, and we doubt not the Constitution and laws of the United States offer a basis broad enough for the legal as well as the most judicious mode of settlement under the present difficulties. —Ed. Com.

at the South remains unaffected by the insurrection, but that the inhabitants, being traitors, are incapable of administering it, until they are purged of their treason by the action of the United States Government, is held to be the better opinion; or, whether, in fine, the easy and simple theory of the *Herald* is the law of the subject—none of these points is the point of the present investigation. We seek to fix attention on the consequences of the act of an early readmission of the revolted States, and, what would be the same thing, of the old and governing set of slaveholding politicians, from those States, into the administration of our national affairs, no matter what should be the method of its accomplishment. In that event, the war will not be ended, but smothered merely, and left smouldering. It will burst out again, and all that has been done hitherto will have to be done over again, or fail to be accomplished, and the consequences of failure endured.

Let no ordinary and superficial method of reasoning obfuscate the public mind on this subject. It is becoming popular to say and to think that slavery at the South is already a dead or a dying institution, by the operation of the war. This opinion has in it, undoubtedly, the value of a prophecy, provided the war be continued to its legitimate termination; provided all the measures against slavery hitherto adopted are firmly maintained; provided the incipient anti-slavery sentiment now being developed in the South, be wisely fostered and protected by the strong arm long enough, or until new institutions and new methods of thinking and acting have time to consolidate. But, whoever supposes that slavery is as yet even essentially weakened, provided, for any reason, our forces and the influence of Northern sentiment were suddenly withdrawn from the South, and the ocean waves of the old despotism were for a moment even permitted to surge back over those por-

tions of the territory which have been partially redeemed, has no adequate idea of the tremendous vitality of that institution.

A mistake on this subject, of the safe early return of the revolted States, will be one of those political blunders worse than a crime; and yet it is precisely this mistake which the American people are at this hour most likely to commit. A latent love of Southern institutions *per se*; the hope of personal political advantage, among politicians, by an alliance with Southern leaders, on the part of others who care nothing for the South as such; a lingering tenderness, a forgiving magnanimity and generosity, among the people at large, which would in this case be wholly misplaced; and finally an easy faith in the extent and irrevocable nature of the successes already accomplished—all concur to lead on to the commission of this error.

Talk as we will of the purposes of this war, the hand of destiny is upon us. We must accept the rôle of emancipators and champions of human freedom, or the only alternative will happen, the loss of our own liberties and the forfeiture of our national office as the leader of Progress combined with Order, on the planet. We have to deal with an implacable, a subtle, and a versatile enemy, wholly committed to the opposite cause; unscrupulous, inappreciative of magnanimity or concession of any kind; restrained by no considerations whatsoever short of the accomplishment of his absolute and tyrannical will. We have this enemy nearly prostrate under our feet, and we stand hesitating whether to avail ourselves of our advantage or to stultify ourselves at the tribunal of the world and of history, by allowing him to rise, to repossess himself of his arms, and to recommence the conflict upon terms of equal advantage.

A glance at the remaining alternative outcomes of the war must be reserved for another article.

THE ENGLISH PRESS.

[THE article with this title is written by Mr. NICHOLAS ROWE, of London. Mr. ROWE is a lineal descendant of the celebrated NICHOLAS ROWE, the author of the tragedy of *Jane Shore* and other well-known poems. The author, like his famous ancestor, is a man of talents and a friend of freedom. His account of the old English Press is one of the most perfect ever given. He intends to bring the subject down to the present period, and will become a regular contributor to our Magazine.—Ed. CONTINENTAL.]

It is impossible to overestimate the influence of the English press. It has raised itself to such a pitch of importance that it has been not inaptly termed the fourth estate of the realm. But the power which it wields is so enormous and so widespread that it would be nearer the truth to concede to it the dignity of the first estate. All classes see so clearly their interest in supporting it, that the press has become, in effect, a general arbitrator, a court of last appeal, to which kings, lords, and commons in turn address themselves for support whenever the overwhelming force of public opinion is to be conciliated or enlisted. It is in morals what a multitude is in physics, and it may, without exaggeration, be said that for all purposes of progress and of good the press of England has in reality become something more than a single estate of the realm, since it combines in itself, and exceeds the authority of all. But while raised to this lofty pinnacle of greatness, it does not, it dares not, it cannot from its very constitution permanently abuse its power; and though isolated attempts have been, from time to time, made in this direction, yet they have in the end, as was to be expected, reaped nothing but disaster and disgrace. 'Great is journalism,' says Carlyle. 'Is not every able editor a ruler of the world, being a persuader of it?' Yes, truly a ruler of the world, whose supremacy all

other rulers must unhesitatingly acknowledge or perish miserably and forever. Yes, truly a persuader of the world, because he is the mouthpiece of the people, whose earnest, mighty voice is making itself heard more and more irresistibly every day, to the utter discomfiture and overthrow of the hydra-headed avatars of the priestcraft and kingcraft and all the other mouldy and rank-smelling relics of the dark ages. The press is the arch apostle of civilization, progress, and truth—the Greatheart, whose mission it is to combat and destroy the giants Pope and Pagan, Maul and Despair, and all other misleaders and oppressors of men. Language itself might be exhausted before all that could be said in favor of the uses, benefits, and value of the press had found fitting expression. The greatest and best of men have expatiated upon this noble theme, but probably the truest and most eloquent panegyric ever bestowed upon it is that of Sheridan :

'Give me but the liberty of the press, and I will give to the minister a venal House of Peers—I will give him a corrupt and servile House of Commons—I will give him the full sway of the patronage of office—I will give him the whole host of ministerial influence—I will give him all the power that place can confer upon him to purchase up submission and overawe resistance—and yet, armed with the liberty of the press, I will go forth to meet him undismayed—I will attack the mighty fabric he has reared with that mightier engine—I will shake down from its height corruption, and bury it amidst the ruins of the abuses it was meant to shelter.'

Had Sheridan never uttered or written anything besides these burning words, he would have merited immortal fame, and unquestionably obtained it.

The press is not a thing of yesterday,

for it is the slow growth of two centuries; neither did it burst upon the world armed at all points, like the fabled *Athena*. Yet in other respects the comparison holds good, for the press, like *Athena*, unites in itself the attributes of power and wisdom combined; it fosters and protects science, industry, and art; it is the patron of all useful inventions; it is the preserver of the state, and everything that gives strength and prosperity to the state; it is the champion of law, justice, and order, and extends its protecting *ægis* over the weak, the downtrodden, and the oppressed. It has taken two centuries, as we have already said, to make the press what it is; and a terrible uphill fight has it had to wage. Tyranny, dogmatism, and intolerance in high places, and ignorance and superstition in low, have ever been its sworn enemies. It has had its saints and martyrs, more worthy of canonization in men's hearts than many written high in the calendar of Rome. But though persecuted, crushed, and at times apparently done to death, its vitality was indestructible, and after every knock-down blow it rose again from the earth, like *Antæus*, with renewed strength. It was always a vigorous stripling, and even so far back as the days of David Hume its future greatness and magnificent destiny was clearly marked out, so that he wrote: 'Its liberties and the liberties of the people must stand or fall together.' Liberty and the press in England are convertible terms, and this is the true reason of the success and power it enjoys. It is also the cause of the persecutions it has had to undergo. Tyranny and the press are as necessarily opposed to each other as are the principles of good and evil. The word 'tyranny' is not here intended to refer only to the despotic rulers of states and kingdoms, but to include the oppression practised by the strong upon the weak, the rich upon the poor, the great upon the small, whether nations or individuals. The press, more-

over, is the guardian of social, political, and religious morality. The greatest as well as the most trifling affairs which conduce to the well-being and comfort of the multitude are eagerly canvassed. The faults and vices which disfigure and disgrace even the most advanced forms of civilization are unshrinkingly laid bare, and the proper remedies prescribed. The political conduct of nations and of public men is carefully scrutinized, and every false step that they may make is immediately noted, commented upon, and held up to public reprobation. Religious questions, although, ever since the world began, they have been approached in a very different spirit to those of any other description, and have been debated with greater heat and passion than the bitterest political disputes, and with a lamentable disregard of logic and common sense, are now-a-days treated with a candor and fairness that has never yet characterized them. The press is, in fact, the great physician of the mind, whose duty it is to impart a healthy tone to the inner nature of man, to check the ravages of disease in it, and, wherever it may imagine any traces of poison to lurk, to administer a prompt and immediate antidote. It may not always and at once prosper in its endeavors. Wrong-doing may still, in some cases, prove too strong, vices may have become inveterate, diseases chronic, and the poison may have been too completely absorbed. But not, therefore, is the press discouraged: like Robert Bruce's spider, it returns again and again to its task, and—success does and must crown it in the end.

But while faithfully performing these lofty duties, in the discharge of which it employs the trained minds and practised pens of the greatest literary talent of the time, the press has other functions, which, if not of such paramount importance, yet possess no small utility and value. By no means the least of these is that of merely furnishing the news of the day; and that this was the

primary intention of the newspaper its very name proves. Comment, argument, and reasoning were after additions. There are thousands of persons at the present day even, who patronize a newspaper solely for its news, and who do not trouble their heads about any other portion of its contents. The births, marriages, and deaths are eagerly perused by many who expect to meet in that domestic chronicle with the names of their friends and acquaintances. The court news and the movements of royalty and the upper ten thousand have great charms for a large section of the community. Accidents and offences and sensation headings, such as 'horrible murder,' 'melancholy suicide,' 'terrific explosion,' 'fatal shipwreck,' 'awful railway collision,' and the like, have powerful attractions for that class which is—alas for human nature!—only too numerous, and which likes to sup full of horrors—in print. In the same category with these may be placed police news, and the proceedings in the divorce court, the full reports of which are a blemish from which not even the greatest of English journals are free. There have been found able and honest men to defend these reports on the ground of the 'interests of morality,' than which there is not a more abused phrase in print. But to the man of ordinary common sense it would appear that more harm than good results from them. Where can the viciously disposed man or the novice in crime apply with better prospects of instruction in the pursuit of his evil designs than to the columns of the newspaper? It is perhaps not too much to say that for every two persons whom these reports deter from crime, there are three who have been either initiated or hardened in wickedness and sin by their means. This is a matter which calls loudly for reform; and let it, with all sorrow and humility, be confessed, one in which the better American journals shine vastly superior to their English brethren. To the gen-

eral reader for amusement's sake only, those scraps *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis* with which editors fill up odd corners supply ample gratification. But those who read for amusement's sake only, or from mere idle curiosity, are by no means the majority, and a tolerable insight may be obtained into a man's character and bias of mind by observing what is the part of the paper to which he first turns when he unfolds it. The man who is absorbed in business pursuits turns to the prices of stocks and shares, the values of articles of merchandise, and the rates of discount and exchange. He will also probably glance at the 'latest intelligence' and the most recent telegrams, but only with the view of forming an opinion as to how the world of commerce and speculation will be affected thereby. The politician finds matter to his taste in the leading articles, the Parliamentary debates and the letters of foreign correspondents, and, perhaps, after a careful perusal of them, flatters himself that he has at last mastered the intricacies of the Schleswig-Holstein question, or has arrived at an understanding of the Emperor Napoleon's policy in Rome. The scientific man and the literary man have their attention fixed by the reports of the meetings of the various learned societies, the accounts of new discoveries and inventions, and the reviews of new publications. This enumeration might be extended almost *ad infinitum*, but to sum up briefly, whatever a man's taste or predilections may be, he will be able to gratify them to his heart's content.

There is, however, one portion of the newspaper which must not be passed over without especial notice, and which is so varied in its contents that it appeals to all classes. This is the advertisements. The man who wishes to buy may here ascertain whither he must bend his steps to obtain the article he desires, and the man who wishes to sell may here meet with a purchaser; and it is truly wonderful to observe

how the two great requirements of demand and supply, in all their varied ramifications, are satisfied or seem to be satisfied in these columns. If one may put faith in them, it is possible to gratify every mortal wish and every mortal want through their instrumentality, on one condition, and that condition is—money. But even this condition may be satisfied through the same medium. Are there not untold fortunes invested in Government securities and unclaimed for years, only waiting for the lawful owners or rightful heirs to come forward and obtain them through the agency of those obliging gentlemen who make it their business to investigate such matters? Are there not also numbers of benevolent philanthropists eagerly longing for opportunities to lend money in large or small amounts, on personal security only, to such persons even as are not fortunate enough to be rightful owners or lawful heirs? The curious part of the affair, however, is that there are also so many people who want to borrow money upon the same terms. Do these two classes, we wonder, ever come together through the intervention of the advertisement, and does the result wished for on both sides follow, or does it not? If it does, why need both sets of advertisements appear at all? And if it does not, what is the use of repeating either of them day after day and week after week? The man of imagination must take especial delight in the advertising columns. What splendid feasts they afford him to banquet upon! Some of them, in a few pithy lines, contain the plot of a three-volume novel or the materials for a grand sensation melodrama. What tragedies and what comedies he may weave out of one or two mysterious and almost unintelligible sentences! What reveries he may indulge in, what castles in the air—the most harmless and inexpensive of building operations—he may construct, provided he start with the hypothesis, ‘If I were to buy this,’ or ‘If I were to invest in that,’

and all the time he has neither the intention nor the ability of purchasing the one or of investing in the other! How seductive are the notifications by auctioneers and land agents of the ‘charming and valuable territorial estates, with the disposal of which they have had the honor of being intrusted!’ The dweller in towns, who, chained to the one unceasing, unvarying round of official toil, still sighs for the country, and, like Virgil, envies the ‘*fortunati agricolæ*,’ may here give the reins to his fancy, and indulge his rural proclivities *ad libitum*. When the day’s labors are over, and he sits in slippers ease ‘by his own fireside,’ what greater enjoyment can he have than to abandon himself in true Barmecidal fashion to the tempting dainties which the last page of the supplement to the *Times* offers to his keen appetite! How he revels in the luscious descriptions of ‘noble parks,’ ‘swelling lawns,’ ‘ancestral woods,’ ‘silver lakes,’ and ‘endless panoramas of scenery unequalled in the world!’ How proudly he lingers over the pictures of ‘baronial castles,’ and ‘time-honored manorial residences, indissolubly linked with the proudest names and proudest deeds of England’s history!’ If he be a sportsman—and what Englishman is not, more or less?—how intoxicating to him is the enumeration of ‘game of all sorts, and countless myriads of wild fowl,’ only waiting his advent to fall victims to his prowess! If he be a philanthropist, what visions of model farms, model cottages and model schools, of a happy and contented peasantry, of comely, smiling matrons, and troops of ruddy-cheeked children may he not conjure up! If he be ambitious, what dreams of greatness crowd upon him—the revered benefactor of the parish, the respected chairman of the bench of magistrates, nay, even the county member returned to Parliament without a dissentient voice! His fancy runs riot, and there is no limit to the bright future which the skillful hand of the cun-

ning knight of the hammer unfolds before his enraptured gaze.

To the energetic, enterprising man, how tempting must be those prospectuses of schemes for the development of the vast and in many cases untried natural, industrial, and commercial resources of the country, which, combining in an eminent degree both pleasure and profit, invite his coöperation upon the joint-stock principle! How delightful to him must be those announcements of wonderful inventions—secured by a patent—and of old-established business firms, which offer a safe investment for his spare hundreds and thousands by way of partnership, with the certainty of immediate and enormous returns! To the invalid and the valetudinarian, how cheering must be those modest and disinterested encomiums upon the virtues of certain nostrums and specifics, which cannot but carry conviction to his mind that there is a certain cure for ‘all the ills that flesh is heir to!’ And lastly, not to enlarge the list any further, what a glow of heartfelt pleasure and gratitude must the really good and benevolent man experience when he peruses the reports of charitable societies, with their statistics of poverty, misery, and privation, which afford him a channel for the dispensation in works of mercy of the superfluous wealth with which a bountiful Providence has blessed him!

Such being the manifold uses and advantages of the newspaper, we are tempted for a moment to pause and reflect upon what would be the condition of the world without it. What a dreary waste it would be! Man is an inquisitive animal, and at the present day is just like the Athenians of old, going about seeking for some new thing. What would become of him if the provender supplied him by his newspaper were suddenly cut off? The consequences to society and to individuals would be frightful to contemplate, and the mind especially recoils with horror from the fate which would as-

surely overtake those elderly club-bongers, whose sole aim and object in life appears to be the daily perusal of their favorite journal. How disastrous would be the effects of such a stoppage to those persons who are compelled to pass the greater portion of their lives together! They could not possibly contrive to get through the day, and before long life itself would become burdensome to them. Vast numbers of people have no ideas of their own, and are therefore compelled to borrow them elsewhere. How important is the part which the newspaper plays in that elsewhere! *Paterfamilias* comes down to breakfast—his newspaper fresh, clean, and tidily folded, lies invitingly on the table—he eagerly seizes it, and is forthwith furnished with topics of conversation with his family. When he is thoroughly posted up in the news of the day, he sallies forth, and is ready to interchange ideas at secondhand with any acquaintance he may meet. What would become of *Paterfamilias*, his family, and his friends, if they were deprived of this resource? The whole framework of society would be unhinged, business and pleasure would alike come to a standstill, and the world would again relapse into barbarism and chaos.

But let us turn from these fanciful speculations to a sober recital of facts in connection with the history of the press.

The derivation of the word ‘newspaper’ has been the subject of much dispute. Some learned and ingenious writers, disdaining the obvious ‘new,’ have gone very far afield in their researches. Among other derivations which have been suggested, is one taken from the four cardinal points of the compass, N. E. W. S.; because the intelligence conveyed came from all quarters of the globe. This suggestion is contained in an old epigram:

‘The word explains itself without the Muse,
And the four letters tell from whence comes
News;
From N. E. W. S. the solution’s made,
Each quarter gives account of war and trade.’

And also, probably in jest, in the 'Wit's Recreations,' published in 1640 :

'Whence news doth come if any would discusse,
The letters of the word resolve it thus :
News is conveyed by letter, word, or mouth,
And comes to us from North, East, West, and
South.'

For the first origin of newspapers in Europe we must look to Rome, and there can be no reasonable doubt that the earliest germs of news sheets are to be found among that wonderful people, who have left such enduring monuments of themselves wherever they carried their victorious eagles. The Roman news sheets were called *Acta Diurna*, and were issued by the Government, and affixed to the walls in the most public places in the city. They were also carefully stored in a building set apart for the purpose, where any person could have access to them, and make copies of them for the benefit of their friends in distant parts of the empire. It is probable also that the Roman historians availed themselves of them in their compilations. They were not only reports of the ordinary occurrences in the city, but journals of the proceedings in the courts and town councils as well, and they contain records of trials, elections, punishments, buildings, deaths, sacrifices, state ceremonies, prodigies, etc., etc. They are alluded to in the correspondence between Cicero and Cælius, when the great orator was governor of Cilicia. Cælius had promised to send him an account of the news of Rome, and encloses in his first letter a journal of the events which had transpired in the city during his absence. Cicero, in reply, complains that his friend had misinterpreted his wishes, and says that he had not desired him to send an account of the matches of gladiators, the adjournments of the courts, and occurrences of that kind, which nobody dared to talk to him about even when he was residing in Rome: what he wanted was a description of the course of politics and but the newspaper of Chrestus.

He also refers to these sheets, that is to say, to accounts of public affairs in *actis* and *ex actis*, in two letters to Cassius and one to Brutus, written previously to the triumvirate. Suetonius also makes mention of them, and says that Julius Cæsar, in his consulship, ordered the diurnal acts of the senate and the people to be published. Tacitus relates a speech of a courtier to Nero to induce him to execute Thrasea, and among other things he says: '*Diurna populi Romani per provinciam per exercitus accuratius leguntur ut noscatur quid Thrasea non fecerit.*' Seneca and the younger Pliny also allude to them. Dr. Johnson, in the preface to the tenth volume of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, published in 1740, enters into a disquisition upon these *acta diurna*, and gives an account of the discovery of some of them with the date of 585 A. U. C., and adds some specimens from them. He quotes them from the '*Annals of Rome*,' by Stephen Pighius, who declares that he obtained them from James Susius, by whom they were found among the MSS. belonging to Ludovicus Vives. Their authenticity has, as might be expected, been hotly disputed by many learned scholars at various times, but sufficient grounds have not been adduced for their rejection. The most suspicious circumstance connected with them is their resemblance, *mutatis mutandis*, to a newspaper of the present day. Thus among other things we are told that the consul went in grand procession to sacrifice at the temple of Apollo, just as now a-days we might read that Queen Victoria went in state to St. Paul's, or attended divine service at the chapel royal, St. James's. Then we are favored with an account of the setting forth of Lucius Paulus Æmilius, the consul, for the war in Macedonia, and a description of the departure of the embassy of Popilius Lena, Caius Decimus, and Caius Hostilius to Syria and Egypt, with a great attendance of relations and clients, and of their offering up a sacrifice and

libations at the temple of Castor and Pollux before commencing their journey. Then we hear how an oak was struck by lightning on the summit of Mount Palatine, which was called *Summa Velia*, and have the particulars given us of a fire which took place on Mount Cælius, together with an account of the crucifixion of a certain noted pirate. Dramatic intelligence is represented by a description of the plays acted in honor of the goddess Cybele; and under the head of 'fashionable intelligence,' the Jenkins of the day chronicles the funeral of Marcia, a noble Roman matron, and remarks that the attendance of images was greater than that of mourners. He also adds an account of the entertainment given to the people by her sons upon the occasion. By way of police news, we find a record of a disturbance in a tavern, in which the tavern keeper was severely wounded; and how Tertinius, the ædile, fined some butchers for selling meat which had not been inspected by the overseers of the market. A counterpart of this transaction may be met with every day in the city of London, but the result of the affair is much the more satisfactory in Rome, for whereas we do not know for certain what becomes of the money obtained from the penalty in London, we learn that the ædile directed it to be devoted to the building of an additional chapel to the temple of the goddess Tellus. Dr. Johnson also quotes a second series of *Acta Diurna*, with the date of 691 A. U. C., from the 'Camdenian Lectures' of Dodwell in 1688 to 1691. Dodwell says that he obtained them from his friend Hadrian Boerland, who got them from Isaac Vossius, by whom they were copied from certain MSS. in the possession of Petavius. Among other things contained in this second set, we find noted certain trials, with the number of the votes for and against the defendant, a bargain for the repairs of a certain temple, an announcement by one of the prætors that he shall in-

termit his sittings for five days, in consequence of the marriage of his daughter, and an account of the pleading of Cicero in favor of Cornelius Sulla, and of his gaining his cause by a majority of five judges.

Such are the earliest traces of newspapers to be found, and long centuries elapse before we again catch a glimpse of anything of the kind. Although it is the great Anglo-Saxon race alone which can boast of having developed the usefulness and liberty of the press to its fullest capabilities, both in England and America, yet it is not to us that the credit belongs of having been the first to reintroduce newspapers in Europe. Whether or no the Romans introduced their *Acta Diurna* into Britain, and whether or no any imitations of them sprang up then or in after times, it is impossible to say. Some writers have asserted that news sheets were in circulation in England at all events so early as the middle of the fifteenth century, but as their assertions rest upon no very trustworthy basis, they must be at once thrown aside. It is to Italy that we must again turn for the reappearance of the newspaper. It was in 1536, or thereabouts, that the Venetian magistracy caused accounts of the progress of the war which they were waging against Suleiman II, in Dalmatia, to be written and read aloud to the people in different parts of the city. The news sheet appeared once a month, and was called *Gasetta*, deriving its name, probably, from a coin so called, of the value of something less than a cent, either because that was the price of the sheet, or the sum paid for reading it, or for having it read. There are thirty volumes of this MS. newspaper preserved in the Magliabecchi Library at Florence, and there are also some in the British Museum, the earliest date of which is 1570. Printed news letters, with date and number, but not so deserving of the title of newspaper, began to appear about the same time in Germany. They were called *Relationen*, and

are published at Augsbourg and Vienna in 1524, at Ratisbon in 1528, Dillingen in 1569, and Nuremberg in 1571. The first regular German newspaper appeared at Frankfort, and was entitled *Frankfurter Oberpostamtzeitung*, in 1615. The first French was brought out by Renaudot, a physician, in 1632. The first Russian paper came out under the auspices of Peter the Great, in 1703, and was styled the *St. Petersburg Gazette*. Spain did not enter the lists until a year later, and the *Gazeta de Madrid* was born in 1704. It could not have been worth much as a newspaper, inasmuch as the defeat off Cape St. Vincent did not appear in its columns until four weeks after it had taken place.

There must have been some sort of news sheets in existence in England about the same time as the Venetian *Gazetta*, for in the thirty-sixth year of King Henry VIII, the following proclamation appeared :

'The King's most excellent Majestie, understanding that certain light persones, not regarding what they reported, wrote, or sett forth, had caused to be ymprinted and divulged certaine newes of the prosperous successes of the King's Majestie's army in Scotland, wherein, although the effect of the victory was indeed true, yet the circumstances in divers points were, in some parte overslenderly, in some parte untruly and amisse reported; his Highness, therefore, not content to have anie such matters of so greates importance sett forth to the slaunder of his captaines and ministers, nor to be otherwise reported than the truthe was, straightlie chargeth and commandeth all manner of persones into whose hands anie of the said printed bookes should come, ymmediately after they should hear of this proclamation, to bring the said bookes to the Lord Maior of London, or to the recorder or some of the aldermen of the same, to the intent they might suppress and burn them, upon pain that every person keeping anie of the said bookes twenty-four hours after the making of this proclamation, should suffer ymprisonment of his bodye, and be further punished at the King's Majestie's will and pleasure.'

None of these obnoxious 'printed bookes' have survived to the present time, and it has been contended that they were probably nothing more than ballads and copies of doggerel verses. But this is an hypercritical objection, or rather groundless guess, for it is evident that the proclamation points at something far more important. We may safely conclude that they were newspapers, and that journalism had already attained sufficient dimensions to alarm the powers that were, and draw down their hostility. And a few years later, Pope Gregory XIII fulminated a bull, called *Minantes*, against the news sheets, as spreading scandal and defamation, etc.

It was long fondly believed that the British Museum counted among its treasures a full-blown printed English newspaper, dating so far back as 1588. It was entitled the *English Mercurie*, and purported to be 'published by authoritie for the suppression of false reports, ymprinted at London by Christopher Barker, her Highness's Printer.' Writer after writer exulted in the fact, and was loud in the praises of the sagacity and wisdom of Burleigh, under whose direction it was supposed to have been issued. But unfortunately for antiquaries and literati, the matter was carefully investigated by Mr. Watts, of the British Museum, and he pronounced on unquestionable evidence the copies of the *English Mercurie* to be nothing but a barefaced forgery, of which he went even so far as to accuse, on good grounds, the second Lord Hardwicke of being the perpetrator. But though we must discard this fictitious account of the Spanish armada, etc., other news sheets did actually exist in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a list of which has been compiled by Dr. Rimbault. The titles of some of them are: *New Newes, containing a short rehearsal of Stukely and Morice's Rebellion, 1579; Newes from Scotland, declaring the damnable Life of Doctor Pisan, a notable Sorcerer, who was burned in Edin-*

borough in January last, 1591; *News from Spain and Holland*, 1593; *News from Flanders*, 1599; *News out of Cheeshire of the new-found Well*, 1600; *News from Gravesend*, 1604. As time went on, these 'pamphlets of news' increased in number. They treated of all kinds of intelligence; some derived their materials from foreign countries, and some from different parts of the kingdom at home; some were true, and some were false. Thus we find, among others, *Lamentable News out of Monmouthshire, in Wales, containings the wonderfull and fearfull Accounts of the great overflowing of the Waters in the said Countye*, 1607; *News from Spain*, 1611; *News out of Germanie*, 1612; *Wofull News from the west partes of England, of the burning of Tiverton*, 1612; *Good News from Florence*, 1614; *Strange News from Lancaster, containings an Account of a prodigious Monster, born in the Township of Addlington, in Lancashire, with two bodies joined to one back*, 1618; *News from Italy*, 1618; *News out of Holland*, 1619; *Vox Populi, or News from Spain*, 1620. About this time the news sheets began to assume particular and distinctive titles, under which they appeared at uncertain intervals. We meet with *The Courant, or Weekly News from Foreign Parts*, 1621; *The certain News of this present Week*, 1622; *The Weekly News from Italy, Germany, etc.*, 1622, a title which was shortly after exchanged for that of *News from most Parts of Christendom, London, printed for Nathaniel Butler and William Sheppard*. These names ought to be preserved, as being those of the great pioneers of regular journalism. It appears, however, that they did not always keep the same title for their newspaper, for sometimes it was called *The Last News*; at others, *The Weekly News continued*; *More News*; *Our Last News*, and other various renderings of the same theme. This great progenitor of a mighty race also adopted a system of numbering, and, though exposed to many dangers and vicissi-

tudes, did not finally disappear until 1640. Butler and his contemporaries had to struggle with many obstacles, and to contend against many and powerful foes. In 1637, Archbishop Laud procured the passing of an ordinance limiting the number of master printers to twenty, and punishing with whipping and the pillory all such as should print without a license. Butler's name does not occur in this list; so we may conclude that he was particularly obnoxious to the haughty prelate and his party. But this persevering journalist, whose name had for a long time appeared alone as the printer of his newspaper, contrived to surmount this difficulty, for in a manifesto, dated January 11th, 1640, he says:

'Courteous reader! we had thought to have given over printing our foreign avisees, for that the licenser (out of a partial affection) would not oftentimes let pass apparent truth, and in other things (oftentimes) so crosse and alter, which made us weary of printing; but he being vanished (and that office fallen upon another more understanding in these forraine affaires, and as you will find more candid) we are againe (by the favour of his Majestie and the state) resolved to go on printing, if we shall find the world to give a better acceptation of them (than of late) by their weekly buying of them. It is well known these novels are well esteemed in all parts of the world (but heere) by the more judicious, which we can impute to no other but the discontinuance of them, and the uncertaine daies of publishing them, which, if the post fail us not, we shall keep a constant day everie weeke therein, whereby everie man may constantly expect them, and so we take leave.'

This number of his journal is entitled *The continuation of the Forraine Occurrents, for five Weeks past, containings many remarkable Passages of Germanie, etc.; examined and licensed by a better and more impartiall hand than heretofore*. Another noticeable thing in this manifesto is the first occurrence of the autocratic editorial 'we.'

Butler had also to contend with the opposition of the news writers or news

correspondents, who doubtless found his undertaking interfere with their trade. These gentry covenanted for the sum of £3 or £4 a year to write a news letter every post day to their subscribers in the country. That this curious trade was thoroughly systematized is evident from the following passage in Ben Jonson's 'Staple of News,' published in 1625 :

'This is the outer room where my clerks sit
And keep their sides, the register i' the midst;
The examiner he sits private there within—
And here I have my several rolls and files
Of news by the alphabet, and all put up
Under their heads.'

The news writers flourished greatly at this period, but as newspapers began to get a footing, their credit gradually declined—and with reason, if we may put confidence in the following extract from the *Evening Post*, of September 6th, 1709 :

'There must be £3 or £4 paid per annum by those gentlemen who are out of town for written news, which is so far generally from having any probability of matter of fact, that it is frequently stuffed up with a 'we hear,' or 'an eminent Jew merchant has received a letter,' being nothing more than downright fiction.'

To Butler belongs the credit of having been the first to introduce street

newsboys, with this difference, that his employes were of the other sex, and were styled 'Mercurie women.'

Butler was a stanch royalist, and consequently suffered the vengeance of the Parliamentary party. He fell into great poverty, and, according to Anthony à Wood, died on board Prince Rupert's fleet in Kinsale harbor, in 1649, just as a brighter day was beginning to dawn upon journalism.

The struggle between the Parliament and the king set the press free from the multiplied restrictions by which it had been 'cabined, cribbed, confined' and almost stifled in its cradle. The country became flooded with publications of all kinds, of which, while many were trashy, ridiculous, and extravagant, there still remained a considerable portion which materially helped forward that mighty uprising of the people to which England owes her freedom, her glory, and her might.

And here, having introduced to the reader the first real newspaper, and the great ancestor of all after editors, and having attended the press through its obscure infancy and perilous childhood, we must pause, reserving for consideration in a future article the fair promise of its youth and the development of its still more glorious manhood.

THE CONSCRIPTION ACT OF MARCH 8d.

Few subjects are more *difficult* of legislation than that of the military service of a nation. The most profound wisdom, the most enlightened statesmanship, the most intimate knowledge of society, are requisite in the legislator. It is easy, indeed, to regulate the military service in times of peace, when the army is small and volunteers are abundant. But when the ordinary methods fail to fill up the ranks, decimated by actual war, when the honor and perpetuity of a nation depend upon a conscription of its citizens, then comes the tug of war, and many legislatures have failed in their deliberations on this subject. In the first place, a Conscription Act is opposed to popular prejudice. Compulsory service of any kind, except for punishment, is contrary to our ideas of personal freedom. We believe in the sovereign privilege of doing what we please, and declining to do what we do not please, to its fullest possible extent. We love to tell our neighbors that we have no standing army to defend our national honor, but that it reposes safely on the *voluntary* patriotism of the people. We may admit the *necessity* for a Conscription Act—may confess its justice and impartiality; but few men who are liable to fall into its pitiless clutches, can speak of such an act without a shrug of uneasiness or a wicked expression of anger. Again, it must be universal in its application. It must meet all classes and conditions of society; must be adapted to all shades of religious and political belief; must be inflexible as Justice on his throne, yet tender and sympathetic as a mother to her child. It must take into consideration different branches of industry, and the fields of one section must not be depleted of husbandmen that those of another may be filled with warriors.

The act of March 8d meets these *difficulties* more successfully, perhaps, than any previous act, whether of a State or National Legislature. It is based upon the broad and well-admitted maxim, that every citizen owes his personal service to the Government which protects him. But while the Government impartially demands this service, the law provides for the exemption of those who would suffer by the unqualified enforcement of this demand.

Many persons outside of the specified limits of age, are physically able to do military service. But, *as a class*, it would have been cruel and impolitic to have forced men into a service which would have wrecked health and happiness for life, or, by a short and swift passage through the military hospitals, have shuffled them into premature graves. Few men under twenty-five have the power of endurance necessary for a long and wearisome campaign. The muscles are not sufficiently knit and hardened for the service, nor the constitution sufficiently fortified to withstand the exposure. Men over forty-five have lost the vigor and elasticity necessary to long and arduous exertion, and are constantly liable to become a burden instead of a benefit to the service.

No previous act has so equally disposed the military duty among the various classes affected by it. It is a well-known fact that the burdens of military service are wont to bear most heavily on the *laboring* classes. Probably no legislation can entirely remove this inequality. But the act of March 8d makes special provision for the indigent and helpless, and to a great extent relieves the suffering and inconvenience dependent on an enforced military conscription. Poverty is not

left without relief, infancy without protection, old age without comfort. The dependent widow, the infirm parent, the homeless orphan, are adopted by the Government, and their support and protection provided for. And in order that the character and dignity of the army may comport with the greatness and purity of the cause for which it is fighting—that it may be both the power and the pride of the nation, it is expressly provided, that ‘no person who has been guilty of any felony shall be enrolled or permitted to serve in said forces.’ For the benefit of those whose peculiar business or family relations require their services at home, Congress wisely inserted ‘the \$300 clause.’ In this they but followed the established custom in most nations since the days of feudalism. No part of the act has been more violently assailed than this, none more unjustly. It is asserted that this clause discriminates against the poor, in favor of the rich; that it recognizes unjust distinctions between the classes of society, and assigns military duty unequally among the citizens. No assertion could more glaringly display the author’s ignorance and lack of judgment.

The law, as originally drawn, required the service of the man drafted or an acceptable substitute within ten days. Had ‘the \$300 clause’ not been inserted, the competition for substitutes would have been so great that their price would have risen far beyond the ability of men in moderate circumstances to pay, and many would have been forced into service who thus have an opportunity for exempting themselves. It has kept the price of substitutes at a low figure, and thus has proven itself emphatically the poor man’s provision.

Nor is the law harsh toward those who may be drafted. Abundant time is given for the settlement of any pressing business, the proper disposition of family affairs, or the procuring of a substitute. It is mild toward the in-

firm and afflicted, making ample provision for the exemption of those who, from any cause, are unfit for service.

It assures to drafted men the same pay, bounty, clothing, and equipments as volunteers receive, and in all respects puts them on the same footing. It thus removes the unjust distinction wont to be made between the drafted man and volunteer, looking upon each as a true soldier of his country, equally interested in its honor and perpetuity. And in order that justice may be secured to the citizen as well as to the Government, the entire business of the enrolment and draft is under the supervision of a board of three men, generally residents of the district.

The prevailing spirit of the act, cropping out in almost every section, is the tenderness with which it handles the subject. It scrupulously seeks to avoid all violence, injustice, and suffering, and while it firmly asks the service of the people, distributes that service equally among all. And herein is its superiority over all previous militia acts. State and national officers, members of Congress, custom-house officials, postmasters, clerks, and the favored and fortunate generally, were heretofore exempt, instead of those who, by misfortune or otherwise, were in circumstances of dependence and want.

But the act of March 3d, thus general in its application, thus humane in its provisions, is not without omissions and imperfections. But these arise rather from the language of its provisions, than from its general design. Let us briefly examine these provisions as they are given in the second section of the act.

Clause second exempts ‘the only son liable to military duty of a widow dependent upon his labor for support.’

The Judge Advocate General has decided, that ‘a woman divorced from her husband who is still living, is not in the sense of the law a widow—a widow being defined to be a woman who has lost her husband by death.’

Her only son, therefore, upon whom she may be dependent for her support, cannot be exempted. A divorced woman, whose husband is still living, may thus be left entirely without support, unless she have several sons 'liable to draft,' in which case, she may elect one for exemption.

Clause third exempts 'the only son of aged or infirm parent or parents dependent upon his labor for support.'

It has been decided that a son cannot be exempted under this clause unless both the parents are 'aged or infirm.' Thus it may happen that, by reason of bodily or mental infirmity, a father, with a family of helpless children, may be totally dependent upon the exertions of the mother and a draftable son. But the law pitilessly takes the son without possibility of exemption, throwing the entire burden of support upon the mother.

But no clause of this section is more liable to objection than the *fourth*, which reads as follows: 'Where there are two or more sons of aged or infirm parents subject to draft, the father, or if he be dead, the mother, may elect which son shall be exempt.' It will be observed that the provision—'dependent upon his labor for support'—is omitted in this clause. Now, to interpret its language by the legal method of construction, by the context, it would seem that such dependence were necessary in order to secure the exemption. For the two clauses immediately preceding exempt 'the only son of a widow or of aged or infirm parent or parents dependent upon his labor for support.' The two immediately following, exempt 'the brother or father of orphan children under twelve years of age dependent upon his labor for support.' That is, *four* of the five clauses referring strictly to this subject, grant exemption to the applicant only when some one depends upon him for support. Hence it may be presumed, according to an admitted custom of legal interpretation, that in the remaining clause, standing

between the other four, the question of dependence, though not expressly *stated*, is clearly *implied*.

But an 'opinion,' published by the Provost-Marshal General's Bureau for the guidance of the boards of enrolment, declares that 'the right to this exemption does not rest upon the parents' dependence on the labor of their sons for their support. The law does not contemplate any such dependence.'

What is the result of this decision?

First, it places the wealthy and independent on the same footing with the indigent and needy, exacting from the one no more service than from the other.

Second, it is more lenient toward the wealthy citizen who has several sons liable to draft, than toward the helpless widow who may have but one.

Third, it makes a distinction against that family which may have contributed most to the military service.

By the 'opinion' just quoted, the only fact to be established by parents electing one of several sons 'subject to draft,' is that they are 'aged or infirm.' When this is done, boards of enrolment must grant the exemption. The parents may live in affluence independent of their children; the sons may all be in the second class except the one elected; they may reside in different districts or States; they may belong to different households: yet, if the same parents, or some indigent widow adjoining them, had but *one* son 'liable to military duty,' or, having *several*, had sent them all into the army save *one*, that one remaining could not be exempt unless it were proven that they actually depended on him for their support. Why should a helpless widow, having but *one* son, be required to prove her dependence on him for support in order to have him exempted, when her wealthy neighbor, who has *two* sons, can have one of them exempted without this dependence?

Another published 'opinion' says: 'Election of the son to be exempted

must be made *before* the draft.' Now amid the chances of a draft it may happen that the brother or brothers of the elected son may not be drawn. Thus the Government loses the services of the entire family. In many cases no election would be necessary unless *all* the sons were drafted, in which case it could be made as well *after* as *before* the draft. Besides, if there be a considerable interval between the time of election and the time of draft, the ground of exemption may no longer exist when the Government calls for the service of the man.

On clause sixth an 'opinion' has been issued, stating that 'the father of motherless children under twelve years of age, dependent upon his labor for their support, is exempt, notwithstanding he may have married a second time and his wife be living.'

A stepmother is not believed to be a 'mother' in the sense of the act. Another 'opinion' declares that the father of children of an insane mother under twelve years of age dependent on his labor for support, is *not* exempt.

A moment's reflection on these two 'opinions' is sufficient to establish their injustice. A stepmother may and should, in all important respects, take the place of the actual mother. Yet the father is exempt. Children of an insane mother, however, may be left entirely without maternal care and protection, and the father, upon whom may rest the burden of children and wife, is *not* exempt.

Clause seventh reads as follows: 'Where there are a father and sons in the same family and household, and two of them are in the military service of the United States, as non-commissioned officers, musicians, or privates, the residue of such family or household, not exceeding two, shall be exempt.'

In reading this clause, the question naturally arises: Why is this provision made applicable only to families in which the father is still living? Why should not a widow, having two un-

commissioned sons in the army, have her remaining son exempt, as well as if her husband were still living? Judge Holt has decided that 'a widow having four sons, three of whom are already in the military service, the fourth is exempt, *provided* she is dependent on his labor for support.' If the father were living, the remaining son would be absolutely exempt.

The evident design of this clause is to take into consideration the amount which each family may have contributed to the service. But this generous intention is practically ignored by another 'opinion,' which makes it necessary that two members of the same family must be *now* in service, in order that the exempting clause may apply. Thus, by the calamities of war, a father and several sons may have been killed or rendered helpless for life, yet if there remains a son liable to draft in the same family, he cannot be exempted unless his mother depends on him for her support. It must be admitted that the parent or parents who have had two sons *killed* in their country's service, have made quite as great a sacrifice as those who have two sons still engaged in that service. And if the question of support is involved, it is reasonable to suppose that two sons in the army would do quite as much for needy parents as two sons in the grave.

These are some of the inconsistencies of the law, as it has been interpreted by authority. Other cases also may arise that seem to demand an exempting clause equally with those in the act. Of such are the following:

First, the husband and father of a family depending upon his labor for their support.

Second, the only support of an aged or infirm spinster or bachelor.

It is not unusual for persons of this class to adopt the son of a relative or stranger. And when the infirmities of age render such persons unfit for toil, the youth whom they brought up, and who is now by his labor repaying their

early attentions to him, should not be taken away.

Third, the only support of helpless children, having neither parents nor grown brothers.

Orphans are often thrown upon the charity of a relative, and it seems right that their support should not be taken from them. In view of the many difficulties presented by the subject of exemptions, the many diverse claims that arise, and the impossibility of making a special provision for each, would it not be better to adopt a few general principles on the subject, and submit all claims to the judgment of the boards of enrolment? Thus, instead of clauses second to sixth, inclusive of the second section, there might be a single proviso that—No person who is dependent by reason of age, bodily, or mental infirmity, shall, by the operations of this act, be deprived of his or her necessary and accustomed support. This would include all possible cases, and would secure to each the necessary maintenance, as designed by the law. It would do away with the necessity of an unlimited issue of circulars of explanation from the Department at Washington, throwing each case upon the judgment of the board, who are to be presumed able to decide intelligently on proper evidence being given before them. It would avoid the unjust and injurious distinctions noticed under clause fourth, and in the end would secure more men to the Government with less liability of wrong to the citizen. Clause seventh also could easily be so modified as to avoid the objections noticed above.

Another evident objection to the act of March 3d, is the limited power given to boards of enrolment as such. All clerks, deputy marshals, and special officers, are appointed by the Provost-Marshal alone. Yet a large—perhaps the *chief* part of their duty is directly connected with the enrolment and draft. The judgment of the remaining members of the board would certainly be of some value in making these ap-

pointments, as they are always residents of the district, and hence acquainted with the peculiar wants of the service and the character of the applicants. The duties of the commissioner should also be more definitely stated. Special duties are assigned to the marshal and surgeon, but no further definition of the commissioner's labor is given than that he is a member of the board. Thus there is liability to a conflict of authority and a shirking of responsibility, which could easily be avoided by more explicit divisions of duty. The board system is undoubtedly a good one. It gives *the people* a larger representation in the business of conducting a draft, tends to secure justice to all, and thus relieves the popular prejudice and feeling of opposition to the law itself.

But why should not every board of enrolment throughout the country also be a board of enlistment? The time is fast approaching when the bulk of our present army will return home. It is important that as many of these men be reënlisted as can be, with any new troops that may offer themselves. The Government should avail itself of every opportunity for making voluntary enlistments. And by having a recruiting office within every district, convenient to every man's residence, a surgeon always at hand to examine applicants, offering the authorized Government bounties, much could still be done in this way toward keeping an army in the field, without any additional expense or without in the least interfering with the draft.

The act of March 3d is a law for the present, not for the future. It is an act for the emergency, not for coming time.

During the long years of peace and prosperity that we have enjoyed, the great truth that every able-bodied man owes military service to his country as sacredly as he owes protection to his family, has slumbered in the minds of the people. For half a century there

was scarcely anything to remind us of it, and we were fast verging into that hopeless national condition, when

‘Wealth accumulates and men decay.’

This act brings duty home to the conscience of the nation. It is an impressive enforcement of a great political principle. But if our quickened sense of obligation fail to make us *act*, if we refuse to receive the lessons of wisdom which the developments of the hour force upon us, if we fail to improve our military organization and instruction, and render our able-bodied men effective for military service at a moment's call—then this act will have done us little permanent good. Our men of education and high social position, instead of aiding to make the militia system respectable by the personal performance of military duty and by using their influence to give tone and character to the service, have evaded its requirements on themselves, and have aided in sinking it into disrepute and contempt. And here is where our militia laws are imperfect. They have done but little toward cherishing the military spirit, developing the military virtues, or securing an effective military force ready at any time to take the field.

In the future of our country we want no large standing army. It is contrary to the genius of our institutions and to national precedent. We must throw the duty of national support and defence directly on the people—to them commit our country's honor. The Swiss motto—‘No regular army, but every citizen a soldier’—must be the foundation of our military system. The course of the present war has fully demonstrated the patriotism and loyalty of the people. The Government can rely upon its citizens in any emergency. What we want is discipline, organization, instruction. The act of March 3d does not secure these essential requisites. It has enrolled the people, but has not made them soldiers. We will not here attempt to describe how this can be secured. But we may take it for granted that there must be greater facilities for the military education of the young and the training of officers, a proper division of the country into military districts, and stated times for the drill and review of the citizen soldiery. Thus we shall be able to maintain our national existence against invasion from without and rebellion from within, and, being prepared for war, will be so much the more likely to live in peace.

LITERARY NOTICES.

PECULIAR. A Tale of the Great Transition.
By EPES SARGENT. New York: Carleton,
publisher, 413 Broadway.

MR. SARGENT has given us a tale of the times—his scenes are laid in our midst. He grapples with the questions of the hour, handling even Spiritualism as he passes on. Abraham Lincoln, Jefferson Davis, George Saunders, Senator Wigfall, &c., are sketched in these pages. The story is founded on the social revelations which Gen. Butler, Gov. Shepley, Gen. Ullman, the Provost-Marshal, &c., authenticated in New Orleans after the occupation of that city by the United States forces. These materials have been skilfully handled by the author of 'Peculiar,' and the result is a novel of graphic power and sustained interest. It will make its own way, as it has the elements of success. We must, however, give a caution to our readers: 'Kunle Delancy Hyde' and 'Carberry Ratcliff' are true as *individuals* of the South, but it would not be fair to regard them as *typical* characters. Let the magnanimous North be just, even to its enemies. Slavery is a great wrong, as well as a great mistake in political economy; men are by no means good enough to be trusted with irresponsible power; slaves have been treated with savage cruelty, and the institution is indeed demoralizing: all this, and a great deal more, we readily grant our writer; and yet we cannot help wishing he had shown us something to love, to hope for, in our enemy. He makes an earnest and able protest against a great wrong, and as such we gladly accept his book; but as a work of art, we think his tale would have held a higher rank had he given us some of the softer lights of the picture. In this we may be wrong, for a dread Nemesis stalks even through the plains of the Ideal. To stand up truly for the Right, we must comprehend the Wrong; meanwhile an important end is answered. We are taught, a lesson we should all learn, compassion for the negro, and enabled to

understand some of his latent traits. For the ability and tenderness with which this has been done, we have reason to thank Mr. Sargent. The tale of Estelle is one of pathos and beauty, and 'Peculiar,' the negro, shines in it like a black diamond of the purest water. The book cannot fail to interest all who trace the cause of the mighty transition through which we are passing to its true source, the heart of man.

POEMS BY JEAN INGELOW. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

MANY of these poems are vague and incomplete, others evince maturity of thought, and are of singular beauty. We are quite charmed with the 'Songs of Seven.' It is highly original and tender. The rhythms vary with the chimes of the different ages, always in tune with the joys and sorrows sung. The poem is full of nature and simple pathos. There is a dewy freshness on these leaves, as if a young soul were thus pouring its spring carols into song. Jean Ingelow has been highly commended by the English critics. In regard to her poems the *London Athenæum* says: 'Here is the power to fill common earthly facts with heavenly fire; a power to gladden wisely and to sadden nobly; to shake the heart, and bring moist tears into the eyes through which the spirit may catch its loftiest light.'

ALICE OF MONMOUTH, an Idyl of the Great War, with Other Poems. By EDMUND C. STEDMAN. New York: Carleton, publisher, 413 Broadway. London: Sampson Low, Son & Company.

WITH the many stirring events passing around us, the heroic deeds enacted in our midst, it is fitting that the poet should begin to find his scenes in his own country. Mr. Stedman has so done in his 'Alice of Monmouth.' The story of the Poem leads us from the fruit fields and plains of New Jersey, from love scenes and songs, to the din of battle, and the sufferings of hospitals in

Virginia. There are various changes rung in the rhythm, so that it never becomes monotonous; and many of the descriptive passages are full of beauty.

DEEP WATERS. A Novel. By ANNA H. DRURY, Author of 'Misrepresentation,' 'Friends and Fortune,' &c. Boston: Published by T. O. H. P. Burnham, No. 143 Washington street. New York: H. Dexter Hamilton & Co., 113 Nassau street. O. S. Felt, 36 Walker street.

NEVER having before met with a work by Miss Drury, we were quite surprised to find 'Deep Waters' a novel of so much power. The plot is original, and well managed throughout, the characters well conceived and sustained, the morals entirely unobjectionable, the style pure, simple, and unaffected, and the interest uninterrupted. The tale is indeed one of singular beauty.

IN WAR TIME, and other Poems. By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. Ticknor & Fields, Boston. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

It bold, varied, musical rhythm; high and tender thought; hatred of oppression; warm sympathy with suffering; correct and flowing diction; intense love of nature and power to depict her in all her moods, joined with a glowing imagination and devout soul, entitle a man to be classed with the great poets, then may we justly claim that glorious rank for John Greenleaf Whittier. All honor to him, who, while he charms our fancy and warms our heart, strengthens our souls, ennobles our views, and bears us, on the wings of his pure imagination, to the gates of heaven. We are ready to accord him the highest rank among our *living* poets. No affectations deform his lines, no conceits his thoughts, no puerilities his descriptions. His 'Huskies,' should be graven on every American heart; his 'Andrew Rykman's Prayer' on that of every Christian. We regard this poem as one of the noblest of the age. Humble devotion and heavenly grace are in its every line. We pity the being who could read it unmoved. We deem 'the world within his reach' is indeed

'Somewhat the better for his living,
And gladder for his human speech.'

It seems useless to us to commend this volume to our readers; the name of its author must be all-sufficient to attract due attention. Has not this truly national and

patriotic poet a home in every American heart? If not, he deserves it, and we for one offer him our grateful homage. Not only shall the refined and cultivated in the coming ages praise the noble singer, but the 'dark sad millions,' whose long 'night of wrong is brightening into day,' shall bless him, as,

'With oar strokes timing to their song,
They weave in simple lays
The pathos of remembered wrong,
The hope of better days,—
The triumph note that Miriam sung,
The joy of uncaged birds:
Softening with Africa's mellow song
Their broken Saxon words.'

MENTAL HYGIENE. By J. RAY, M. D. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

THIS work is not offered as a systematic treatise on Mental Hygiene. Its purpose is to expose the bad effects of many customs prevalent in modern society, and to present practical suggestions relative to the attainment of mental soundness and vigor. Many important facts are clearly stated, and sound deductions drawn from them. The law of sympathy is clearly traced in the propagation of tastes, aptitudes, and habits. Many curious and startling examples of its effects are detailed. The author traces the laws of mind, exhibits the consequences that flow from obeying or disobeying them, in a succinct and able manner. The art of preserving the health of the mind against incidents and influences calculated to deteriorate its qualities; the management of the bodily powers in regard to exercise, rest, food, clothing, climate; the laws of breeding, the government of the passions, the sympathy with current emotions and opinions, the discipline of the intellect—all come within the scope of the work. It is designed for the general reader, and will interest all who care for the preservation of mental or physical health.

The subject is one of great importance in our excitable country, where so many minds are overtasked, so many brains too early stimulated, and insanity so rapidly on the increase. We heartily commend it to all readers interested in the subjects of which it treats.

[Continuation of Literary Notices prepared for the present issue unavoidably crowded out; they will however appear in our next number.]

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WITH the present number, *THE CONTINENTAL* enters upon a new volume. No efforts will be spared by its editors to increase its value to its many patrons. The high character of its political articles, always emanating from distinguished men and from reliable sources; its loyal tone and catholic spirit; the great ability with which the subjects of the deepest interest to the Government and community are discussed in its pages—entitle it to a high, if not the highest place among the journals of the country.

It is intended to give utterance to the wants, wishes, tastes, views, hopes, culture of every part of our Union. Having no band of sectional collaborateurs, with local views and prejudices, narrowed horizons and similar cultivation, it is confined to no clique of thinkers however vigorous, no set of men however cultured, but receives thought and light from every part of our vast country, without favor or prejudice. It is the *Continental*, and thus represents and addresses itself to the mind of the continent.

The contributions flowing in, in a continuous stream from every quarter, are subjected to but one great test—the test of real and substantial merit. Thoroughly Christian in the noblest sense of that noble word, it is never sectarian. Accepting Christianity as a *certain* fact, it rejects no scientific inquiry into its bases, convinced that all true and thorough investigation will but lead men back to faith in a divine Redeemer. Shallow thought and nascent inquiry may be sceptical, but the deep mind is reverential and faithful. The problems of doubt torture the soul, and call for solution. Infinite and finite stand in strange relations in the mind of man; with his finite powers he would grasp the infinite of God. He fails to find the equation of his terms, and, baffled in his search, in the insanity of intellectual pride, denies his Maker. He puts the infinite mysteries of revelation into the narrow crucible

of the finite, the residuum is—nothing: he calls it immutable laws, as if laws could exist without a lawgiver, and bows before a pitiless phantom, where he should love and worship the great I AM!

Examine fearlessly into nature, O earnest thinker, for the created is but the veil of the Creator. Revelation and nature are from the same God, and both demand our serious attention. Revelation is indeed the Word of Nature; the sole key to its many wards of mystery. Truth never contradicts itself. Let the savant, whether in material nature or metaphysical realms, examine, classify, and arrange his facts—they, when fairly computed, thoroughly investigated, can lead but to one conclusion.

Nor will the literary department of this magazine be permitted to languish. Tales, poems, and articles on art and artists, are solicited from all who feel they have something to say, to which the human heart will gladly listen. The talent of the East, West, North, and South shall flow through our pages. Genius shall be welcomed and acknowledged, though it may not as yet have registered its name on the radiant walls of the Temple of Fame. It is the design of *THE CONTINENTAL* to represent humanity in its different phases; to manifest to its readers the thoughts of their fellow beings; to hold up the mirror of our mental being to the complex human soul. Varied modes of thought and views of life will be represented in our pages, for as men, nothing that concerns humanity can be alien to us. We thus hope to be enabled to offer our readers a wide range of subjects, treated from varied standpoints, handled by writers widely scattered in space and severed in social position. May the divergent rays be blended in a bow of beauty, of peace and promise to the ark of truth! No personal bitterness shall find place among us, no immoral lessons sully our record. There may be often want of

pruning, but even the undue luxuriance shall tell of the rich soil of genius, ever germinating and budding into prolific growth.

Meantime let our patrons continue to trust us, and have patience with our shortcomings. All that is human is liable to error, and the very width and breadth of our base increases the difficulty of the temple we would rear.

Lend us your sympathies and moral aid, courteous reader, for many and complicated are the difficulties with which an editor has to contend. For example: 'Your review is quite too serious for success,' says the first; 'its subjects are too heavy and grave; our people read for amusement; you should give us more stories and light reading.'

'Your review is too light,' says the second; 'the times are pregnant with great events, humanity is on its onward march, and a magazine such as yours ought to be, should have no space to throw away upon sentimental tales and modern poetry. Your articles should lead our statesmen on to the deeper appreciation of political truths, expose vital fallacies, and not strive to amuse silly women and effeminate men.'

'You do not deal sufficiently with metaphysics,' says a third; 'you should reproduce in popular and intelligible form the vast thoughts of Kant, Fichte, Hegel, Schelling, Oken, Ronski, and Trentowski.'

'Why do you give us so much metaphysics?' cries the fourth; 'modern philosophy is essentially infidel; you should not introduce its poisonous elements among our people.'

'Such a review as you conduct,' remarks a fifth, 'should be the vehicle of the thinkers and progressives; they alone are the men to benefit and attract the attention of the community.'

'Take great care to have nothing to do with the men calling themselves progressive thinkers,' remarks a sixth; 'they are full of vital errors, spiritualists, socialists, disorganizers. They have in reality nothing new to offer; they are the old-clothes men of thought, harlequins juggling in old Hindoo raiment, striding along in old German May-fair rags, long since discarded—motley's their only wear—stalking Cagliostro's and Kings of Humbug.'

'You are growing old foggy in your views,' says the seventh; 'we can hear sermons enough in church of Sundays; we do not buy magazines to read them there.'

'Your journal is fast becoming an Abolition organ,' says the eighth.

'Do you mean to oppose the Administration and distress the Government?' says the ninth.

'You give us no history,' sighs the tenth.

'What do you mean by your long historical disquisitions?' vociferates the eleventh. 'Nobody cares for the past now. Our hands are full of the present. We are ourselves living the most important history which this globe has yet seen.'

Courteous reader, so it goes on forever, through all the unceasing changes of thought, heart, mind, soul, taste, which characterize the great, acting, struggling, thinking, conservative, progressive, believing, doubting, Young American people.

Meanwhile we will earnestly strive to hold up the glass of the constantly shifting times before you, that you may be enabled to see the fitting shadows of the hour as they pass across it, grave or gay, portentous or hopeful, draped in solid political vesture, the toga of the statesman, or robed in the blue gossamer of metaphysics, in the drapery of sorrow or light hues of joy, in the tried armor of the Divine, or the dubious motley of the progressive, in the soft, floating, lustrous, aerial texture of the woman, or the monotonous Shanghai of the man—while we will forever strive to point you to the Cross of Peace, the Heavenly City, and the starry diadem of Eternal Truth. You may read in our pages of 'immutable laws,' for such is the term now in vogue, but you will remember that these words are but a veil used by the scientist to hide the Eternal and Unchangeable Will, the Personal God, the Hearer of Prayer, the Father of Creation. The kaleidoscope of nature, however rudely shaken, through all its multiplicity of fragments, forever falls back into the holy figure of God:

'Mirrors God maketh all atoms in space,
And fronteth each one with His perfect Face.'

How long, lovely, and glowing has our autumn been, with its dreamy days and soft shadowy mists. In its surpassing beauty it is peculiar to our own loved land, and thus doubly dear to the hearts of Americans. Our mountains borrowed the rainbow, dressing themselves in its changing hues, holding up the great forests, like clustered bouquets, in their giant palms, as if offering their dying

children to God in the very hour of their mature beauty. Crimson and purples, oranges, golds, yellows, browns, greens, and scarlet dye the trees; gathered sheaves and golden pumpkins, marguerites, feathery golden rods, and bright blue gorse are on every field. Have we not, in very truth, a country for which a patriot should gladly die, and the devout heart never cease to quiver in prayer that God may vouchsafe to bless?

One of our patriot poets has sent us the stirring hymn of the Cumberland. Let him chant it here, while we grave in our hearts the grateful memory of the brave crew who perished with her, martyrs in a holy cause:

THE CUMBERLAND.

Fast poured the traitors' shot and shell,
Where at their posts our gunners fell:
Our starboard portholes make reply—
Each takes his comrade's place to die;
All time shall yield no battle field
Grand as thy deck, our Cumberland!

Oh, crashing shock! our beams divide,
And death flows inward with the tide.
O'er gory decks, 'mid sulphur smoke,
The climbing waters madly broke;
Our banner spread, still waved o'er head,
Above the sinking Cumberland.

The wounded cheer,—the dying wave,
While sinking to their watery grave,
With straining sight and grateful prayer,
Exultant that the Flag is there;—
Nor thought of life in glory's strife,
But of their ship, the Cumberland.

The vessel sinks;—her latest breath
Hurls through the cannons' mouth of death
Defiance at the traitor foes!
O'er guns the throttling waters close—
The hungry wave devours the brave—
The gallant crew of Cumberland!

No sailor yields; they gladly die;
Above them still the colors fly!
High o'er the black and surging flood,
That reels as drunk with patriots' blood,
Those glorious bars and Freedom's stars
Float o'er the sunken Cumberland!

Deeds like these will live forever—
Loyal hearts forget them never!
Hark! echoes from the brave and free,
Greet us from far Thermopylæ:
All time shall ring while bards shall sing
The Martyrs of the Cumberland!

In Glory's sky, 'mid heroes bright,
Immortal galaxy of light,
Through future ages shall they be,
The *Color Bearers* of the Free!
The sleeping brave, in ocean's wave,
Who manned the Frigate Cumberland.

Our monthly will enter many a home during the coming holidays—the eight days consecrated to the memory of the most sublime record in the history of mankind, the union of the Divine with the human, the introduction of a human heart into the impene-trable but truly philosophical mystery of the Trinity. Do we ever sufficiently realize the duties which this marvellous union has en-joined upon us, the privileges with which it has endowed us?

We shall enter many a home—some joyous with the mirth of children, the hopefulness of youth, the serene happiness of useful and contented men and women;—some shadowed by recent sorrow, where perhaps patriots, as in the olden time, learn to endure for the sake of a beloved country;—or others, perchance, where worldliness, discord, and egotism have severed hearts that should be united. God grant the number of the latter may be few! Happy should we be, could we know that our arrival would bring one more smile to the lips of the gay, a single ray of support or consolation to the souls of the sorrowing—could we cause the world-worn to dream of better and brighter things than mere matter can ever afford, give the thinker a pregnant thought, soothe earth's weary art-children with the hope of wider comprehension and sympathy, lead the rich to open upward paths to their poorer brethren, or the poor nobly to bear or to better their humble condition—in a word, could we offer but single drops of that wine of immortal life for which every human soul is thirsting.

Frost and cold now are upon us; Christmas passing with its typical evergreens and mystic chants; the old year dying fast with its weird secrets buried until the Day of Doom; the New Year close upon us, with its demands and duties. May the Heavenly Father bless its fleeting hours, and enable us to sow them closely with the precious seeds of good deeds,—germs to blossom on the Eternal Shore!

AMERICAN THANKSGIVING DAY IN LONDON.

NOVEMBER 25, 1863.

[The following report of the proceedings at the Thanksgiving Dinner in London arrived too late to be incorporated in the body of *THE CONTINENTAL*; in consequence, however, of its immediate interest to our readers, we have decided upon giving it to them, even if it must appear as a supplement. It is surely a very pleasant thing to know that our patriots abroad consecrated the festival by grateful thanks to the Giver of all good; and that public and loyal utterances were made of the great national truths which, in our present crisis, it is of such vital importance to make known to the men and governments of other countries. —ED. *CONTINENTAL*.]

IN pursuance of the proclamation of the President of the United States, addressed to all citizens, at home and abroad, the loyal Americans now in England, to the number of several hundred, assembled at St. James Hall to dinner. The Hon. Robert J. Walker presided, assisted by Hon. Freeman H. Morse (our Consul here), and Girard Ralston, Esq. On the right of Mr. Walker sat the American Minister, Mr. Adams, and on the left, George Thompson, Esq., late M. P. from London. After the reading of the proclamation, the prayer, and the hymn, Mr. Walker addressed the company as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: By the request of any countrymen, I shall preface the toasts prepared for the occasion, by a few introductory remarks. This day has been set apart by the President of the United States for thanksgiving to Almighty God for all the blessings which he has vouchsafed to us as a people. Among these are abundant crops, great prosperity in all our industrial pursuits, and a vast addition, even during the war, to our material wealth. Our finances have been conducted with great ability and success by the Secretary of the Treas-

ury, Mr. Chase, who has also succeeded in giving us, for the first time in our history, a uniform national currency, which, as a bond of union, and as an addition to our wealth and resources, is nearly equal to all the expenses of the great contest. During the present year, nearly 400,000,000 of dollars of the six per cent. stock of the United States has been taken at home, at or above par; whilst, within the last few months, European capitalists, unsolicited by us, are making large investments in the securities of the Union. But, above all, we have to thank God for those great victories in the field, which are bringing this great contest to a successful conclusion.

This rebellion is indeed the most stupendous in history. It absorbs the attention and affects the political institutions and material interests of the world. The armies engaged exceed those of Napoleon. Death never had such a carnival, and each week consumes millions of treasure. Great is the sacrifice, but the cause is peerless and sublime. (*Cheers.*) If God has placed us in the van of the great contest for the rights and liberties of man, if he has assigned us the post of danger and of suffering, it is that of unfading glory and imperishable renown. (*Loud cheers.*) The question with us, which is so misunderstood here, is that of national unity (*hear, hear*), which is the vital element of our existence; and any settlement which does not secure this with the entire integrity of the Union, and freedom throughout all its borders, will be treason to our country and to mankind. (*Loud cheers.*) To acknowledge the absurd and anarchical doctrine of secession, as is demanded of us here, to abdicate the power of self-preservation, and permit the Union to

be dissolved, is ruin, disgrace, and suicide. There is but one alternative—we must and will fight it out to the last. (*Loud and prolonged applause.*) If need be, all who can bear arms must take the field, and leave to those who cannot the pursuits of industry. (*Hear, hear.*) If we count not the cost of this contest in men and money, it is because all loyal Americans believe that the value of our Union cannot be estimated. (*Hear, hear.*) If martyrs from every State, from England, and from nearly every nation of Christendom have fallen in our defence, never, in humble faith we trust, has any blood, since that of Calvary, been shed in a cause so holy. (*Cheers.*) Most of the rebellions which have disturbed or overthrown governments, have been caused by oppression on their part. Such rebellions have been the rising of the oppressed against the oppressor; but this rebellion was caused exclusively by slavery. (*Cheers.*) To extend, and perpetuate, and nationalize slavery, to demand of the American Congress the direct and explicit recognition of the right of property in man, to cover the whole vast territory of the Union with chattel servitude, to keep open the interstate slave-trade between the Border and the Cotton States, to give the institution absolute mastery over the Government and people, to carry it into every new State by fraud, and violence, and forgery, as was exemplified in Kansas, and then, as a final result, to force it upon every Free State of the Union—these were the objects conceived by those who are engaged in this foul conspiracy to dissolve the American Union. (*Cheers.*) ‘I have said that the American Union never will be dissolved.’ (*Loud and continued cheers.*) This was the advice of the peerless Washington, the Father of his country, in his Farewell Address, and this was the course of the immortal Andrew Jackson, when he suppressed the Carolina rebellion of 1833, by coercion and a force bill. The American Union is the great citadel

of self-government, intrusted to our charge by Providence; and we must defend it against all assailants, until our last man has fallen. This is the cause of labor and humanity, and the toiling and disfranchised masses of the world feel that their fate is involved in the result of our struggle. In England, especially, this feeling on the part of the working classes has been manifested in more than one hundred meetings, and the resolutions in favor of the Union, passed by the operatives of Manchester, who were the great sufferers from this contest, indicate a sublimity of feeling, and a devotion to principle on the part of these noble martyrs, which exalt and dignify the character of man. (*Cheers.*) The working classes of England, of France, and of Germany, who are all with us, in case of foreign intervention, must have constituted the armies that would have been taken to our shores to make war upon the American people. The men who are for us would have been transported across the ocean to fight against us in the cause of slavery, and for the degradation of labor. Can there be any doubt as to the result of such a conflict? It is now quite certain that this rebellion will receive no foreign aid; but if any foreign despot or usurper had thus intervened and sent his myrmidons to our shores, the result, though it might have been prolonged, would have been equally certain—he would have lost his crown, and destroyed his dynasty. (*Cheers.*) Our whole country would have been a camp, we should have risen to the magnitude of the contest, and all who could bear arms would have taken the field. We know, as Americans, that our national unity is the essential condition of our existence. Without it we should be disintegrated into sections, States, counties, and cities, and ruin and anarchy would reign supreme. (*Cheers.*) No, the Lakes can never be separated from the Gulf, the Atlantic from the Pacific, the source from the mouth of the Mississippi, nor the sons

of New England from the home of their kindred in the great West. (*Cheers.*) But, above all, the entire valley of the Mississippi was ordained by God as the residence of a united people. Over every acre of its soil, and over every drop of its waters, must forever float the banner of the Union (*Loud applause*), and all its waters, as they roll on together to the Gulf, proclaim that what 'God has joined together' man shall never 'put asunder.' (*Loud cheers.*) The nation's life blood courses this vast arterial system; and to sever it is death. No line of latitude or longitude shall ever separate the mouth from the centre or sources of the Mississippi. All the waters of the imperial river, from their mountain springs and crystal fountains, shall ever flow in commingling currents to the Gulf, uniting ever more, in one undivided whole, the blessed homes of a free and happy people. This great valley is one vast plain, without an intervening mountain, and can never be separated by any line but that of blood, to be followed, surely, by military despotism. No! separation, by any line, is death; disunion is suicide. Slavery having made war upon the Union, the result is not doubtful. Slavery will die. (*Cheers.*) Slavery having selected a traitor's position, will meet a traitor's doom. (*Loud cheers.*) The Union will still live. It is written by the finger of God on the scroll of destiny, that neither principalities nor powers shall effect its overthrow, nor shall 'the gates of hell prevail against it.' But what as to the results? It is said that we have accomplished nothing, and this is echoed every morning by the proslavery press of England. We have done nothing! Why, we have conquered and now occupy two thirds of the entire territory of the South, an area far larger (and overcoming a greater resisting force) than that traversed by the armies of Cæsar or Alexander. The whole of the Mississippi River, from its source to its mouth,

with all its tributaries, is exclusively ours. (*Cheers.*) So is the great Chesapeake Bay. Slavery is not only abolished in the Federal District, containing the capital of the Union, but in all our vast territorial domain, comprising more than eight hundred millions of acres, and nearly half the size of all Europe. The four slaveholding States of Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri, are all devotedly loyal, and thoroughly sustaining the Union. And how as to Virginia? Why, all the counties of Virginia east of the Chesapeake are ours. All that vast portion of Eastern Virginia north of the Rappahannock is ours also; but still more, all that great territory of Virginia, from the mountains to the Ohio, is ours also, and, not only ours, but, by the overwhelming voice of her people, has formed a State government. By their own votes they have abolished slavery, and have been admitted as one of the Free States of the American Union. (*Loud cheers.*) And where is the great giant State of the West—Missouri? She is not only ours, but, by an overwhelming majority of the popular vote, carried into effect by her constitutional convention, has abolished slavery, and enrolled herself as one of the Free States of the American Union. (*Cheers.*) And now as to Maryland. The last steamers bring us the news of the recent elections in Maryland, which have not only sustained the Union, but have sent an overwhelming majority to Congress and to State Legislature in favor of immediate emancipation. (*Applause.*) Tennessee also is ours. From the Mississippi to the Cumberland and Tennessee Rivers, from Knoxville, in the mountains of the east, to Nashville, the capital, in the centre, and Memphis, the commercial metropolis in the west, Tennessee is wholly ours. So is Arkansas; so is Louisiana, including the great city of New Orleans. So is North Alabama; so is two thirds of the State of Mississippi; and now the Union

troops hold Chattanooga, the great impregnable fortress of Northwestern Georgia. From Chattanooga, which may be regarded as the great geographical central pivotal point of the rebellion, the armies of the republic will march down through the heart of Georgia, and join our troops upon the seaboard of that State, and thus terminate the rebellion. (*Loud cheers.*) Into Georgia and the Carolinas nearly half a million slaves have been driven by their masters, in advance of the Union army. From Virginia, from Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee, and North Alabama, nearly all these slaves have been driven and huddled together in the two Carolinas and Georgia, because, if they had been left where they were, they would have joined the Northern armies. They preferred to be freemen rather than slaves; they preferred to be men and women, rather than chattels; they preferred freedom to chains and bondage; and just so soon as that Union army advances into the Carolinas and Georgia will the slaves rush to the standard of freedom, and fight as they have fought, with undaunted courage, for liberty and Union. (*Loud applause.*) But how is it with the South? Why, months ago they had called out by a levy *en masse*, all who were capable of bearing arms. They have exhausted their entire military resources; they have raised their last army. And how as to money? Why, they are in a state of absolute bankruptcy. Their money, all that they have, that which they call money, according to their own estimation as fixed and taken by themselves, one dollar of gold purchases twelve dollars of confederate paper. The price of flour is now one hundred dollars a barrel, and other articles in like proportion. No revenue is collected, or can be. The army and the Government are supported exclusively by force, by seizing the crops of the farms and planters, and using them for the benefit of the so-called confederate government. Starv-

ation is staring them in the face. The collapse is imminent; and, so far as we may venture to predict any future event, nothing can be more certain than that before the end of the coming year, the rebellion will be brought entirely to a close. (*Hear, hear.*) We must recollect, also, that there is not a single State of the South in which a large majority of the population (including the blacks) is not now, and always has been, devoted to the Union. Why, in the State of South Carolina alone, the blacks, who are devoted to the Union, exceed the whites more than one hundred thousand in number. The recent elections have all gone for the Union by overwhelming majorities, and volunteering for the army progresses with renewed vigor. For all these blessings the President of the United States has asked us to render thanks to Almighty God. Our cause is that of humanity, of civilization, of Christianity. We write upon our banners, from the inspired words of Holy Writ: 'God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth.' We acknowledge all as brothers, and invite them to partake with us alike in the grand inheritance of freedom; and we repeat the divine sentiment from the Sermon on the Mount: 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.' (*Loud cheers.*)

Nor let it be supposed that we, as Americans, are entirely selfish in this matter. We believe that this Union is the most sacred trust ever confided by God to man. We believe that this American Union is the best, the brightest, the last experiment of self-government; and as it shall be maintained and perpetuated, or broken and dissolved, the light of liberty shall beam upon the hopes of mankind, or be forever extinguished amid the scoffs of exulting tyrants, and the groans of a world in bondage. (*Loud applause.*) Thanking you, ladies and gentlemen, for the kind indulgence with which you have been pleased to receive these remarks, I will now proceed to the

toasts which have been prepared for the occasion. Ladies and gentlemen, the first toast will be, 'The President of the United States,' under whose proclamation we are this day convened. Before asking you to respond to that toast, I would say that we are honored by the presence this evening of his excellency, the American Minister, Mr. Adams. (*Prolonged applause.*) This is a name for a century, and during three generations most honorably and conspicuously connected with the cause of our country and of human liberty. The grandfather and father of our American minister were each elevated to the presidency of the United States by the votes of the American people. The first, the illustrious John Adams, moved in 1776 the Declaration of American Independence, and supported that motion by an immortal and most eloquent address. He was the successor of the peerless Washington as the President of the United States. The second, John Quincy Adams, eminent for courage, for integrity, for opposition to slavery, for devotion to the cause of liberty, for learning, science, eloquence, diplomacy, and statesmanship, was the successor of President Monroe. His son, our honored guest, inheriting all these great qualities and noble principles of an illustrious ancestry, is requested to respond to the first toast, 'The President of the United States.' (*The toast was drunk amid the most enthusiastic applause.*)

Order of Exercises.

I.—Reading of Thanksgiving Proclamation, R. Hunting.

II.—Prayer.

III.—Hymn (prepared for the occasion).

TUNE—Auld Lang Syne.

We meet, the Sons of Freedom's Sires
Unchanged, where'er we roam,
While gather round their household fires
The happy bands of home;

And while across the far blue wave
Their prayers go up to God,
We pledge the faith our fathers gave,—
The land by Freemen trod!

The heroes of our Native Land
Their sacred trust still hold,
The freedom from a mighty band
Wrenched by the men of old.
That lesson to the broad earth given
We pledge beyond the sea,—
The land from dark oppression riven,
A blessing on the free!

IV.—Dinner.

V.—Prayer.

VI.—Address of Hon. Robert J. Walker, introducing Toasts.

1. The President of the United States.
Responded to by His Excellency Mr. Adams.
2. Her Majesty the Queen.

The Company.

3. The Day. Devoted to thanking God for our victories in the cause of LIBERTY and UNION.
Responded to by George Thompson, Esq.

4. The Union. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Lakes to the Gulf, from the Source to the Mouth of the Mississippi, forever one and inseparable.
Responded to by Z. K. Pangborn.

5. The Emancipation Proclamation—Slavery's Epitaph, written by the finger of God on the heart of the American President.
Responded to by Hon. Freeman H. Morse.

6. The Army and Navy—Immortal champions of freedom, who bleed that our country may live.
Responded to by Capt. Mayne Reid.

7. WASHINGTON. The Man without a Peer. We follow his farewell advice—NEVER to SURRENDER THE UNION.
Responded to by Capt. J. C. Hoadley.

8. The Press. The Tyrant's foe, the People's friend—where it is free, despotism must perish.

Responded to by Mr. Snow.

9. The Ladies. Our Sweethearts, Wives, Mothers, Daughters, Sisters, Friends. Their holy influence will break all chains but those which bind our hearts to them.
The Company.

Benediction.

LITERARY NOTICES.

RUMOR. By the Author of 'Charles Ancester,' 'Counterparts,' etc. Boston: Published by T. O. H. P. Burnham, No. 143 Washington street. New York: H. Dexter Hamilton & Co., 113 Nassau street; O. S. Felt, 36 Walker street.

'Rumor' is a book of genius, but genius of a peculiar character. Gleams of intuition into the most secret recesses of the heart, analyses of hidden feelings, flash brilliantly upon us from every leaf, and yet a vague mysticism broods over all. No steady light illumines the pages; scenes and characters float before us as if shrouded in mist, or dimmed by distance. The shadowy forms, held only by the heart, shimmer and float before us, draped in starry veils and seen through hues of opal. We are in Dreamland, or in the fair clime of the Ideal. 'Porphyro' we know to be Louis Napoleon, but who are 'Rodomant and Diamid?' Adelaida and deafness would point to Beethoven, but other circumstances forbid the identification. Nor do we think Rodomant a fair type of a musical genius; arrogant, overbearing, and positively ill-mannered as he invariably is. He may be true to German nature, as he is pictured as a German, but he is no study of the graceful Italian or elegant and suave Slavic Artist. We think the authoress unjust and cruel in her sketch of that ethereal child of genius and suffering, Chopin. Did she study exclusively in the German schools of musical art? If Beethoven is grand and majestic, Chopin is sublime; if Beethoven is pathetic, Chopin is pathetic itself; if the one is broad and comprehensive, the other is high and deep; the one appealing to the soul through a noble intellect, the other reaching it through every nerve and fibre of our basic being. Rubens is a great artist, but does that gainsay Raphael? Are not Beethoven and Chopin twin stars of undying glory in the musical firmament, and can we not offer *true* homage to both, as they blaze so high above us? Shall

the royal purple so daze our eyes, that we cannot see the depths of heavenly blue?

Meantime we advise the admirers of 'Charles Ancester' to read 'Rumor'; it is a book of wider knowledge and deeper intuitions.

GENERAL BUTLER IN NEW ORLEANS. History of the Administration of the Department of the Gulf, in the year 1862; with an account of the Capture of New Orleans, and a sketch of the previous career of the General, civil and military. By JAMES PARTON, Author of the 'Life and Times of Aaron Burr,' 'Life of Andrew Jackson,' etc., etc. New York: Mason Brothers, 5 and 7 Mercer street. Boston: Mason & Hamlin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. London: D. Appleton & Co., 16 Little Britain, 1864.

Nothing is more difficult than, amid the whirl of passing events, to form just estimates of living men. Either our knowledge of the facts may be incomplete, or, if the external facts be known, we may be ignorant of the character and motives of the individual. No public man has made warmer friends or more bitter enemies than General Butler. History will probably, in the future, pronounce a just and impartial decision in the case. Meantime all that the public can learn regarding his political and military career will be eagerly examined.

TALES OF A WAY-SIDE INN. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE mere announcement of a new book by H. W. Longfellow, is sufficient to secure for it the attention of all who read or love poetry. Long before the critic can pronounce upon its merits, it will be found in the hands of thousands. Longfellow is perhaps the most popular among American poets. His rhythm is always varied and musical, his diction in good taste, his treatment ever adapted to the subject he has in hand. If he seldom

strikes the deepest chords of being, his touch is always true, tender, and sympathetic. 'The Birds of Killingworth' is full of beauty. If the 'Tale of a Poet,' it is also a song of the sage. The 'Children's Hour' is charming in its home love and naive grace. 'Weariness' is simple as a child's song, but full of natural and true pathos. Let it pleasure our poet that in this sweet, sad chant of his, he has the warm sympathies of his fellow men. Let him not weary thinking of the task yet before the 'little feet,' but rather rejoice in the sunshine he has himself been able to throw o'er the path in which the 'little feet' must walk.

THE THOUGHTS OF THE EMPEROR M. AURELIUS ANTONINUS. Translated by GEORGE LONG. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

ANTONINUS was born at Rome, A. D. 121, embraced the Stoic philosophy from conviction, and, though an emperor, lived in accordance with its stern spirit. This little book has been the companion of many of our greatest men. That it still lives, and is still read by all who delight in bold and vigorous thought, is sufficient proof of its excellence. It has been rendered into English, French, Italian, and Spanish. It was translated by Cardinal Francis Barberini, nephew of Pope Urban VIII. as he said, 'in order to diffuse among the faithful the fertilizing and vivifying seeds he found within it.' He dedicated this translation to his own soul, to make it, as he says, 'redder than purple at the sight of the virtues of this Gentile.' The strong pages act like a tonic upon the spirit, and give the reader courage to endure.

REVERIES OF A BACHELOR; or, A Book of the Heart. By IK. MARVEL. A new edition. New York: Charles Scribner, 124 Grand street.

DREAM LIFE: A Fable of the Seasons. By IK. MARVEL. A new edition. Charles Scribner, 124 Grand street, New York.

THE old type of these books has from constant use grown so worn and battered as to be unfit for further use, and it has been found necessary from the constant demand, to issue entirely new editions. And beautiful editions indeed we have before us. Print and paper alike excellent, and pleasant binding in vivid green and lustrous gold. It were surely useless to commend IK. Marvel now

to our readers, since no one ever attained to more rapid popularity. His sketches are always graceful and genial, his style of singular elegance. He wins his way to our heart and awakens our interest we scarcely know how, for he is marvellously unpretending and simple in his delineations of life. Our author says in his Preface to the new edition of the 'Reveries of a Bachelor:' 'The houses where I was accustomed to linger, show other faces at the windows; bright and cheery faces, it is true; but they are looking over at a young fellow upon the other side of the way.'

We would whisper to him: 'Nay, not so. Humanity is ever grateful to its true and earnest friends, and have borne thee over in triumph to the fair clime of the Ideal, where undying affections await thee; and ever-yearning loves shall keep thee ever young. Spring flowers are forever blooming in our hearts as thou breathest upon them, and age is but a name for thy immortal youth, O friend of dreamy hours and tender reveries.'

MY FARM OF EDGEWOOD: A Country Book. By the Author of 'Reveries of a Bachelor.' Eighth Edition. New York: Charles Scribner.

A BOOK of farm experience from IK. Marvel cannot fail to awaken the interest of the community. If the author sees with the eye of the poet, his imagination is no ignis-fatuus fire to mislead and bewilder him when moving among the practical things of life. He begins with the beginning, the search and finding of the farm. Every page is pregnant with valuable hints to the farmer as well as to the gentleman and scholar. The book is a real picture of country life, its pains, trials, pursuits, and pleasures, and the most varied information is given with respect to what it might be made, what it should become. A single glance at the varied table of contents would be sufficient to convince the reader of the great interest of the topics so pleasantly treated in the volume before us. We extract a few of them: Around the House; My Bees; What to do with the Farm; A Sunny Frontage; Laborers; Farm Buildings; The Cattle; The Hill Land; The Farm Flat; Soiling; An Old Orchard; The Pears; My Garden; Fine Tilth makes Fine Crops; Seedling and Trenching; How a Garden should look; The lesser Fruits; Grapes; Plums, Apricots, and Peaches; The Poultry; Is it

Profitable? Debit and Credit; Money-making Farmers; Does Farming Pay? Agricultural Chemistry; Isolation of Farmers; Dickering; The Bright Side; Place for Science; Aesthetics of the Business; Walks; Shrubbery; Rural Decoration; Flowers; L'Envoi.

LETTERS TO THE JONESES. By TIMOTHY TITCOMB, Author of 'Letters to Young People,' 'Gold Foil,' 'Lessons in Life,' etc., etc. Eighth edition. Charles Scribner, 124 Grand street, New York.

A WORK evincing strong practical common sense, and acute discrimination. Our author is a poet, but no mysticism or sentimentalism disfigures his pages; he is a clear, keen observer and analyzer of human nature, lashing its vices, discerning its foibles, and reading its subterfuges and petty vanities. He says: 'The only apologies which he offers for appearing as a censor and a teacher, are his love of men, his honest wish to do them good, and his sad consciousness that his nominal criticisms of others are too often actual condemnations of himself.'

He addresses himself in a series of letters to the Joneses of Jonesville, each Jones addressed being a typical character and such as is of frequent occurrence in our midst. Homely and excellent advice, appropriate to their faults and needs, is administered to each individual Jones in turn, as he falls under the salutary but sharp scalpel of this keen dissector. There are twenty-four letters, consequently twenty-four studies from life, true to reality and detailed as a Dutch picture. We feel our own faults and foibles bared before us as we read. While these pages are very interesting to the general reader, the divine may learn from them how best in his preaching to aim his shafts at personal follies, and the novelist find models for his living portraiture and varied pictures.

THE WATER BABIES: a Fairy Tale for a Land Baby. By the Rev. Charles Kingsley, Author of 'Two Years Ago,' 'Amyas Leigh,' etc. With illustrations by J. Noel Paton, B. S. A. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham. New York: O. S. Felt, 38 Walker St., 1864.

A LIVELY tale, dedicated to the author's youngest son, and calculated to entertain the elders who read aloud, as well as the children who listen. There are in it many

tender touches, and numberless satiric blows administered in Mr. Kingsley's own peculiar way.

ADVENTURES OF DICK ONSLOW AMONG THE RED SKINS. A Book for Boys. With Illustrations. Edited by William H. G. Kingston. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 1864.

STORIES of the Western wilderness, and of life among the Indians, are sure to meet with favor in the eyes of American boys, the descendants of a race of pioneers.

MY DAYS AND NIGHTS ON THE BATTLE FIELD. A Book for Boys. By 'Carleton.' Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1864. For sale by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THIS is a useful book, containing sundry items of military information, and many vivid descriptions of land and naval engagements during the present war—all interesting to young people.

LOUIE'S LAST TERM AT ST. MARY'S. By the author of 'Rutledge,' 'The Sutherlands,' 'Frank Warrington,' etc. New York: Carleton, publisher, 413 Broadway, 1864.

A BOOK of school life, intended not less for teachers than for the youthful maidens whose various typical forms act, love, hate, and suffer through its very natural and interesting pages.

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST. In Twelve Books. New York: Frank H. Dodd, 506 Broadway, 1863.

THE text is a literal reprint from Keightley's Library edition. Print, binding, and size all render the tasteful little book a pleasant form in which to possess the greatest epic in the English tongue.

THE GAME OF DRAUGHTS. By HENRY SPATTH, Author of 'American Draught Player.' Buffalo: Printed for the Author. For sale by Sinclair Tousey, New York.

THIS book has been pronounced by the highest authorities on checkers, both in the Old and New World, the best work of the kind ever written. It is said to contain 'lucid instructions for beginners, laws of the game, diagrams, the score of 364 games, together with a series of novel, instructive, and ingenious 'critical positions.'

THE
CONTINENTAL MONTHLY:

DEVOTED TO
LITERATURE AND NATIONAL POLICY.

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THOMAS JEFFERSON, AS SEEN BY THE LIGHT OF 1863.

MR. JEFFERSON, in his lifetime, underwent the extremes of abuse and of adulation. Daily, semi-weekly, or weekly did Fenno, Porcupine Cobbett, Dennie, Coleman, and the other Federal journalists, not content with proclaiming him an ambitious, cunning, and deceitful demagogue, ridicule his scientific theories, shudder at his irreligion, sneer at his courage, and allude coarsely to his private morals in a manner more discreditable to themselves than to him; crowning all their accusations and innuendoes with a reckless profusion of epithet. While at the same times and places the whole company of the Democratic press, led by Bache, Duane, Cheetham, Freneau, asserted with equal energy that he was the greatest statesman, the profoundest philosopher, the very sun of republicanism, the abstract of all that was glorious in democracy. And if Abraham Bishop, of New Haven, Connecticut, compared him with Christ, a great many New Englanders of more note than Bishop, pronounced him the man of sin, a malignant manifestation of Satan. On one or the other of these two scales he was placed by every man in the United States, according to each citizen's modicum of sense and temper. We say, every man—because in that

war of the Democrats against the Federalists, no one sought to escape the service. Every able-tongued man was ready to fight with it, either for Jefferson or against him.

When Jefferson passed away triumphant, toleration set in. His enemies dropped him to turn upon living prey. They came to acquiesce in him, and even to quote him when he served their purpose. But the admiration of his followers did not abate. They canonized him as the apostle of American democracy, and gave his name to the peculiar form of the doctrine they professed. For many years the utterances of the master were conclusive to the common men of the party—better far than the arguments of any living leader. Of late we have heard less of him. The right wing of the democracy begin to doubt the expediency of the States' Rights theory; and with the wrong wing his standing has been injured by the famous passage on slavery in the 'Notes on Virginia.' The wrong wing of the Democratic party are the men who cry out for the 'Constitution as it is, and the Union as it was'—a cry full of sound and often of fury; but what does it signify? The first gun that was fired at Fort Sumter shattered

the old Union. If peace men and abolitionists, secessionists and conservatives were to agree together to restore the old Union to the *status quo ante bellum*, they could not do it. 'When an epoch is finished,' as Armand Carrel once wrote, 'the mould is broken, it cannot be made again.' All that can be done is to gather up the fragments, and to use them wisely in a new construction. An Indian neophyte came one day to the mission, shouting: 'Moses, Isaiah, Abraham, Christ, John the Baptist!' When out of breath, the brethren asked him what he meant. 'I mean a glass of cider.' If the peace party were as frank as the Indian, they would tell us that their cry signifies place, power, pelf. The prodigal sons of the South are to be lured back by promises of pardon, indemnification, niggers *ad libitum*, before they have satiated themselves with the husks which seem to have fallen to their portion, and are willing to confess that they have sinned against heaven and against their country. The arms of the peace men are open; the best robe, the ring, the fatted calf are ready. All that is asked in return is a Union (as it was) of votes, influence, and contributions, to place the party in power and to keep it there.

These misguided Democrats owe to Jefferson the war cries they shout and the arms they are using against the Government. His works are an arsenal where these weapons of sedition are arranged ready for use, bright and in good order, and none of them as yet superseded by modern improvements. He first made excellent practice with the word 'unconstitutional,' an engine dangerous and terrible to the Administration against which it is worked; and of easy construction, for it can be prepared out of anything or nothing. Jefferson found it very effective in annoying and embarrassing the Government in his campaigns. But as he foresaw that the time must come when the Supreme Court of the United States

would overpower this attack, he adapted, with great ingenuity, to party warfare the theory of States' Rights, which in 1787 had nearly smothered the Constitution in its cradle. This dangerous contrivance he used vigorously against the alien and sedition law, without considering that his blows were shaking the Union itself. Mr. Calhoun looked upon the Kentucky Resolutions (Jefferson's own work) as the bill of rights of nullification, and wrote for a copy of them in 1838 to use in preparing his manifesto of the grievances of South Carolina. It is unnecessary to allude to the triumph of these doctrines at the South under the name of secession.

As Jefferson soon perceived that a well-disciplined band of needy expectants was the only sure resort in elections, he hit upon rotation in office as the cheapest and most stimulating method of paying the regular soldiers of party for their services (if successful) on these critical occasions. But as a wise general not only prepares his attack, but carefully secures a retreat in case his men push too far in the heat of conflict, Jefferson suggested the plan of an elective judiciary, which he foresaw might prove of great advantage to those whose zeal should outrun the law. He even recommended rebellion in popular governments as a political safety valve; and talked about Shay's War and the Whiskey Insurrection in the same vein and almost the same language that was lately used to the rioters of New York by their friends and fellow voters. And he and his followers shouted then, as their descendants shout now, 'Liberty is in danger!' 'The last earthly hope of republican institutions resides in our ranks!' Jefferson is also entitled to the credit of naturalizing in the United States the phrases of the French Revolution: virtue of the people; reason of the people; natural rights of man, etc.—that Babylonian dialect, as John Adams called it, which in France meant some-

thing, but in this country was mere cant. Jefferson knew that here all were people, and that no set of men, whether because of riches or of poverty, had the right to arrogate to themselves this distinction. But he also knew that in Europe this distinction did exist, and that the emigrants who were coming in such numbers all belonged to the lower class, there called people. Of course these flattering phrases would win their ears and their votes for the people's ticket against an imaginary aristocracy. Thus might be secured an army of obedient voters, knowing nothing but their orders, and thinking of nothing but the pleasing idea that they were the rulers.

These useful inventions are enough to immortalize any man. His theory, that the rich only should be taxed, as an indirect form of agrarianism, ought not to be forgotten, for we see it daily carried out; and his darling doctrine, that no generation can bind its successors, will come to light again and life whenever a party may think the repudiation of our war debt likely to be a popular measure. Indeed, there is scarcely a form of disorganization and of disorder which Jefferson does not extract from some elementary principle or natural right. We do not mean to accuse him of doing wrong deliberately. Jefferson was an optimist. All was for the best—at least, all that he did; for he was naturally predisposed to object to any measure which did not originate with himself or had not been submitted to his judgment. His elementary principles were always at his call. They were based upon reason: how could they be wrong? His mind grasped quickly all upon the surface that suited his purpose; deeper he did not care to go. In deciding whether any political doctrine was consistent or inconsistent with natural reason, he generally judged of it by his reason—and this varied with his position, his interest, his feelings. He probably was not aware of the extent of his mutations; his mind

was fixed on the results to be obtained—always the same: the gratification of his wishes. His was a Vicar-of-Bray kind of logic. The ultimate results of his dealings, as affecting others and the nation at large, he apparently was unable to consider, or put them aside for the time; taking it for granted, in a careless way, that all must come well.

Thus as times changed, he changed with them. Laws, measures, customs, men, that seemed useful and praiseworthy when he was a private individual, appeared pernicious and wicked to the Secretary of State or to the President. His life and writings are full of self-contradictions, or rather of self-refutations, for he seems to forget that he had ever thought differently. Men of sense modify their opinions as they advance in years and in wisdom, but very few men of sense have held diametrically different opinions on almost every important question that has come before them.

Jefferson satisfied himself early in life that slavery was wrong, morally and economically. On no subject has he expressed himself more decidedly. When a very young member of the Assembly of Virginia, he seconded Colonel Bland's motion to extend the protection of the laws to slaves. Bland was treated roughly, and the matter dropped. From Jefferson's original draft of the Declaration of Independence a long passage on the iniquity of slavery and the slave trade was stricken out by Congress. In 1778 he introduced a bill prohibiting the importation of slaves into Virginia. Two years later he wrote the well-known pages in the 'Notes.' In 1783 it was proposed to adopt a new constitution in Virginia; Jefferson drew one up, and inserted an article granting liberty to all persons born of slave parents after the year 1800. From that time his zeal began to cool. He perceived that his views were unpopular at the South. The 'Notes' had been printed for private circulation only; when Chastellux asked

permission to publish them in France, Jefferson consented on the condition that all passages relating to slavery should be stricken out.* Although he adopted so heartily the most extravagant doctrines of the French Revolution on the natural rights of mankind, among which liberty, equality, fraternity certainly ranked first, he quietly ignored the claims of the American black to a share in the bright future that was promised to the human race. The act of Congress prohibiting the importation of slaves came into force in 1808. It was well received by slave owners, for it increased the value of the homemade 'article.' Jefferson could safely approve of it. He did so warmly. With that exception his silence on this great question was profound during the period of his power; but he had no language too theatrical for liberty in the abstract, nor too violent for despots who were three thousand miles away, and with whose oppressions the people of the United States had no concern whatever. When the debates on the admission of Missouri brought up this ever-recurring question again to the exclusion of all others, Jefferson spoke to sneer at the friends of freedom. The Federalists had found out that their cherished monarchical 'form' would get them no adherents, and so were trying to throw a new tub to the whale by appealing to the virtuous sentiments of the people. He was in favor of making Missouri a Slave State. To extend the area of slavery would increase the comfort of the slaves without adding one more to their number, and would improve their chances for emancipation. It would also relieve Virginia from the burden that was weighing her down—slaves being rather cheaper there than horses—and would enable her to export her surplus crop of negroes; perhaps eventually to dis-

pose of them all. This last notion, by the way, gives us a pretty good idea of Jefferson's practical knowledge of political economy.

His chief objection to the new constitution, when he first saw it, was the omission in it of a bill of rights providing for the 'eternal and unremitting force of the habeas corpus act'—and for the freedom of the press. When Colonel Burr was arrested, Jefferson, who, by the way, showed a want of dignity and self-respect throughout the affair, was eager to suspend the habeas corpus act, and got a bill to that effect passed by one branch of Congress; it was lost in the other. This was the first instance in the history of the United States. The many fine things he had said on the integrity and independence of judges did not prevent him from finding bitter fault with Chief-Justice Marshall for not convicting Burr. He accused Marshall and the whole tribe of Federalists of complicity in Burr's conspiracy. Poor old Paine, then near his end, who was one of Jefferson's jackals of the press, informed the Chief-Justice, through the *Public Advertiser*, that he was 'a suspected character.' When Jefferson had felt the pricking of the Federal quills, he began to think differently of the freedom of the press. Once, in the safety of private station, he had got off this antithesis: if he had to choose between a government without newspapers, and newspapers without a government, he should prefer the latter. But when in his turn he felt the stings that previously, under his management, had goaded even Washington out of his self-control, Jefferson could not help saying that 'a suspension of the press would not more completely deprive the nation of its benefits than is done by its abandoned prostitution to falsehood.'

Before September, 1791, Mr. Jefferson thought that our affairs were proceeding in a train of unparalleled prosperity, owing to the real improvements of the Government, and the unbounded con-

* But a copy fell into the hands of a French bookseller, who published a wretched translation, and Jefferson authorized an edition in London in 1797.

fidence reposed in it by the people. Soon a jealousy of Hamilton came upon him, and the displeasure of playing a second part: he began to look for relief in the ranks of the malcontents. He then perceived monarchical longings in the Administration party, and prophesied corruption, despotism, and a loss of liberty forever, if they were to be allowed to interpret the Constitution in their way. Washington was the Atlas whose broad shoulders bore up the Federalists. Bache, of the *Aurora*, with whom Jefferson's word was law, and Freneau, of the *Gazette*, who had received from Jefferson a clerkship in the Department of State, accused the General of a desire to subvert the Constitution: the reserve of his manners was said to proceed from an affectation of royalty; they even ventured to charge him with perverting the public money. Jefferson refused to check these base attacks, and wrote in the same vein himself in the famous letter to Mazzei. But after the battle had been fought, he perceived that Washington had a hold stronger than party feelings on the affections of Americans. It would never do to leave his name and fame in the custody of Federalists. And so Mr. Jefferson turned about and denied that he had ever made any charges against General Washington. On the contrary, he felt certain that Washington did not harbor one principle of Federalism. He was neither an Anglomaniac, a monarchist, nor a separatist. Bache he (Jefferson) knew nothing about; over Freneau he had no control; and the Mazzei letter had been misprinted and misinterpreted. In spite of his hatred of England, and his fears lest the English 'form' should be adopted in the United States, Jefferson, in 1788, had recommended the English form to Lafayette for the use of France. And in spite of the admiration for France, which with him and the Democrats was an essential article of the party faith, he took offence with the French Government because they

sided with Spain in the dispute on the boundary line between Louisiana and Florida, and proposed to Madison an alliance with England against France and Spain. But Madison kept him steady. Six months later he accused John Randolph, who had abandoned the party, of entertaining the intolerable heresy of a league with England.

Mr. Jefferson once thought it necessary that the United States should possess a naval force. It would be less dangerous to our liberties than an army, and a cheaper and more effective weapon of offence. 'The sea is the field on which we should meet a European enemy.' 'We can always have a navy as strong as the weaker nations.' And he suggested that thirty ships, carrying 1,800 guns, and manned by 14,400 men, would be an adequate force. But the New Englanders, those bitter Federalists, loved the sea, lived by foreign trade, and wanted a fleet to protect their merchantmen. Mr. Jefferson's views became modified. He took a strong dislike to the naval service. He condemned the use of the navy by the late President, and wished to sell all the public armed vessels. Finding, however, that the maritime tastes of the nation were too strong for him, he hit upon the plan of a land navy as the nearest approximation to no navy at all. Gunboats were to be hauled out of the water, and kept in drydocks under sheds, in perfect preservation. A fleet of this kind only needed a corps of horse marines to complete its efficiency. The Federalists laughed at these 'mummy frigates,' and sang in a lullaby for Democratic babes this stanza:

'In a cornfield, high and dry,
Set gunboat Number One;
Wiggle waggle went her tail,
Pop went her gun.'

The pleasantry is feeble; but the inborn absurdity of this amphibious scheme was too great even for the Democrats. Mr. Jefferson was forced, in the teeth of theory, to send a squadron against the Barbary pirates. He consoled him-

self by ordering the commodore not to overstep the strict line of defence, and to make no captures. It was to be a display of latent force. Strange as it may seem, he once doubted the expediency of encouraging immigration. Emigrants from absolute monarchies, as they all were, they would either bring with them the principles of government imbibed in early youth, or exchange these for an unbounded licentiousness. 'It would be a miracle were they to stop precisely at the point of temperate liberty.' Would it not be better for the nation to grow more slowly, and have a more 'homogeneous, more peaceable, and more durable' government? But when it was found at a later day that the new comers placed themselves at once in opposition to the better classes and voted the Democratic ticket almost to a man, Jefferson proposed that the period of residence required by the naturalization laws to qualify a voter should be shortened. He had no objection to coercion before 1787. Speaking of the backwardness of some of the colonies in paying their quota of the Confederate expenses, he recommends sending a frigate to make them more punctual. 'The States must see the rod, perhaps some of them must be made to feel it.' His somersets of opinion and conduct are endless. Once he talked of opening a market in the neighboring colonies by force; at another time he advised his countrymen to abandon the sea and let other nations carry for us; in 1785 we find him going abroad to negotiate commercial treaties with all Europe. He objected to internal improvements, and he sanctioned the Cumberland road. He proclaimed all governments naturally hostile to the liberties of the people, until he himself became a government. He made the mission to Russia for Mr. Short, regardless of repeated declarations that the public business abroad could be done better with fewer and cheaper ambassadors. The unlucky sedition law was so unconstitutional in his judgment

that he felt it to be his duty, as soon as he mounted the throne, to pardon all who had been convicted under it. But before he left the White House he attempted to put down Federal opposition in the same way. Judges were impeached; United States attorneys brought libel suits against editors, and even prosecuted such men as Judge Reeve and the Rev. Mr. Backus of Connecticut. It was a pet doctrine of Jefferson that one generation had no right to bind a succeeding one; hence every constitution and all laws should become null and every national debt void at the end of nineteen years, or of whatever period should be ascertained to be the average duration of human life after the age of twenty-one. He adhered to this notion through life, although Mr. Madison, when urged by him to expound it, gently pointed out its absurdity. When the news of the massacres of September reached the United States at an unfortunate moment for the Francoman party, Jefferson forgot this elementary principle and his logic. He professed that he deplored the bloody fate of the victims as much as any man, but they had perished for the sake of future generations, and that thought consoled him. Finally, the man who had announced in a public address, that he considered it a moral duty never to subscribe to a lottery, nor to engage in a game of chance, petitioned the Legislature of Virginia for permission to dispose of his house and lands in a raffle, and in his memorial recapitulated his services to the country to strengthen his claim upon their indulgence.

Jefferson professed great faith in human nature; but he meant the human nature of the uneducated and the poor. Kings, rulers, nobles, rich persons, and generally all of the party opposed to him, were hopelessly wrong. The errors of the people, when they committed any, were accidental and momentary; but in the other class, they were proofs of an ineradicable perversity.

His faith in human reason as the only power for good government must have been shaken by the students of his university in Virginia. Their lawless conduct seemed to indicate that the time had hardly yet come when the old and vulgar method of authority and force could be dispensed with. The University of Virginia was a favorite project of Jefferson and an honorable memorial of his love of education and of letters. Although it may be considered a failure, it has failed from no fault of his. But we may judge of the real extent of Jefferson's toleration, when we read in a letter written about this university: 'In the selection of our law professor we must be rigorously attentive to his political principles.'

It is easy to know what would be Jefferson's position if by some miracle of nature he were living in these times. If at the South, he would be a man of brave words—showing it to be a natural right of the white man to own and to chastise his negro—and proving, from elementary principles, that slavery is the result of the supremacy of reason and the corner stone of civilized society. Had the advantages of the North led him to desert Monticello for the banks of the Hudson, he would have opposed the Administration, acting and talking much like a certain high official, 'letting I dare not wait upon I would'—for Jefferson was not a bold man, was master of the art of insinuating his opinions instead of stating them manfully, and never advanced so far as to make retreat impossible.

The truth is that there was nothing great nor even imposing in Jefferson's mental nor in his moral qualities. He expressed himself well in conversation and on paper, although a little pedagogical in manner, and too much given to epithet in style. The literary claims of the author of the Declaration of Independence cannot be passed over lightly. His mind was active; catching quickly the outlines of a subject, he jumped at the conclusion which

pleased his fancy, without looking beneath the surface.* He was curious in all matters of art, literature, and science, but his curiosity was easily appeased. He raves about Osaian, gazes for hours on the Maison Carrée at Nismes, writes letters to Paine on arcs and catenaries, busies himself with vocabularies, natural history, geology, discourses magisterially about Newton and Lavoisier, and studies nothing thoroughly. One can see by the way in which he handles his technical terms that he does not know the use of them. He was a smatterer of that most dangerous kind, who feel certain they have arrived at truth. Like so many other children of the eighteenth century, he rejected the past with disdain, but was blindly credulous of the future; and was ready to embrace an absurdity if it came in a new and scientific shape. The marquises and abbés he met in France had dreamed over elementary principles of society and government, until they had lost themselves in wandering mazes like Milton's speculative and erring angels. He believed that those gay *philosophes* had discovered the magical stone of social science, and that misery and sin would be transmuted into virtue and happiness. It was only necessary to kill all the kings and to confide in the reason and virtue of the people, and the thing was done. The scenes of 1789 stimulated Jefferson's natural tendency beyond the bounds of common sense. He asserted that Indians without a government were better off than Europeans with one, and that half the world a desert with only an Adam and Eve left in each country to repopulate it would be an improvement in the condition of Europe. He became a bigot of liberalism. Luckily he had

* A statue was erected to Buffon with the inscription:

NATURAM AMPLIOTITUR OMNEM.

Some sceptic wrote underneath:

QUI TROP ENBRASSE, MAL ÉTREINT;

a saying which we do not care to translate, but which is too good a description of Jefferson's scientific acquirements to be omitted.

his American blood and practical education to restrain him, or he might have been as foolish as Brissot and as rabid as Marat. As it was, he could not help perceiving in his calmer moments that this new path to the glorious future which the *philosophes* were pointing out to their countrymen, had been for many years in America the well-worn high road of the nation.

On most subjects, Jefferson's opinions were dictated by his feelings. He takes so little pains to conceal this weakness, that we can hardly suppose he was aware of it. Contradiction he could not bear. Opposition of any kind produced a bitter feeling. Vanity, latent perhaps, but acrid, corroded his judgment of his adversaries. In France Gouverneur Morris remarked that he was too fond of calling fools those who did not agree with him; a sure sign of want of strength. Great minds are essentially tolerant of the opinions of others. They know how easy it is to err. There was a good deal, too, of the Pharisee about Jefferson. 'He was of no party, nor yet a trimmer between parties. If he could not go to heaven but with a party, he would not go there at all.' But he thanked God he was not as the Federalists were: Anglomen, monarchists, workers of corruption! nor even as this Washington! He boasted, too, that he had never written a line for the public press; his method was to suggest his views to others, and employ them to put them into print.

Careful not to speak out too boldly when it was not altogether safe to do so, and wanting rather in moral courage, he was a persevering man, pursuing his plans with the eagerness of women, who always have a thousand excellent reasons, however illogical and inconsistent they may be, for doing as they please—and like women, he was not over scrupulous as to the means he employed to reach his object.

The same envious vanity and inability to resist his feelings which warped his judgment into so many contradic-

tions, led him into actions that have damaged his character as a gentleman. For instance, his behavior to Washington. When a member of Washington's cabinet, protesting the warmest friendship to him, his confidential adviser by virtue of the office he held, he permitted, not to say encouraged, those attacks in Freneau's paper which were outrages on common decency. His intimacy with the President enabled him to judge of the effect of the blows. He noticed, with the cool precision of an experimental observer, the symptoms of pain and annoyance which Washington could not always conceal. Freneau was Jefferson's clerk; a word would have stopped him. 'But I will not do it,' Jefferson says; 'his paper has saved our Constitution, which was galloping forth into monarchy.' Jefferson's underhand attack upon Vice-President Adams, in the note he wrote by way of preface to the American publisher of Paine's 'Rights of Man,' is a domestic treachery of the same kind, though very much less in degree. That note might have been written on the impulse of the moment; but what shall we say of his practice of committing to paper Hamilton's sayings in the freedom of after-dinner conversation—a time when open-hearted men are apt to forget that there may be a Judas at table—and of saving them up to be used against him in the future? Jefferson explains away these and other dubious passages in his life with great ingenuity. He had to make such explanations too often. An apology implies a mistake, wilful or accidental. Too many indicate, to say the least, a lack of discretion. What a difference between these explanations, evasions, excuses, denials, and the majestic manliness of Washington, who never did or wrote or said anything which he hesitated to avow openly and without qualification!

Another dissimilarity between these two worth heeding, is Jefferson's want of that thrift which produces indepen-

dence, comfort, and self-respect. He lived beyond his means, and died literally a beggar.

Jefferson was deficient in that happy combination of courage, energy, judgment, and probity, which mankind call character, for want of a more distinctive word—but which, in fact, in its highest expression, is genius on the moral side. It commands the respect of mankind more than the most brilliant faculties—and it accomplishes more. We have only to look at Washington's life to see what can be done by it.

When Governor of Virginia during the Revolutionary War, Jefferson showed a want of spirit and of action; the same deficiency was more painfully conspicuous in his dealings with the Barbary pirates and in the affair of the Leopard and Chesapeake. The insults and spoliations of the English and French under the orders in council and the Berlin and Milan decrees were borne with equal meekness. He was for peace at all hazards, and economy at any price. When at last he found he had exhausted his favorite method, and that neither 'time, reason, justice, nor a truer sense of their own interests' produced any effect upon the obstinate aggressors, he could desire no better means of checking their depredations upon our trade than to order our merchants to lay up their ships and shut up their shops. It was a Japanese stroke of policy—to revenge an insult by disembowelling oneself—*hari kari* applied to a nation.

His was indeed a brilliant theory of government, if we take him at his word. At home, freedom was to be invigorated by occasional rebellions, not to be put down too sharply, for fear of discouraging the people—the tree of liberty was to be watered with blood. Abroad, custom-house regulations would keep the peace of the seas. Embargo and non-intercourse must bring France and England to their good behavior.

Mr. Jefferson had his political panacea: all disorders would infallibly be cured by it. He puffed it in his journals and extolled its virtues in his state papers. He congratulated his countrymen upon his election; he called it the revolution of 1800. Now at length they could try the panacea. What wonders did it work? The Federalists can point to the results of their twelve years of power: credit created out of bankruptcy; prosperity out of union; a great nation made out of thirteen small ones—an achievement far beyond that Themistocles could boast of. Jefferson added the Louisiana Territory to the Union; but this, the only solid result of his Administration, was totally inconsistent with his principles. Did he render any other service to the country? We know of none. His 'Quaker' theories and 'terrapiin' policy increased the contempt of our enemies, cost the nation millions of money to no purpose, and made the war of 1812 inevitable.

No one can deny that Jefferson was a monster of party tactics and strategy. He knew well how to get up a cry, to excite the *odium vulgare* against his antagonists, to play skillfully upon the class feeling of poor against rich, and to turn to profit every popular weakness and meanness. He drilled and organized his followers, and led them well disciplined to victory. But on the grander field of statesmanship he was wanting. He was what Bonaparte called an ideologist. A principle, however true, may fail in its application, because other principles, equally true, may then come into action and vitiate the result. These collateral principles Jefferson never deigned to consider. He had no conception of expediency, of which a wise statesman never loses sight. Results he thought must be advantageous, provided processes were according to his principles. His object appears to have been rather a government after his theories than a good government. And in this respect he

is the type of the impracticable and mischief-making class of reformers numerous in this country.

Jefferson seems to have been unable to grasp the real political character of the American people, the path they were destined to tread, the shape their institutions must necessarily take. He was possessed with the idea that liberty was in danger, and that the attempt was made to change the republic into a monarchy, perhaps a despotism. This delirious fancy beset him by day and was a terror by night. He was haunted by the likeness of a kingly crown. Hamilton and Adams were writing and planning to place it upon somebody's head. Federalist senators, congressmen, Revolutionary soldiers, were transformed into monarchists and Anglomens. Grave judges appeared to his distempered vision in the guise of court lawyers and would-be ambassadors. The Cincinnati lowered over the Constitution eternally. The Supreme Court of the United States was the stronghold in which the principle of tyrannical power, elsewhere only militant, was triumphant. Hamilton's funding system was a scheme to corrupt the country. Even the stately form of Washington rose before him in the shape of Samson shorn by the harlot England. Strange as it may seem, Jefferson persisted in his delusion to the end. A man in his position ought to have seen that in spite of the old connection with the British crown, the States were and always had been essentially republican in feelings, manners, and forms. No-where in the world had local self-gov-

ernment been carried to such extent and perfection. To build up a monarchy out of the thirteen colonies was impracticable. Washington, more clear sighted, said that any government but a republic was impossible: there were not ten men in the United States whose opinions were worth attention who entertained the thought of a monarchy. In his judgment the danger lay in the other direction. The weakness of the Government, not its strength, might lead to despotism through license and anarchy. He desired to keep the rising tide of democracy within bounds by every legitimate barrier that could be erected, lest it should overflow the country and sweep away all government. Jefferson was for throwing open the floodgates to admit it. He thought himself justified in combating the monarchists of his hallucinations by every means, however illegal and unconstitutional. Washington warned him and his followers that they were 'systematically pursuing measures which must eventually dissolve the Union or produce coercion.' Jefferson, deaf to the admonition, pressed on, and, like Diomedes at the siege of Troy, wounded a divinity when he thought he was contending only with fellow men. With his Kentucky Resolutions he gave the first stab to the Union and the Constitution. What were Burr's childish schemes, which would have fallen to the ground from their own weakness, compared with that? From Jefferson through Calhoun to Jefferson Davis the diabolic succession of conspirators is complete.

THE ENGLISH PRESS.

II.

It has become the fashion to sneer at the Long Parliament; but for all this it cannot be denied that that assemblage rendered services of incalculable importance to the state. Extreme old age forms at all times an object of pity, and, with the thoughtless and inconsiderate, it is but too often an object of ridicule and contempt. Many a great man has, ere now, survived to reach this sad stage in his career; but it does not therefore follow that the glorious deeds of his prime are to be ignored or forgotten. As it has been with the distinguished warrior or statesman or author, so it is with the Long Parliament. England owes it a great debt of gratitude on many accounts, but the one with which we have more especially to do on the present occasion is, that with it originated the custom of making public proceedings in Parliament. By this act was the supremacy of the people over the Parliament acknowledged, for the very publication of its transactions was an appeal to the people for approval and support. This printed record of parliamentary affairs came out in 1641, and was entitled *The Diurnal Occurrences, or Daily Proceedings of both Houses in this great and happy Parliament, from the 8d of November, 1640, to the 8d of November, 1641*. The speeches delivered from the first date down to the following June were also published in two volumes, and in 1642 weekly instalments appeared under various titles, such as *The Heads of all the Proceedings of both Houses of Parliament—Account of Proceedings of both Houses of Parliament—A perfect Diurnal of the Passages in Parliament, etc., etc.* There was no reporter's gallery in those days, and the Parliament only printed *what they pleased*; still this was a step in the

right direction. After Parliaments occasionally evinced bitter hostility toward the press, but that which boasted Sawyer Lenthal for its speaker was its friend (at all events, at first, though afterward, as we shall notice by and by, it displayed some animosity against its early *protégés*), and from this meagre beginning took its rise that which is beyond doubt one of the most important domestic functions of the press at the present day.

The abolition of the great bugbear and tyrant of printers—that infamous mockery of a legal tribunal, the Star Chamber—was another gigantic obstacle cleared away from the path of journalism. The *Newes Bookes*, which, in spite of all difficulties, had already become abundant, now issued forth in swarms. They treated *de rebus omnibus, et quibusdam aliis*. Most of them were political or polemical pamphlets, and boasted extraordinary titles. There is a splendid collection of these in the British Museum, collected by the Rev. W. Thomason, and presented to the nation by King George III. We will mention a few of them. A controversial religious tract rejoices in the title of *A fresh bit of Mutton for those fleshy-minded Cannibals that cannot endure Pottage*. A political skit upon Prince Rupert is styled *An exact Description of Prince Rupert's malignant She-Monkey, a great Delinquent*, and has a comical woodcut upon the title page of the animal, in a cap and petticoat and with a sword by its side. This pamphlet is printed partly in ordinary modern type and partly in black letter. Another pamphlet in the form of dialogue is directed against the abuses of the laws, especially at one of the infamous 'comptoirs' of the time. It is called *Wonderfull Strange Newes from Wood*

Street Counter—yet not so *Strange as True*, being proved by lamentable Experience, the relation of which

'Will make you laugh, 'twill make you cry;
'Twill make you mad, 'twill make you try.'

Another is *News, true News, laudable News, Oitie News, Countrie News, the World is Mad or it is a Mad World, my Masters, especially in the Antipodes, these Things are come to passe*. This is a satirical description of manners and customs on 'the other side of the world,' the writer asserting that in those regions everything is the exact opposite of what takes place among us, so that there beggars ride in carriages and are highly esteemed, men of title are of no account, lawyers take no fees, and bailiffs decline to arrest debtors, etc., etc. There is also a very quaint woodcut of the world and the heavens, the four winds, etc., with an astrologer and other persons looking at them. Very many of these pamphlets are actual relations of occurrences in different parts of the kingdom and in foreign countries. Thus we find, *Victorious News from Waterford*; *The joyfullest News from Hull that ever came to London of the Proceedings of the Earl of Warwick's Shipps*; *The best and happiest News from Ireland, from the Army before Kildare*; *News from Blackheath concerning the Meeting of the Kentish Men*; *Exceeding joyfull News from Holland*; *The best News that ever was Printed*, consists of, 1. *Prince Rupert's Resolution to be gone to his Mother, who hath sent for him*; 2. *His Majestie's royall Intentione declared to joyns with the Parliament in a treaty of Peace*; 3. *The Particulars of the High Court of Parliament drawn up to be sent to his Majesty for Peace*; 4. *Directions from the Lords and Commons directed to the Commanders for the ordering of the Army*. One quaint title presents a very odd association: *News from Hell and Rome and the Innes of Court*. The contending parties appear to have suited their titles to the substance of the *News* they chronicled accordingly as it affected their interests.

Thus, while many pamphlets bore the titles of *Glorious, Joyful, Victorious*, etc., others were dubbed *Horrible News, Terrible News*, and so forth. By far the greater number of these were issued by the partisans of the Parliament; but the Royalists were by no means idle, and the king carried about a travelling printing press, as is evidenced by several proclamations, manifestoes, etc., issued at Oxford, Worcester, York, and other places, sometimes in ordinary type, sometimes in black letter, by 'Robert Barker, his Majestie's Printer.' All the emanations of the press were not, however, mere isolated pamphlets, but there was a large crop of periodicals, such as *The Kingdom's Weekly Intelligencer*—*The Royal Diurnall*, etc. About this time the name *Mercurius* began to be very freely adopted for these periodicals. It had been already, for a long time, assumed as a *nom de plume* by writers and printers, but the title was now assigned to the publications themselves. One of the earliest of these was *Mercurius Aulicus*, a scurrilous print in the interest of the court party—as its name imports—which first appeared in 1642. Others were entitled respectively *Mercurius Britannicus*—*Mercurius Anti-Britannicus*—*Mercurius Fumigosus*, a *Smoking Nocturnal*—*Mercurius Pragmaticus*—*Mercurius Anti-Pragmaticus*—*Mercurius Mercuriorum Stultissimus*—*Mercurius Insanus Insanissimus*—*Mercurius Diabolicus*—*Mercurius Mastia*, faithfully lashing all *Scouts, Mercuries, Posts, Spyes*, and others—*Mercurius Radamanthus*, the Chief Judge of Hell, his *Circuits through all the Courts of Law in England*, etc., etc. Other newspapers bore such quaint titles as the following: *The Dutch Spye*—*The Scots Doe*—*The Parliament Kite*—*The Secret Owle*—*The Parliament Screech Owle*, and other ornithological monstrosities. Party spirit ran high, and the contending scribes carried on a most foul and savage warfare, and demolished their adversaries, both political and literary, without the slightest

est compunction or mercy. Some of these brochures were solely directed against the utterances of one particular rival scribe, as is shown by one or two of the titles above quoted. Doctor Johnson says :

‘When any title grew popular, it was stolen by the antagonist, who by this stratagem conveyed his notions to those who would not have received him had he not worn the appearance of a friend.’

According to Mr. Nichols’ the printer’s list, there were no less than three hundred and fifty of these *Mercuries* and *News Books* published between 1643 and 1665, a list that would no doubt be largely swollen could the titles of all that have perished and left no trace behind be ascertained. These *Mercuries* appeared at different intervals, but none oftener than three times a week, and their price was generally one penny, but sometimes twopence.

Many of the writers were nothing but venal hirelings, and changed sides readily enough when their own private interests seemed to render it desirable. One of the most famous—or infamous, according to Anthony à Wood, who describes him as ‘a most seditious, mutable, and railing writer, siding with the rout and scum of the people, making them weekly sport by railing at all that was noble,’ etc.—was Marchmont Nedham. In 1643 he brought out the *Mercurius Britannicus*, one of the ablest periodicals on the Parliamentary side, whatever honest old Anthony may say to the contrary. But being imprisoned for libel, he thought it best to change his politics, and for two years appeared as an ultra-virulent Royalist partisan in the *Mercurius Pragmaticus*. After the execution of Charles the First, however, he returned to his old party, and advocated their cause in the *Mercurius Politicus*, which purported to be published ‘in defence of the commonwealth and for information of the people.’ After some years he fell into temporary disgrace, but was soon received again into favor by

the House of Commons, which passed a vote in August, 1659, ‘that Marchmont Nedham, gentleman, be and hereby is restored to be writer of the *Publick Intelligence* as formerly.’ At the Restoration he was discharged from his office, but contrived to make his peace with the party in power, and, true to his instincts, changed his political creed once more for that of the winning side, but without succeeding in being reinstated in his old post. The other most noteworthy writers of *Mercuries* were John Birkenhead, author of the *Mercurius Aulicus*, Peter Heylin, Bruno Ryves—all parsons—and John Taylor, the Water Poet, author of the *Mercurius Aquaticus*.

Nothing was too great or too small for the writers of these *Mercuries*, nothing too exalted or too mean. Nothing was sacred in their eyes; the most private affairs were dragged into the political arena, and family and domestic matters, that had nothing whatever to do with public life, were paraded before the world. Bitter personalities and invective seem to be inseparable concomitants of the early stage of journalism in all countries. This was the case in France and Germany; it is the case in Russia at the present day. That it was the case in America, let the following extract from Franklin’s private correspondence testify :

‘The inconsistency that strikes me the most is that between the name of your city, Philadelphia, and the spirit of rancor, malice, and hatred that breathes in the newspapers. For I learn from those papers that your State is divided into parties, that each party ascribes all the public operations of the other to vicious motives, that they do not even suspect one another of the smallest degree of honesty, that the anti-Federalists are such merely from the fear of losing power, places, or emoluments, which they have in possession or expectation; that the Federalists are a set of conspirators, who aim at establishing a tyranny over the persons and property of their countrymen, and who live in splendor on the plunder of the people. I learn, too,

that your justices of the peace, though chosen by their neighbors, make a villainous trade of their offices, and promote discord to augment fees, and fleece their electors; and that this would not be mended were the choice in the Executive Council, who, with interested or party aims, are continually making as improper appointments, witness a 'petty fiddler, sycophant, and scoundrel' appointed judge of the admiralty, an 'old woman and fomentor of sedition' to be another of the judges, and 'a Jeffreys' chief justice, etc., etc., with 'harpies,' the comptroller and naval officers, to prey upon the merchants, and deprive them of their property by force of arms, etc. I am informed, also, by these papers, that your General Assembly, though the annual choice of the people, shows no regard to their rights, but from sinister views or ignorance makes laws in direct violation of the Constitution, to divest the inhabitants of their property, and give it to strangers and intruders, and that the Council, either fearing the resentment of their constituents or plotting to enslave them, had projected to disarm them, and given orders for that purpose; and, finally, that your President, the unanimous joint choice of the Council and Assembly, is 'an old rogue, who gave his assent to the Federal Constitution merely to avoid refunding money he had purloined from the United States.' There is, indeed, a good deal of man's inconsistency in all this, and yet a stranger, seeing it in our own prints, though he does not believe it all, may probably believe enough of it to conclude that Pennsylvania is peopled by a set of the most unprincipled, wicked, rascally, and quarrelsome scoundrels upon the face of the globe. I have sometimes, indeed, suspected that those papers are the manufacture of foreigners among you, who write with the view of disgracing your country, and making you appear contemptible and detestable all the world over; but then I wonder at the indiscretion of your printers in publishing such writings. There is, however, one of your inconsistencies that consoles me a little, which is that though, living, you give one another the character of devils, dead, you are all angels. It is delightful, when any of you die, to read what good husbands, good fathers, good friends, good citizens, and good Christians you were, concluding with a scrap

of poetry that places you with certainty in heaven. So that I think Pennsylvania a good country to die in, though a very bad one to live in.'

These remarks, which Franklin makes with such powerful irony, might apply with equal force to a similar period in the newspaper history of any country, and most of all to that of England.

The worst features, perhaps, of these writers of *Mercuries*, were the readiness with which they apostatized, and the systematic and unblushing manner in which they sold their pens to the highest bidder, and prostituted the press to serve the purposes of their patrons. Mrs. Hutchinson, in the memoirs of her husband, Colonel Hutchinson, gives a curious instance of their venality:

'Sir John Gell, of Derbyshire, kept the diurnall makers in pension, soe that whatever was done in the neighboring counties against the enemy, was attributed to him, and thus he hath indirectly purchased himself a name in story which he never merited. That which made his courage the more questioned was the care he tooke and the expense he was att to get it weekly mentioned in the diurnalls, so that when they had nothing else to renoune him for, they once put it that the troops of that valiant commander Sir John Gell tooke a dragoon with a plush doublet. . . . Mr. Hutchinson, on the other side, that did well for virtue's sake, and not for the vaine glory of it, never would give anie thing to buy the flatteries of those scribblers; and, when one of them once, while he was in towne, made mention of something done at Nottingham, with falsehood, and had given Gell the glory of an action in which he was not concerned, Mr. Hutchinson rebuked him for it; whereupon the man begged his pardon, and told him he would write as much for him the next weeke; but Mr. Hutchinson told him he scorned his mercenary pen, and warned him not to dare to be in any of his concernments; whereupon the fellow was awed, and he had no more abuse of that kind.'

The *Mercuries*, however, were not allowed to have everything their own way without any interference on the

part of the powers that were. In 1647, Sir Thomas Fairfax called the attention of the House of Lords, by letter, to the great number of unlicensed newspapers, with a view to their suppression; but he adds, in mitigation of his attack:

‘That the kingdom’s expectation may be satisfied in relation to intelligence till a firm peace be settled, considering the mischiefs that will happen by the poisonous writings of evil men sent abroad daily to abuse and deceive the people, that if the House shall see it fit, some two or three sheets may be permitted to come forth weekly, which may be licensed, and have some stamp of authority with them, and in respect of the former licenser, Mr. Mabbot, hath approved himself faithful in that service of licensing, and likewise in the service of the House and of this army, I humbly desire that he may be restored and continued in the same place of licenser.’

The result of this letter—which is remarkable, by the way, for its mention of the licenser—was that the House of Lords issued an edict to forbid any such publications except with the license of one or both Houses of Parliament, and with the name of the author, printer, and licenser attached. The penalties for any evasion of this enactment were, for the writer, a fine of forty shillings or imprisonment for forty days; for the printer, half that punishment, and the destruction of his press and plant as well, and for the vendor a sound whipping and the confiscation of his wares. A second instance of parliamentary interference took place in the same year, when a committee was appointed for the purpose of discovering and punishing every one connected with the publication of certain *Mercuries*. The licensing system continued in force, but was not made much use of, although the scurrilities of the press roused the Parliament every now and then into spasmodic efforts of repression. In addition to measures of this kind, Nedham’s paper, from its official character, was doubtless looked upon by the legislature as a sort of

antidote to the poison diffused by other journalists. This came out twice a week, on Mondays under the name of *The Public Intelligencer*, and on Thursdays under that of *Mercurius Politicus*. When Nedham fell into disgrace at the Restoration, his paper was placed by Parliament in other hands, and the Monday title changed to that of *The Parliamentary Intelligencer*, though that of the Thursday’s issue remained unaltered. The powers of the licenser were now much more strictly exercised, and the *Mercuries* gave up the ghost in shoals. In 1662 an act was passed ‘for preventing the frequent abuses in printing seditious, treasonable, and unlicensed books and pamphlets, and for regulating of printing and printing presses.’ It also divided the duties of the licenser, and the supervision of newspapers passed into the hands of the Secretary of State. Ireland was not slow to follow England’s example, for, in Lord Mountmorris’s ‘History of the Irish Parliament,’ mention is made in 1662 ‘of a very extraordinary question’ which ‘arose about preventing the publication of the debates of the Irish Parliament in an English newspaper called *The Intelligencer*, and a letter was written from the Speaker to Sir Edward Nicholas, the English Secretary of State, to prevent these publications in those diurnals, as they call them.’ In 1661, *The Parliamentary Intelligencer* was turned into *The Kingdom’s Intelligencer*, and this last appellation was again changed for that of *The Public Intelligencer* in 1668. The celebrated Roger L’Estrange, who was then the public licenser, was the editor of this paper, as also of an extra Thursday issue called *The News*. In the first number of this old friend with a new face, he says, among other pros and cons as to the desirability of a newspaper:

‘Supposing the press in order, the people in their right wits, and news or no news to be the question, a public *Mercury* should never have my vote,

because I think it makes the multitude too familiar with the actions and counsels of their superiors, too pragmatistical and censorious, and gives them not only an itch, but a kind of colorable right and license. . . . A gazette is none of the worst ways of address to the genius and humor of the common people, whose affections are much more capable of being turned and wrought upon by convenient hints and touches in the shape and air of a pamphlet than by the strongest reason and best notions imaginable under any other and more sober form whatsoever. . . . So that upon the main I perceive the thing requisite (for aught I can see yet). Once a week may do the business, for I intend to utter my news by weight, not by measure. Yet if I shall find, when my hand is in, and after the planting and securing of my correspondents, that the matter will fairly furnish more, without either uncertainty, repetition, or impertinence, I shall keep myself free to double at pleasure. One book a week may be expected, however, to be published every Thursday, and finished upon the Tuesday night, leaving Wednesday entire for the printing of it.'

The Newspaper was evidently developing itself—correspondents were a new feature—but still it was very tardy and very far from being free. Fancy a newspaper in the present day with no news more recent than that of the day before yesterday! In 1668 the title of *Public Intelligencer* was exchanged for that of *The Oxford Gazette*, so called because the court had gone to Oxford on account of the plague. After the court's return to the metropolis, London was substituted, in 1666, for Oxford, and from that date to the present this, the first official or semi-official organ, has gone by the name of *The London Gazette*. The king caused an edition of it to be published in French, for the convenience, probably, of his accommodating banker, Louis the Fourteenth, and this edition continued to appear for about twenty years.

Charles the Second was an unsparing and unscrupulous foe to the press, and

put in practice every possible form of oppression in order to crush it. One's blood boils at the perusal of the persecutions to which the struggling apostles of freedom of speech were subjected, so that the contempt which this miserable 'king of shreds and patches' inspires in other respects wellnigh changes into positive hatred. But despite of fine and imprisonment, scourge and pillory, the press toiled on steadily toward its glorious goal. The Newspaper began to assume—as far as its contents were concerned—the appearance which it wears at the present day. Straggling advertisements had long ago appeared, the first on record being one offering a reward for the recovery of two horses that had been stolen. This appeared in the first number of the *Impartial Intelligencer*, in 1648. Booksellers and the proprietors of quack medicines were among the earliest persons to discover the advantages of advertising, and in 1657 came out the *Public Advertiser*, which consisted almost entirely of advertisements. The following curious notification appeared in the *Mercurius Politicus*, of September 30, 1658:

'That excellent and by all Physicians approved *China Drink*, called by the *Chineans, Tcha*, by other Nations *Tay*, alias *Tee*, is sold at the *Sultanees Head Cophee House*, in *Sweeting's Rents*, by the Royal Exchange, London.'

The earliest illustrated paper is *Mercurius Civicus, London's Intelligencer*, in 1648. The first commercial newspaper was a venture of L'Estrange's in 1675, and was styled *The City Mercury, or Advertisements concerning Trade*. The first literary paper issued from the press in 1680, under the denomination of *Mercurius Librarius, or a Faithful Account of all Books and Pamphlets*. The first sporting paper was *The Jockey's Intelligencer, or Weekly Advertisements of Horses and Second-hand Coaches to be Bought or Sold*, in 1688. The first medical paper, *Observations on the Weekly Bill, from July 27 to August 8, with Directions how to avoid the Dis-*

cases new prevalent, came out in 1686; and the first comic newspaper, *The Merry Mercury*, in 1700. Notwithstanding these 'first appearances on any stage,' there never was a darker or more dismal period in the history of journalism. A great number of newspapers had sprung up in consequence of the Popish Plot, and the exclusion of the Duke of York—the respectable admiralty clerk of Macaulay—from the throne; and with the intention of sweeping these away, a royal 'proclamation for suppressing the printing and publishing unlicensed news books and pamphlets of news' was put forth in 1680. Vigorous action against recalcitrants followed, and with such pliant tools as those perjured wretches, Scroggs and Jeffreys, for judge and prosecutor, convictions and the 'extremest punishment of the law' became a foregone conclusion. Doubtless there were many vile scribblers who deserved to have the severest penalties inflicted upon them, but no discrimination was used, and good and bad alike experienced the vengeance of 'divine right.' The aim of the abandoned monarch and his advisers was manifestly total extermination, and journalism appeared to be at its last gasp. But though crushed and mutilated in every limb, and bleeding at every pore, faint respirations every now and then showed that the vital spark still lingered. But brighter days were at hand. That festering mass of mental and bodily corruption which had once worn a crown, was buried away out of the sight of indignant humanity, and the vacillating James with feeble steps mounted the tottering throne. The licensing act had expired in 1679, and had not been again renewed, for there were no newspapers to license. Upon the alarm of Monmouth's invasion, James renewed it temporarily for seven years. Journalism reared its head again, and the court party, instead of persecuting, found itself compelled to fawn and flatter and sue for its protection and sup-

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port. Newspapers, both native and imported from Holland in large numbers, played an important part in the Revolution, and paved the way for the downfall of the Stuarts and the advent of William and the Protestant Succession.

It must not be supposed that the capital had possessed a monopoly of newspapers during all this period. Scotland appeared in the field with a *Mercurius Politicus*, published at Leith in 1658. This, however, was nothing but a reprint of a London news sheet, and probably owed its existence to the presence of Cromwell's soldiers. In 1654 it removed to Edinburgh, and in 1660 changed its denomination to *Mercurius Publicus*. On the last day of this year, too, a journal of native growth budded forth, with the title of *Mercurius Caledonius*. But the canny Scots either could not or would not spare their bawbees for the encouragement of such ephemeral literature, for Chalmers tells us that only ten numbers of this publication appeared, and they were 'very loyal, very illiterate, and very affected.' Dublin appears to have produced a *Dublin News Letter* in 1685, but little is known about it, and its very existence has been disputed. There were other sheets with Scotch and Irish titles, but they were all printed in London. With 1688 a new era dawned upon the press—the most promising it had yet seen—and newspapers gradually sprang up all over the kingdom.

The first that came out in the interests of the new Government were the *Orange Intelligencer* and the *Orange Gazette*. The opponents of the ministry also started organs of their own, and the paper warfare went gayly on, but with more decency and courtesy than heretofore. William did not show himself disposed to hamper the press in any way, but Parliament, in 1694, proved its hostility by an ordinance 'that no news-letter writers do, in their letters or other papers that they disperse, presume to intermeddle with the debates

or other proceedings of this House.' This was only a momentary ebullition of spleen. The licensing act, which expired in 1692, had been renewed for one year, but at the end of that period disappeared forever from English legislation. The House of Lords—obstructive as usual to all real progress—endeavored to revive it, but the Commons refused their consent, and a second attempt in 1697 met with a like defeat. This obstacle being happily got rid of, new journals of all kinds arose every day. One was called *The Ladies' Mercury*; a second, *The London Mercury*, or *Mercurius de Londres*, and was printed in parallel English and French columns. A third was entitled *Mercurius Reformatus*, and was, during a portion of its existence, edited by the famous Bishop Burnet. Some were half written and half printed. One of these, the *Flying Post*, in 1695, says in its prospectus:

'If any gentleman has a mind to oblige his country friend or correspondent with this account of public affairs, he may have it for twopence of J. Salisbury, at the Rising Sun, in Cornhill, on a sheet of fine paper, half of which being blank, he may thereon write his own private business, or the material news of the day.'

In 1696, Dawks's *News Letter* appeared, printed in a sort of running type, to imitate handwriting, with the following quaint announcement:

'This letter will be done upon good writing paper, and blank space left, that any gentleman may write his own private business. It does, undoubtedly, exceed the best of the written news, contains double the quantity, with abundant more ease and pleasure, and will be useful to improve the younger sort in writing a curious hand.'

Various authors, whose names will always find a lofty place in literature, contributed to the newspapers of this epoch, and among them we find those of South, Wesley, Sir William Temple, and Swift. The advertisements by this time had become as varied as they are nowadays, and were without doubt almost as important a part of the rev-

enue of a newspaper. An amusing proof of this is to be found in the *Collection for the Improvement of Husbandry and Trade*, in which the editor displays a lively interest in this department of his paper, by employing the first person, thus: 'I want a cook maid for a merchant,' 'I want an apprentice for a tallow chandler,' etc., etc. He also advertises that he knows of several men and women who wish to find spouses, and he undertakes match making in all honor and secrecy. He tells us that he has a house for sale, and wishes to buy a shop, an estate, a complete set of manuscript sermons, and a government situation. Other editors bear witness to the character of their advertisers, and recommend doctors, undertakers, waiting maids, footmen, and various tradesmen. Some of the advertisements are very funny. 'I want a compleat young man that will wear a livery, to wait on a very valuable gentleman, but he must know how to play on a violin or flute.' Was the 'very valuable gentleman,' we wonder, troubled like Saul with an evil spirit, that could be exorcised by music? Tastes certainly differ, for this advertisement reminds us of a venerable old lady of our acquaintance, who was kept in a chronic state of irritation by a favorite footman, whom she did not choose to discharge, through his learning the flute and persisting in practising 'Away with melancholy'—the only tune he knew—for an hour daily! But to return to the advertisements. A schoolmaster announces that he 'has had such success with boys, as there are almost forty ministers and schoolmasters that were his scholars. His wife also teaches girls lace making, plain work, raising paste, sauces, and cookery to a degree of exactness'—departments of education which are, unfortunately, too much lost sight of in modern 'Establishments for Young Ladies.' 'His price is £10 to £11 the year; with a pair of sheets and one spoon, to be returned if desired.'

During the whole reign of William there was not a single newspaper prosecution, but there were many in that of 'the good Queen Anne.' Still editors were obliged to be very careful in the wording of their items of news, generally prefacing them with 'We hear,' 'It is said,' 'It is reported,' 'They continue to say,' 'Tis believed,' and so on. Of the chief newspapers of this period we get the following account from John Dunton, who was joint proprietor with Samuel Wesley of the *Athenian Mercury*:

'The *Observer* is best to towel the Jacks, the *Review* is best to promote peace, the *Flying Post* is best for the Scotch news, the *Postboy* is best for the English and Spanish news, the *Daily Courant* is the best critic, the *English Post* is the best collector, the *London Gazette* has the best authority, and the *Postman* is the best for everything.'

The *Daily Courant*, which was the first daily newspaper, first appeared on the 11th of March, 1702. It was but a puny affair of two columns, printed on one side of the sheet only, and consisted, like most of the journals of the time, mainly of foreign intelligence. It lasted until 1785, when it was merged in the *Daily Gazetteer*. In spite of prosecutions for libel, the press thrived, and, perhaps, to a certain extent, on that very account greatly improved in character. Addison, Steele, Bolingbroke, Manwaring, Prior, Swift, Defoe, and other celebrities became editors or contributors, and a battle royal was waged among them in the *Examiner*, the *Whig Examiner*, the *Observer*, the *Postboy*, the *Review*, the *Medley*, and other papers of less note.

Meanwhile newspapers began to appear in the provinces. The earliest was the *Stamford Mercury*—a title preserved to the present day—which came out in 1695. Norwich started a journal of its own, the *Norwich Postman*, in 1706, the price of which the proprietors stated to be 'one penny, but a half penny not refused.' The *Worcester Postman* made its bow in 1708, and

Berrow's Worcester Journal—which still exists—in 1709. Newcastle followed suite with its *Courant*, in 1711, and Liverpool with its *Courant* in 1712. The other large towns did the same at less or greater intervals, and of the provincial journals which were born in the first half of the eighteenth century about a score still flourish. The *Edinburgh Gazette* came out in 1699, as appears from the following quaint document, which has been republished by the Maitland Club at the 'modern Athens':

'Anent the petition given to the Lords of his Majestie's Privy Council by James Donaldson, merchant in Edinburgh, shewing 'that the petitioner doth humbly conceive the publishing ane gazette in this place, containinge ane abridgement of floraigne newes together with the occurrences at home, may be both usefull and satisfieing to the leidgea, and actually hath published one or two to see how it may be liked, and so farr as he could understand the project was approven of by very many, and, therefore, humbly supplicating the said Lords to the effect after mentioned;' the Lords of his Majestie's Privy Council, having considered this petition given in to them by the above James Donaldsone, they doe hereby grant full warrant and authority to the petitioner for publishing the above gazette, and discharges any other persones whatsoever to pen or publish the like under the penaltie of forfaiting all the copies to the petitioner, and farder payment to him of the soume of ane hundred pounds Scots money, by and altour the forsaid confiscatioun and forfaiture; and recommends to the Lord High Chancellor to nominat and appoint a particular person to be supervisor of the saids gazettes before they be exposed to public view, printed, or sold.'

In 1705 a rival started up in the *Edinburgh Courant*, which was published three times a week. About the same time appeared the *Scots Courant*, in 1708 the *Edinburgh Flying Post*, and in the following year the *Scots Postman*, the two last being tri-weekly. In 1718 there dawned upon the literary horizon the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, which

still continues. It was published *cum privilegio* on condition that the proprietor 'should give ane coppie of his print to the magistrates.' With regard to Ireland, it is a curious fact that Dublin took the lead of London in establishing a daily paper, for *Pue's Occurrences* first issued in 1700, and survived for more than fifty years. But this effort appears to have exhausted the newspaper energies of the sister isle, for we have no record of any other journal during a quarter of a century.

Contemporary with its extension to the provinces, newspaper enterprise was penetrating into the colonies, and America took the lead. Small were the beginnings in the land where the freedom of the press was destined to attain its fullest development. America's first journal—the *Boston News Letter*—was printed at Boston in 1704, and survived to the limit assigned by the Psalmist to the age of man. In 1719 appeared the *Boston Gazette*, and in the same year the *American Weekly Miscellany*, at Philadelphia. In 1721 appeared James Franklin's paper, the *New England Courant*, and in 1728 the *New York Journal*. In 1733 John P. Tenzer brought out the *New York Weekly Journal*, a paper which was so ably conducted in opposition to the Government, that in the following year a prosecution, or rather persecution, was determined upon. Andrew Hamilton was Tenzer's counsel, and the temptation to quote a passage from the peroration of his speech for the defence is irresistible:

'The question which is argued before you this day is not only the cause of a poor printer, nor yet even of the colony of New York alone: it is the best of causes—the cause of liberty. Every man who prefers freedom to a life of slavery will bless and honor in you the men whose verdict will have secured to us upon a firm basis—to us, to our posterity, to our neighbors, that right which both nature and the honor of our country gives us, the liberty of freely speaking and writing the truth.'

What could the jury do, after these burning words, but acquit the prisoner? They did acquit him, and from this famous trial dates, according to Gouverneur Morris, the dawn of the American Revolution, which myriads of Englishmen, whatever may be thought or said to the contrary by persons who wish to raise bad blood between two mighty countries, delight to acknowledge as glorious. But the progress of the press in America was slow under British rule, for in 1775 there were only thirty-six journals in the various States altogether. The West India islands soon began to establish papers of their own, and Barbadoes led the way in 1781 with the *Barbadoes Gazette*. Yet the development of journalism in other British colonies belongs to a later period of history.

To return to England. A heavy blow was impending over the fourth estate. In 1712 a tax, in the shape of a half-penny stamp, was levied upon each newspaper. The reason alleged for this measure was that political pamphlets had so increased in number and virulence that the queen had called the attention of Parliament to them, and had recommended it to find a remedy equal to the mischief, and, in one of her messages, had complained that 'by seditious papers and factions rumors, designing men have been able to sink credit, and that the innocent have to suffer.' An act was accordingly passed by which every printer was obliged to lodge one copy of each number of his paper, within six days of its publication, with a collector appointed for the purpose, and at the same time to state the number of sheets, etc., under a penalty of £20 for default. Country printers were allowed fourteen days instead of six. This act, as may easily be imagined, spread confusion and dismay in all directions. Half-penny and farthing newspapers fell at once before the fierce onslaught of the red oppressor—a vegetable monstrosity, having the rose, shamrock, and thistle growing on

a single stalk, surmounted by the royal crown. All the less important and second-rate journals withered away before the deadly breath of the new edict, and a few only of the best were enabled to continue by raising their price. Addison, in the 445th number of the *Spectator*, July 31st, 1712, alludes to this new tax as follows:

'This is the day on which many eminent authors will probably publish their last words. I am afraid that few of our weekly historians, who are men that, above all others, delight in war, will be able to subside under the weight of a stamp and an approaching peace. A sheet of blank paper that must have this new imprimatur clapped upon it before it is qualified to communicate anything to the public, will make its way but very heavily. . . . A facetious friend, who loves a pun, calls this present mortality among authors 'the fall of the leaf.' I remember upon Mr. Baxter's death there was published a sheet of very good sayings, inscribed: 'The last words of Mr. Baxter.' The title sold so great a number of these papers, that, about a week after these, came out a second sheet, inscribed: 'More last words of Mr. Baxter.' In the same manner I have reason to think that several ingenious writers who have taken their leave of the public in farewell papers, will not give over so, but intend to appear, though perhaps under another form, and with a different title.'

This prediction of Addison's was verified, for, after the first year, the act was allowed to fall into abeyance, and the scribblers raised their heads once more, and endeavored, by extra diligence and industry, to make up for their past discomfiture and enforced silence.

Of the essay papers, as they are called, the *Tatler* is the only one which properly comes within the scope of this article, as being, to a certain extent, a newspaper. Addison wrote in the *Freeholder*, and Steele in the *Englishman*, both being political journals opposed to the Government. For certain articles in this last, which were declared to be libellous, and for a

pamphlet, entitled *The Crisis*, which he published about the same time, poor 'little Dicky, whose trade it was,' according to his quondam friend Addison, 'to write pamphlets,' was expelled the House of Commons, despite the support of several influential members, and the famous declaration of Walpole, who was not then the unscrupulous minister he afterward became, 'The liberty of the press is unrestrained; how then shall a part of the legislature dare to punish that as a crime which is not declared to be so by any law framed by the whole? And why should that House be made the instrument of such a detestable purpose?'

The newspaper writers had now reached a great pitch of power, and had become formidable to the Government. Prosecutions therefore multiplied; but not without reason in many cases. Addison complains over and over again of the misdirection of their influence, and says, among other things:

'Their papers, filled with different party spirit, divide the people into different sentiments, who generally consider rather the principles than the truth of the news writers.'

At no time, probably, in the history of journalism did party feeling run higher than at this period. New organs sprang up every day, but were, for the most part, very short lived. Among the papers of most note were *The Weekly Journal*, *Mist's Weekly Journal*, the *London Journal*, *The Free Briton*, and the *Weekly Gazetteer*. Mist was especially a stout opponent of the Government, and was consequently always in trouble. In 1724 there were printed nineteen first-class journals, of which three were daily, ten tri-weekly—three of them 'half-penny *Posts*'—and six weekly. News was abundant, and the old plan of leaving blank spaces or filling up with passages of Scripture—an editor actually reproduced from week to week the first two books of the Pentateuch—was now abandoned. In 1726 appeared the *Public Advertiser*,

afterward called the *London Daily Advertiser*, which deserves to be remembered as having been the medium through which the letters of Junius were originally given to the world. In the same year, too, was started *The Craftsman*, one of the ablest political papers which London had yet seen, and of which Bolingbroke was joint editor. It was immediately successful, and its circulation soon reached ten or twelve thousand. In 1781 a great novelty came out, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, or *Monthly Intelligencer*, under the proprietorship of Edward Cave, the printer. The title page contained a woodcut of St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, which had been in olden times the entrance gateway to the hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, but was then the abiding place of Cave's printing press, and upon either side of the engraving was a list of the titles of metropolitan and provincial newspapers. The contents, as announced on the same title page, were: 1. Essays, controversial, humorous and satirical, religious, moral, and political, collected chiefly from the public papers; 2. Select pieces of poetry; 3. A succinct account of the most remarkable transactions and events, foreign and domestic; 4. Marriages and deaths, promotions and bankruptcies; 5. The prices of goods and stocks, and bills of mortality; 6. A register of barks; 7. Observations on gardening. The prospectus states:

'Our present undertaking, in the first place, is to give monthly a view of all the pieces of wit, humor, or intelligence daily offered to the public in the newspapers, which of late are so multiplied as to render it impossible, unless a man makes it his business, to consult them all; and in the next place, we shall join therewith some other matters of use or amusement that will be communicated to us. Upon calculating the number of newspapers, 'tis found that (besides divers written accounts) no less than two hundred half sheets *per mensem* are thrown from the press only in London, and about as many printed elsewhere in the three king-

doms, a considerable part of which constantly exhibit essays on various subjects for entertainment, and all the rest occasionally oblige their readers with matter of public concern, communicated to the world by persons of capacity, through their means, so that they are become the chief channels of amusement and intelligence. But then, being only loose papers, uncertainly scattered about, it often happens that many things deserving attention contained in them are only seen by accident, and others not sufficiently published or preserved for universal benefit or information.'

The *Magazine* sets to work upon its self-imposed task by giving a summary of the most important articles during the preceding month in the principal London journals, of the ability, scope, and spirit of which we thus obtain a very fair notion. The *Craftsman* has the precedence, and among articles quoted from it are a historical essay upon Queen Bees, and 'her wisdom in maintaining her prerogative;' a violent political article full of personalities, a complaint of the treatment of the *Craftsman* by rival journals, and an essay upon the liberty of the press. The summary of the *London Journal* seems to show that it was continually occupied in controverting the views and arguments of the *Craftsman*. *Fog's Journal* is employed in making war upon the *London Journal* and the *Free Briton*. The following specimen does not say much for Mr. Fog's satirical powers:

'One Caleb D'Anvers' (Nicholas Amherst, of the *Craftsman*), 'and, if I mistake not, one Fog, are accused of seditiously asserting that a crow is black; but the writers on the other side have, with infinite wit, proved a black crow to be the whitest bird of all the feathered tribe.'

These old newspapers give us curious glimpses of the manners of the time. The *Grub-Street Journal* has an article upon 'an operation designed to be performed upon one Ray, a condemned malefactor, by Mr. Cheselden, so as to discover whether or no not

only the drum but even the whole organ be of any use at all in hearing.' The writer must have been an ardent vivisector, for he concludes by a suggestion that 'all malefactors should be kept for experiments instead of being hanged.' In another number this periodical indulges in a criticism upon the new ode of the poet laureate (Colley Cibber), in the course of which the writer expresses an opinion that 'when a song is good sense, it must be made nonsense before it is made music; so when a song is nonsense, there is no other way but by singing it to make it seem tolerable sense'—a criticism which, whether it were true of that period or no, may be fairly said to apply with great force to the times in which we live. The *Weekly Register* makes war upon the *Grub-Street Journal*, and, in a satirical article upon the title of that newspaper, likens the writers to caterpillars and grubs, etc., 'deriving their origin from Egyptian locusts;' and, in another article, accuses them of 'having undertaken the drudgery of invective under pretence of being champions of politeness.' The other papers summarized are the *Free Briton*, a violent opponent of the *Craftsman*, the *British Journal*, and the *Universal Spectator*, the forte of the last two lying in essays and criticisms.

But the grand feature of the *Gentleman's Magazine* was, that it was the first to systematize parliamentary reporting. This was originally managed by Cave and two or three others obtaining admission to the strangers' gallery, and taking notes furtively of the speeches. These notes were afterward compared, and from them and memory the speeches were reproduced in print. Cave's reports continued for two years unmolested, when the House of Commons endeavored to put an end to them. A debate took place, in which all the speakers were agreed except Sir William Wyndham, who expressed a timid dissent, as follows: 'I don't know but what the people have a right to know

what their representatives are doing.' 'I don't know,' forsooth—the Government and the people must have been a long way off then from a proper appreciation of the duties of the one and the rights of the other! Sir Robert Walpole, the former friend of the press—who, by the way, is said to have spent more than £50,000 in bribes to venal scribblers in the course of ten years—had completely changed his views, and had nothing then to say in its favor. A resolution was passed which declared it breach of privilege to print any of the debates, and announced the intention of the House to punish with the utmost severity any offenders. Cave, however, was not easily daunted, and, instead of publishing the speeches with the first and last letters of the names of the speakers, he adopted this expedient: he anagrammatized the names, and published the debates in what purported to be 'An Appendix to Captain Lemuel Gulliver's Account of the Famous Empire of Lilliput, giving the Debates in the Senate of Great Lilliput.' This system was continued for nine years, but, after an interval, Cave reverted to the old plan. He had always employed some writer or other of known ability to write the speeches from his notes, and generally even without any notes at all, so that the speeches were often purely imaginary. In 1740 Dr. Johnson was employed for this purpose, and he, according to his own confession, had been but once inside the walls of the Parliament. Murphy tells the story and gives the names of the persons who were present when he made the avowal. It occurred thus: A certain speech of Pitt's, which had appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, was being highly praised by the company, when Johnson startled every one by saying: 'That speech I wrote in a garret in Exeter street.' He then proceeded to give an account of the manner in which the whole affair used to be managed—this happened many years after his connection with the

matter had ceased—and the assembly ‘lavished encomiums’ upon him, especially for his impartiality, inasmuch as he ‘dealt out reason and eloquence with an equal hand to both parties.’ Johnson replied: ‘That is not quite true: I saved appearances tolerably well, but I took care that the Whig dogs should not have the best of it.’ These speeches were long received by the world as verbatim reports, and Voltaire is said to have exclaimed, on reading some of them: ‘The eloquence of Greece and Rome is revived in the British Senate.’ Johnson, finding they were so received, felt some prickings of conscience, and discontinued their manufacture. When upon his deathbed, he said that ‘the only part of his writings that gave him any compunction was his account of the debates in the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, but that at the time he wrote them he did not think he was imposing upon the world.’ Several attempts had been made to checkmate Cave, and in 1747 he was summoned before the House of Lords, reprimanded, and fined, but finally discharged upon begging pardon of the House, and promising never

to offend again. However, in 1752, he resumed the publication of the debates, with this prefatory statement, a statement which must be taken *own gramo*:

‘The following heads of speeches in the H—— of C—— were given me by a gentleman, who is of opinion that members of Parliament are accountable to their constituents for what they say as well as what they do in their legislative capacity; that no honest man, who is entrusted with the liberties and purses of the people, will ever be unwilling to have his whole conduct laid before those who so entrusted him, without disguise; that if every gentleman acted upon this just, this honorable, this constitutional principle, the electors themselves only would be to blame if they relected a person guilty of a breach of so important a trust.’

Cave continued his reports in a very condensed form until he died, in 1754, and left his system as a legacy to his successors and imitators. He was the father of parliamentary reporting, and it is for this reason more especially that his name deserves to be remembered with gratitude by all well wishers to the freedom of the press, which is the liberty of mankind.

THE TREASURY REPORT AND MR. SECRETARY CHASE.

THE military condition at the present time is highly encouraging; but our armies have not always been successful in the field, and many of our campaigns have ended either in disaster or without decisive results. The navy, though it has achieved much in some quarters, has not altogether answered to the reasonable expectations of the country or to the vast sums which have been expended to make it powerful and efficient. Our foreign relations, during the war, have sometimes assumed a threatening aspect, and, it must be confessed, have not always been managed with the skill and firmness due to our

prominent position among the nations of the world. But there is at least one department of the Government whose general operations during all these vicissitudes have been the subject of just pride to the American people. In the midst of great difficulties, sufficient to appal and disconcert any ordinary mind, our stupendous fiscal affairs have been conducted with unrivalled firmness, ability, and success. All our military and naval operations, and indeed our whole national strength at home and abroad, have necessarily been in a large degree contingent upon the public credit, and this has remained solid

and unmoved except to gain strength, in spite of all the disasters of the war on the land and on the water. The recent annual report of Mr. Chase, though chiefly confined to a simple statement of facts and figures, is like the account of some great victorious campaign, submitted by the unassuming officer who conducted it. The achievements of the Treasury are in fact the greatest of all our victories; they underlie and sustain the prowess of our armies, while they signalize the confidence and the patriotism of our whole people. Without them the peril of the Union would have been infinitely enhanced, and perhaps it would have been wholly impossible to conquer the rebellion. There was a narrow and difficult path to tread in order to avoid national bankruptcy; it was necessary within three years to raise fifteen hundred millions of dollars, and a single false step might have doubled or trebled the amount even of that enormous demand. How often has intelligent patriotism trembled to think that the failure of our finances would involve the probable futility of our sacred war for the Union, with all its tremendous sacrifices of life and property!

Nobly have the people sustained their Government; with a wise instinct of confidence, they have freely risked their money, as their lives, in support of their own holy cause. This confidence at home has given us unbounded strength abroad. Nor do the facts in the least diminish the credit fairly due to the Secretary, whose great merit is to have organized a system so well calculated to attract the confidence of the people and to inspire them with a sense of perfect security in trusting their fortunes to the keeping of the nation for its help and support in the hour of supreme peril. It is the highest evidence of wise statesmanship to be able thus to arouse a nation to the cheerful performance even of its obvious duty: this has been accomplished by Mr. Chase, under the embarrassment of repeated

failures on the part of those who had in special charge to defend and promote our noble cause. The entire merit of this grand success can only be adequately estimated by considering how alight a mistake of judgment or want of faithful courage in conducting these momentous affairs would have thrown our finances into inextricable confusion. Our own experience immediately before the war, when there was no adequate conception of the extent of the trouble about to come upon us, shows how easily the public credit may be shaken or destroyed by incompetent or dishonest agents. In spite of envious detraction and interested opposition, these great and successful labors of the Secretary will remain an imperishable monument of his ability to conduct the most intricate affairs of government, in times of the most appalling danger and difficulty. He has undergone the severest tests to which a statesman was ever subjected; his genius and his great moral firmness have brought him out triumphant.

There are a few prominent points in the lucid report of the Secretary which constitute the great landmarks of his system. Adequate taxation was of necessity its basis; and, from the very beginning, Mr. Chase insisted upon a rigid resort to every available means of raising a revenue sufficient to strengthen the hands of the Government, and sustain its credit through all the vast operations which it was compelled to undertake. And now by reference to the actual figures, and by an analysis of the facts embodied in them, the Secretary shows that since the first year of the war, the taxes collected have paid all the ordinary peace expenditures together with the interest on the whole public debt, and beyond this have yielded a surplus which, had the war ended, might have been applied to the reduction of the debt. This sound and indispensable principle, beset with so many temptations and difficulties in time of civil commotion, is the very

soul of the public credit; and the fearlessness with which the Secretary meets the contingency of prolonged war and the necessity of additional taxes, evinces his determination to strengthen and sustain the principle, rather than to abandon it under any possible circumstances. The enormous loans already so advantageously obtained, to say nothing of those additional ones which will probably be indispensable, could not have been negotiated on any reasonable terms without a firm adherence to this policy.

That part of Mr. Chase's financial system which is most questionable, and which affords his assailants a fulcrum for their attacks, is its interference with the State banks and with the currency which they have been supplying to the country. The issuance of Treasury notes in the form of a circulating medium, and with the qualities of a legal tender, has revolutionized the whole currency and exchanges of the country, and has given universal satisfaction to the people. But this popular judgment is by no means an unerring test of the wisdom or safety of such a measure. Its necessity, however, and its eminent success will forever stamp it as an expedient of great usefulness and value, especially as the Secretary has most judiciously arrested the system at that point where its unquestionable advantages still outweigh its acknowledged dangers and inconveniences. He informs us that these issues 'were wanted to fill the vacuum caused by the disappearance of coin, and to supply the additional demands created by the increased number and variety of payments;' and he adds: 'Congress believed that four hundred millions would suffice for these purposes, and therefore limited issues to that sum. The Secretary proposes no change of this limitation and places no reliance therefore on any increase of resources from increase of circulation. Additional loans in this mode would indeed almost certainly prove illusory; for di-

minished value could hardly fail to neutralize increased amount.'

In consequence of these issues, the average rate of interest on the whole public debt on the 1st of July last, was only 8.77 per centum, and on the 1st of October, 8.95 per centum.

It was to be expected that the banks, which have heretofore had an entire monopoly of the paper circulation, and of the large profits derived from its legitimate use, as well as from its disastrous and sometimes dishonest irregularities, would not very cordially receive the system which is destined to supersede their present organization entirely. The Secretary justly exults in the advantages of the sound and uniform circulation which he has afforded in all parts of the country. And as to the depreciation of the Treasury notes in comparison with gold, he reasons, with great force and truth, that the greater part of it is attributable to 'the large amount of bank notes yet in circulation,' remarking at the same time, that 'were these notes withdrawn from use, that much of the now very considerable difference between coin and United States notes would disappear.' Whether this belief of the Secretary be well founded or not, nothing can be more certain than the superiority of the Treasury notes to those of the mass of suspended banks, as they would have been after three years of the present war. It is frightful to think of the condition to which the currency would have been reduced at this time, if the Government had been guilty of the folly of conducting its immense operations in the suspended paper of irresponsible local banks. No one can doubt that the Treasury notes have been of immense service to the nation in its hour of trial; and if the limitation proposed by the Secretary shall be faithfully maintained, there need not be the slightest fear of any difficulty or discredit in the future. Upon the return of peace the whole issue will be easily absorbed and redeemed, either by the

process of funding, or more gradually in the ordinary transactions of the Government.

On a kindred subject, that of the high prices at present prevailing, let Mr. Chase speak for himself. This statement is so direct and pertinent that nothing could well be added. He says:

'It is an error to suppose that the increase of prices is attributable wholly or in very large measure to this circulation. Had it been possible to borrow coin enough, and fast enough, for the disbursements of the war, almost if not altogether the same effects on prices would have been wrought. Such disbursements made in coin would have enriched fortunate contractors, stimulated lavish expenditures, and so inflated prices in the same way and nearly to the same extent as when made in notes. Prices, too, would have risen from other causes. The withdrawal from mechanical and agricultural occupations of hundreds of thousands of our best, strongest, and most active workers, in obedience to their country's summons to the field, would, under any system of currency, have increased the price of labor, and, by consequence, the price of the products of labor,' &c.

It is impossible to deny the force of this statement; and upon the whole we must acknowledge that most of the evils which have been attributed to the financial policy of the Government were inherent in the very nature of the situation, and would have developed themselves, more or less, under any system which could have been adopted. It is very obvious that they might have been greatly aggravated by slight changes; but it is not easy to see how they could have been more skilfully met and parried than by the measures which have actually yielded such brilliant results.

The most signal triumph of Mr. Chase's whole system of finance is to be found in the truly marvellous success of his favorite five-twenty bonds. Even at the present time the public enthusiasm for these securities seems to be unabated, and it is more than prob-

able that the whole amount authorized to be issued will be taken up quite as rapidly as the bonds can be prepared or as the money may be required.

Not without good reason does the Secretary attribute the 'faith' thus shown by the people 'in the securities of the Government,' to his national banking law and the prospective establishment of a currency 'secured by a pledge of national bonds,' and destined at no distant day to 'take the place of the heterogeneous corporate currency which has hitherto filled the channels of circulation.' The idea of thus making tributary to the Government in its present emergency the whole banking capital of the country, or at least so much of it as may be employed in furnishing a paper circulation for commercial transactions, was as bold and magnificent as it has proved successful. Nothing less than the national credit is sufficiently solid and enduring to be the basis of a paper currency throughout the vast extent of our country. It is eminently fit that this perfect solidity of the central government with those who furnish paper money for the people of every locality, should be required and maintained on a proper basis. But the currency thus provided is not liable to any of the objections properly urged against a paper circulation issued by the Government itself; it is issued by individuals or companies, and secured only by such national stocks as have been created in the necessary operations of the nation itself. The system does not constitute a national bank or banks in the sense of that term as heretofore used in our history. It does nothing more than assume that indispensable control over the long-neglected currency of the country which is at once the privilege and the duty of the National Government. It has authority to pronounce the supreme law among all the States; and if there be any subject of legislation requiring the unity to be derived from the exercise of such authority, it

is, above everything else, that common medium of exchange which measures and regulates the countless daily commercial transactions of our immense territory. The system involves no participation by the Government in any banking operations; no partnership in any possible speculations, great or small; no interference, direct or indirect, with the legitimate business of the country: it is only a wise and efficient device, by which the Government assures to the people the soundness of the paper which may be imposed upon them for money.

The greatest merit of the scheme consists in the fact that it is intended to supersede that irregular and unsatisfactory system of banking which is based on a similar pledge of the credit of the several States. It is said to be hostile to the existing banks; but it is only so in so far as it requires a change of the basis of their credit from State to National securities. The measure was not conceived in any unfriendly spirit toward those institutions. It was necessary for the National Government to assert its own superiority, and thus to strengthen itself, at the same time that it sought to protect the people by securing them a uniform currency and equable exchanges.

Some murmurs of opposition have been heard from a quarter well understood; but the good sense of the people, and, we hope, of the holders of State bonds themselves, seems to have quickly suppressed these complaints. A war of the State banks on the Government, at this time and on this ground, might well be deplored; but the issue would not be doubtful. Mr. Chase occupies the vantage ground, and he would be victorious over these, as the country is destined to be over all other enemies.

At no other time could so fundamental a change in our system of currency have been proposed with the slightest chance of success; and, upon the whole, it was a grand and happy conception, in the midst of this tremendous war,

to make its gigantic fiscal necessities contribute to the permanent uniformity of the currency and of the domestic exchanges. For this great measure is no temporary expedient. Its success is bound up with the stability of the Government; and if this endures, the good effects of the new system will be felt and appreciated in future years, long after the unhappy convulsion which gave it birth shall have passed away. It will serve to smooth the path from horrid war to peace, and to hasten the return of national prosperity; and when experience shall have fully perfected its organization, it may well be expected, by the generality of its operation and its great momentum, to act as the great natural regulator of enterprise and business in our country.

If these grand achievements in finance have had so important an influence in sustaining the war for the Union, it is not likely they will fail to constitute a large element in controlling the political events of the immediate future. Their author is well known to entertain the soundest views in reference to the thoroughness of the measures necessary to restore harmony in the Union, without being of that extreme and impracticable school whose policy would render union uncertain or impossible; and if a ripe experience in public affairs and the most brilliant success in transactions of great delicacy and difficulty, as well as of the most vital importance to the triumph of our arms, are of any value, they cannot be without their due and proper weight in the crisis which is fast approaching.

The election of next fall will take place under circumstances dangerous to the stability of our institutions, and trying to the virtue and wisdom of the American people. We are compelled to undergo that great trial, either in the midst of a mighty civil war, or in the confusion and uncertainty of its recent close, with the legacy of all its tremendous difficulties to adjust and settle. Even in quiet times, the Presidential

election is an event of deep significance in our political history; but at such times, the ordinary stream of affairs will flow on quietly in spite of many obstructions; and even the errors and follies of the people consequent on the intrigues of politicians and the strife of parties, are not then likely to be fatal to the public security. In the midst of the tempest, however, or even in the rough sea, where the subsiding winds have left us crippled and exhausted, and far away from our true course, we have need of all the skill, experience, integrity, and wisdom which it is possible to call into the service of the country. But it is the skill and experience of the statesman, not of the warrior, which the occasion requires. To our great and successful generals, the gratitude of the people will be unbounded; and it will be exhibited in every noble form of expression and action becoming a just and generous nation. But civil station is not the appropriate reward of military services, except in rare cases, when capacity and fitness for its duties have been fully established. To conduct a great campaign and to gain important victories is evidence of great ability in achieving physical results by the organized agency and force of armies; it does not necessarily follow that the great general is an able statesman or a safe counsellor in the cabinet or in the legislative assembly. The functions to be performed in the two cases are wholly dissimilar, if not actually opposite in nature. War is the reign of force, and is essentially arbitrary in its decisions and violent in its mode of enforcing them: civil government, on the other hand, is the embodiment of law, and it ought to be the perfection of reason; its instrumentalities are eminently peaceful and antagonistic to all violence.

In times like the present, there is always a tendency to appropriate the popularity of some great and patriotic soldier, and make it available for the

promotion of personal or party ends. Success in that sinister policy will no doubt often prove to be only an aggravation of ordinary party strategy, by which the vital questions of capacity and fitness are made subordinate to that of availability. We have in our history too many instances of such intrigues and their dangerous consequences, to admit of their success at the present time, though they come in the seductive form of military glory. The degenerate system of party strategy culminated seven years ago in the election of James Buchanan. In pursuance of the secret and treacherous preparations for the present infamous rebellion, the people were ignorantly and blindly led by cunning intrigue into that fatal mistake; but it was not less the circumstances of the times and the sinister combination of parties, than the weakness and wickedness of the man chosen, which gave him the immense power for mischief which he wielded against his country. The complications of the approaching crisis will not be less controlling in their power to bring about the ruin or the restoration of the republic. In the uncertain contingencies and possible combinations of opinion and interest destined to grow out of the immediate future, no man can foresee what dangers and difficulties will arise. The only path of safety lies in the straight line of consistent action; avoiding sinister expedients and untried men; despising the arts of the demagogue, when they present themselves in the most specious of all forms, that of using military success as the pretext for ambitious designs; and doing justice to the great soldier, *as a soldier*, according to the value of his achievements, not forgetting that 'peace hath her victories not less renowned than those of war,' and that the faithful and able statesman cannot be overlooked and set aside amid the glare of arms, without danger to the best interests of the republic.

A S P I R O.—A F A B L E.

THEN my life was like a dream in which we guess at God-thoughts. I was so completely absorbed in my love that I marked the lapse of time only by the delicate varyings of my mistress's beauty, or the deepening spell of her royal rule. I was delirious with the delight of her presence, which comprised to me all types of excellence. Within her eyes the sapphire gates of heaven unclosed to me; in the splendor of lustred hair was life-warmth.

—And had I forgot?—the red lips I crushed like rose-leaves on my own—the tender eyes that plead 'remember me'—the faded rosemary which we culled together—the vows with which I said that love like ours was never false, nor parting fatal. Had I forgot? Could this *Aspiro* of my worship quite dispel my youth-dream—had her infatuating presence quite eclipsed my memory of Christine?—

Alas! I had not meant to be inconsistent, but while I strove sullenly for success in uncongenial occupation, *she* came to me—*Aspiro*—came like the truth and light, and taught me to myself.

For a long time I doubted and resisted; though she tempted me, making real the dreams of my shy, worshipful childhood, teaching me the meanings of treasured stories which I had listened to from flower-sprite and river-god, leading and wooing me with lovelier lures than even Nature's; for tropical bird-song and falling water was harsh to her voice, and dew-dripped lilies dim to her brow. But I shut my dazzled eyes at first from these, and strove to see only the face whereon, with tender kisses, I had sealed my future—having narrow aims; till the vision faded despairingly, and even closed lids would not recall it, and my weak resistance seemed but to strengthen the sway that bore me willingly away.

Over and over I told the rosary of *Aspiro's* charms. Hour by hour I wearied not of her perfections. With burning vows and rapturous words I pledged my life to her.

Once when the wind was sweeping her gay garments, like hope-banners, against my limbs, and tangling her long, loose hair about me—once when I was blind with the jewel-dazzle from her breast, thrilled by the passion-pressure of her hand, she said, in saddest, sweetest tones:

'I am erratic, Paulo, and exacting—will you tire of me!'

O Immortality! Did not that seem sacrilege!

Like curlew's wings flapped the white sails of the ship on the blue waters. *Aspiro's* eyes absorbed my mind and memory. The past was voiceless—the future clarion-toned. So we loosed our hold of the real past, and drifted toward an ideal future.

We wandered through apocalyptic mazes, startling the hush of mystery with daring footsteps. We brake the bread of the cosmic sacrament in sight of the Inaccessible.

In the metallic mirrors of Arctic lakes we watched the wind-whipped clouds. Mute we knelt in the ice-temples of Silence, and where the glaciers shatter the rainbows we renewed our promises.

Wet sat at the universal banquet, and drank deep of Beauty. Cheek pressed to cheek, arms interlaced, we sighed in the consecrated throes of its reproduction, and in the imagery of Art we lisped Creation's lessons.

From height to height and depth to depth. Lagging in low canoes along the black waters of silent swamps—life-left—seeing the far-off blue of sky and hope between the warning points of cypress spires. Across the stretch

of yellow sands, seeking her riddle of the Sphinx, and asking from the Runic records of one dead faith, and the sand-buried temples of another, the aim of the True.

Or clouds or rocks or winds or waves, the mutable or the unchangeable was in turn the theme of our reproductive praise. There were transfigurations on the mountain tops, where the spirit of the universe wore shining garbs and hailed us, their Interpreters. From every wave stretched Undine arms to greet us, and tongues of flame taught us the glories of the element.

Sometimes in giddy pauses shone sad eyes—yet not reproachful on me; but if I sighed in answer to their shining, Aspiro dazzled in betwixt me and my memory, and bade me 'cease not striving,' while her white finger pointed farther onward. For our love-life was a striving, and life's best porcelain was like common clay for fashioning vessels for its use.

I gave up all to her, time, talent, ingenuity. Studying for her caprices and struggling for her pleasure. How fair she seemed, how worthy any effort! If only I might hope that I, at last, should wholly win her approbation and make our union indissoluble. Her radiant smiles, and lofty, loving words, were hard to win, but then, when won—! Who ever looked and spoke and smiled as did Aspiro?

There was neither rest nor dalliance on our way. Unrest lit meteors in the heaven of my mistress's eyes, and I lost, at length, the delusion that I should ever satisfy all her imperious exactions. Then I hoped to make but some one thought or deed quite worthy of her favor, even to the sacrifice of my life.

I strove my utmost in the Art we loved. The strife consumed the dross of daily, petty hopes and fears, which make the happiness of common lives, and left my soul a crucible receptive for refinement only; and Aspiro tempted me to new endeavors by glimpses of the court which Nature holds, wear-

ing Dalmatian mantle and spray-bright crown, in realms forbidden mortals.

'I thought, for my sake,' she would say, sadly, 'you had already done something better than you have.'

If my soul sickened then, my courage did not falter, nor did her incentive beauty lose any of its charm.

I said: 'Give me a task, Aspiro, and I will please you yet.'

Then she pointed to me what I might do, and my work began.

In this work I reproduced my mistress's beauty and my love's significance. Having learned the language of nature, I translated from her hieroglyphic pages in characters of flame. With rash hands I stripped false seemings from material beauty, and limned the naked divinity of Idea. Shorn by degrees in my strife of youth and strength and passion, I wound them in my work—toiling like paltry larvæ. And it was done—retouched and lingered over long, apotheosized by mighty effort. So I offered it to my Fate.

Never before, as at that moment, had Aspiro seemed so worthy to be won at any cost. I trembled as I laid my work before her—she so transcended Beauty. But still I hoped. I waited for her dawning smile and outstretched hand, ready to die of attained longing when these should be bestowed.

She, gleaming like ice, transfixed me coldly, and, slighting with her glance my work, asked: 'Can you do no more?'

I answered with weary hopelessness: 'No more.'

How cold her laugh was!

'And have I waited on you all these years for this?'

I echoed drearily: 'For this.'

'Well, blot it out, and try again, if you would please me,' said Aspiro.

With spent strength I cast myself at her feet.

'You see,' I said, 'I have mixed these colors with my life-wine.'

'Why, then,' she asked, carelessly, 'with your insufficient strength, were you tempted to woo and follow me?'

So my life with its endeavors was a wreck. I thought of the good I had sacrificed, of the hopes that had failed. The Past and Future alike pierced my hands with crucifical nails, till, faint with the pain and the scorning, I lapsed into a long prostration, from which I came at last to the dawn-light of sad, once-forgotten eyes—to the odor of withered rosemary.

'True heart that I spurned,' I cried, 'can you forgive? I will return *Aspiro* scorn for scorn, and go humbly back, where it is perhaps not yet too late for happiness.'

With dreary reproaches came memory, disenthralled. I dreamed of my youth, its love, and its aim. I pictured a porch with its breeze-tossed vines, a rocking boat on a limpid lake, a narrow path through twilight-brooded woods, and each scene the shrine of a sweet face with brown, banded hair, and love-lit eyes.

And these pictures were the True. My heart cleaved the eternity of separation, beaconing my sad return to them, and I followed gladly, hope being not yet dead.

The summer porch was shady with fragrant vines—but I missed the face. I buoyed my heart, and said, 'Of course she would not have waited so long.'

I went to the woods, through the narrow paths where of old the birds twittered, and javelins of sunshine pierced—on, where we had gone together long ago, till I reached the dell where we pledged our love. Ah! I should find her here—

The sweet face where I should kindle smiles—the brown hair I could once more stroke—the lithe form that I longed to clasp—the true heart that should beat for me in a quiet home.

No. No waiting eyes—no true heart—no glad smile. But a cross and a grave and a name:

'CHRISTINE.'

Aspirants of the Age! Offspring of Aloes! you have chosen a worship that admits not a divided heart. But your faith, like the Mystic's, shall also make your strength; and though *Aspiro* stoops not to your stature, yet she reigns, and she rewards. Be true. Be firm. Even if it be upon the wreck of some frail, temporal heart-hopes, you *must* reach higher, till, in the sheen of the approving smile, you read the world-lesson: Salvation through sacrifice. Through strife and suffering—excellence.

THE RED MAN'S PLEA.

ALMOST LITERALLY THE REPLY OF 'RED IRON' TO GOVERNOR RAMSEY.

THE snow is on the ground, and still my people wait;
They ask but their just dues, ere yet it be too late;
For we are poor, our huts are cold, we starve, we die,
While you are rich, your fires are warm, your harvests lie
High heaped above the hunting grounds, our fathers' graves,
We sold you long ago. Alas! our famished braves
Have sold e'en their own graves! When dead, our bones shall stay
To whiten on the ground, that our Great Father may
More surely see where his Dacotah children died—
His dusky children whom ye robbed, and then belied.

BUCKLE, DRAPER, AND A SCIENCE OF HISTORY.

THIRD PAPER.

IN any classification of our intellectual domain which it is possible to make on the basis of Principles now known to the Scientific world at large, the most fundamental characteristic should be, the distinctive separation of those departments of thought in which *Certainty* is now attainable, from those in which only varying degrees of Probability exist, and the clear exhibition of that which is *positive and demonstrable knowledge*, in the strict sense of the term, as distinguished from that which is liable to be more or less fallible. Although the precise point at which, in some cases, the proofs of Probable Reasoning cease to be as convincing as those of Demonstration cannot be readily apprehended, yet the essential nature of the two *methods* of proof is radically and inherently different, and is marked by the most distinctive results. In the latter case, we have always accuracy, precision, and certainty, *beyond the possibility of doubt*; in the former, always the conviction that, how strong soever the array of evidence may seem to be, in favor of a particular inference, there still remains a possibility that the conclusion may be modified or vitiated by the subsequent advancement of knowledge.

The Generalizations which respectively affirm that all the angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles, or that the square of the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides, rest upon an entirely different basis of proof from those upon which the Generalizations rest which respectively assert that water is composed of certain chemical constituents combined in certain proportions, or that the nerves are the instruments of sensation and of motion. The former are irresistible

conclusions of the human mind, because, from the nature of the intellect, they cannot be conceived of as being otherwise. The Laws of Thought are such, that we are unable to think a triangle whose angles will *not* be equal to two right angles, or a right-angled one, the square of whose hypotenuse will *not* be equal to the squares of the other two sides. So long, therefore, as man is constituted as he now is—unless the human organization becomes radically changed, these geometrical Laws cannot be conceived as being otherwise than as they are. All men must apprehend them alike if they apprehend them at all. So long as man lives and thinks they remain unalterable verities, about which there can be no shadow of doubt, no possibility of error.

The doctrine that water is composed of certain definite chemical constituents in certain definite proportions, or the theory that the nerves are the instruments of sensation and of motion, rests upon no such foundation. Whenever water has been analyzed, it has yielded the same separate elements in the same proportions; and whenever these elements are put together in the same quantitative ratio they have produced water; so that the conviction is proximately established in the minds of all that water is invariably the product of these elements in certain proportions. But this proof does not establish the generalization as *inevitably true*, nor show that it is impossible for it to be otherwise. It is possible, in the nature of things, for us to conceive that the fluid which we call water may be produced from other constituents than oxygen or hydrogen, or that such a fluid may even now exist undiscovered, the product of elements altogether unknown.

So in regard to the nerves. Observation and experiment have established to the general satisfaction, that they are the instruments of sensation and motion; but we are not *absolutely sure* that this is the fact, nor can we *know* that a human being may not be born in whom no trace of nerves can be detected, and who will nevertheless experience sensation and exhibit motion. We may be as well satisfied, for all practical purposes, of the nature of water and of the office of the nerves as of the nature of a triangle; but the character of the evidence, on which the conviction is based, is essentially different; being, in the one case, incontrovertible and infallible; and, in the other, indecisive and *possibly* fallacious.

This repetition of that which has been substantially stated before, brings us to the final consideration of the distinctive nature of different departments of Thought, as indicated by the Methods of Proof which respectively prevail in them; and hence as embodying either exact and definite *Knowledge*, or only varying degrees of *Probability*. We have already seen, that in at least one sphere of intellectual activity we are able to start from the most basic and fundamental conceptions, from axiomatic truths so patent and universal that they cannot even be conceived of as being otherwise than as they are, and to proceed from them, by equally irresistible Inferences, to conclusions which are, from the nature of the human mind, inevitable. It is in the Mathematics, in which the Deductive Method is rightly operative, that this kind of Proof—Demonstration in the strict sense of the term—prevails. The various branches of Mathematics have therefore been appropriately designated the *Exact Sciences*, in contradistinction from those domains of Thought whose Laws or Principles are liable to be somewhat indefinite or uncertain; hence, called the *Inexact Sciences*.

Exact Science—in its largest sense, that which extends to all domains in

which the proper Deductive Method has been or may hereafter be rightly employed—is therefore a *system or series of truths relating to the whole Universe, or to some department of it, consecutively and necessarily resulting from, and dependent upon, each other, in a definite chain or series; and resting primarily upon some fundamental truth or truths so simple and self-evident, that, when clearly stated, all men must, by the natural constitution of the human mind, perceive them and recognize them as true. Demonstration is the pointing out of the definite links in the chain or series by which we go from fundamental truths, clearly perceived and irresistible, up to the particular truth in question.*

Thus far in the history of Science, Mathematics, as a whole, has ranked as the only Exact Science; being the only department of intellectual activity, all of whose Laws or Principles are established on a basis of *undeniable certainty*. If, however, theories of Cosmogony and considerations of Cosmography be excluded from the field of Astronomy, this Science consists almost wholly of the application of the Laws of Mathematics to the movements of the celestial bodies. Restricting Astronomy proper to this domain, where, as a *Science*, it strictly belongs, and setting aside its merely descriptive and conjectural features, as hardly an integral part of the Science itself, we have another Exact Science in addition to Mathematics.

Of still another domain, that of Physics, Professor Silliman says, 'all its phenomena are dependent on a limited number of general laws . . . which may be represented by numbers and algebraic symbols; and these condensed *formulae* enable us to conduct investigations with the certainty and precision of pure Mathematics.'

The various branches of Physics have not hitherto been ranked as Exact Sciences, because, as in Astronomy, unsubstantiated theories and doubtful generalizations, incapable of Mathematical Proof, have mingled with their

Demonstrated Laws and Phenomena, as a component part of the Science itself. It has consequently exhibited an ambiguous or problematical aspect, incompatible with the rigorous requirements of Exact Science. Even in Professor Silliman's admirable work, *formulas* are given as Laws, which, however correct, have yet no foundation in axiomatic truth; while Inferences are drawn from them which are by no means capable of *Demonstration*. Strictly speaking, however, only those Laws which *do* rest upon a Demonstrable basis and the Phenomena derived from them come within the scope of the Science of Physics. So far as these prevail, this department of investigation is entitled to the Mathematical character accorded to it by Professor Silliman, and ranks as an Exact Science.

Astronomy and Physics, viewed in the light in which they are here presented, are rather special branches of Mathematics, than distinct Sciences. But as we often speak of Geometry as a separate Science, although it is in reality only a division of the Mathematical domain, and is so classed by Comte; so there is a sense in which both Astronomy and Physics, as herein defined, may be regarded as individual Sciences, and in that character they will be considered in this paper.

We have, then, three domains in which the true Deductive Method is active; in which we can start from universally recognized Truths and proceed, by irresistible Inferences, to ulterior Principles and Facts. In three Sciences, in Mathematics as commonly defined and understood, in Astronomy and Physics as herein circumscribed, we are able to establish starting points of thought with Mathematical certainty, and to deduce from them all the Phenomena of their respective realms.

Within the scope of these three Sciences, therefore, our information is clearly defined, positive, and indisputable. The conclusions to which we

are led by their Principles can no more be gainsayed than human existence can be doubted. While time shall last, while mankind shall endure, while the human Mind is constructed on its present basis; while, in fine, there is a possibility for the exercise of Thought in any way conceivable to the existing Mentality of the universe, the Laws of Mathematics, of Astronomy, and of Physics can be apprehended in no way different from that in which they are now apprehended. There is no *conceivable possibility* that subsequent investigations will show them to be erroneous or defective. They stand upon a foundation of Proof as unalterable as the fiat of Fate or the decrees of the Almighty, which can neither be shaken nor destroyed.

It is between these three Mathematical Sciences, on the one side, and all other domains of intellectual investigation on the other, that a line of distinct demarcation must be drawn, in any Classification of our so-called Knowledge, in accordance with any method of classification known to the scientific world at large. Not that the Laws or Principles which lie at the base of all other departments of the universe are not as stable, as definite, and as infallible as those which inhere in the Sciences which have been specially indicated. But that, as yet, the endeavor to apprehend fundamental Principles, in other spheres than these, has been attended with only partial success; and hence, the ability to establish a Mathematical or Demonstrable basis for other regions of Thought is yet wanting, so far as is commonly known.

When, therefore, we emerge from the domains of Mathematics, Astronomy, and Physics, we are leaving the field of *positive assurance*, of *undeniable truth*, and entering the realms where opinion, conjecture, and variable degrees of certainty prevail. *The Facts of Observation may be, indeed, as plain here as elsewhere and as firmly established. But the con-*

clusions drawn from them, the Scientific Principles assumed to be established, may be erroneous or defective, and the power of prevision, the great test of Scientific accuracy, is proportionally wanting. Derived, as we have hitherto seen these conclusions to be, from Phenomena, on the supposition that a given range of Observation will secure all the essential Principles which appertain to the whole of the Phenomena included in the range, we can never be *entirely sure* that our basis of Facts is sufficient for our purpose, and hence the *possibility* of error always exists.

It is not to be understood, therefore, that first or observational *Facts* are not rightly to be known in other departments of investigation than Mathematics, Astronomy, and Physics; but that Laws, Principles, or Generalizations which *relate* Facts and serve as instruments for penetrating into the deeper arcana of Nature, cannot be precisely, accurately, and certainly *known*, in their relations and belongings, until we are able to establish their connection with the lowest, most fundamental, and self-evident truths, and in this manner become competent to advance step by step from undeniable first truths to those equally undeniable. In Mathematics, in Astronomy, and in Physics, we are able to do this. We *know* the Laws or Principles of these Sciences, therefore, so far as we have developed the Sciences themselves. We know the relations of the various Laws within the range of each Science, and the relations of the different Sciences with each other. We can advance, within their boundaries, from the simplest and most positive verities, such as the whole is equal to all its parts—a self-evident truth, which it is impossible to conceive as being otherwise than as here stated—up to the most intricate ulterior Facts of the universe, by Inferences which are as irresistible to the mind as the axioms with which we started. In no other domains of Thought can this be done by any

methods now in vogue. In no other realms, therefore, are complete precision and infallibility attainable. It is this which constitutes the peculiar character of these three Sciences, and distinguishes them radically from all others.

The whole body of our authoritative and irrevocably determinate intellectual acquisitions lies, therefore, at the present time, so far as is commonly known, within the range of Mathematics, Astronomy, and Physics. These are in strictness the only *Sciences* which we possess; and the only domains in which *knowledge*, in the proper sense of the term, is attainable. In passing their boundaries, we leave the regions of positive *certitude*, and come into the domain where Conjecture, varying from the strongest presumption to mere plausibility, is the highest proof. Laws or Principles are yet undiscovered there, and in their place we find Generalizations—Suppositive or Proximate Laws—which are in process of proof, or already established by such evidence as the Inductive Method can array, and which carry the conviction of their correctness with varying degrees of force, to larger or smaller classes of investigators.

These three branches of knowledge are unquestionably entitled to the designation of *Positive Sciences*; and to no others can it with justice be accorded. To apply the name of *Science* to domains in which real knowledge is not attainable, is, in some sense, an abuse of terms. To denominate *Positive Sciences*, domains which are not strictly Scientific, and in which *positive* certainty, in reference to Principles and ulterior Facts, cannot be attained, is still more incongruous. Comte's arrangement of the schedule of the *Positive Sciences*, in which domains where Demonstrable knowledge prevails are placed upon a common basis with those in which it does not, was probably owing to the want of a clear perception on his part of the essential differ-

ence of the nature of proof by the true Deductive Method and of proof by the Inductive Method, of the *actual* Certainty of the one and the merely *proximate* Certainty of the other.

If such were the case, his want of discrimination was rather due to an overestimate of Inductive proof than to an undervaluation of Mathematical Demonstration. That Mathematics, Astronomy, and Physics were more perfect Sciences than the others in point of *precision*, he distinctly affirms, pointing out that 'the relative perfection of the different Sciences consists in the degree of precision of Knowledge,' that this degree of precision is in accordance with the extent to which Mathematical analysis can be applied to the given domain, and that to the above-mentioned Sciences only is its application possible. Notwithstanding this apprehension of the different degrees of *precision* or *exactitude* attainable in the various Scientific realms, he does not seem to have sufficiently understood that there was also a vast difference in the *nature of the evidence* which went to prove the truth of the supposed Principles and ulterior Facts of the various departments of Thought, and hence variable degrees of *Certainty* in regard to the positive bases of the Principles themselves. He thus falls into the same error which it was one of the main purposes of his Scientific labors to correct—commingling problematical theories with Demonstrable Truths, as equally entitled to belief—and ranks Sociology, including *La Morale*, afterward called a distinct Science, with Mathematics, Astronomy, and Physics, as domains in which our reasonings, in the present state of Knowledge, can be equally reliable.

It is barely possible that the purpose and design of Comte's Classification had, unconsciously, much to do with its really unscientific and incongruous character. The aim which he had in view was to construct a Sociology or Science of Society which should be a

guide in the establishment of a new Government, a new Political Economy, a new Religion, a new Social Life, a new Order of Things, in fine, to take the place of the decrepit institutions, governmental, ecclesiastical, and social, which he thought were fast approaching their period of dissolution. The Generalization which had exhibited to him, that the Laws and Phenomena of the various departments of investigation were dependent on each other in a graduated scale, and had thus enabled him to establish the *Hierarchy of the Sciences*, showed him that Sociology, including as it does the Principles and Phenomena of the other domains which he regards as Positive Sciences, must be based upon them.

Hence it became necessary to fix the Scientific character of all these branches of intelligence, in order to create a Scientific basis for his Sociology. It was, however, impossible for him to claim that a Demonstrable or Infallible method of Proof was applicable to Chemistry and Biology; while, on the other hand, to exhibit such a method as introducing a certainty into Mathematics, Astronomy, and Physics which did not appertain to the other so-called Positive Sciences, would have indicated too plainly the unspanned gulf which yawned between the indubitable Demonstrations of the Exact Sciences and the merely probable Generalizations of the others, and have exposed the fallible character of his Sociological theories.

A Classification was rendered indispensable, therefore, which should display uniformity in its character, and a sufficiently rigorous mode of Scientific proof. To fulfil this end, the Inexact Sciences were accorded a position of *certainty* in reference to their Principles which does not in reality belong to them; while the Exact or Infallible Sciences were degraded from their peculiarly high state, and brought to the new level of the former on the middle ground of the Positive Philoso-

phy. A quasi-Scientific basis was thus erected for the Sociological movements of the French Reformer.

Had he been as *Metaphysically analytical, profound, and discriminating* in his intellectual development, as he was *vigorous, expansive, and broadly generalising*, he would have discerned the insufficiency of the bases of the structure which he was building. Had he understood the Scientific problem of the age, he would have known that until the task which he believed too great for accomplishment was adequately performed, until all the phenomena of the respective Sciences were brought within the scope of a larger Science and included under a Universal Law, there could be no 'clearness, precision, and consistency' throughout all our domains of Thought, and hence no *true* Sociology. Had he rightly apprehended the nature of 'The Grand Man,' as he aptly denominates Humanity, he would not have failed to perceive that the attempt to measure the capacities and requirements of Society by the capacities and requirements of any individual or individuals, how catholic soever they may be, is but the repetition of the Procrustean principle on a broader basis, and that a reconstructive movement established on such a foundation could not meet the wants of this individualized epoch. That he should not have perceived that the capital and necessary precursor of any true Science of Society must be a Universal Science, a Science of Universal Laws underlying and unifying Physics and Metaphysics, is not strange, when we consider his peculiar mental characteristics. That he should ever have anticipated any permanent acceptance of his Sociological Theories, or regarded his Social Institutions as anything more than transitional forms, could only have been due to a lack of the highest Scientific powers, and to an earnest impatience at beholding Humanity crawling along the path of Progress by the aid of obsolete instrumentalities.

The work which Auguste Comte accomplished was immense. Its value can hardly be overestimated. Every modern Scientist and Thinker is largely indebted to him for that which is indispensable to high intellectual development and progress in thought. For the immense steps in Scientific advancement which he took; for his love of his Race; for his really religious spirit, exhibited in his utter devotion to that which he deemed the highest right; the love and sympathy of every student of Science and every devotee of truth is, and will be, forever his. That he failed in achieving a permanent Scientific basis of a sufficiently universal and unquestionable character—a real Universology, which should exhibit the essential verity of the *religious intuitions* of the past, and should establish their inherent and harmonious connection with the unfolding *intellectual discoveries* of the present—is true. But it should not be forgotten that every attempt, made in the right direction, which comes short of the final result, is but a stepping stone for the next effort, and, viewed as a single round in the great ladder of human ascension, a success—an element without which the final achievement would have been impossible. Without Comte there would have been no Buckle, whose work furnishes another of these steps. Every page of the 'History of Civilization' exhibits the indebtedness of the English Historian to the French Encyclopædist of the Sciences; while the 'Intellectual Development of Europe' bears evidence of a 'Positivist' inspiration to which Professor Draper might have more completely yielded with decided benefit. For the lift which the author of the Positive Philosophy and the founder of the Positive Religion has given the world, let us be deeply grateful; although we must reject, as a finality, a System of Science which cannot *Demonstrate* the correctness of its Principles and Phenomena, or a System of Religion which emascu-

lates mankind of its diviner and more spiritual aspirations, and dwarfs him to the dimensions of a refined Materialism.

In classifying our existing Knowledge, then, on our present basis of Scientific acquisition, we must draw a distinct line between Mathematics, Astronomy, and Physics, on the one side, and all remaining departments of Thought, on the other, and set these three Sciences apart as the Exact or Infallible ones, occupying a rank superior to the others, by virtue of the Certainty and Exactitude with which we are able, through the operation of the true Deductive Method, to ascertain their Principles and Phenomena. We shall then be enabled—by the aid of Comte's principle that the domains of investigation take rank in proportion to the complexity of their Phenomena—to ascertain, after a very brief examination, the place which History holds in the Scale, and how much claim it can lay to a Scientific character.

Comte closes the Hierarchy of the Positive Sciences by adding to the three which we have denominated *Exact Sciences*, Chemistry, Biology, Sociology, and *La Morale*, in the order in which they are named, as indicated by the nature of the Phenomena with which they are concerned. If we adopt this arrangement, and annex to each of these *general Sciences*, as they are called in the language of Positivism, its derived or dependent branches, we shall have the following order: Chemistry; Geology; Biology, including Botany, Human and Comparative Anatomy, and Physiology; Zoology; Sociology; and *La Morale*. Although this enlarged scale is defective, many important departments, such as Ethnology, Philology, etc., being left out, it is sufficiently correct to show the complex nature of the Phenomena with which History must concern itself.

History—in its largest aspect, that in which we are now considering it—

is the record of the progress of the Race in all its various modes of development. In it is therefore involved the examination and consideration of all the agencies, Material or Spiritual, which have operated on Mankind through past ages. Mathematical questions concerning Number, Form, and Force; Astronomical problems on the relation of our Earth to other Celestial bodies, and the effect thereof on Climate, Soil, and Modes of Life; Physical inquiries into the influence of Heat, Electricity, etc., on individuals and nations; Chemical investigations into the nature of different kinds of Food, and their relations to the animal economy, and hence to the career of Peoples; Geological researches to discover the origin of the human Race, and its position in the Animal Kingdom; questions of Physiology, of Social Life, of Ethnology, of Metaphysics, of Religion; every problem, in fine, which the world has been called to consider, forms a part of the record of its progress and comes within the scope of History. As the Descriptology, or verbal daguerreotyping of the Continuity of Society, and hence of the Dynamical aspect of Concrete Sociology, History stands, then, in a sense, at the head of the scale, omitting Theology, the true apex of the pyramid of Sciences, which pyramid Comte has decapitated of this very apex.

The problems which History is called to solve are therefore exceedingly intricate and perplexing. The Generalizations of Chemistry, conducted, as they must be, on our present basis of Knowledge, by the Inductive Method, are involved in a degree of uncertainty, not only on account of the complexity of their Phenomena, but also by reason of the absence of any method of ascertaining when all the elements of a right Generalization are obtained. In Geology, including Mineralogy, the complexity increases, and the possibility of precision and certainty decreases in the same ratio. This augmentation of complexity in the Phenomena and propor-

tionate diminution of exactitude and certainty in respect to the Generalizations derived from them, continues at every successive degree of the scale; so that when we arrive at History, all hope of even proximate precision, and all expectation of anything like positive Knowledge, except in the broadest outline and generalization, by any application of the Inductive Method, has completely vanished.

The hopelessness of a Science of History prior to the discovery of a Unitary Law and the introduction of the Deductive Method into all domains of investigation, now becomes plainly apparent. Until the occurrence of that event we shall look in vain for a true Science of History. With the advent of such a discovery, it will be possible to carry the precision and infallibility of Mathematical Demonstration into all departments of Thought, and to subject the Phenomena of History to well-defined and indubitable Laws.

We must guard, however, against entertaining the supposition that a Unitary Science will bring *all* the Phenomena of the universe within the compass of *Demonstrable* apprehension. The province of Science is not infinite, but circumscribed. We are limited in the application of Mathematical Laws, even within the sphere of Pure Mathematics; general equations of the fifth degree having until recently resisted all attempts to solve them; and fields yet remain into which we cannot advance. The power of the human mind to analyze Phenomena ceases at some point, and there our ability to *apply* Scientific Principles, however indubitable in themselves, ends. It is the office of Exact Science to furnish us with a knowledge of the inherent Laws which everywhere pervade the Universe and govern continuously and unalterably its activities. To the extent to which it is possible to trace the constituent elements of Thought or Things we can have the guidance of these Laws or Principles. But when

we reach that point in any department of investigation where the complexity of the Phenomena renders it impossible for the human intellect to successfully analyze it and discover its separate parts, the sphere of accurate Scientific Knowledge is transcended. The Intuition—the faculty which apprehends what we may call the spirit of *Concrete* things, which goes to conclusions by a rapid process that overleaps intermediate steps, which is our guide in the numerous decisions that we are called to make in our every-day life, and which perceives, in a somewhat vague and indefinite manner—becomes our only guide in this Realm of the Inexact.

The advent of a Unitary Science and the inauguration of a true Deductive Method in all domains of Thought, will, indeed, completely revolutionize our Scientific bases, and render precision and infallibility possible in domains where now only conjecture and probability exist. It will enable us to establish on a firm and secure foundation the *Laws or Principles of every department of the Universe of Matter and of Mind*, and to penetrate the Phenomena of all realms to an extent now scarcely imagined. It will furnish us the 'Criterion of Truth' so long sought after—a ground of intellectual agreement in all the concerns of life, so far as this is essential, similar to that which we now have in Mathematics, where difference of opinion is impossible because *proof is of a nature to be alike convincing to all*.

But, as in Mathematics a limit is reached, beyond which the finite character of our intelligence does not permit us to *apply* the Laws which we are well assured still prevail, so there is an outlying circle of practical activity which no Science can compass. The various tints of the autumn forest are probably the results of Mathematical arrangements of particles; but to how great an extent we shall be able to discover what precise arrangement produces a given shade of color, is doubt-

ful. Some delicate varieties, at least, will always be beyond our definite apprehension. Whether we shall dine at one hour or another, whether we will wear gray or black, and innumerable other questions of specialty, do not come within the range of Scientific solution, and never can. So that when every domain of human concern is solidly established on a basis of Exact Science, there will still remain a field of indefinite extent, in which the Intuitive application of eternal Principles will furnish an unlimited activity for the Practical, *Æsthetic*, Imaginative, Idealistic, Artistic, and Religious faculties of Mankind.

The task which Mr. Buckle set himself to accomplish was, in a marked sense, original and peculiar. Although several systematic attempts had been made in Europe, prior to his time, to investigate the history of man according to those exhaustive methods which in other branches of Knowledge have proved successful, and by which alone empirical observations can be raised to scientific truths, the imperfect state of the Physical Sciences necessarily rendered the execution of such an undertaking extremely defective. It was not, indeed, until the vast mass of Facts which make up the body of the various Sciences had been included within appropriate formulæ, and until the elaborate Classification of Auguste Comte had separated that which was properly Knowledge from that which was not, with sufficient exactitude to answer the purposes of broad Generalization, and had established the relations of the different domains of intelligence, that such a work as the 'History of Civilization' was possible.

Previous Historians, with these few exceptions, had contented themselves with the narration of the *Facts* of national progress, the merely superficial exhibition of the external method of a people's life, and had almost wholly neglected or greatly subordinated the

Philosophical or Scientific aspect of the subject, namely, the causes of the given development. Separate domains of History had, indeed, been examined with considerable ability; but hardly any attempt had been made to combine the various parts into a consistent whole, and ascertain in what way they were connected with each other. Still less had there been any notable effort to apply the whole body of our existing knowledge to the elucidation of the problem of human progress. While the necessity of generalization in all the other great realms of investigation had been freely conceded, and strenuous exertions had been made to rise from particular Facts to the discovery of the Laws by which those Facts are governed, Historians continued to pursue the stereotyped course of merely relating events, interspersed with such reflections as seemed interesting or instructive.

Up to the period when Mr. Buckle essayed his 'History of Civilization,' few, if any, of the well-known modern Historians had conceived that an acquaintance with all the departments of human intelligence was a necessary accomplishment in a writer on the past career of the world, and no one of them had undertaken to write history from that basis. 'Hence,' says the author whom we are considering, and who makes, in the first pages of his book, substantially the same statements concerning the condition of Historical literature which are made here—'hence the singular spectacle of one historian being ignorant of political economy; another knowing nothing of law; another, nothing of ecclesiastical affairs, and changes of opinion; another neglecting the philosophy of statistics, and another physical science; although these topics are the most essential of all, inasmuch as they comprise the principal circumstances by which the temper and character of mankind have been affected, and in which they are displayed. These important pursuits

being, however, cultivated, some by one man, and some by another, have been isolated rather than united: the aid which might be derived from analogy and from mutual illustration has been lost; and no disposition has been shown to concentrate them upon history, of which they are, properly speaking, the necessary components.'

The work which Mr. Buckle contemplated was designed to supply this *desideratum* in respect to History. It was an endeavor to discover 'the Principles which govern the character and destiny of nations,' an effort 'to bring up this great department of inquiry to a level with other departments,' 'to accomplish for the history of man something equivalent, or at all events analogous to, what has been effected by other inquirers for the different branches of Natural Science,' and 'to elevate the study of history from its present crude and informal state,' and place 'it in its proper rank, as the head and chief of all the Sciences.'

At the outset of his undertaking, we have ample evidence that the capacious-minded Englishman had fixed upon no less a labor than '*to solve the great problem of affairs; to detect those hidden circumstances which determine the march and destiny of nations; and to find, in the events of the past, a key to the proceedings of the future, which is nothing less than to unite into a single science all the laws of the moral and physical world.*' He was thus bent, doubtless with only a vague apprehension of the nature of the problem, on the discovery of that Unitary Law, whose apprehension is so anxiously awaited, *which is to cement the various branches of our Knowledge into a Universal Science, and furnish an Exact basis for all our thinking.*

The Method which Mr. Buckle employed in the prosecution of his magnificent design was the Inductive. He made 'a collection of historical and scientific facts,' drew from them such conclusions as he thought they suggested and authorized; and then

applied the Generalizations thus obtained to the elucidation of the career of various countries. When we consider the nature of the work undertaken and the means by which it was to be achieved, we can hardly deny, that this attempt to create a Science of History was, in a distinguishing sense, the most gigantic intellectual effort which the world has ever been called to witness. The domain of investigation was almost new. The point of Observation entirely so. Vast masses of Facts encumbered it, aggregated in orderless heaps—orderless, at least, so far as his uses were subserved. Comte had, indeed, brought the different departments of inquiry into proximately definite relations in obedience to an *abstract* and *Static Law*; but while this labor was, in other respects, an essential preliminary to Mr. Buckle's undertaking, it was of little *immediate* value in an attempt to secure the direct solution of the most intricate and complex questions of Concrete *dynamical* Sociology, involving the unstable and shifting contingencies of individual activity. The whole of the intellectual accumulations of the centuries may be said to have been piled about the English Thinker, and he was to discover in and derive from them the unerring Law or Laws which should serve to explain, with at least something approaching precision and clearness, the kaleidoscopic phases of human existence.

Only one generally known effort in the realm of Thought bears any comparison to this, examined in reference to the vigor, breadth, and variety of the mental faculties which it called into requisition. Viewed in connection with the work of the founder of the Positive School, we may say, without any disparagement to the comprehensive abilities of the French Philosopher, that the task undertaken by the English Historian required a tenacity of intellectual grasp, a steadiness of mental vision, a scope of generalizing power, an all-embracing scholarship, a marvel-

lous accumulation of Facts, and a wonderful readiness to handle them, which even the prodigious labors of the Positive Philosophy did not demand. Comte had, indeed, like Buckle, to arrange the Facts of the universe into order. But in his case they were only to be grouped under appropriate headings, and, as it were, quietly labeled.

With the author of 'Civilization in England' it was otherwise. In the actual careers of men and of nations, Facts do not stand related to each other and to human actions in the distinct and distinguishable way in which they appear when correlated, as by Comte, in accordance with general Laws. The domain of the *concrete*, or of practical life, has always a variable element which does not obtain in the sphere of generalizing Principles, and which immensely complicates the investigation of the problems of real existence. Comte purposely excluded the realm of the *concrete* from his studies, and therefore simplified, to a great extent, his field of labor. Yet even in his attempt to bring order into this curtailed department of inquiry, he professes, not merely his own inability to accomplish, but his conviction of the inherent impossibility of the accomplishment of that, for the *abstract* only, which Buckle really undertook for the *concrete*; namely, the reduction of the Phenomena of the Universe to a single Law; or, what is synonymous, the integration of all the laws of the moral and physical world into a single Science.

The character of his undertaking compelled Mr. Buckle, on the contrary, to stretch his mental antennae into every department of mundane activity, to hold the Facts there discovered, so far as he might, collectively within his grasp, and to draw them by an irresistible strain into gradually decreasing circles of generalization, until they were brought to a Central Law, which should contain within itself the many-sided explanation of the intricate ramifications of individual and national

careers. The difference in the work essayed by the two distinguished Thinkers whose labors we are considering, is somewhat analogous to that which exists between the profession of the apothecary and that of the physician. The former must know the range of *Materia Medica*, and the contents of the *Pharmacopœia*, so far as is necessary to arrange the various medicines in order, and deliver them when called for. The latter must hold the different remedies in his knowledge, not as classified upon the pharmacist's shelves, but as related to the various forms of constantly changing vital Phenomena, in the midst of which he is to detect their applicability to different forms of disease. Still more analogous is Comte to the student of Natural History, whose business it is, preëminently, to distribute and classify the Animal Kingdom, in accordance with Generalizations which relate mainly to the form or type of organization; while Buckle resembles the student of a higher rank, who endeavors, in the midst of the play of passion and the actual exhibitions of life itself, to read the nature of the mental and moral development which exists beneath them and controls their workings.

It is evident that, up to a period subsequent to the publication of his first volume, the writer of the 'History of Civilization' entertained the fullest confidence in the ability of the Inductive Method to cope with the ultimate problems of the Universe, and had high expectations of being able, through its instrumentality, to reduce the whole body of our Knowledge to a systematic whole, and to establish a Science of Sciences which should be a Criterion of Truth, and the crowning intellectual achievement of the ages. Whether Mr. Buckle fully comprehended the real nature of the Science toward which he was aiming; whether he entirely appreciated the radical and important change which its discovery would necessarily introduce into our Methods

of Investigation; whether he saw that it would be the inauguration of a true Deductive Mode of reasoning, which would enable us to advance with incredible rapidity and certainty into the arcana of those departments which he was then obliged to explore with the most tedious research, the most plodding patience, and the most destructive intellectual tension, in order to accumulate a limited array of Facts, is somewhat doubtful.

The significant sentence which occurs in the second volume of his work, closely following the announcement of his disappointment at being unable to achieve all that he had expected and promised, and which states that 'in a complete scheme of our knowledge, and when all our resources are fully developed and marshalled into order, as they must eventually be, the two methods [the Inductive and the Deductive] will be, not hostile, but supplementary, and will be combined into a single system,' seems to indicate that at some period prior to the publication of the second volume, and subsequent to the issue of the first, the insufficient nature of the Inductive Method as a Scientific guide broke upon him, and some conception of the nature of a Mode of Reasoning which should combine the two Processes in just relations, began to dawn into his mind. That he obtained anything more than a faint glimpse of the true Method, is not likely. Had he done so, he would certainly have made some statement of the great results which would follow its inauguration, even if he could have refrained from bestowing one of his glowing and enraptured paragraphs upon the fairest and most entrancing vision of future achievement which the devotee of intellectual investigation will ever witness.

It is probable, that in carrying on his investigations after the publication of the first volume of his work, finding it impossible to handle the accumulations of Facts necessary to his purpose, and

discovering the inexactitude and insufficiency of his Generalizations in the ratio that the bounds of his field of inquiry enlarged, he was led to perceive the essential weakness and inadequacy of the Inductive Method, and the probable certainty that, at some future period, the progress of our Knowledge would lead to the establishment of positive bases for all departments of investigation, and thus furnish an opportunity for the harmonious and reciprocal activity of the two hitherto antagonistic Methods. That he had any definite idea of the precise nature of the bases on which this union would take place, that he perceived the exact character of the Science of Universology which it would create, or contemplated the subordination of the Inductive Process to the Deductive, there is no indication.

But whatever may have been Mr. Buckle's understanding or expectation in reference to the future, it is certain that between the publication of the first and second volumes of his History, the hope which he had formed and announced of being able to create a Science of History had vanished, and his efforts were confined to a less extensive programme. The pages in which this change of purpose is made known display, in touching outlines, tinged with a noble sadness, that the soul of the great Englishman was, in all the attributes of magnanimity, at least, a fitting mate for his intellect.

A storm of obloquy had assailed him at the outset of his labor. Beginning with the time when the first instalment of 'Civilization in England' was given to the public, passion, prejudice, and pride had strained their powers to vilify his character and heap abuse upon his name. The Press, the Pulpit, and the Lyceum, with rare and brave exceptions, met the formidable array of Facts with which the work bristled, by sciolistic criticisms, bigoted denunciations, or timid, faint praise. Conservatives in Politics and Religion exhibited

him as a dangerous innovator, a social iconoclast, the would-be destroyer of all that was sacred in Institutions and in Religion. Theologians branded him as immoral and atheistic, and poured upon him a torrent of vituperation and hatred.

The only public reply which the English writer condescended to make, is contained in the closing pages of the fourth chapter of the last volume which he published. Every line of this answer, which is transcribed below, breathes the spirit of Him who, when he was reviled, reviled not again—the spirit of forbearance, of generous forgiveness, of magnanimity, of unruffled dignity. Buckle had learned, indeed, from his own investigations, that he who would elevate mankind must expect, not only its indifference to his labors, but its positive abuse. He knew, that the individual who, like Jesus, attempts to promulgate new truth, either moral or intellectual, must expect to array against himself the greatest portion of the human family, incrustated in their prejudices, their ignorance, their interests, or their feelings, and must be content with the appreciation and sympathy of the few who are wise enough to understand him, truthful enough to accept his doctrine, however unwholesome to their tastes, and brave enough to avow it. Perhaps he had also learned the fact, that, in the present state of humanity's development, few, very few, even of the best of mankind, love truth, chiefly *because it is truth*, and are hence eager to know their own shortcomings; but that those truths only are, for the most part, capable of being acceptably presented to individuals, which it is more satisfactory to their personal feelings, more comfortable to their own inherent peculiarities of disposition, to conform to than to reject. Be this as it may, the reply which he makes to the outrages showered upon him is evidently the language of a man whose thoughts are far removed from the arena of petty

spite or private resentment, the expression of one who knew the grandeur and usefulness of his labors, who expected, in their prosecution, to be misunderstood and calumniated, and who, yet, was incapable of other than the most generous impulses of a noble philanthropy toward his maligners and traducers.

In the announcement of his inability to fulfil the great promises made in the former volume, we find, likewise, the indications of a nature full of lofty grandeur. He who has known the scholar's hopes, the student's struggles, and the author's ambition, may form some faint conception of what must have been the feelings of the great Historian when the conviction came to him, first faintly foreshadowed and then deepening to a reality, that the prize for which he had contended—and such a prize! which had seemed, too, at times, almost within his grasp—was destined forever to elude him. Frankly to acknowledge failure in such a struggle, was in itself great; to acknowledge it when the cries of his assailants were still ringing in his ears, and when it might have been measurably concealed, was still greater; to acknowledge it in words which betray no trace of disappointed *personal* ambition, but only a regret that the final avenue to truth should not have been opened, was heroic even to sublimity. The pages of Buckle's 'History of Civilization' which record the answer to his traducers and the acknowledgment of his disappointment in relation to what he should be able to achieve, will stand in the annals of literary history as a memorable instance in which is significantly exhibited one factor of that highest religious spirit so much needed in our day—*devotion to the intellectual discovery of all truth for truth's sake.*

The following is the passage in question:

"In the moral world, as in the physical world, nothing is anomalous; nothing is unnatural; nothing is strange.

All is order, symmetry, and law. There are opposites, but there are no contradictions. In the character of a nation, inconsistency is impossible. Such, however, is still the backward condition of the human mind, and with so evil and jaundiced an eye do we approach the greatest problems, that not only common writers, but even men from whom better things might be hoped, are on this point involved in constant confusion. Perplexing themselves and their readers by speaking of inconsistency, as if it were a quality belonging to the subject which they investigate, instead of being, as it really is, a measure of their own ignorance. It is the business of the historian to remove this ignorance by showing that the movements of nations are perfectly regular, and that, like all other movements, they are solely determined by their antecedents. If he cannot do this, he is no historian. He may be an annalist, or a biographer, or a chronicler, but higher than that he cannot rise, unless he is imbued with that spirit of science which teaches, as an article of faith, the doctrine of uniform sequence; in other words, the doctrine that certain events having already happened, certain other events corresponding to them will also happen. To seize this idea with firmness, and to apply it on all occasions, without listening to any exceptions, is extremely difficult, but it must be done by whoever wishes to elevate the study of history from its present crude and informal state, and do what he may toward placing it in its proper rank, as the head and chief of all the sciences. Even then, he cannot perform his task unless his materials are ample, and derived from sources of unquestioned credibility. But if his facts are sufficiently numerous; if they are very diversified; if they have been collected from such various quarters that they can check and confront each other, so as to do away with all suspicion of their testimony being garbled; and if he who uses them possesses that faculty of generalization, without which nothing great can be achieved, he will hardly fail in bringing some part of his labors to a prosperous issue, provided he devotes all his strength to that one enterprise, postponing to it every other object of ambition, and sacrificing to it many interests which men hold dear. Some of the most pleasurable incentives to action, he

must disregard. Not for him are those rewards which in other pursuits the same energy would have earned; not for him, the sweets of popular applause; not for him, the luxury of power; not for him, a share in the councils of his country; not for him a conspicuous and honored place before the public eye. Albeit, conscious of what he could do, he may not compete in the great contest; he cannot hope to win the prize; he cannot even enjoy the excitement of the struggle. To him the arena is closed. His recompense lies within himself, and he must learn to care little for the sympathy of his fellow creatures, or for such honors as they are able to bestow. So far from looking for these things, he should rather be prepared for that obloquy which always awaits those, who, by opening up new veins of thought, disturb the prejudices of their contemporaries. While ignorance, and worse than ignorance, is imputed to him, while his motives are misrepresented and his integrity impeached, while he is accused of denying the value of moral principles, and of attacking the foundation of all religion, as if he were some public enemy, who made it his business to corrupt society, and whose delight it was to see what evil he could do; while these charges are brought forward, and repeated from mouth to mouth, he must be capable of pursuing in silence the even tenor of his way, without swerving, without pausing, and without stepping from his path to notice the angry outcries which he cannot but hear, and which he is more than human if he does not long to rebuke. These are the qualities, and these the high resolves, indispensable to him who, on the most important of all subjects, believing that the old road is worn out and useless, seeks to strike out a new one for himself, and, in the effort, not only perhaps exhausts his strength, but is sure to incur the enmity of those who are bent on maintaining the ancient scheme unimpaired. To solve the great problem of affairs; to detect those hidden circumstances which determine the march and destiny of nations; and to find, in the events of the past, a key to the proceedings of the future, is nothing less than to unite into a single science all the laws of the moral and physical world. Whoever does this, will build up afresh the fabric of our knowledge, rearrange its va-

rious parts, and harmonize its apparent discrepancies. Perchance, the human mind is hardly ready for so vast an enterprise. At all events, he who undertakes it will meet with little sympathy, and will find few to help him. And let him toil as he may, the sun and noontide of his life shall pass by, the evening of his days shall overtake him, and he himself have to quit the scene, leaving that unfinished which he had vainly hoped to complete. He may lay the foundation; it will be for his successors to raise the edifice. Their hands will give the last touch; they will reap the glory; their names will be remembered when his is forgotten.

'It is, indeed, too true, that such a work requires, not only several minds, but also the successive experience of several generations. Once, I own, I thought otherwise. Once, when I first caught sight of the whole field of knowledge, and seemed, however dimly, to discern its various parts, and the relation they bore to each other, I was so entranced with its surpassing beauty, that the judgment was beguiled, and I deemed myself able, not only to cover the surface, but also to master the details. Little did I know how the horizon enlarges as well as recedes, and how vainly we grasp at the fleeting forms, which melt away and elude us in the distance. Of all that I had hoped to do, I now find but too surely how small a part I shall accomplish. In those early aspirations, there was much that was fanciful; perhaps there was much that was foolish. Perhaps, too, they contained a moral defect, and savored of an arrogance which belongs to a strength that refuses to recognize its own weakness. Still, even now that they are defeated and brought to nought, I cannot repent having indulged in them, but, on the contrary, I would willingly recall them if I could. For, such hopes belong to that joyous and sanguine period of life, when alone we are really happy; when the emotions are more active than the judgment; when experience has not yet hardened our nature; when the affections are not yet blighted and nipped to the core; and when the bitterness of disappointment not having yet been felt, difficulties are unheeded, obstacles are unseen, ambition is a pleasure instead of a pang, and the blood coursing swiftly through the veins, the pulse beats high, while the heart throbs at

the prospect of the future. Those are glorious days; but they go from us, and nothing can compensate their absence. To me, they now seem more like the visions of a disordered fancy than the sober realities of things that were, and are not. It is painful to make this confession; but I owe it to the reader, because I would not have him to suppose that either in this or in the future volumes of my *History* I shall be able to redeem my pledge, and to perform all that I promised. Something I hope to achieve which will interest the thinkers of this age; and, something, perhaps, on which posterity may build. It will, however, only be a fragment of my original design.'

In estimating the extent to which Mr. Buckle succeeded in consummating the labor which he undertook, we are not, therefore, to measure his results by the standard of the first, but by that of the second volume. It is not, then, the *Science of History* which he is striving to write; but only something 'which will interest the thinkers of this age, and something, perhaps, on which posterity may build.' His task, as thus abridged, was confined to the endeavor to establish the 'four leading propositions, which, according to my [his] view, are to be deemed the basis of the history of civilization;' that is, the basis of a *Science of History*. These propositions, given in a previous article, may be here repeated:

'1st. That the progress of mankind depends on the success with which the laws of phenomena are investigated, and on the extent to which a knowledge of those laws is diffused. 2d. That before such investigation can begin, a spirit of scepticism must arise, which, at first aiding the investigation, is afterward aided by it. 3d. That the discoveries thus made, increase the influence of intellectual truths, and diminish, relatively, not absolutely, the influence of moral truths; moral truths being more stationary than intellectual truths, and receiving fewer additions. 4th. That the great enemy of this movement, and therefore the great enemy of civilization, is the protective spirit; by which I mean the notion that

society cannot prosper unless the affairs of life are watched over and protected at nearly every turn by the state and the church; the state teaching men what to do, and the church teaching them what they are to believe.'

In the first paper of this series, which was devoted to the examination of the third proposition as announced by Mr. Buckle and substantially affirmed by Professor Draper, together with the consideration of the fundamental Law of Human Progress, the error into which both of these distinguished writers had fallen in regard to the relative influence of moral and intellectual truths, was pointed out; as also the misconception under which they rested concerning the Law of Human Development. This misconception, it was then shown, arose from an incorrect understanding of the essential character of the Law itself, and could be traced, basically, to the same source whence sprang their mistake in reference to the comparative power of moral and mental forces. It is to a misapprehension, analogous to that which brought him into error concerning these two important points, that the radical defect of Mr. Buckle's first and fourth propositions is to be traced, as will be hereafter exhibited.

The complete and exhaustive consideration of the second proposition demands a range of Metaphysical examination which cannot be entered upon at this time. For our present purposes it may be dismissed with the following remarks:

That before men begin the investigation of any subject *deliberately, reflectively*, and with a *fixed and intelligent* purpose of ascertaining the truth concerning it, there must arise some feeling of doubt in their minds in relation to the given subject or to some details of it, is certainly true, and needed no array of evidence to prove it; but that prior to such *conscious and intentional* effort at exploration, there exists an *unconscious or automatic* action in the mind, an instinctual and passive kind

of thinking, a vague floating of ideas into the mental faculties, rather than an apprehension of them by an active and deliberate *tension* of the intellect, and that it is through this kind of *instinctive investigation* that the 'spirit of scepticism' primarily arises, is equally true; though not, perhaps, at the first blush, so apparent. In this sense, the statement of Mr. Buckle is simply one half of a truism, the other half of which, not enunciated by him, is equally correct.

Whether the spirit of scepticism—which then undoubtedly aids in the investigation—is *afterward aided or fostered by it*, depends upon the nature of the question investigated. If this be one which has hitherto been considered as established upon a basis that was in every respect right, and if errors are revealed in the process of the examination, then, indeed, the spirit of scepticism is strengthened. But if, on the contrary, the investigation be in reference to a range of thought which rests upon a basis that is, in all ways, sound—concerning Mathematical truths, for instance—then the sceptical spirit is *not* aided by it, but is, contrariwise, weakened.

In respect to the field of inquiry covered by the author of 'Civilization in England,' it was seen that numerous statements had been accepted as true in early times, which closer scrutiny at a later period showed to be erroneous. Hence there came to be a want of confidence in the general basis upon which knowledge rested; and, as continued research served to confirm the doubts previously existing, investigation did aid, in this great department of thought, covering indeed the entire history of the past, the spirit of scepticism. As a *fact*, therefore, in relation to this *special sphere of inquiry*, Mr. Buckle's statement is correct; as a universal *Generalisation* derived from this Fact, it may or may not be true, according to the subject of examination to which it is applied.

This proposition is, therefore, like that in relation to the moral and intellectual elements—as previously shown—and like all Mr. Buckle's Generalizations—as will be hereafter shown—a half-truth, a correct statement of one side of a verity, good so far as it goes, but essentially false when put for the whole, as in the present instance, or when held so as to exclude the opposite half-truth.

It is this fact, that basic truth is everywhere made up of a *union of opposites*, each of which seems, at first sight, to exclude the other, which the Historian himself so forcibly expresses when he exclaims: 'In the moral world, as in the physical world, nothing is anomalous; nothing is unnatural; nothing is strange. All is order, symmetry, and law. *There are opposites, but there are no contradictions.*' Had he understood the full meaning of this statement of the *inherently paradoxical nature of truth*, and been able to give the Principle which it establishes a universal application in unfolding the various domains of human intelligence and activity, he would have grasped the Knowledge for which he vainly strove, would have discovered the veritable Science of the Sciences, the long-sought Criterion of Truth. In the absence of a right understanding of this complex fact, that fundamental truth has always two sides affirming directly opposite half-truths, he fell into the error of mistaking the moiety for the whole, and has left us a world in which, with all the aid that he has afforded us, we still fail to discern the 'order, symmetry, and law' which undoubtedly pervade all its parts—a world in which there is still exhibited, so far at least as governmental, religious, and social affairs are concerned, an 'anomalous, strange, and unnatural' aspect.

Such consideration as it is feasible to give the first of these historical propositions in these columns, was, for the most part, included in that portion of the examination of the positions of our

two authors, which was contained in the opening paper of the series; although no special application of the Principles there elaborated was made to this formula. It was there pointed out, that intellectual forces constitute only *one* of the factors in the sum of human progress, and that *moral* forces are equally as important, being the second—the opposite and complementary factor. In the light of that exposition, and of the brief consideration here given to the second Generalization, it is perceptible that the defect in this proposition consists, not in what it affirms, but in what it does *not* affirm. 'That the progress of mankind depends on the success with which the laws of phenomena are investigated, and on the extent to which a knowledge of those laws is diffused,' is a statement which is undeniably true. It does not, however, contain the *whole truth* in relation to the subject of investigation. It is just as correct to say that the progress of mankind depends on the success with which the moral or religious faculties—faculties which instigate devotion to our highest perception of right—are cultivated, and on the extent to which they are practically active. For it is not in the inculcation of intellectual truth alone, or pre-eminently, nor in the cultivation of moral strength alone, or predominantly, that the progress of mankind is secured; but in the developing vigor of *both* mental and moral forces, and in their mutual coöperation and assistance.

The proposition, as announced by Mr. Buckle, is, therefore, either a half-truth, which does not sufficiently explain the cause of 'the progress of mankind,' which the Historian avers that it unfolds, or it is actually false, accordingly as it is understood to state a verity which does not exclude the *affirmative* statement of an opposite and apparently antagonistic truth, or as it is interpreted to be the explanation of the whole or main cause upon which

the advancement of society has depended. That the author of 'Civilization in England' regarded it in this latter light, is plainly apparent. His whole work is an elaborate attempt to establish the invalid theory, that human progress is due *almost exclusively* to the enlightenment of the intellect, and in a very minor degree only to the cultivation of the moral or religious nature. In a certain sense it is indeed true that *all* social elevation is the result of intellectual growth; but it is only in that *absolute* sense in which the Intellect is used for the totality of human faculties, and of course includes the moral faculty itself. In this sense, it is just as true to say that all progress is through the Moral Powers, using this term to include the whole of the human Mind, and consequently the intellectual forces. In either case, the question still remains, of the relative effect of the Intellectual and Moral powers upon the career of humanity, when considered as not including each other. It was in this *relative* point of view that Mr. Buckle entertained it.

With this cursory examination of the first and second propositions, their distinctive consideration will close. Some things, however, that will have to be enunciated in the investigation of the English Historian's Generalizations as a whole, are also necessary to a clear understanding of the merits and defects of each one taken singly. Additional light will also be thrown upon them in the course of our analysis of the fourth proposition, which practically touches more vital and important questions than are involved in the others. Contrary to previous announcement, want of space will prevent the examination of this Generalization and of Dr. Draper's work in the present paper.

After this article was put in type, the writer received a letter from a friend, a distinguished member of the Positive School, in which occurs the following sentence :

'I notice in your article on 'Buckle, Draper, and a Science of History,' one inaccuracy. You say: 'History, while it is the source whence the proof of his (Comte's) fundamental positions is drawn, finds no place in his scientific schedule.' In the positive Hierarchy of Science History *is* included: it constitutes the Dynamic Branch of Sociology. As in the Science of Life, Anatomy constitutes Biological Statics and Physiology Biological Dynamics, in Sociology we have Social Statics—the Theory of Order, Social Dynamics—the Theory of Progress = the Philosophy (Science) of History.'

The kindly criticism of the writer arises from that fruitful source of misunderstanding—a wrong apprehension of terms.

History, as it has been hitherto written, has been—*First*, a narration of the supposed facts of the past, without any especial attempt to investigate the proximate causes of national characteristics or mundane progression. *Secondly*, an account of the life and vicissitudes of states and communities, accompanied with an inquiry into the proximate causes of national peculiarities. These two Branches of Investigation have been included under the common appellation of *History*, when they related to a special portion of the globe; and of *General or Universal History* when, theoretically at least, the whole earth was under consideration. *Thirdly*, the examination of the past progress of the Race, with a view to the discovery of the fundamental Cause or Causes which control or direct the Evolutions of Time, or the Principles in accordance with which nations and civilizations have developed. This Department is denominated *The Philosophy of History*. From it are excluded all those investigations of an individual or national character which comprise *History* in the ordinary acceptance of the word.

Such a complete and exhaustive consideration of the Facts and Causes of Human Progress as would suffice for the construction of a *Science of History*,

would necessarily include *all* the Branches of Inquiry above mentioned. While, therefore, *History*, as it has been used in these papers, and as it is especially exhibited in the present one, has had this comprehensive signification, the term is *not* applied by Comte to any of the Departments of which he treated; and a very different meaning, and one much more circumscribed, attaches to the qualified expression which he uses in its stead. The Dynamic Branch of Sociology does not appertain, even in his own estimation, to *History* proper, but to *The Philosophy of History*, which is the title by which he designates it. Strictly speaking, it does not appertain to that, in any broad sense. It is mainly an inquiry into the Theological, Political, and Social Principles of the Past and Future, and leaves unnoticed many questions of equal importance with those discussed, and which, in the constitution of a comprehensive *Philosophy of History*, would occupy an equally important place.

But leaving this point aside, it is sufficient to indicate the fact that Comte, in conformity with the plan upon which he proceeded in the investigation of other Departments of the Universe, eliminated from his Historical examination all *concrete* questions, everything relating primarily to individuals or nations, or to the causes of their peculiar development; on the same ground on which he set aside Botany, Zoology, Mineralogy, etc. In the beginning of his treatise on Social Dynamics, he says:

'We must avoid confounding the *abstract* research into the laws of social existence with the *concrete* history of human societies, the explanation of which can result only from a very advanced knowledge of the whole of these laws. *Our employment of history in this inquiry, then, must be essentially abstract.* It would, in fact, be history without the names of men, or even of nations, if it were not necessary to avoid all such puerile affectation as there would be in depriving ourselves of the use of names which may elucidate our exposi-

tion or consolidate our thought. . . . Geological considerations must enter into such *concrete* inquiry, and we have but little positive knowledge of geology; and the same is true of questions of climate, race, etc.'

And again he says, the inquiry is to be conducted 'stripped of all circumstances of climate, locality, etc.'

It will be sufficiently evident from this brief statement, that *The Philosophy of History* (not *History*, as the letter says) which constitutes the Dynamic Branch of Sociology in the Positive System is, in Comte's own intention and showing, a series of bald abstractions from which the *substantial* or *concrete* elements of individual and national activity, the proximate causes of Human Progress, are dropped out; and that *History* in the ordinary sense of that term, or in the broader sense in which it has been used in these papers, as referring to a possible Science, finds no place in his Scientific Schedule.

The error into which our critic has fallen, in this case, undoubtedly resulted in part from the unfortunate confounding of the words *Philosophy* and *Science*, which pervades the Positive System. Philosophy and Science are not, in any proper use of the terms, synonymes. They relate—as it is designed at some future time to show—to equally true and important, though *opposite* aspects of the Universe, considered either as a whole or in relation to its parts. Comte, as has been heretofore exhibited, degraded Science from its *Exact* and *Certain* position, in order to include Domains of Inquiry which did not have and to which he could not furnish a truly scientific basis. In like manner, after discarding a false Philosophy, unable to institute a true, or at least a sufficiently comprehensive one, on the foundation which he had reared, he gave the name of *Positive Philosophy* to his incongruous coördination of Scientific and Unscientific Departments of Thought. The terms *Science* and *Philosophy*, thus wrenched from their legitimate uses, are therefore loosely

understood and indiscriminately applied by the students of his System and the followers of his social theories, in ways which are productive of numerous misunderstandings, though not perhaps of unprofitable criticisms.

In a subsequent letter, the same gentleman calls attention to another supposed error—the omission of *La Morale* from the Positive Hierarchy of Sciences—and adds:

‘Although this final Science was in a manner involved in Sociology as treated in the *Philosophy*, its normal separation was yet a step of Capital Importance; sufficiently so to make the enumeration of Comte’s Theoretical Hierarchy without it equivalent to a misrepresentation.’

For the purposes of the article in question—the exhibition of the incon-

gruous, and hence really unscientific character of the Hierarchy—the Positive Scale was given in the paper alluded to, as stated by Comte himself in the ‘Positive Philosophy’—a work which is accepted as valid, both by the followers of his theories in regard to Science, and the adopters of his Social Scheme—there being no occasion, at that time, to indicate the subsequent elevation into a separate Science, of what there formed a subdivision of Sociology. The after enumeration of *La Morale* as a separate Science, in a work which is not regarded as valid by many of the disciples of the *Positive Philosophy*, is, however, exhibited in the present writing, where a more minute enumeration of the Branches of Inquiry included in the Positive Hierarchy rendered it desirable.

DIARY OF FRANCES KRASINSKA;

OR, LIFE IN POLAND DURING THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Sunday, December 30th, 1760.

I HAVE finally decided upon going to Malezow; I may perhaps feel more at ease there than here. Barbara would accompany me, but the state of her health will prevent her; her husband says it would be very imprudent for her to travel. I have finally received a letter from the prince royal; he is in despair at my departure. He is exceedingly irritated against the princess, and fears lest Bruhl should disclose all he knows to the king.

I must leave here as soon as possible. The happiness surrounding me is a real torment. This sweet and quiet joy of a husband and wife who love each other so tenderly, pierces my heart. This well-arranged household, this family union, and all the delicate at-

tentions of the Starost Swidzinski, who adores my sister—all these blessings, which I must covet, and yet of which I am not jealous, increase the bitterness of my suffering.

My sister is predestined to every possible felicity. Her little girl is the most charming child anywhere to be found; her father fondles and caresses her, and my parents are always writing to my sister, because they feel so much solicitude for her and her little one. Happy Barbara! Life is one long festival for her. Ah! may God take her happiness into his own keeping, and may this reflection console me under my own weight of sorrow!

I shall perhaps feel more tranquil when I have seen my dear parents; their pardon will be as a Christian ab-

solution for me. I will again live and hope when protected by their tenderness. I will begin the new year with them; it may perhaps be the dawn of my happiness! I was formerly so happy at Maleszow. . . .

CASTLE OF MALESZOW, January 6th, 1761.

I have been here several days, but I think I will soon return to Sulgostow. I suffer everywhere, and it always seems to me that I will be most happy in whatever place I am not. My lot is brilliant in imagination, but miserable in reality. And yet, my parents have received me well, and have treated me with the greatest kindness. But a matter of comparatively slight importance is one of the causes of my uneasiness here: I have no money; I cannot make the slightest present to my sisters, and can give nothing to the people of the castle.

When I was with the princess, she provided for all my wants, and gave me besides a small sum every month; I could save nothing, nor indeed could I anticipate any cause for doing so. I now find myself in the most complete state of destitution, and would rather die than ask for money from my husband or my parents, who of course think that I am abundantly provided for. When Barbara returned from the school of the Holy Sacrament, she doubtless had much less money than I spent during my sojourn in Warsaw, and yet she made a small gift to every one. She was not, as I, bowed down beneath the weight of melancholy thoughts; her spirit was free and her heart was joyous. She could think of others, and offer the labor of her own hands when more costly presents were wanting. . . . But I, unquiet, agitated, passing alternately from the most actual and positive grief to fears still more terrible, cannot apply myself a single moment.

Formerly, when I was happy through hope, and when all life seemed to me one brilliant illusion, I fancied that when I should return to Maleszow after

my marriage, I would be followed by as long a train as a queen; I forgot no one in my dreams; all had their share in my royal favors. . . . Ah! what a fearful contrast between my desires and the reality!

I have not passed a single day since I came here without shedding tears. When I first saw my parents I wished to throw myself at their feet; but my father prevented me, and, treating me as if I were a stranger, made me a profound bow. Whenever I enter the saloon, he rises and will not sit near me; the homage he considers due to my dignity as princess royal overpowers his paternal tenderness.

This formal etiquette causes me inconceivable torment! Ah! if honors are to cost me so dear, I would a thousand times prefer to be only a simple noble.

The first dinner I ate with the family was ceremonious and cold. My mother was uneasy and ready to apologize for offering me the ordinary fare of the castle, and my father whispered in my ear:

'I might have offered you a bottle of wine, drawn from the tun of Miss Frances; it would have been very pleasant for me to have drunk it at our first dinner, but custom requires that the father should drink the first glass, and the husband the second; otherwise it would be a bad omen. . . . Will that day ever come?' he added, sighing.

I could not restrain my tears, and could neither speak nor eat; my mother looked at me with the most tender compassion. Every moment here brings me some new sorrow, and the bonmots of our little Matthias have lost all power to divert me. My father makes signs to him with his eyes that he may invent something witty, but it is all lost upon me. Music to a suffering body is but an importunate noise; and sallies of wit to a despairing soul have lost their savor.

Our little Matthias is inconceivably

acute; he divines all. He knows my position, I am quite sure. He took advantage yesterday of a moment when I was quite alone to come into my room, and with an air half sad, half jesting, he knelt down before me and drew from his pocket a little bouquet of dried flowers tied with a white ribbon and fastened by a gold pin. . . . I could not at first tell what he meant, but soon the bouquet I had worn at Barbara's wedding flashed across my memory. He gave me the flowers, saying: 'I am sometimes a prophet,' and, still on his knees, went toward the door. I ran after him; I remembered all, and with the remembrance came a crowd of feelings, at once sweet and bitter. This bouquet was the same I had given Matthias on Barbara's wedding day. . . .

I took a rich diamond pin from my dress, and fastened it at the buttonhole of Matthias's coat. Neither he nor I spoke a single word, but I am sure that while each wondered inwardly at the strange fulfilment of the prophecy, each was still more surprised that it had realized none of our hopes.

Just as I was writing these lines, my mother entered my room. Her kindness is incomparable; she brought me such a quantity of stuffs, of jewels and blondes, that she could scarcely carry them. She laid them on my bed, and said:

'I give you a portion of the trousseau destined to my daughters; I should have added many other articles, but I was afraid they were not handsome enough, and yet I have given you the best I had. I have spoken to my husband, and he has determined to sell two villages to make a trousseau worthy of so illustrious a union. That will come when the secret is unveiled.'

I burst into tears, and would have thrown myself at her feet, but she prevented me, and asked me a thousand pardons for presenting me with things of so little value.

Oh, yes! I must certainly leave here

day after to-morrow. I suffer beyond expression. My younger sisters, madame, the courtiers, and even the old servants exclaim over the change which has come upon me, and ask one another why, I am not yet married, and why no one seems to think of having me married.

The three girls whom I was to take into my service came to see me; doubtless, to remind me of my promise. Our old Hyacinth himself brought his daughter to me. Every one I see causes me some new sorrow or vexation. Ah! how astonished they would be if they knew of my marriage! And these poor people who relied upon my protection, I cannot take them into my service, because I have married a prince, the son of a king!

Soleosow, Wednesday, January 9th.

I am again with my sister. On my arrival, I found no letter from the prince royal. He may be ill! Or, perhaps, the king has been informed of our marriage, and has placed him under strict surveillance. If the prince palatine were in Warsaw, he would surely have written to me; I can rely upon his devotion. As for Prince Martin, I thank him for his light-headedness, and am very glad that he forgets me.

My parents' parting farewell did me much more good than their reception; at that moment, I again found all their former tenderness.

Before I left, I went to Lissow, and visited the curate in his presbytery. When I came, he was planting cypress trees in his garden, and he promised me to plant one in memory of me in the cemetery. I will leave behind me this melancholy remembrancer. His words to me were very kind and consoling. As I left him, I experienced a moment of real calm and resignation.

Tuesday, January 15th.

During the last few days I have been forced to struggle against new persecutions. Just as we were about sitting down to table, the sound of the trumpet announced the arrival of a stranger,

and soon after, the double door of the dining hall was thrown open, and M. Borch, the king's minister, was announced.

I at once divined the motive of this visit, and my heart throbbed as if it would burst. M. Borch, like a real diplomatist, tried to give his visit the appearance of a simple courtesy. Remembering the gracious reception offered him at Barbara's wedding, he came, he said, to offer his homage to her ladyship the Starostine Swidzinska, and renew his acquaintance with the starost. During dinner, many compliments were exchanged; but as soon as the dessert was over and the court had retired, he invited me to go with him into the starost's private cabinet, and said to me:

'Brühl and I know your secret, madama, and I can assure you we have been exceedingly diverted; for you may well believe that we regard this marriage as a mere jest, a real child's play: the benediction given by a priest not belonging to the parish, and without the knowledge of the parents, can never be valid. This marriage then will soon be broken, and with very little trouble, I can assure you.'

These words fell upon me like a thunderbolt, and without a superhuman courage and the aid of Heaven, I should have been crushed at once; but I felt that the fate of my whole life might depend upon that moment. Borch's character was well known to me; I knew him to be as cowardly as base, and also that strength of will is all powerful with such men, who are only bold with the weak. I replied:

'Sir, your cunning lacks skill; your diplomacy and that of Minister Brühl, come to nought through the simple good sense of a woman. Your world, which judges me and deems me devoid of courage and reason, only excites my pity; I am ready for a struggle with you and with Brühl. My marriage is valid; it has been blessed by the consent of my parents; I hold my powers

from God, and will be able to defend them. The bishop was aware of this marriage on which you are pleased to throw the anathema of your irony; the curate of my own pariah gave us the benediction, and two witnesses assisted us during the holy ceremony. I know that divorce is possible, but only through the common consent of both parties, and the prince royal, my husband, and myself, will never consent to it.'

Borch's astonishment may easily be imagined, and even I could not have believed myself capable of so much energy. Borch expected to find a child whom he could dazzle with a few promises; he thought he could easily bring me to a renunciation of my rights, and that I would readily consent to sign the instrument of my own shame and sorrow: he found me most determined. He remained here two days, and again renewed his attempts, but, finding that I persisted in my refusal, he departed, having however previously asked me if I would consent to a divorce in case the prince royal should deem it necessary.

'Yes,' I replied, 'but you must first show me a writing to that effect, signed by the prince himself.'

I feared lest this occurrence should be the cause of a new sorrow: Barbara's situation requires so much care, and she feels my troubles so deeply! I was really alarmed lest her health should suffer, but, thank God! she feels quite well. Dear Barbara is another me; alas! all who love me must accept the chalice of misery! The starost was quite uneasy concerning his wife; they are so happy together, so tenderly united! . . . And I, what a sad destiny is mine! I have obtained neither repose, nor happiness, nor those objects of ambition which I would have consented to receive from the hand of love.

Here ends the Diary of Frances Krasinska. Her thoughts were too sad,

her memories too bitter, to bear being transferred to paper. When sorrow in all its bitterness has seized upon the soul, we can no longer see or hear without a shudder certain words which formerly excited reveries more or less sweet and seductive within our souls. Frances lost all her illusions, one by one; she was strong enough to bear up against injustice, but she was powerless against her husband's indifference.

My readers may perhaps have accused her of ambition; and yet she loved him; but love is not always absolute devotion and self-abnegation; love is not always a virtue; it is often the result of egotism; it is, as Madame de Staël says, one personality in two persons, or a mere double personality. Frances loved the prince royal, but not the less had she been dazzled by his rank.

She remained a long time at Sulgostow after Borch's departure. Barbara Swidzinaska, already the mother of one daughter, bore also a son, and another daughter, who was named Frances. The tenderness, care, and attention which Frances experienced in her own family could not console her for the prince royal's desertion. Her sister was the only being in the world to whom she confided her grief; women have a delicate sensibility which enables them to comprehend the minutest details; nothing escapes them, and, with the finest instruments in their possession, they can more readily deal with a crushed heart. If love had left Frances a single hope, she might still have found happiness in friendship.

Nowhere at rest, she sometimes left Sulgostow for the convent of the Holy Sacrament in Warsaw; but solitude could not restore her peace, and her prayers were one cry of despair sent up to God to implore death.

The genius of sorrow is the most prolific of all spirits, it seems as if human nature were infinite in nothing but in the power to suffer. There was still another grief in store for Frances,

another wound for her afflicted soul; she lost her parents, lost them before they had bestowed the name of son upon their daughter's husband. At this time she went to the Franciscan convent in Cracow, whither Barbara sent her young daughter Angelica, to endeavor to bind her to earth through the influence of this innocent and youthful affection.

She lived also at Oznestochowa or at Opole, and everywhere received orders not to disclose her marriage. At long intervals of time, the prince royal came to see her, and thus accomplished an external duty of conscience: total desertion and forgetfulness would perhaps have been preferable.

The prophecy made by the little Matthias was finally verified: the ducal crown and the throne of Poland both slipped from Prince Charles's grasp; Biren was named Duke of Courland, and, when Augustus III. died (at Dresden, October 5th, 1763), he was succeeded by Stanislaus Augustus Poniatowski.

To quiet the uneasiness and the melancholy suspicions of Frances, the prince royal declared to her that through regard for his father's advanced age he must continue to conceal his marriage. But many years passed after the king's death without bringing any amelioration or change in the position of Frances; the prince and the royal family lived in Dresden, while the prince's wife was constrained to hide her real name in obscurity.

The Lubomirski family did all in their power to obtain a recognition of Frances's rights; they even appealed to the Empress Maria Theresa. Prince Charles finally yielded; he wrote a most tender letter to his wife, begging her to come to him in Dresden; this letter found her at Opole, and the Lubomirski advised her to await another advance from the prince before she consented to go to Dresden, which she did.

Prince Charles, like all men who are

impassioned through their fancies and cold at heart, was irritated at Frances's hesitation, and wrote her another letter still more pressing and affectionate; she resisted no longer, as one may well believe; but she found neither happiness nor the rank she was entitled to occupy, or rather, the honor due to her rank. Unprovided with a revenue suited to her position, she led a life of privation, almost of want. The Empress Maria Theresa, touched with compassion at her melancholy fate, conferred upon her the county of Lanckorona, near Cracow. This possession, coming from a strange hand, could not satisfy her ambition, and her heart must long before have renounced every hope of happiness.

She maintained a constant correspondence with her sister and the other members of her family in Poland.

We will here give the letter which she wrote to her sister before her departure for Dresden, translating it scrupulously from the Polish, and underlining [italicizing] the portions originally written in French:

I shall not see you again, as I can no longer delay, my husband having fixed the very day for my arrival in Dresden. In his second letter, he impresses on me not to be later than the fifth of January. I must then say farewell, and rest assured that I return with my whole soul the affection you feel for me; always, and in whatever place I may be, *you will be the dearest to me, and the tokens of your remembrance, the most satisfactory to my heart.*

Write to me often, I beg you, and rely upon my punctuality in replying.

I am going where I hope to find a little repose. . . . Alas! I no longer expect happiness, for the elector will not concede me my rank as princess royal, nor recognize me as the wife of the prince. He desires, that is to say, he commands me to preserve my *incognito*, while in his estates. The prince royal is truly grieved, and of

all my sorrows the most bitter is that of my husband; his health is visibly failing.

I will write you a faithful account of all that happens to me; you shall know how I am received and the progress of all my affairs. If they will be willing to decree us an augmented allowance, I will beg my husband to permit me to leave Dresden and settle in some foreign country contiguous to Saxony, that I may readily hold communication with him. Do not mention my project to any one, for if it were known in Saxony, *my whole enterprise would be ruined.* *Adieu, most tenderly loved sister.* Do not forget me. Farewell, the multiplicity of my occupations will not permit me to write at greater length. *Apropos, I beg you to go now and see the princess palatiness; you will find her with the Bishop of Kamieniec, and Kulagowski; she will be very grateful for this attention from you; it must be agreeable to her; you will brighten a little the gravity of this trio.* *Adieu, I embrace you with all my heart, and am, as ever, your most affectionate and attached sister,* FRANCES.

A thousand tender and friendly messages to your husband; I conjure him always to retain a place for me in his memory.

In 1776 the Polish diet assigned large pensions to all the heirs of Augustus III.; the half of that bestowed upon Prince Charles was revertible during her lifetime to his wife, the princess royal, Frances Krasinska.

During her sojourn in Dresden, she gave birth to a daughter, the Princess Mary; she educated her with the greatest care, but was soon forced to leave her; her many sorrows developed an insidious malady, which finally proved fatal. She died on the 30th of April, 1796, aged fifty-three.

Madame Moszynska, who had shown herself a friend to Frances in her prosperity, and, what is still more rare, also in adversity, was grievously afflicted by

her death. It was she who announced it to Madame Angelica Szymanowska, born Swidzinska, whom Frances had held at the baptismal font with the prince royal in the cathedral church at Warsaw, in 1760.

DRESDEN, June 8th, 1798.

I comply with your request, madame, but with extreme grief; the loss you have sustained is a most cruel one to me; indeed it is the deepest affliction I have ever known. The princess royal's malady began about two years ago. She then felt pains in her breast; some physicians said her disease was cancer, while others assured her it was tumor.

An incision was then made, and she was better during some time. But the disease soon made the most fearful progress. The inflammation appeared upon the outside, and she felt the most acute pains in her breast and throughout the whole length of her arm. She patiently endured the most excruciating torments. Having tried various modes of treatment without experiencing any relief, she finally consented to make trial of a new cure. During twelve weeks she saw no one except the members of her own household and the physicians, who sometimes said she was better and sometimes that she was worse; finally, however, fever set in, accompanied by all the signs of consumption.

Perfectly aware of her condition, she prepared for death with resignation and devotion; she died during the night of the 30th of April. Her breast had burst open several weeks before. An examination was made after her death, and many causes for her last ill-

ness were discovered; but I cannot dwell upon these details. . . . In my opinion, and I followed the whole course of her malady, her chest was seriously affected in addition to the cancer.

We have experienced an irreparable loss; I can scarcely endure life since our misfortune, and will never be able to think of the princess royal without the most bitter regret. I have not yet seen her husband; some say that he is ill, and cannot long survive his wife, but others speak of him as quite well: I know not whom to believe.

I sometimes see their daughter, the Princess Mary, whom I love with all my heart, but whom I can only visit once during the week. She is charming, and already gives promise of a noble character. The princess royal, during her dying moments, left her under the protection of Elizabeth, the king's daughter and the prince royal's sister. Elizabeth is warmly interested in the young princess, and sincerely attached to her brother; she is a highly meritorious personage.

May I beg you, madame, to continue toward me your previous sentiments of kindness, and to accept the expression of my unbounded esteem.

L. MOSZYŃSKA.

The prince royal, Charles, survived his wife several months, and their daughter, still very young, was confided to the guardianship of Prince Charles's sister. When she reached a marriageable age, she wedded Prince Carignan, of Savoy, and their descendants are now allied to the reigning family of Sardinia.

PETROLEUM.

LUCIAN of Samosata is responsible for the strange story of Minerva—how Jupiter commanded Vulcan to split open his skull with his sharp axe, and how the warlike virgin leaped in full maturity from the cleft in the brain, thoroughly armed and ready for deeds of martial daring, brandishing her glittering weapons with fiery energy, and breaking at once into the wild Pyrrhic dance. We refer to this myth, bearing, as it doubtless does, an important moral in its bosom, as suggestive of the sudden and gigantic proportions of a traffic which has recently loomed up in the region of Western Pennsylvania. The petroleum trade has worn no swaddling bands, acknowledged no leading strings, but sprung at once into full maturity. In less than one year from the moment of its inception, it has fairly eclipsed the Whale Fishery, gray with time, and strong through the energy and vigor with which it has ever been prosecuted. And who can measure its extent in the future, since it can only be limited by the sources of the supply flowing in the depths of the laboratories of the Great Chemist?

Petroleum, in some form or other of its various developments, is no new substance in the world's history. More than two thousand years before the Christian era, we read of its existence in the days of the builders of Babel, when men sought to realize the dreams of the Titans, and would scale heaven itself in their insane folly. It may have been used in the building of the ark. Herodotus informs us it was largely used in the construction of the walls and towers of Babylon. Diodorus Siculus confirms this testimony. Great quantities of it were found on the banks of the river Iasus, one of the tributaries of the Euphrates, in the form of asphaltum. By its aid were reared those mighty walls and hanging gar-

dens which filled the heart of Nebuchadnezzar with such a dream of pride as he exclaimed: 'Is this not great Babylon that I have built?'

And from those days so ancient, when history would be dim and obscure, were it not for the light of inspiration on the sacred page, down to the present time, petroleum has occupied a place in the arrangements of man, either as an article of utility or luxury. It has been one of God's great gifts to his creatures, designed for their happiness, but kept treasured up in His secret laboratory, and developed only in accordance with their necessities. And now, in our own days, and in these ends of the earth, the great Treasure House has been unlocked, the seal broken, and the supply furnished most bountifully.

The oil region of Western Pennsylvania is the portion of oil-producing territory that now occupies the largest share of attention. It is confined principally to the valley of Oil Creek, a tributary of the Alleghany River, which it enters at a point about sixty miles south from Lake Erie. It is true that oil wells are successfully worked on the banks of the Alleghany for some distance above and below the mouth of Oil Creek: still the county of Venango has monopolized almost the whole number of oil-producing wells in this region.

There are some strange facts, that point to a history all unwritten save in some few brief sentences in pits and excavations, of oil operations along the Oil Valley. These detached fragments, like the remains of the Sibylline Oracles, but cause us to regret more earnestly the loss of the volumes which contained the whole. A grand and wonderful history has been that of this American continent, but it has never been graven in the archives of time. The actors in

its bygone scenes have passed away in their shadowy grandeur, leaving but dim footprints here and there to tell us they have been, and cause us to wonder at the mystery which veils their record, and to muse upon the evanescent glory of man's earthly destiny.

Along the valley of Oil Creek are clear traces of ancient oil operations. Over sections embracing hundreds of acres in extent, the entire surface of the land has, at some remote period of time, been excavated in the form of oblong pits, from four by six to six by eight feet in size. These pits are oftentimes from four to five feet still in depth, notwithstanding the action of rain and frost during the lapse of so many years. They are found in the oil region, and over the oil deposits, and in no other locality, affording unmistakable evidence of their design and use. The deeper pits appear to have been cribbed up at the sides with rough timber, in order to preserve their form and render them more available for the design in view. Upon the septa that divide them, and even in the pits themselves, trees have grown up more than one and a half feet in diameter, indicating an antiquity antedating the earliest records of civilized life in this region. For centuries has this treasure been affording intimations of its presence. Before Columbus had touched these western shores was it gathered here, in this valley, as an article of utility or luxury, by the processes of design and labor, and with the idea of traffic and emolument.

By whom were these excavations planned and these pits fashioned, that tell of the pursuit of wealth so many centuries ago? Let the mighty dead, that are slumbering in our valleys, and the remains of whose fortifications and cities are spread out all over the great West, in magnificence as vast and gorgeous as the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, arise and speak, for they alone of mortals can tell!

From the fact that some of these

pits have been cribbed with timber bearing marks of the axe in its adjustment, many have supposed that their construction was due to the French, who at one time occupied, to a certain extent, the Venango oil region. But this theory is scarcely plausible. Fort Venango was completed by the French at Franklin, seven miles below the mouth of Oil Creek, in the spring of 1754, and this was probably about the beginning of their active operations in this region. But the construction of these pits no doubt antedates the French operations very many years. Timber placed in these oil pits, and thoroughly impregnated by its preserving properties, would be almost proof against the ravages of time. As evidence of this, petroleum in some of its forms entered largely into the ingredients used in embalming by the ancient Egyptians. These embalmed bodies remain perfect to this day. Even the cerements remain with every thread distinct and perfect as when they came from the loom, in days when Joseph was prime minister in Egypt.

There is evidence, too, from the growth of timber in the very beds of these excavations, that they claim an antiquity greater far than the occupation of their valleys by the French. Year after year, a silent, solemn record was made by the concentric circles, first in the shrub, next in the sapling, and then in the fully developed tree, that tells of the lapse of time since these mysterious works were in operation.

Besides all this, where was the market for the immense quantity of petroleum that must have been produced from these excavations, on the supposition that they were constructed by the French? Surely not at home, for neither in the misty traditions nor early records of that time do we find reference to any large quantity of this product, nor even their facilities for conveying it to the seaboard, had there been a demand for it at home.

The sole object of the French at that

time was to gain military possession of the country. This is seen in the line of forts that was thrown across the country, extending from Erie, Pennsylvania, to a point on the Ohio River below Pittsburg. There is no evidence that they made any attempt either to cultivate the soil or develop the mineral resources of the country. There were white inhabitants, too, who were settled here quite as early as the temporary occupancy of the French. Their descendants remain unto this day. These early settlers knew nothing of French operations in petroleum. They were ignorant of its production, save in minute quantities, as it issued spontaneously from the earth; nor could they throw any light on the origin of the excavations that were found in their midst.

Another theory, that has been somewhat popular is, that these pits are due to the labors of the American Indians. But the very term labor seems absurd when used in reference to these lords of the forest. They never employed themselves in manual labor of any kind. The female portion of the community planted a little corn, and constructed rude lodges to shelter them from the wintry blast; but they never even dreamed of trade or commerce. The Indian loved to roam through the wilderness and follow the war path—to seek for game to supply present wants, or to bring home the scalp of his enemy as a trophy of his prowess, but would scorn to bend his strength to rude toil in excavating multitudinous pits for the reception of oil, or in bearing it from place to place after it had been secured.

Beyond all doubt the Indians were well acquainted with the existence and many of the properties of petroleum. That they valued it is beyond question. They used it, both for medicinal and toilette purposes. But they knew of its existence and production, just as did the early white settlers: they found it bubbling up from the bed of the stream

and from low marshy places along its banks. They, no doubt, collected it in small quantities, without labor and without much forethought, and with this small supply were content. But even if a much larger supply had been desirable, and if the modern idea of traffic had found a place in their hearts, they had no facilities for conveying it from place to place. Even at the present time, with all our improvement in the arts, the great desideratum is an appropriate vessel for carrying petroleum from place to place, or retaining it safely in any locality; but the Indians were utterly destitute of any appliances suitable for the purpose. If they were acquainted with a rude kind of pottery, it was without glazing, and so incapable of retaining fluids, particularly petroleum; and we have no knowledge of their ability to construct vessels of any other material that would answer the desired purpose. The inference is therefore fair, that for purposes of trade the production of oil was not desirable in so large quantities as indicated by these excavations. The same reasons would hold good in relation to its use in the religious ceremonies of the Indians. It could be used only in limited quantities, from the want of convenient receptacles for its retention. Besides, we doubt whether the Indians were sufficiently devout to resort to such labor and pains in religious worship.

Reference is sometimes made to a letter said to have been written by the commander of Fort Duquesne (Pittsburg) to General Montcalm, describing a grand scene of fire worship on the banks of Oil Creek, where the whole surface of the creek, being coated with oil, was set on fire, producing in the night season a wonderful conflagration. But there is room for the suspicion that this account is apocryphal. Such scenes as are there described have been witnessed on Oil Creek since the beginning of the modern oil trade. During the continuance of several accidental conflagrations, the scene has been aw-

fully grand and impressive. It has been strongly suggestive of the conflagration of the last day, when

'The lightnings, barbed, red with wrath,
Sent from the quiver of Omnipotence,
Cross and recross the fiery gloom, and burn
Into the centre!—burn without, within,
And help the native fires which God awoke,
And kindled with the fury of His wrath.'

But this was when thousands of barrels of petroleum had been stored up in vats, and when the combustible fluid was spouting from the wells at the rate of many hundred barrels per day. Before the present deep wells were bored, oil was not produced in sufficient quantities to cause such a conflagration, and there was never seen upon the creek a stratum of the fluid of such consistency as to be inflammable.

The remains of the once powerful confederacy of Indians known as the Six Nations still linger in Western Pennsylvania, in a region not very remote from Oil Creek, but they can throw no light upon the origin of these pits. In regard to their history, they can give no more information than they can concerning the mounds and fortifications, ruined castles, and dismantled cities, that tell us of a once glorious past, of a mysterious decadence, and of the utter vanity of all earthly glory.

There are men still living in the oil valley, who were on terms of familiar intimacy with Cornplanter, a celebrated chief of the Seneca tribe of Indians—the last of a noble and heroic line of chieftains that had borne sway from the Canadas to the Ohio River, and who was living at the time of the French occupation. But in reciting his own deeds and memories, and those of his fathers, who had gone to the silent hunting grounds of the spirit land, he could say nothing of early oil operations, any further than the collection of it in small quantities for medical or ornamental purposes.

The only rational conclusion, therefore, at which we can arrive in regard to these early oil operations is, that

they are due, not to the Indians or French or early white settlers, but to some primitive dwellers on the soil, who have long since passed away, leaving no written records to tell of their origin or history, but stamping the impress of their existence on our mountains and in our valleys, assuring us of their power and the magnificence of their operations, yet leaving us to wonder that such strength could fail, that such magnificence could perish, and that such darkness could settle over the memory of a great people.

As before intimated, petroleum was found in Venango County by the earliest white settlers, and was esteemed for its medical properties. But it was obtained only in minute quantities. It was found in particular localities along the banks of the Alleghany, issuing with the water from springs, and sometimes bubbling up from the bottom of the river in small globules, that rising to the surface, disperse themselves upon the water, and glide away in silent beauty.

The principal oil spring, or that from which the largest quantity of petroleum was collected, was located on Oil Creek, about two miles from its mouth. From this the main supply was drawn for the wants of the earlier inhabitants. And as the demand was limited, no great amount of enterprise was called forth in its production. The *modus operandi* was most primitive, and yet withal the results were satisfactory.

A point was selected where the oil appeared to bubble up most freely, a slight excavation was made, and the oil suffered to collect. When a tolerable stratum of petroleum had collected on the top of the water, a coarse blanket was thrown upon the surface, that soon became saturated with the oil, but rejected the water. The blanket was then taken out, wrung into a tub or barrel, and the operation repeated.

But the demand was limited. Most families kept a supply for their own

use. Yet, for ordinary purposes, a pint bottle was sufficient for a year's consumption. Indeed, half a dozen barrels were all that could be disposed of throughout the entire oil region of Western Pennsylvania up to a period when the researches of science were brought to bear upon its purification as an illuminator. Almost every good housewife was supposed to have a small store of Seneca oil, as it was popularly termed, laid by in case of accident, for the medication of cuts and bruises; and not even the most popular of the nostrums of the present day is so much relied on as was this—nature's own medicine—by the early settlers in these valleys.

In the mean time a well was bored on the bank of the Alleghany, within two miles of the mouth of Oil Creek, in quest of salt water, with a view to the manufacture of salt. This was some forty years ago. After sinking the well through the solid rock to the depth of seventy or eighty feet, oil presented itself in such quantities, mingled with the salt water, as to fill the miners with the utmost disgust, and induce them to abandon the well altogether. They were boring for salt, not for petroleum. Salt was an article of utility and large demand; oil was of comparatively small importance, and already a drug in the market, through the spontaneous yield of nature. Again, a well was dug in the town of Franklin, about thirty years ago, for the supply of a household with water. At the depth of thirty feet there were evident signs of petroleum, that were annoying to the workmen; and although the water of the well was used for culinary purposes, it always bore a trace of oil, and was absolutely offensive to those unaccustomed to it. A hole has since been sunk in this well through the rock, but the yield of oil has not been as great as in some other wells in the immediate neighborhood. In the cases cited above were strong hints of the existence of the treasure concealed in the rocks be-

neath, and even of the manner of obtaining it. It was in fact the treasure knocking at the door, and asking to be released, in order to contribute to human wealth and enjoyment.

But the time had not then arrived for the grant of this great boon. The earth was at the first made the repository of all the gifts that man should need until the end of time. But they were not all revealed at the first, nor to succeeding generations, until the fitting time arrived, and man's necessities induced the great Giver to unlock the treasure house and dispense his rich bounty.

Before man was created, the great treasure house in the earth's bosom was filled with its minerals, and as the centuries rolled by in their slow and solemn march, such treasures were gradually brought to light. Not at once did the earth disclose her mighty resources, but just as man needed them, and as they should tend to his own best interests. Even on the banks of the river that watered the terrestrial paradise, gold was found, but although 'the gold of that land was good,' it was brought to light in limited quantities. In the same sacred locality, and at the same early day in the history of time, 'the bdellium and the onyx stone' were found in their beauty; yet were they few and rare, until God would consecrate the treasures of the earth to His own service in the construction and adornment of the tabernacle and the temple. The great treasure house of earth was then opened, until gold became common as brass, and precious stones numerous almost as the pebbles of the brook, and the riches of the earth were eternally consecrated to the service of God.

And in the present century, and within our own recollection, when the world's business seemed to be stagnated—when the sails of commerce flapped idly at the masts—when the great highways of trade and traffic were in danger of being deserted, and the coffers of the

in the mind of the proprietor. Oil was desirable, salt was within the reach of probability; if the former failed, the latter might probably be secured; and if neither object was attained, the search for salt would be considered neither visionary nor disreputable.

But the work went forward, through good report and through evil report, particularly the latter, until August 26th, 1859, when, at the depth of seventy feet, the drill suddenly sank into a cavity in the rock, when there was immediate evidence of the presence of oil in large quantities. It was like the cry of 'Land ho!' amid the weary, disheartened mariners that accompanied Columbus to the Western World. The goal had been reached at last. A pathway had been opened up through the rocks, leading, not to universal empire, but to realms of wealth hitherto unknown. Providence had literally forced upon men's attention that which should fill many dwellings with light, and many hearts with gladness.

Upon withdrawing the drill from the well, the oil and water rose nearly to the surface. The question was now to be tested whether the petroleum would present itself in sufficient quantities to justify further proceedings, or whether it was, like many another dream, to vanish in darkness, or dissolve in tears. The well was tubed, and by a common hand pump yielded ten barrels per day. By means of a more powerful pump, worked by a small engine, this quantity was increased to forty barrels per day. The supply was uninterrupted, the engine working day and night, and the question was considered settled. This oil well immediately became the centre of attraction. It was visited by hundreds and thousands, all eager to see for themselves, and test by actual experiment, the wondrous stories that had been related concerning its enormous yield, by counting the seconds that had elapsed during the yield of a single gallon.

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The fortune of the valley of Oil Creek was now settled, and the prices of land throughout its whole extent immediately became fabulous. Sometimes entire farms were sold, but generally they were leased in very small lots. In some cases the operator was required to give one half and even five eighths of the product, besides a handsome bonus, to the proprietor of the soil. The work now commenced in earnest. A tide of speculators began to set in toward the oil region, that would have overpowered that of California or Australia in their palmiest days.

The excitement did not stop at the valley of Oil Creek. It extended down the Alleghany to Franklin, and up the valley of French Creek, which enters the Alleghany seven miles below the mouth of Oil Creek. Wells were sunk at all these points, and many of them yielded from three to forty barrels per day. In the course of the summer succeeding the first successful experiment on Oil Creek, there were not less than two hundred wells in different stages of progress in the town of Franklin alone. Wells were being bored in gardens, in dooryards, and even in some cases in the bottoms of wells from which water had been procured for household purposes. So numerous were the tall 'derricks,' that a profane riverman made the remark that the people of Franklin must be remarkably pious, as almost every man seemed to be building a meeting house with a tall steeple near his dwelling. At one time there were in Franklin fifteen productive wells, yielding a daily aggregate of one hundred and forty barrels. Among these were what was known as 'the celebrated Evans well.' This was, in some respects, the most remarkable well in all the region. It was sunk by its proprietor in the bottom of the well that had long been used for household purposes. An humble house and lot constituted his entire worldly possessions. The work in the well was performed entirely by

his own family. Being a blacksmith, he constructed his own boring implements, and was dependent on no outside assistance. Patiently and assiduously did the blacksmith and his two sons toil on, as they had seldom toiled before, the former guiding the drill, and the latter applying the power by hand to the simple machinery. At the depth of only forty feet in the rock they struck a crevice that promised to pour them out rivers of oil. In attempting to enlarge this, the drill broke, the fragment remaining in the cavity, and defying every effort used for its removal. The well was then tubed, and a hand pump inserted, when it was found to yield at the rate of ten or fifteen barrels per day. Speculation soon began to run wild, and the fortunate owner of this well, among other propositions, received an offer of fifty thousand dollars for his well. To all these tempting offers he persistently returned the same reply—that he had bored that well for his own use, and that if others wished a well, they could do as he had done.

Oil was generally obtained in the valley around Franklin at the depth of about three hundred feet from the surface, for pumping wells; in the valley of Oil Creek the same stratum was reached at about half that depth. In all these wells, whether successful as oil wells or not, a strong body of salt water was obtained, that added greatly to the facility of separating the oil by its increased gravity. Hitherto the business had been pursued with advantage and profit to those who were engaged. The demand was steady and prices remunerative, and visions of untold wealth were looming up before the minds of thousands. Prospecting was extending far and near. Every stream and ravine that deflected toward the Alleghany or Oil Creek was leased, and in very many unpropitious localities operations were commenced.

But a change now took place in the development of oil proceedings that

wrought ruin in the hopes of many an ardent operator. In the Oil Creek region, some of the smaller wells having been exhausted, resort was had to deeper boring. One hopeful theorist imagined that if the desirable fluid came from a very great depth, it might be good policy to seek it in a stratum still nearer its rocky home. So down he penetrated, regardless of the 'fine show' of oil that presented itself by the way, until at the depth of five hundred feet in the rock, a vein of mingled gas and oil was reached that literally forced the boring implements from the well. This sudden exodus of the implements was followed by a steady stream of petroleum that rose to the height of sixty or seventy feet above the surface, and was occasionally accompanied by a roaring noise like the Geysers of Iceland.

Here was a new feature in oil operations. The idea of flowing wells for the production of petroleum, once inaugurated, was seized upon with avidity. There was not only a spontaneous yield, but a yield in enormous quantities. And so a pumping well was voted a slow institution, and all parties on Oil Creek renewed the operation of boring, and, at about the depth of the first flowing well, obtained almost uniformly like success.

These flowing wells were almost as difficult to govern and regulate as was Pegasus of old. They 'played fantastic tricks' when least expected, throwing the oil over the workmen, and in one case, when the vein of petroleum was suddenly opened, setting fire to the machinery, and destroying the lives of those in the vicinity. The enormous yield of these wells had the effect of bringing down the price of petroleum to so low a figure that pumping wells were at once closed. They could not be worked with profit. Hence almost the entire oil business has, for the present at least, been confined to the valley of Oil Creek. The yield from the flowing wells varies from fifty to two thou-

sand barrels per day. This, as may readily be supposed, involves the loss by wastage of immense quantities of oil, that is scattered on the ground and runs into the creek. So great is this waste at times, that the oil is gathered in quantities on the surface of the Alleghany for a distance of eight or ten miles below the mouth of Oil Creek, in the eddies, and along the still water of the shore, and is distinctly perceptible at Pittsburg, a distance of one hundred and forty miles from the wells.

Notwithstanding these wells are confined to a very narrow valley, and in many instances in very close proximity, it is very rare that they interfere with each other. In fact cases are known where two wells have been bored within forty feet of each other, with the discovery of oil at different depths, and even of different qualities, as regards color and gravity. In some instances the well has all the characteristics of an intermittent spring. One in particular may be specified for the regularity of its operations. It would remain quiescent for about fifteen minutes, when there would be heard the sound as of fearful agitation far down in its depths. This rumbling and strife would then appear to approach the surface for a few moments, when the petroleum would rush forth from the orifice, mingled with gas and foam, almost with the fury of a round shot from a rifled cannon. This furious flow would continue for fifteen or twenty minutes, when it would suddenly subside, and all would be peace again. This alternate rest and motion would continue with great regularity day and night, yielding perhaps one hundred and fifty barrels per day. In other instances, there are interruptions of days and even weeks, when the flow will be continued as before. In others still, the yield is steady and uninterrupted, yielding with unvarying regularity from week to week.

The oil region of Venango County, as far as has been explored, is confined to

the creek and river bottoms. In connection with wells that have been opened, there is a superincumbent stratum of earth, varying from ten to sixty feet in thickness: underlying this is a stratum of argillaceous shale, generally about one hundred and eighty feet in thickness, and then a stratum of white sandstone. Sometimes this sandstone is intermingled with red, presenting a ruddy appearance as the sand is withdrawn from the well in the process of boring.

Occasionally in passing through the shale, small fissures in the rock are passed through, with circumstances indicating the presence of a stratum or vein of water, as at such times the sand accumulated in boring all disappears, leaving the bits clean and bright. At other times small veins or cavities of petroleum are pierced, the product of which rises to the surface of the well, and indicates its presence by appearing in the sand pump. In the earlier stages of the business this 'show of oil,' as it was termed, was considered most favorable to ultimate success; but latterly it is not regarded as essential, as many first-class wells have been discovered without the intermediate show; and on the other hand, there has been many a brilliant show that has resulted in failure and disappointment.

The presence of surface oil is not always a sure criterion in deciding upon a location for a well. Oftentimes very fine wells are opened in localities where no oil has been found on the surface, and no appearance of oil having been obtained at any previous time in the neighborhood. Perhaps the most unsuccessful operations in the whole Oil Creek valley have been in the midst of the ancient pits that have already been alluded to. Wells have been bored in the bottom of these pits without the least success. At a point near the bank of the Alleghany, some two miles above Franklin, there was a well-known oil spring some forty years ago. It supplied the family that lived near

it as well as the surrounding neighborhood with petroleum for medical and other domestic purposes to the extent of their wants. For many years the supply has entirely failed. During a recent excavation, at the precise spot where it was known formerly to exist, for the purpose of laying the abutment of a bridge, no trace of oil was found—not even a discoloration of the earth.

Of course the boring of wells has become quite an institution in the oil region, and is carried on with great system. After selecting a site, the first thing in order is the erection of a derrick. This is a frame in the form of a truncated pyramid, about ten feet square at the bottom, and five at the top, having one of its four posts pierced with rounds to answer the purpose of a ladder, by means of which the workmen can ascend and descend. This derrick is from twenty to thirty feet in height, and has at its summit a pulley, by means of which the boring implements are drawn from the well. A pit is then sunk through the earth within the derrick, about six feet square, until the work is interrupted by water. The remaining distance to the rock is reached by driving strong cast-iron pipe by means of a battering ram. This pipe has a caliber of about five inches, with walls of one inch in thickness. It is prepared in joints of about eight feet in length, which are connected together at the point of contact by wrought-iron bands. When the pipe reaches the rock, the earth is removed from its cavity, and the operation of boring is ready to be commenced. Occasionally, however, this driving operation is interrupted by coming upon a huge boulder. When this is the case, the boring operation is commenced, and a hole made through the boulder nearly equal in size to the cavity of the pipe, when the driving is resumed, and the pipe made to ream its way through the stone. Sometimes in these operations the pipe is fractured, or turned aside from a perpendicular direction, when

the place is abandoned and a new location sought for.

The boring implements do not differ materially from those used in sinking artesian wells. As a general thing, bits of two or three sizes are used, the first and smallest of which only has a cutting edge. If the hole to be sunk through the rock is to be four inches in diameter, the bits would be, first, one with a cutting edge two inches in width; secondly, a blunt bit, three inches wide by one inch in thickness; and lastly, by a similar bit four inches wide. These bits have a shank about two feet in length, that is screwed into an auger stem ten or twelve feet in length and about one inch and a half in diameter. Connected with this auger stem is an arrangement called, technically, 'jars'—two elongated loops of iron, working in each other like links in a chain, that serve to jar the bit loose when it sticks fast in the process of boring.

Sometimes this auger stem is connected with wooden rods, joined together with screws and sockets, new joints being added as the work proceeds; but more generally the connection is with a rope or cable of about one and a half inches in diameter. To this rope the auger stem is attached by a clamp and screw, that can be readily shifted as the progress of the work renders it necessary. The entire weight of these implements is from four to six hundred pounds. The power applied is sometimes that of two or three men working by means of a spring pole; but oftener a steam engine of from four to eight horse power. Midway between the well and the engine a post is planted, on which is balanced a working beam about sixteen feet in length: one end of this beam is attached to the crank of the engine, and the other to the implements in the well. The power is applied to raising the bit—the blow is produced by the fall of the same when relieved by the downward motion of the working beam.

In the process of boring, the workman is seated over the well, and, by a transverse handle attached to the machinery just above the rope, turns the rope, and with it the bit, partially around, so that each stroke of the bit on the rock beneath is slightly across the cut that has preceded it. After the fore bit has proceeded about two feet, or until the work begins to clog with sand, it is withdrawn, and the next is inserted in its place, and the work is then finished as it goes by the last bit. The fragments of rock that are cut away descend to the bottom of the well in the form of sand, and are readily withdrawn by means of the sand pump. This is a simple copper tube about six feet in length, with a diameter something less than that of the well, and furnished at the lower end with a simple valve opening upward. This pump is let down into the well by a rope, and, when it reaches the bottom, is agitated for a few moments, when the sand is forced up through the valve, and thus withdrawn from the well, when the boring is again resumed.

As the work proceeds, a register is kept by the judicious borer of the different strata passed through, and also of the veins of water and oil passed through, in order to the formation of an intelligent judgment in tubing the well.

As might be supposed, this operation of descending amid the rocks is not without its difficulties and discouragements. Sometimes the bit breaks or becomes detached from the auger stem, leaving a fragment of hardened steel, or an entire bit, deep in the recesses of the rock. When the latter is the case, recourse is had to divers expedients, by means of implements armed with sockets and spring jaws, in order to entrap the truant bit. And it is marvellous what success generally attends these efforts to extract bits that are oftentimes two or three hundred feet below the surface. Sometimes, however, these efforts fail, and the well must be aban-

domed, with all the labor and anxiety that have been expended upon it.

During the progress of the boring there is more or less carburetted hydrogen gas set free. This supply is so abundant at times as to cause an ebullition in the water of the well, resembling the boiling of a pot. In the case of the flowing wells, when the vein of petroleum is reached, the gas rushes forth with such violence, and the upward pressure is so furious, as to force the implements from the well, and even the tubing, when not properly secured, has been driven through the derrick in its upward progress.

After the boring has been successfully accomplished, the next operation consists in tubing the well. This is merely the introduction of a copper or iron chamber, extending down, or nearly so, to the vein of the oil. This tubing is, for the pumping and larger-class flowing wells, usually about two and a half or three inches in diameter, consisting of sections about twenty feet in length, and connected together by means of screw and socket joints. As there are usually many veins of water passed through in boring, some device must be resorted to in order to shut off this water from the oil vein and produce a vacuum. This is accomplished by applying what is called a 'seed bag' to the tube at the point where this stoppage is desirable. The seed bag is a tube of strong leather some eighteen inches in length and about five inches in diameter. It is put around the metallic tube and the lower end firmly tied around it. From a pint to a quart of flaxseed is then poured in, and the upper end bound rather more slightly than the lower, when the tube is sunk to its place in the well. In a few hours the flaxseed in the sack below will have swollen and distended the bag so as to effectually shut off all water from above. When it is desirable to withdraw the tubing from the well, the effort of raising it will break the slight fastening at

the upper end of the leathern sack, permitting the seed to escape and the tube to be withdrawn without difficulty. When the well is to be pumped, a pump barrel is placed at the lower end of the tube, with piston rods extending to the top and attached to the working beam used in boring the well.

As the petroleum is ordinarily mixed with more or less water when brought to the surface, it is thrown first into a tank, and the superior gravity of the water causing it to sink to the bottom, it is drawn off from beneath, and the petroleum placed in barrels. These tanks are of all sizes, ranking from thirty to two thousand barrels each.

For the present, wells that were formerly pumped at a profit are biding their time; for at present prices of oil operations upon them would be ruinous. This renders the computation of the weekly yield of the Oil Creek region comparatively easy. There are at the present time not far from one hundred flowing wells along the valley of the creek, producing probably on an average about forty thousand barrels per week. A portion of this is refined in the county, but by far the largest part is shipped to a distance, either by the Alleghany River by way of Pittsburg, or by the Philadelphia and Erie or Atlantic and Great Western Railroads to the Eastern markets.

The necessities of the trade have given rise to many ingenious inventions in getting the oil to market. The wells extend along Oil Creek for a distance of about fourteen miles from its mouth. The ground is not favorable for land carriage, as the valley is narrow and the stream tortuous. The creek itself is too small for navigation under ordinary circumstances, and a railroad with steam power would be in the highest degree dangerous. To compensate for all these difficulties, a system of artificial navigation has been adopted. Throughout the whole distance, at intervals of perhaps a mile, dams have been constructed across the creek, with draws

in the centre, that can be easily opened at the proper time. In this way 'pond freshets' are arranged one or two days in a week. By the appointed time, all persons having oil to run out of the creek have their boats ready, and as the water from the upper dam raises the creek below, the fleet of boats sets out. Each successive dam raises the water to a higher level, and as the fleet proceeds, small at first, it increases until, as it approaches the river, it often numbers two hundred boats, bearing with them not less than ten thousand barrels of petroleum.

The advent of this fleet of boats to the mouth of the creek is in the highest degree exciting. As boat after boat rushes into the river, there is the dashing to and fro of the boatmen, and the shouts of the multitude on the shore. Here and there a collision occurs that often results in the crushing of the feebler boat, and the indiscriminate mingling of boatmen, fragments of the broken craft, oil, and fixtures in one common ruin. In this fleet the form and variety of boats beggars all description. Sometimes there is the orthodox flatboat, filled with iron-bound barrels, with an air of respectability hovering around it. Next will follow a rude scow, and close upon it an unwieldy 'bulk,' into which the oil has been pumped at the well. After this, perhaps, may be seen a rude nondescript, that surely was never dreamed of outside the oil region. It consists of a series of rough ladders, constructed of tall saplings. Between each pair of rounds in these ladders is placed a barrel of oil, floating in the water, but kept in position by its hamper. A number of these ladders are lashed together, until the float contains two or three hundred barrels of oil.

The bulks spoken of are about sixteen feet square and two or three feet in depth, divided internally into bulkheads of perhaps four feet square, to prevent any undue agitation of the oil by the motion of the boat, and are

sometimes decked over. These unpromising boats, as well as the ladder floats, are, during favorable weather, often run to Pittsburg with entire safety. Steamboats, however, run up to the mouth of Oil Creek during the time of high water, and afford the safest and most expeditious means of transportation.

As to the abundance of the supply in this region, there can be but little doubt. Wells seem at times to become exhausted, but it is from local causes. At times a cavity may be tapped that has been supplied from a very small avenue, and may be readily exhausted, but exhausted only to be refilled again. The fact that wells do not interfere with each other, even when but fifty feet apart, is evidence that the supply is not confined to a limited stratum, but is drawn from the great depths beneath. The existence of the ancient oil pits, before alluded to, assures us that the supply has been continued for centuries; and observation confirms this, as we have noticed the hitherto unused treasure bubbling up silently through the crevices in the rocks and gradually evaporating amid the sands, or arising in the beds of the streams and floating down upon their surface. The history of the petroleum trade in other lands encourages us as to the abundance of the supply in our own. In the northern part of Italy, petroleum has been collected for more than two hundred years, without any intimation that the supply is being exhausted. In Burmah a supply has been drawn from the earth for an unknown period, and so far are these wells from exhaustion that they yield at the present time over twenty-five millions of gallons per annum. We may well suppose, then, that the treasure brought to light in such abundance in our day will not be readily exhausted—that as the coals are found in illimitable abundance for fuel as the forests fail, petroleum for illuminating purposes will be found in like profusion.

We have said that the petroleum trade has known no infancy, but has sprung at once into maturity. The oil wells of Venango County alone produced, during the first year of their operation, more oil than the entire product of the whale fisheries during the most favorable and prosperous year in their history. At the present time, after a lapse of little more than two years, the daily product of the wells on Oil Creek alone is computed to be over six thousand barrels. And in this neighborhood the quantity might be wellnigh doubled, were it not for the low price the product commands.

Petroleum differs in its characteristics in different localities. It is usually heavier in the shallow wells than in those that are deeper. Ordinarily it is of a greenish hue, that changes to a reddish as the oil becomes lighter and more evaporative. It is all characterized by a strong and pungent odor peculiar to itself. The gravity of the various kinds of oil is ascertained by the oleometer. The lighter oils are found on Oil Creek, and are about 40° to 46° Baumé; at Franklin, from 80° to 82° .

It is difficult to speak of the uses of petroleum at the present time, for these uses have not yet been fully developed. In its refined state it is preëminent as an illuminator. In this character it yields the palm to gas in matters of convenience and neatness, but is superior to it on the score of general adaptation and economy. Besides, the quality of the light is superior to that of gas, being soft, mild, tranquil, and exceedingly white. In the rural districts, where coal gas is impracticable, it would be an intolerable calamity to be obliged to return to the use of the old tallow candle that was the main dependence in years gone by. As an article of fuel, it has been used to some extent in the oil regions, but the appliances have been so rude that its use has not been general. When proper machinery shall have been invented, no doubt it will be a most important item

of fuel in ocean navigation as well as in railway travel, conducing alike to economy of space and to ease of manipulation.

In the manufacture of gas it has already been brought into successful use, both in this country and in England, and has been found most valuable alike in the quality of the product and in the economy of its production.

As a medicinal agent it has long been employed in this country. It was used by the Indians in this way when the country was first discovered. It was also held in high estimation by the early settlers in what are now called the oil regions, for the medication of cuts and bruises, as well as an internal curative. It formed the staple of the British and American oils that were sold largely and at high rates throughout the country. It is a remarkable fact that since the quantity has increased so largely the popular faith has been correspondingly weakened in its medical efficacy.

Further uses are developed in the process of refining. This latter is exceedingly simple. The crude oil is placed in an iron retort connected with a coil of pipe in a vessel of cold water. Heat is then applied to the retort, when the process of distillation commences. The first product is a light-colored, volatile substance, sometimes called naphtha, that is very explosive. This substance is used in the place of spirits of turpentine in the preparation of paints and varnishes, and, after further treatment, in removing paints and grease from clothing. The next product from the retort is the refined fluid for illumination. This is of a yellow color, with a bluish tinge and powerful odor, requiring further treatment before it is ready for the lamp. This treatment consists in placing it in a cistern lined with lead, and agitating it with a portion of sulphuric acid. The acid and impurities having subsided, the oil is drawn off, and further agitated with soda lye, and finally with water, when

it is ready for use. After this a coarse oil for the lubrication of machinery is produced. Paraffine is another product resulting from this distillation. It is a white, tasteless, and inodorous substance, used in the manufacture of candles. The residuum in the retort may be applied to various useful purposes. It is sometimes used as fuel, and sometimes takes the place of coal tar in the arts, and by chemical processes is made to yield products useful in the laboratory and in the manufactory.

But the aesthetics connected with this distillation must not be passed by in silence. On a bright, sunshiny day we see a bright globule of petroleum rising from the bottom of the stream. As it reaches the surface of the water it disperses, and, as it glides away, all the colors of the rainbow are reflected from its undulating surface.

'What radiant changes strike th' astonished sight!

What glowing hues of mingled shade and light!

Not equal beauties gild the lucid west
With parting beams o'er all profusely drest,
Not lovelier colors paint the vernal dawn,
When Orient dews imppearl th' enamelled lawn,

Than in its waves in bright suffusion flow;
That now with gold empyreal seem to glow;
Now in pellucid sapphires meet the view,
And emulate the soft celestial hue;
Now beams a flaming crimson on the eye,
And now assume the purple's deeper dye.

But here description clouds each shining ray—
What terms of art can Nature's powers display?

We gaze upon those colors, ever changing in their lustre and variety, until imagination revels in its most delightful dreams, suggesting thoughts of the good and beautiful, and reminding how beauty lingers amid the most unpromising things of earth! And just as the bow that spans the mantling cloud reminds us of all beautiful things that glow around its antitype that spans the emerald throne on high, so, as we gaze upon the prismatic tints that are reflected from the oily surface, we dream of all that is beautiful in

color and gorgeous in tinted radiance, as being hidden amid the elements of petroleum.

This dream has its fulfilment amid the processes of distillation and treatment. One product in these processes is called aniline, that is, the base of those beautiful colors so popular with ladies these last days—Mauve, Magenta, and Solferino. And in process of time, no doubt, the most delicate colors for flower and landscape painting will be educed, that will give a new impetus to the fine arts, and to the development of taste in our midst.

And now where shall we look for the origin of this treasure? From what elements is it elaborated? We cannot go with the great Chemist to his laboratory and look upon the ingredients, and notice the treatment used there. Science, although denominated the 'star eyed,' cannot penetrate the mighty strata of everlasting rocks that lie beneath us, and reveal to us these mysteries of nature. 'There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen: the lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it. He putteth forth His hand upon the rock; he overturneth the mountains by the roots. He cutteth out rivers among the rocks; and His eye seeth every precious thing. He bindeth the floods from overflowing; and the thing that is hid, bringeth He forth to light.'

Nature has her mysteries. The earth has its great secrets. But over all, a God of wisdom and goodness presides. Age after age has rolled by—change after change has agitated the history of Time, as forms of beauty have been moulded and marred—as songs of joy have been sung, and requiems of sadness chanted in the great highways and quiet bypaths of life—the living of bygone ages are slumbering quietly in the dust, and the living of the present are hurrying to the same 'pale realms of shade.' The nations of antiquity have passed off the stage with all their gran-

deur and littleness, and the nations of more modern times are surging and dashing to and fro, like ships in the wild chaos of ocean's storms. God alone is great !

Changes, too, have been quietly going on beneath us in the earth's bosom. A great dream of science, but perhaps an earnest, glowing reality, suggests that when God's almighty power was rolling away the curtains of darkness from earth's chaotic state—forming channels for oceans and rivers, and heaving up as barriers the mountain chains of earth, His eternal prescience of man's coming need induced Him to bury deep down in subterranean recesses the imperfect vegetable organisms of a pre-Adamic state, that in the ages to come, coals and oils and gases might be drawn forth to supply his wants.

We find in the coal deposits traces of ferns and leaves of gigantic stature and proportions. Casts of huge boles of trees are found among our fossils, inducing the belief that in some bygone age quantities of vegetable matter, absolutely enormous, were produced on the earth's surface. And it is presumable that in some of the revolutions that have agitated our planet, renovating, improving, and fitting it for a higher order of life, mighty deposits of this vegetable matter were buried up amid the rocky strata, to be evolved in new forms and products. And it may be that since the days of Adam this vegetable deposit has been undergoing the process of destructive distillation in the hidden regions beneath.

In this process heat would not be wanting : it is furnished by the natural constitution of the earth.

Says Professor Hitchcock :

' Wherever in Europe or America the temperature of the air, water, rocks, in deep excavations, has been ascertained, it has been found higher than the mean temperature of the climate at the surface, and experiments have been made at hundreds of places ; it is found that the heat of the earth increases rapidly as we descend below that point in the earth's crust to which the sun's heat extends. The mean rate of increase of heat has been stated by the British Association to be one degree of Fahrenheit's thermometer for every forty-five feet : at this rate all the known rocks in the earth would be melted at a depth of sixty miles.'

Here, then, are all the conditions necessary to the production of petroleum. The vegetable deposit was made amid the rocks—we know not when ; internal heat has been decomposing that matter, and setting free its gases ; these again have been condensed as they approached the surface, and have filled up the cavities, and accumulated amid the rocks, until in these last days the earth has literally poured us out rivers of oil.

Still all this is mere speculation. The hidden path yet remains unexplored. It may always remain so ; but we have the great fact of Divine providence in the rich and copious supply, that is none the less valuable because it flows from an unknown source, and comes to us through unexplored channels.

THE ANGELS OF WAR.

Two angels sat on a war-cloud, watching the din of the fight,
One was an angel of darkness, and one was an angel of light.
The first looked down and smiled, with fearful, fiendish glee :
'Of all earth's sights,' he shouted, 'this is the one for me !
Where is your God in heaven ? and where on earth is your Christ ?
What have your laws and your gospels, your churches and sabbaths sufficed—
That here in this freest land, and now in this ripest age,
Men give up reason and manhood for brutal fury and rage ?
Men who have prattled of peace, of brotherhood, freedom, and right !
Here is a thirst which is deeper ! See how your Christians can fight !
Louder than savages' war-whoop, fiercer than savages' ire,
List to the din of their cannon, look on its murderous fire.
These be thy triumphs, O Freedom ! Christendom, this is thy good !
Deadliest weapons of warfare, earth's reddest vintage of blood ;
The fate of states and nations, the fate of freedom and right
Staked on the nerve of a man, poised on a cannon ball's flight ;
A land of widows and orphans, a land of mourning and pain,
Whose air is heavy with sighs, whose soil is red with the slain.
Say, Earth, art thou drawing nearer that age, the promised of yore,
When swords shall be beaten to ploughshares, and war be learned no more ?
Is the Prince of Peace appearing of whom your prophets tell ?
Lo, here is the Prince of Darkness, and here is the reign of Hell.'

And the angel laughed in scorn, and said, in his fearful glee :
'Aha, of all earth's sights, this is the one for me.'

The other angel spake, and his face was fair and bright,
'And of all earth's sights to me this is the noblest sight.
At the touch of a hand profane laid on its sacred things,
Countless as heaven's bright army, to arms a nation springs.
Thousands of peaceful homes give up their cherished ones,
Young wives give up their bridegrooms, old mothers give their sons ;
Manhood gives up its work, and eager youth its dream :
The reign of sense is over, the spirit rules supreme.
No victims of brute rage, no hirelings trained to fight,
But men in calmest manhood, fresh from the hearthstone's light.
This right arm, maimed and crippled, was dedicate to art ;
All high and noble purpose beat with that pulseless heart ;
Pure bridal kisses linger upon this gory brow ;
On those fair curls a mother's blessing rested even now :
Such men,—the best and dearest, the very life of life,
Earth has no ransom for them,—have hastened to the strife.
'The nobler days have come when men must do and die,'
Methinks I hear them say, with calm, uplifted eye :
'Our human lives are nothing ; thy will, great God, is all ;
We come to work thy work, we have heard the heavenly call ;

Thy right hand holdeth chance, thy strong arm ruleth fate,
To thee, the God of battles, our lives are consecrate.
Not at the foeman's call, not to the foeman's sword,
But we come at the disposal and the summons of the Lord.'

'This,' said the second angel, and his smile was fair to see,
'Of all the sights on earth is the noblest one to me ;
No brutelike men are these, nay, rather to my eyes,
Men raised to angels' heights of calm self-sacrifice.'
Yet he wept, and weeping prayed, 'Oh, may these sons of men
Keep faith and strength and patience, till thou comest, Christ, again !'



A TRAGEDY OF ERROR.

I.

SOUTHAMPTON, July 16th, 18—.

A LOW English phaeton was drawn up before the door of the post office of a French seaport town. In it was seated a lady, with her veil down and her parasol held closely over her face. My story begins with a gentleman coming out of the office and handing her a letter.

He stood beside the carriage a moment before getting in. She gave him her parasol to hold, and then lifted her veil, showing a very pretty face. This couple seemed to be full of interest for the passers by, most of whom stared hard and exchanged significant glances. Such persons as were looking on at the moment saw the lady turn very pale as her eyes fell on the direction of the letter. Her companion saw it too, and instantly stepping into the place beside her, took up the reins, and drove rapidly along the main street of the town, past the harbor, to an open road skirting the sea. Here he slackened pace. The lady was leaning back, with her veil down again, and the letter lying open in her lap. Her attitude was almost that of unconsciousness, and he could see that her eyes were closed. Having satisfied himself of this, he hastily possessed himself of the letter, and read as follows :

MY DEAR HORTENSE : You will see by my postmark that I am a thousand leagues nearer home than when I last wrote, but I have hardly time to explain the change. M. P—— has given me a most unlooked-for *congé*. After so many months of separation, we shall be able to spend a few weeks together. God be praised ! We got in here from New York this morning, and I have had the good luck to find a vessel, the *Armorique*, which sails straight for H——. The mail leaves directly, but we shall probably be detained a few hours by the tide ; so this will reach you a day before I arrive : the master calculates we shall get in early Thursday morning. Ah, Hortense ! how the time drags ! Three whole days. If I did not write from New York, it is because I was unwilling to torment you with an expectancy which, as it is, I venture to hope, you will find long enough. Farewell. To a warmer greeting ! Your devoted C. B.

When the gentleman replaced the paper on his companion's lap, his face was almost as pale as hers. For a moment he gazed fixedly and vacantly before him, and a half-suppressed curse escaped his lips. Then his eyes reverted to his neighbor. After some hesitation, during which he allowed the reins to hang so loose that the horse lapsed into a walk, he touched her gently on the shoulder.

'Well, Hortense,' said he, in a very pleasant tone, 'what's the matter; have you fallen asleep?'

Hortense slowly opened her eyes, and, seeing that they had left the town behind them, raised her veil. Her features were stiffened with horror.

'Read that,' said she, holding out the open letter.

The gentleman took it, and pretended to read it again.

'Ah! M. Bernier returns. Delightful!' he exclaimed.

'How, delightful?' asked Hortense; 'we mustn't jest at so serious a crisis, my friend.'

'True,' said the other, 'it will be a solemn meeting. Two years of absence is a great deal.'

'O Heaven! I shall never dare to face him,' cried Hortense, bursting into tears.

Covering her face with one hand, she put out the other toward that of her friend. But he was plunged in so deep a reverie, that he did not perceive the movement. Suddenly he came to, aroused by her sobs.

'Come, come,' said he, in the tone of one who wishes to coax another into mistrust of a danger before which he does not himself feel so secure but that the sight of a companion's indifference will give him relief. 'What if he does come? He need learn nothing. He will stay but a short time, and sail away again as unsuspecting as he came.'

'Learn nothing! You surprise me. Every tongue that greets him, if only to say *bon jour*, will wag to the tune of a certain person's misconduct.'

'Bah! People don't think about us quite as much as you fancy. You and I, *n'est-ce pas?* we have little time to concern ourselves about our neighbors' failings. Very well, other people are in the same box, better or worse. When a ship goes to pieces on those rocks out at sea, the poor devils who are pushing their way to land on a floating spar, don't bestow many glances on

those who are battling with the waves beside them. Their eyes are fastened to the shore, and all their care is for their own safety. In life we are all afloat on a tumultuous sea; we are all struggling toward some *terra firma* of wealth or love or leisure. The roaring of the waves we kick up about us and the spray we dash into our eyes deafen and blind us to the sayings and doings of our fellows. Provided we climb high and dry, what do we care for them?'

'Ay, but if we don't? When we've lost hope ourselves, we want to make others sink. We hang weights about their necks, and dive down into the dirtiest pools for stones to cast at them. My friend, you don't feel the shots which are not aimed at you. It isn't of you the town talks, but of me: a poor woman throws herself off the pier yonder, and drowns before a kind hand has time to restrain her, and her corpse floats over the water for all the world to look at. When her husband comes up to see what the crowd means, is there any lack of kind friends to give him the good news of his wife's death?'

'As long as a woman is light enough to float, Hortense, she is not counted drowned. It's only when she sinks out of sight that they give her up.'

Hortense was silent a moment, looking at the sea with swollen eyes.

'Louis,' she said at last, 'we were speaking metaphorically: I have half a mind to drown myself literally.'

'Nonsense!' replied Louis; 'an accused pleads 'not guilty,' and hangs himself in prison. What do the papers say? People talk, do they? Can't you talk as well as they? A woman is in the wrong from the moment she holds her tongue and refuses battle. And that you do too often. That pocket handkerchief is always more or less of a flag of truce.'

'I'm sure I don't know,' said Hortense indifferently; 'perhaps it is.'

There are moments of grief in which certain aspects of the subject of our

- distress seems as irrelevant as matters entirely foreign to it. Her eyes were still fastened on the sea. There was another silence. 'O my poor Charles!' she murmured, at length, 'to what a hearth do you return!'

'Hortense,' said the gentleman, as if he had not heard her, although, to a third person, it would have appeared that it was because he had done so that he spoke: 'I do not need to tell you that it will never happen to me to betray our secret. But I will answer for it that so long as M. Bernier is at home no mortal shall breathe a syllable of it.'

'What of that?' sighed Hortense. 'He will not be with me ten minutes without guessing it.'

'Oh, as for that,' said her companion, dryly, 'that's your own affair.'

'Monsieur de Meyrau!' cried the lady.

'It seems to me,' continued the other, 'that in making such a guarantee, I have done my part of the business.'

'Your part of the business!' sobbed Hortense.

M. de Meyrau made no reply, but with a great cut of the whip sent the horse bounding along the road. Nothing more was said. Hortense lay back in the carriage with her face buried in her handkerchief, moaning. Her companion sat upright, with contracted brows and firmly set teeth, looking straight before him, and by an occasional heavy lash keeping the horse at a furious pace. A wayfarer might have taken him for a ravisher escaping with a victim worn out with resistance. Travellers to whom they were known would perhaps have seen a deep meaning in this accidental analogy. So, by a *dé-tour*, they returned to the town.

When Hortense reached home, she went straight up to a little boudoir on the second floor, and shut herself in. This room was at the back of the house, and her maid, who was at that moment walking in the long garden which stretched down to the water,

where there was a landing place for small boats, saw her draw in the window blind and darken the room, still in her bonnet and cloak. She remained alone for a couple of hours. At five o'clock, some time after the hour at which she was usually summoned to dress her mistress for the evening, the maid knocked at Hortense's door, and offered her services. 'Madame called out, from within, that she had a *mi-graine*, and would not be dressed.'

'Can I get anything for madame?' asked Josephine; 'a *tisane*, a warm drink, something?'

'Nothing, nothing.'

'Will madame dine?'

'No.'

'Madame had better not go wholly without eating.'

'Bring me a bottle of wine—of brandy.'

Josephine obeyed. When she returned, Hortense was standing in the doorway, and as one of the shutters had meanwhile been thrown open, the woman could see that, although her mistress's hat had been tossed upon the sofa, her cloak had not been removed, and that her face was very pale. Josephine felt that she might not offer sympathy nor ask questions.

'Will madame have nothing more?' she ventured to say, as she handed her the tray.

Madame shook her head, and closed and locked the door.

Josephine stood a moment vexed, irresolute, listening. She heard no sound. At last she deliberately stooped down and applied her eye to the key-hole.

This is what she saw:

Her mistress had gone to the open window, and stood with her back to the door, looking out at the sea. She held the bottle by the neck in one hand, which hung listlessly by her side; the other was resting on a glass half filled with water, standing, together with an open letter, on a table beside her. She kept this position until Josephine

began to grow tired of waiting. But just as she was about to arise in despair of gratifying her curiosity, madame raised the bottle and glass, and filled the latter full. Josephine looked more eagerly. Hortense held it a moment against the light, and then drained it down.

Josephine could not restrain an involuntary whistle. But her surprise became amazement when she saw her mistress prepare to take a second glass. Hortense put it down, however, before its contents were half gone, as if struck by a sudden thought, and hurried across the room. She stooped down before a cabinet, and took out a small opera glass. With this she returned to the window, put it to her eyes, and again spent some moments in looking seaward. The purpose of this proceeding Josephine could not make out. The only result visible to her was that her mistress suddenly dropped the lorgnette on the table, and sank down on an armchair, covering her face with her hands.

Josephine could contain her wonderment no longer. She hurried down to the kitchen.

'Valentine,' said she to the cook, 'what on earth can be the matter with Madame? She will have no dinner, she is drinking brandy by the glassful, a moment ago she was looking out to sea with a lorgnette, and now she is crying dreadfully with an open letter in her lap.'

The cook looked up from her potato-peeling with a significant wink.

'What can it be,' said she, 'but that monsieur returns?'

II.

At six o'clock, Josephine and Valentine were still sitting together, discussing the probable causes and consequences of the event hinted at by the latter. Suddenly Madame Bernier's bell rang. Josephine was only too glad to answer it. She met her mistress descending the stairs, combed, cloaked,

and veiled, with no traces of agitation, but a very pale face.

'I am going out,' said Madame Bernier; 'if M. le Vicomte comes, tell him I am at my mother-in-law's, and wish him to wait till I return.'

Josephine opened the door, and let her mistress pass; then stood watching her as she crossed the court.

'Her mother-in-law's,' muttered the maid; 'she has the face!'

When Hortense reached the street, she took her way, not through the town, to the ancient quarter where that ancient lady, her husband's mother, lived, but in a very different direction. She followed the course of the quay, beside the harbor, till she entered a crowded region, chiefly the residence of fishermen and boatmen. Here she raised her veil. Dusk was beginning to fall. She walked as if desirous to attract as little observation as possible, and yet to examine narrowly the population in the midst of which she found herself. Her dress was so plain that there was nothing in her appearance to solicit attention; yet, if for any reason a passer by had happened to notice her, he could not have helped being struck by the contained intensity with which she scrutinized every figure she met. Her manner was that of a person seeking to recognize a long-lost friend, or perhaps, rather, a long-lost enemy, in a crowd. At last she stopped before a flight of steps, at the foot of which was a landing place for half a dozen little boats, employed to carry passengers between the two sides of the port, at times when the drawbridge above was closed for the passage of vessels. While she stood she was witness of the following scene:

A man, in a red woollen fisherman's cap, was sitting on the top of the steps, smoking the short stump of a pipe, with his face to the water. Happening to turn about, his eye fell on a little child, hurrying along the quay toward a dingy tenement close at hand, with a jug in its arms.

'Hullo, youngster!' cried the man; 'what have you got there? Come here.'

The little child looked back, but, instead of obeying, only quickened its walk.

'The devil take you, come here!' repeated the man, angrily, 'or I'll wring your beggarly neck. You won't obey your own uncle, eh?'

The child stopped, and ruefully made its way to its relative, looking around several times toward the house, as if to appeal to some counter authority.

'Come, make haste!' pursued the man, 'or I shall go and fetch you. Move!'

The child advanced to within half a dozen paces of the steps, and then stood still, eyeing the man cautiously, and hugging the jug tight.

'Come on, you little beggar, come up close.'

The youngster kept a stolid silence, however, and did not budge. Suddenly its self-styled uncle leaned forward, swept out his arm, clutched hold of its little sunburnt wrist, and dragged it toward him.

'Why didn't you come when you were called?' he asked, running his disengaged hand into the infant's frowzy mop of hair, and shaking its head until it staggered. 'Why didn't you come, you unmannerly little brute, eh?—eh?—eh?' accompanying every interrogation with a renewed shake.

The child made no answer. It simply and vainly endeavored to twist its neck around under the man's gripe, and transmit some call for succor to the house.

'Come, keep your head straight. Look at me, and answer me. What's in that jug? Don't lie.'

'Milk.'

'Who for?'

'Granny.'

'Granny be hanged.'

The man disengaged his hands, lifted the jug from the child's feeble grasp, tilted it toward the light, surveyed its

contents, put it to his lips, and exhausted them. The child, although liberated, did not retreat. It stood watching its uncle drink until he lowered the jug. Then, as he met its eyes, it said:

'It was for the baby.'

For a moment the man was irresolute. But the child seemed to have a foresight of the parental resentment, for it had hardly spoken when it darted backward and scampered off, just in time to elude a blow from the jug, which the man sent clattering at its heels. When it was out of sight, he faced about to the water again, and replaced the pipe between his teeth with a heavy scowl and a murmur that sounded to Madame Bernier very like—'I wish the baby'd choke.'

Hortense was a mute spectator of this little drama. When it was over, she turned around, and retraced her steps twenty yards with her hand to her head. Then she walked straight back, and addressed the man.

'My good man,' she said, in a very pleasant voice, 'are you the master of one of these boats?'

He looked up at her. In a moment the pipe was out of his mouth, and a broad grin in its place. He rose, with his hand to his cap.

'I am, madame, at your service.'

'Will you take me to the other side?'

'You don't need a boat; the bridge is closed,' said one of his comrades at the foot of the steps, looking that way.

'I know it,' said Madame Bernier; but I wish to go to the cemetery, and a boat will save me half a mile walking.'

'The cemetery is shut at this hour.'

'*Allons*, leave madame alone,' said the man first spoken to. 'This way, my lady.'

Hortense seated herself in the stern of the boat. The man took the sculls.

'Straight across?' he asked.

Hortense looked around her. 'It's a fine evening,' said she; 'suppose you row me out to the lighthouse, and leave

me at the point nearest the cemetery on our way back.'

'Very well,' rejoined the boatman; 'fifteen sous,' and began to pull lustily.

'*Allas*, I'll pay you well,' said Madame.

'Fifteen sous is the fare,' insisted the man.

'Give me a pleasant row, and I'll give you a hundred,' said Hortense.

Her companion said nothing. He evidently wished to appear not to have heard her remark. Silence was probably the most dignified manner of receiving a promise too munificent to be anything but a jest.

For some time this silence was maintained, broken only by the trickling of the oars and the sounds from the neighboring shores and vessels. Madame Bernier was plunged in a sidelong scrutiny of her ferryman's countenance. He was a man of about thirty-five. His face was dogged, brutal, and sullen. These indications were perhaps exaggerated by the dull monotony of his exercise. The eyes lacked a certain rascally gleam which had appeared in them when he was so *empressé* with the offer of his services. The face was better then—that is, if vice is better than ignorance. We say a countenance is 'lit up' by a smile; and indeed that momentary flicker does the office of a candle in a dark room. It sheds a ray upon the dim upholstery of our souls. The visages of poor men, generally, know few alternations. There is a large class of human beings whom fortune restricts to a single change of expression, or, perhaps, rather to a single expression. Ah me! the faces which wear either nakedness or rags; whose repose is stagnation, whose activity vice; inglorious at their worst, infamous at their best!

'Don't pull too hard,' said Hortense at last. 'Hadh't you better take breath a moment?'

'Madame is very good,' said the man, leaning upon his oars. 'But if you had taken me by the hour,' he added, with

a return of the vicious grin, 'you wouldn't catch me loitering.'

'I suppose you work very hard,' said Madame Bernier.

The man gave a little toss of his head, as if to intimate the inadequacy of any supposition to grasp the extent of his labors.

'I've been up since four o'clock this morning, wheeling bales and boxes on the quay, and plying my little boat. Sweating without five minutes' intermission. *O'est comme ça*. Sometimes I tell my mate I think I'll take a plunge in the basin to dry myself. Ha! ha! ha!'

'And of course you gain little,' said Madame Bernier.

'Worse than nothing. Just what will keep me fat enough for starvation to feed on.'

'How? you go without your necessary food?'

'Necessary is a very elastic word, madame. You can narrow it down, so that in the degree above nothing it means luxury. My necessary food is sometimes thin air. If I don't deprive myself of that, it's because I can't.'

'Is it possible to be so unfortunate?'

'Shall I tell you what I have eaten to-day?'

'Do,' said Madame Bernier.

'A piece of black bread and a salt herring are all that have passed my lips for twelve hours.'

'Why don't you get some better work?'

'If I should die to-night,' pursued the boatman, heedless of the question, in the manner of a man whose impetus on the track of self-pity drives him past the 'signal flags of relief,' 'what would there be left to bury me? These clothes I have on might buy me a long box. For the cost of this shabby old suit, that hasn't lasted me a twelve-month, I could get one that I wouldn't wear out in a thousand years. *La bonne idée!*'

'Why don't you get some work that pays better?' repeated Hortense.

The man dipped his oars again.

'Work that pays better? I must work for work. I must earn that too. Work is wages. I count the promise of the next week's employment the best part of my Saturday night's pocketings. Fifty casks rolled from the ship to the storehouse mean two things: thirty sous and fifty more to roll the next day. Just so a crushed hand, or a dislocated shoulder, mean twenty francs to the apothecary and *bon jour* to my business.'

'Are you married?' asked Hortense.

'No, I thank you. I'm not cursed with that blessing. But I've an old mother, a sister, and three nephews, who look to me for support. The old woman's too old to work; the lass is too lazy, and the little ones are too young. But they're none of them too old or young to be hungry, *allas*. I'll be hanged if I'm not a father to them all.'

There was a pause. The man had resumed rowing. Madame Bernier sat motionless, still examining her neighbor's physiognomy. The sinking sun, striking full upon his face, covered it with an almost lurid glare. Her own features being darkened against the western sky, the direction of them was quite indistinguishable to her companion.

'Why don't you leave the place?' she said at last.

'Leave it! how?' he replied, looking up with the rough avidity with which people of his class receive proposals touching their interests, extending to the most philanthropic suggestions that mistrustful eagerness with which experience has taught them to defend their own side of a bargain—the only form of proposal that she has made them acquainted with.

'Go somewhere else,' said Hortense.

'Where, for instance!'

'To some new country—America.'

The man burst into a loud laugh. Madame Bernier's face bore more evidence of interest in the play of his features than of that discomfiture which

generally accompanies the consciousness of ridicule.

'There's a lady's scheme for you! If you'll write for furnished apartments, *là-bas*, I don't desire anything better. But no leaps in the dark for me. America and Algeria are very fine words to cram into an empty stomach when you're lounging in the sun, out of work, just as you stuff tobacco into your pipe and let the smoke curl around your head. But they fade away before a cutlet and a bottle of wine. When the earth grows so smooth and the air so pure that you can see the American coast from the pier yonder, then I'll make up my bundle. Not before.'

'You're afraid, then, to risk anything?'

'I'm afraid of nothing, *moi*. But I am not a fool either. I don't want to kick away my *sabots* till I am certain of a pair of shoes. I can go barefoot here. I don't want to find water where I counted on land. As for America, I've been there already.'

'Ah! you've been there?'

'I've been to Brazil and Mexico and California and the West Indies.'

'Ah!'

'I've been to Asia, too.'

'Ah!'

'*Pardio*, to China and India. Oh, I've seen the world! I've been three times around the Cape.'

'You've been a seaman then?'

'Yes, ma'am; fourteen years.'

'On what ship?'

'Bless your heart, on fifty ships.'

'French?'

'French and English and Spanish; mostly Spanish.'

'Ah!'

'Yes, and the more fool I was.'

'How so?'

'Oh, it was a dog's life. I'd drown any dog that would play half the mean tricks I used to see.'

'And you never had a hand in any yourself?'

'*Pardon*, I gave what I got. I was as

good a Spaniard and as great a devil as any. I carried my knife with the best of them, and drew it as quickly, and plunged it as deep. I've got scars, if you weren't a lady. But I'd warrant to find you their mates on a dozen Spanish hides!

He seemed to pull with renewed vigor at the recollection. There was a short silence.

'Do you suppose,' said Madame Bernier, in a few moments—'do you remember—that is, can you form any idea whether you ever killed a man?'

There was a momentary slackening of the boatman's oars. He gave a sharp glance at his passenger's countenance, which was still so shaded by her position, however, as to be indistinguishable. The tone of her interrogation had betrayed a simple, idle curiosity. He hesitated a moment, and then gave one of those conscious, cautious, dubious smiles, which may cover either a criminal assumption of more than the truth or a guilty repudiation of it.

'*Mon Dieu!*' said he, with a great shrug, 'there's a question! . . . I never killed one without a reason.'

'Of course not,' said Hortense.

'Though a reason in South America, *ma foi!*' added the boatman, 'wouldn't be a reason here.'

'I suppose not. What would be a reason there?'

'Well, if I killed a man in Valparaiso—I don't say I did, mind—it's because my knife went in farther than I intended.'

'But why did you use it at all?'

'I didn't. If I had, it would have been because he drew his against me.'

'And why should he have done so?'

'*Ventrelleu!* for as many reasons as there are craft in the harbor.'

'For example?'

'Well, that I should have got a place in a ship's company that he was trying for.'

'Such things as that? is it possible?'

'Oh, for smaller things. That a lass should have given me a dozen oranges she had promised him.'

'How odd!' said Madame Bernier, with a shrill kind of laugh. 'A man who owed you a grudge of this kind would just come up and stab you, I suppose, and think nothing of it!'

'Precisely. Drive a knife up to the hilt into your back, with an oath, and slice open a melon with it, with a song, five minutes afterward.'

'And when a person is afraid, or ashamed, or in some way unable to take revenge himself, does he—or it may be a woman—does she, get some one else to do it for her?'

'*Parbleu!* Poor devils on the lookout for such work are as plentiful all along the South American coast as *commissionaires* on the street corners here.' The ferryman was evidently surprised at the fascination possessed by this infamous topic for so lady-like a person; but having, as you see, a very ready tongue, is it probable that his delight in being able to give her information and hear himself talk were still greater. 'And then down there,' he went on, 'they never forget a grudge. If a fellow doesn't serve you one day, he'll do it another. A Spaniard's hatred is like lost sleep—you can put it off for a time, but it will gripe you in the end. The rascals always keep their promises to themselves. . . . An enemy on shipboard is jolly fun. It's like bulls tethered in the same field. You can't stand still half a minute except against a wall. Even when he makes friends with you, his favors never taste right. Messing with him is like drinking out of a pewter mug. And so it is everywhere. Let your shadow once flit across a Spaniard's path, and he'll always see it there. If you've never lived in any but these damned clockwork European towns, you can't imagine the state of things in a South American seaport—one half the population waiting round the corner for the other half. But I don't see that it's so

much better here, where every man's a spy on every other. There you meet an assassin at every turn, here a *sergent de ville*. . . . At all events, the life *là bas* used to remind me, more than anything else, of sailing in a shallow channel, where you don't know what infernal rock you may ground on. Every man has a standing account with his neighbor, just as madame has at her *fournisseur's*; and, *ma foi*, those are the only accounts they settle. The master of the *Santiago* may pay me one of these days for the pretty names I heaved after him when we parted company, but he'll never pay me my wages.'

A short pause followed this exposition of the virtues of the Spaniard.

'You yourself never put a man out of the world, then?' resumed Hortense.

'Oh, *quo si!* . . . Are you horrified?'

'Not at all. I know that the thing is often justifiable.'

The man was silent a moment, perhaps with surprise, for the next thing he said was:

'Madame is Spanish?'

'In that, perhaps, I am,' replied Hortense.

Again her companion was silent. The pause was prolonged. Madame Bernier broke it by a question which showed that she had been following the same train of thought.

'What is sufficient ground in this country for killing a man?'

The boatman sent a loud laugh over the water. Hortense drew her cloak closer about her.

'I'm afraid there is none.'

'Isn't there a right of self-defence?'

'To be sure there is—it's one I ought to know something about. But it's one that *ces messieurs* at the Palais make short work with.'

'In South America and those countries, when a man makes life insupportable to you, what do you do?'

'*Mon Dieu!* I suppose you kill him.'

'And in France?'

'I suppose you kill yourself. Ha! ha! ha!'

By this time they had reached the end of the great breakwater, terminating in a lighthouse, the limit, on one side, of the inner harbor. The sun had set.

'Here we are at the lighthouse,' said the man; 'it's growing dark. Shall we turn?'

Hortense rose in her place a few moments, and stood looking out to sea. 'Yes,' she said at last, 'you may go back—slowly.' When the boat had headed round she resumed her old position, and put one of her hands over the side, drawing it through the water as they moved, and gazing into the long ripples.

At last she looked up at her companion. Now that her face caught some of the lingering light of the west, he could see that it was deathly pale.

'You find it hard to get along in the world,' said she: 'I shall be very glad to help you.'

The man started, and stared a moment. Was it because this remark jarred upon the expression which he was able faintly to discern in her eyes? The next, he put his hand to his cap.

'Madame is very kind. What will you do?'

Madame Bernier returned his gaze.

'I will trust you.'

'Ah!'

'And reward you.'

'Ah! Madame has a piece of work for me?'

'A piece of work,' Hortense nodded.

The man said nothing, waiting apparently for an explanation. His face wore the look of lowering irritation which low natures feel at being puzzled.

'Are you a bold man?'

Light seemed to come in this question. The quick expansion of his features answered it. You cannot touch upon certain subjects with an inferior but by the sacrifice of the barrier which

separates you from him. There are thoughts and feelings and glimpses and foreshadowings of thoughts which level all inequalities of station.

'I'm bold enough,' said the boatman, 'for anything *you* want me to do.'

'Are you bold enough to commit a crime?'

'Not for nothing.'

'If I ask you to endanger your peace of mind, to risk your personal safety for me, it is certainly not as a favor. I will give you ten times the weight in gold of every grain by which your conscience grows heavier in my service.'

The man gave her a long, hard look through the dim light.

'I know what you want me to do,' he said at last.

'Very well,' said Hortense; 'will you do it?'

He continued to gaze. She met his eyes like a woman who has nothing more to conceal.

'State your case.'

'Do you know a vessel named the *Armorique*, a steamer?'

'Yes; it runs from Southampton.'

'It will arrive to-morrow morning early. Will it be able to cross the bar?'

'No; not till noon.'

'I thought so. I expect a person by fit—a man.'

Madame Bernier appeared unable to continue, as if her voice had given way.

'Well, well?' said her companion.

'He's the person'—she stopped again.

'The person who—?'

'The person whom I wish to get rid of.'

For some moments nothing was said. The boatman was the first to speak again.

'Have you formed a plan?'

Hortense nodded.

'Let's hear it.'

'The person in question,' said Madame Bernier, 'will be impatient to land before noon. The house to which he returns will be in view of the vessel if,

as you say, she lies at anchor. If he can get a boat, he will be sure to come ashore. *Eh bien!*—but you understand me.'

'Aha! you mean my boat—*this* boat?'

'O God!'

Madame Bernier sprang up in her seat, threw out her arms, and sank down again, burying her face in her knees. Her companion hastily shipped his oars, and laid his hands on her shoulders.

'*Allons donc*, in the devil's name, don't break down,' said he; 'we'll come to an understanding.'

Kneeling in the bottom of the boat, and supporting her by his grasp, he succeeded in making her raise herself, though her head still drooped.

'You want me to finish him in the boat?'

No answer.

'Is he an old man?'

Hortense shook her head faintly.

'My age?'

She nodded.

'*Sapristi!* it isn't so easy.'

'He can't swim,' said Hortense, without looking up; 'he—he is lame.'

'*Nom de Dieu!*' The boatman dropped his hands. Hortense looked up quickly. Do you read the pantomime?

'Never mind,' added the man at last, 'it will serve as a sign.'

'*Mais oui.* And besides that, he will ask to be taken to the *Maison Bernier*, the house with its back to the water, on the extension of the great quay. *Tenez*, you can almost see it from here.'

'I know the place,' said the boatman, and was silent, as if asking and answering himself a question.

Hortense was about to interrupt the train of thought which she apprehended he was following, when he forestalled her.

'How am I to be sure of my affair?' asked he.

'Of your reward? I've thought of that. This watch is a pledge of what

I shall be able and glad to give you afterward. There are two thousand francs' worth of pearls in the case.'

'*Il faut fixer la somme,*' said the man, leaving the watch untouched.

'That lies with you.'

'Good. You know that I have the right to ask a high price.'

'Certainly. Name it.'

'It's only on the supposition of a large sum that I will so much as consider your proposal. *Songes donc*, that it's a MURDER you ask of me.'

'The price—the price?'

'*Tenez,*' continued the man, 'poached game is always high. The pearls in that watch are costly because it's worth a man's life to get at them. You want me to be your pearl diver. Be it so. You must guarantee me a safe descent,—it's a descent, you know—ha!—you must furnish me the armor of safety; a little gap to breathe through while I'm at my work—the thought of a capful of Napoleons!'

'My good man, I don't wish to talk to you or to listen to your sallies. I wish simply to know your price. I'm not bargaining for a pair of chickens. Propose a sum.'

The boatman had by this time resumed his seat and his oars. He stretched out for a long, slow pull, which brought him closely face to face with his temptress. This position, his body bent forward, his eyes fixed on Madame Bernier's face, he kept for some seconds. It was perhaps fortunate for Hortense's purpose at that moment—it had often aided her purposes before—that she was a pretty woman.* A plain face might have emphasized the utterly repulsive nature of the negotiation. Suddenly, with a quick, convulsive movement, the man completed the stroke.

'*Pas si hôte!* propose one yourself.'

* I am told that there was no resisting her smile; and that she had at her command, in moments of grief, a certain look of despair which filled even the roughest hearts with sympathy, and won over the kindest to the cruel cause.

'Very well,' said Hortense, 'if you wish it. *Voyons*: I'll give you what I can. I have fifteen thousand francs' worth of jewels. I'll give you them, or, if they will get you into trouble, their value. At home, in a box I have a thousand francs in gold. You shall have those. I'll pay your passage and outfit to America. I have friends in New York. I'll write to them to get you work.'

'And you'll give your washing to my mother and sister, *hein*? Ha! ha! Jewels, fifteen thousand francs; one thousand more makes sixteen; passage to America—first class—five hundred francs; outfit—what does Madame understand by that?'

'Everything needful for your success *là-bas*.'

'A written denial that I am an assassin? *Ma foi*, it were better not to remove the impression. It's served me a good turn, on this side of the water at least. Call it twenty-five thousand francs.'

'Very well; but not a sous more.'

'Shall I trust you?'

'Am I not trusting you? It is well for you that I do not allow myself to think of the venture I am making.'

'Perhaps we're even there. We neither of us can afford to make account of certain possibilities. Still, I'll trust you, too. . . . *Tiens!*' added the boatman, 'here we are near the quay.' Then with a mock-solemn touch of his cap, 'Will Madame still visit the cemetery?'

'Come, quick, let me land,' said Madame Bernier, impatiently.

'We *have* been among the dead, after a fashion,' persisted the boatman, as he gave her his hand.

III.

It was more than eight o'clock when Madame Bernier reached her own house.

'Has M. de Meyrau been here?' she asked of Josephine.

'Yes, ma'am; and on learning that

Madame was out, he left a note, *cher monsieur*.'

Hortense found a sealed letter on the table in her husband's old study. It ran as follows:

'I was desolated at finding you out. I had a word to tell you. I have accepted an invitation to sup and pass the night at C——, thinking it would look well. For the same reason I have resolved to take the bull by the horns, and go aboard the steamer on my return, to welcome M. Bernier home—the privilege of an old friend. I am told the *Armorique* will anchor off the bar by daybreak. What do you think? But it's too late to let me know. Applaud my *savoir faire*—you will, at all events, in the end. You will see how it will smoothe matters.'

'Baffled! baffled!' hissed Madame, when she had read the note; 'God deliver me from my friends!' She paced up and down the room several times, and at last began to mutter to herself, as people often do in moments of strong emotion: 'Bah! but he'll never get up by daybreak. He'll oversleep himself, especially after to-night's supper. The other will be before him. . . . Oh, my poor head, you've suffered too much to fail in the end!'

Josephine reappeared to offer to remove her mistress's things. The latter, in her desire to reassure herself, asked the first question that occurred to her.

'Was M. le Vicomte alone?'

'No, madame; another gentleman was with him—M. de Saulges, I think. They came in a hack, with two portmanteaux.'

Though I have judged best, hitherto, often from an exaggerated fear of trenching on the ground of fiction, to tell you what this poor lady did and said, rather than what she thought, I may disclose what passed in her mind now:

'Is he a coward? is he going to leave me? or is he simply going to pass these last hours in play and drink? He might have stayed with me. Ah! my friend, you do little for me, who

do so much for you; who commit murder, and—Heaven help me!—suicide for you! But I suppose he knows best. At all events, he will make a night of it.'

When the cook came in late that evening, Josephine, who had sat up for her, said:

'You've no idea how Madame is looking. She's ten years older since this morning. Holy mother! what a day this has been for her!'

'Wait till to-morrow,' said the oracular Valentina.

Later, when the women went up to bed in the attic, they saw a light under Hortense's door, and during the night Josephine, whose chamber was above Madame's, and who couldn't sleep (for sympathy, let us say), heard movements beneath her, which told that her mistress was even more wakeful than she.

IV.

There was considerable bustle around the *Armorique* as she anchored outside the harbor of H——, in the early dawn of the following day. A gentleman, with an overcoat, walking stick, and small valise, came alongside in a little fishing boat, and got, leave to go aboard.

'Is M. Bernier here?' he asked of one of the officers, the first man he met.

'I fancy he's gone ashore, sir. There was a boatman inquiring for him a few minutes ago, and I think he carried him off.'

M. de Meyrau reflected a moment. Then he crossed over to the other side of the vessel, looking landward. Leaning over the bulwarks he saw an empty boat moored to the ladder which ran up the vessel's side.

'That's a town boat, isn't it?' he said to one of the hands standing by.

'Yes, sir.'

'Where's the master?'

'I suppose he'll be here in a moment. I saw him speaking to one of the officers just now.'

De Meyrau descended the ladder, and seated himself at the stern of the boat. As the sailor he had just addressed was handing down his bag, a face with a red cap looked over the bulwarks.

'Hullo, my man!' cried De Meyrau, 'is this your boat?'

'Yes, sir, at your service,' answered the red cap, coming to the top of the ladder, and looking hard at the gentleman's stick and portmanteau.

'Can you take me to town, to Madame Bernier's, at the end of the new quay?'

'Certainly, sir,' said the boatman, scuttling down the ladder, 'you're just the gentleman I want.'

* * * * *

An hour later Hortense Bernier came out of the house, and began to walk slowly through the garden toward the terrace which overlooked the water. The servants, when they came down at an early hour, had found her up and dressed, or rather, apparently, not undressed, for she wore the same clothes as the evening before.

'*Tiens!*' exclaimed Josephine, after seeing her, 'Madame gained ten years yesterday; she has gained ten more during the night.'

When Madame Bernier reached the middle of the garden she halted, and stood for a moment motionless, listening. The next, she uttered a great cry. For she saw a figure emerge from below the terrace, and come limping toward her with outstretched arms.

—♦♦♦—

'NOS AMIS LES COSAQUES!'

[In accordance with the policy embraced by THE CONTINENTAL, of giving views of important subjects from various stand-points, we lay before our readers the following article. It is from the pen which contributed to the 'New American Cyclopædia' the articles 'Czartoryski,' 'Francis Joseph,' 'Görgey,' 'Hebrews,' 'Hungary,' 'Kossuth,' 'Poland,' etc., etc. We doubt not the author gives utterance in the present contribution to the feelings which agitated the hearts of thousands of our naturalized citizens during the Russian excitement in New York. Heartily grateful as we may be to Russia for her timely sympathy, our country is pledged to Eternal Justice, and ought never to forget that she is the hope of mankind, and should be its model.]

On the evening of the thirtieth of November last, the large hall of the Cooper Institute—that forum of public opinion in the city of New York, which has so often been the theatre of interesting manifestations—witnessed a scene almost entirely novel. Flags, decorated

with emblems unknown, were unfolded over the platform; young girls, daughters of a distant land, or at least of exiles from it, appeared in their national costume, and sang melodious strains in a foreign tongue, which charmed tears into the eyes of those who understood them; a straightened scythe, fixed to the end of a pole, was exhibited, not as a specimen of the agricultural implements of the country from which those homeless men and children had sprung, but as a weapon with which its people, in absence of more efficient arms, was wont to fight for liberty and independence; the bust of the father of the American republic was placed prominently in face of the large gathering, and at its side that of a man bearing the features of a different race, and apparently not less revered.

If I say that this man was Kosciuszko, I have explained all. Every reader not entirely ignorant of history will know which was the land, the people, what the meaning of the weapon, of the song. Who has never yet wept over the narrative of the fall of that unhappy country east and west of the Vistula, so shamelessly torn, quartered, and preyed upon by ravenous neighboring empires? Whose heart has never yet throbbed with admiration for the sons of that land who to this day protest with their blood, poured in streams, against that greatest of all crimes recorded in history, the partition of their country, and that blasphemous lie written upon one of its bloodiest pages: *Finis Poloniae*? who, abandoned by the world, betrayed by their neighbors, trampled upon as no nation ever was before, again and again rise, and in 1794, under the lead of Kosciuszko, eclipse the deeds of those who, in 1783, flocked to the banners of Pulaaki; in 1830-'31, on the battle fields of Grochow and Ostrolenka, show themselves more powerful than under the dictatorship of the disciple of Washington, and in 1863, fighting without a leader, without a centre, without arms, surprise the world with a heroism a self-sacrificing devotion, unexampled even in the history of their former insurrections? Who has never heard of Russian batteries assaulted and carried by Polish scythes? Whose bosom is so devoid of the divine cords of justice and sympathy as never yet to have re-vibrated the strain of the Polish exiles: **POLAND IS NOT YET LOST!**

Alas, the chronological dates just touched upon embrace a century! For a hundred years Poland writhes in heroic despair under the heels of Muscovite despotism, dazzles mankind by sublime efforts to recover her right to national life, liberty, and happiness, and *not a hand has been stretched out to help her break her chains!* All her martyrdom wrests from the better nature of mankind is a tear of mourning, when, after a superhuman struggle, she

again sinks exhausted, and is believed to sink into the grave. And has Poland well deserved this heartless indifference, this pitilessness of the nations? Has she delivered none? aided none? served none? defended none? Answer, Vienna, rescued from the Turkish yoke by John Sobieski! Answer, thou monument at West Point, thou fort at the mouth of the Savannah, ye towns and counties named Kosciuszko and Pulaaki! Answer, Elba and St. Helena! Answer, Hungarian companion-in-arms of Bem, Dembinski, and Wysocki! Answer, Germany, Europe, Christendom, for centuries shielded by Polish valor against Tartar barbarism and Moslem fanaticism!

Alas, Poland must beg even for sympathy! That gathering, which commemorated, on its thirty-third anniversary, the outbreak of the rising of 1830, was destined to resuscitate the feeling of the American people for the Polish cause. For the Poles sojourning in this country had reasons to believe that even that passive sentiment was on the wane, that interests, not less illusory than selfish, were working to destroy even the impressions which sacred national remembrances, by twining together the memories of Washington and Kosciuszko, had created in the American heart. Strange to say, amid the roar of cannon thundering freedom to slaves, amid streams of blood shed in the name of nationality, on this side of the Atlantic, amid daily echoes reverberating the groans of butchered martyrs, of mothers and sisters scourged, hanged, or dragged into captivity, on the other side—New York had gone mad with enthusiasm for the Muscovites! The metropolis of the freest people on the globe had prostrated herself before the shrine of semi-Asiatic despotism, had kissed the hands of the knoutbearers of the czar, had desecrated the holy memory of Washington, by coupling his name, his bust, with those of an Alexander, nay, of a Nicholas! The woes of Poland were forgotten,

her cause was wantonly assailed, her fair name defamed by the very same organs of public opinion which for months and months made people shudder with daily recitals of nameless atrocities committed by the Russian hangmen, by the Muravieffs and Aunekoffs, on the defenders of their country and liberty. Unthinking scribblers and lecturers called Russia and America twin sister empires of the future, agitated for an alliance defensive and offensive between them; Poland and her defenders were calumniated. *Va victis!*

There is an excuse for every folly New York commits and the country imitates, for she is blessed with papers and politicians more than others practised to flatter vanity and mislead ignorance. When New York strews palm leaves before the feet of the Prince of Wales, it is done to cement the bond of love that links the New World to its venerable mother; when she runs after the Japanese, it is in search of a transoceanic brother, just discovered, and soon lovingly to be embraced (witness our doings in the Japanese waters); when she kisses the knout and collects Russian relic, it is done to inaugurate a sistership of the future, already dawning upon her in Muscovite smiles of friendship, in diplomatic hints of the czar, and in the hurrahs for the Union of Lissoffski's crews! In this case she only pays with American sympathy for Russian sympathy, and at the same time frowns a rebuke upon England and France for their un-Russian-like behavior, and insinuates a threat which may save this country from the perils of European intervention.

But Russian imperial sympathy, with its diplomatic smiles and compulsory hurrahs, is nothing but a bait; he must be blind who does not see it. What is the natural tendency that would lead the czar, the upholder of despotism in the East, to sympathize with the model republic of the West? the empire which is again and again covered with the blood of Poland, divided by it and its

accomplices, to have, amid its troubles, so much tender feeling for the individuality of this country? Is Alexander's friendship kindled by our acts of emancipation? It is true he has freed more than twenty millions of serfs in his empire, and, though following the dictates of political necessity, he may have acted with no more real anti-slavery sentiment than that which makes many avowed pro-slavery men emancipationists among ourselves, yet he certainly has achieved a noble glory, which even his monstrous reign in Poland may not entirely blot out from the pages of history. The same friendly disposition toward the United States was, however, ostentatiously evinced by Nicholas, who lived and died the true representative and guardian of unmitigated tyranny; it was as ostentatiously shown by Alexander at the time when Fremont's proclamation was repudiated as it is now, after the first of January, 1863; and it is he of all the monarchs of Europe who, as early as July, 1861, diplomatically advised this country to save the Union by compromise, as neither of the contending parties could be finally crushed down; that is to say, flagrantly to sacrifice *liberty* in order to save *power*. The Russian nobility will naturally sympathize with the slaveholders of the South, and the lower classes of the Russian people are too ignorant to think about transatlantic affairs. Russian imperial and diplomatic sympathy will cordially be bestowed upon any nation and cause which promises to become hostile to England (or, on a given time, to France), on Nena Sahib no less than on Abraham Lincoln. The never-discarded aim of Russia to plant its double cross on the banks of the Byzantine Bosphorus, and its batteries on those of the Hellespont, and thus to transfer its centre of gravity from the secluded shores of the Baltic to the gates of the Mediterranean; the never-slumbering dread of this expansion, which has made the integrity of Turkey an inviolable principle with the British

statesmen of every sect; and the growing inevitability of a bloody collision on the fields of central Asia of the two powers, one of which is master of the north, and the other of the south of that continent, have rendered Russia and Great Britain inveterate foes. To strengthen itself against its deadliest opponent, one courts the alliance of France, the other that of the American Union, both not from sympathy, but in spite of inveterate or natural antipathy. Against a common enemy we have seen the pope allying himself with the sultan. Russia always hates England, and from time to time fears France; both these powers continue to offend the United States, and at least one of them now threatens a Polish campaign: why should not the czar lavish his flattering marks of friendship on a great power which he hopes to entice into an unnatural alliance? It is not American freedom which the czars are fond of; they court American power as naturally antagonistic to that of England, at least on the seas. Wielded entire by a Jeff. Davis, with all the Southern spirit of aggression, it would be to them a more desirable object of an *entente cordiale*.

But why should we not accept the proffered aid, though the offer be prompted by selfish motives? Threatened by a wicked interference in our affairs, which might prove dangerous to our national existence, why refuse additional means to guard it, though these be derived from an impure source? Will an innocent man, attacked by assassins, repulse the aid of one hastening to save him, on the ground that he, too, is a murderer? Certainly not. History, too, proves it by noble examples. Pelopidas, the Theban hero, invokes the aid of the Persian king, the natural enemy of the Greeks; Cato, who prefers a free death by his own hand to life under a Cæsar, fights side by side with Juba, a king of barbarians; Gustavus Adolphus, the champion of Protestantism in

Germany, acts in concert with Richelieu, the reducer of La Rochelle, its last stronghold in France; Pulaski, who fights for freedom in Poland and dies for it in America, accepts the aid of the sultan; Franklin calls upon the master of the Bastille to defend the Declaration of Independence; Ypsilanti raises the standard of Neo-Grecian liberty in hope of aid from Czar Alexander I, and happier Hellenes obtain it from Czar Nicholas, and conquer; the heroic defender of Rome in 1849, Garibaldi, fights in 1859, so to say, under the lead of Louis Napoleon, the destroyer of that republic.

But what has all this to do with the question before us? Has it come to this? Is the cause of this great republic reduced to such extremities? Is this nation of twenty millions of freemen, so richly endowed with all the faculties, resources, and artificial means which constitute power, unable to preserve its national existence, independence, and liberty, without help from the contaminating hand of tyranny, without sacrificing its honor by basely singing hosannas to the imperial butcher of Poland, at the very moment when the blood of the people of Kosciuszko and Pulaski cries to Heaven and mankind for vengeance? Is the peril so great? so imminent? Is Hannibal *ante portas*? Has the French fleet dispersed Secretary Welles's five hundred and eighty-eight vessels of war, broken the Southern blockade, and appeared before our Northern harbors? Are all Jeff. Davis's bitter complaints against the English cabinet but a sham, covering a deep-laid conspiracy with treacherous Albion? Is Emperor Maximilian quietly seated on the throne of Montezuma, and already marching his armies upon the Rio Grande? The talk of foreign intervention has been going on for years, and not a threatening cloud is yet to be seen on our horizon. Both England and France deprecate the idea of hostile interference in American affairs. It is *Russia* that is

menaced, an alliance with her can serve only herself, and her artifices have caused all the foolish clamor that threatens to disgrace this country.

And then, accepting aid is not forming an alliance, still less an alliance *defensive* and *offensive*. Not to speak of examples too remote, every one familiar with the historical characters of the men, will know that neither Pulaaski, Franklin, Ypsilanti, or Garibaldi would ever have so degraded his cause—the cause of liberty—as to promise to the despot, whose aid he desired, a compensatory assistance in trampling down a people rising for freedom. No *innocent* man attacked by assassins will promise, with honest intent, to one who offers to save him, his assistance in continuing a work of murder and resisting the arm of justice.

For it must be supposed that nobody is foolish enough to believe that Russia would offer us her aid—say, against France—without requiring from us a mutual service; that merely in order to inflict a punishment on Louis Napoleon for the recognition of the South, or the establishment of monarchy in Mexico, she would, still bleeding from the wounds inflicted by the Polish insurrection, madly launch her armies upon the Rhine, or start her hiding fleet from behind the fortified shelters of Cronstadt and Helsingfors, make it pass the Sound and Skager Rack, unmindful of the frowning batteries of Landskrona and Marstrand, pass the Strait of Dover, and the English Channel, and enter the Atlantic, quietly leaving behind Calais, Boulogne, Cherbourg, and Brest, and all this with the certainty of raising a storm which might carry the armies of France and her allies into the heart of Poland, and ultimately, by restoring that country, press czarism back, where it ought to be, behind the Dnieper. Such assistance she would and could not honestly

promise were we even to vouch a similar boon to her in case Napoleon should really enter upon a campaign for the deliverance of Poland. For neither promise could be executed with the slightest chance of real success, and without exposing the naval and land forces despatched across the seas to almost certain total destruction. The only practical military result of a Russo-American alliance could be an attack by the forces of the United States on the French in Mexico, serving as a powerful diversion for the benefit of Russia assailed by France in Europe. This is what Russia knows and our eager demonstrationists are unable to perceive. The sword of France hangs over Russia, just engaged in finishing the slaughter of Poland. The menace of a Russo-American alliance may induce Napoleon, who is entangled in Mexico, to put that sword back into the scabbard. He is too proud and too little magnanimous to give up, yielding to our menace, his Mexican work—a work so long begun, and so costly in blood and treasure—and turn all his attention, all his forces toward Poland and Russia. He may give up Poland, for which he has not yet sacrificed anything, and turn all his attention toward Mexico and the United States. Thus our philo-Russian enthusiasm can bear no good fruits for ourselves; it can serve Russia, prevent the deliverance of Poland, and dishonor the fair name of the American republic.

Yes, dishonor it. Already, speaking of the demonstrations in favor of the Russians, that patriot soldier, Sigel, exclaims: 'They make me almost doubt the common sense of the American people.' And it is not Sigel that speaks thus: it is the voice of enlightened Germany, of the freedom-loving men of Europe.

May the people of America heed this warning before it is too late!

WAS HE SUCCESSFUL?

PART THE LAST.

'Do but grasp into the thick of human life! Every one *lives* it—to not many is it *known*; and seize it where you will, it is interesting.'—GOSSEN.

'**SUCCESSFUL.**—Terminating in accomplishing what is wished or intended.'—WEBSTER'S *Dictionary*.

CHAPTER II.—*continued.*

As soon as they reached the room, Mrs. Meeker exclaimed, 'Augustus! tell me, what does this mean!'

The young man, thus appealed to, stopped, and, regarding his mother with a fierce expression, exclaimed:

'It means that I quit New York to-night!'

'Augustus! you are a cruel creature to alarm me in this way.'

'It is so, mother. I have got into a bad scrape.'

'Tell me just what it is, Augustus—tell me the whole truth.'

'Well, a few weeks ago, I lost a large sum of money—no matter how. I asked father to help me. I made him a solemn promise, which I would have kept, provided he had given me what I required. He refused, and I used his name to raise it.'

'O Augustus! Augustus!' exclaimed Mrs. Meeker in genuine agony.

'It's no use groaning over it,' said the young man. 'It is done; and, what is worse, it is discovered! Father will know it to-night. What I want is, money enough to take me out of the country; and if you will not give it to me, I will cut my throat before you leave the room!'

Mrs. Meeker could only reply by sobs and hysterical exclamations.

'It is of no use, mother—I mean it!' continued the young man.

'Where are you going, Augustus?' said Mrs. Meeker, faintly.

'Across the water. Give me the money, and I shall be on board ship in an hour.'

'I have only two hundred dollars in

my purse,' said his mother, mournfully, producing it.

'It will serve my purpose,' answered her son. 'You can send me more after you hear from me.'

He took the money and put it into his pocket, and prepared to attend his mother to the door.

'But when shall I see you again, Augustus?' faltered Mrs. Meeker.

'Never!'

The parental feeling could no longer be restrained. She threw herself upon her son's neck, sobbing violently, and declared he should not leave her.

It did not avail. Although the young man's feelings seemed much softened, he resisted all her appeals. He unwound her arms with tenderness, and led her in silence down the staircase.

'Give my love to Harriet,' he said. 'Tell her I never will forget her.'

He opened the door into the street—a moment after, he had regained his room; and the miserable mother was driven back to her magnificent abode.

The next day an ordinary sailing vessel left New York for Liverpool, having on board the only son of Hiram Meeker.

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When Mrs. Meeker reached her house, her husband had finished his dinner, and gone out. It was late when he returned—so late, that his wife had already retired.

In the morning, Mr. Meeker communicated to her the information of his son's disgraceful and criminal conduct. She listened with such an air of sorrow and distress, that it did not occur to him that she manifested no surprise.

She prudently, perhaps, forbore communicating the incidents of the previous evening, for she knew it would lead to a terrible reproof on his part. Besides, her present interference was far beyond anything she had ever ventured on, and she stood in great terror of Hiram where important matters were concerned.

During the day, Hiram Meeker had intelligence of his son's flight. He received it with great outward composure, and with sensible inward relief.

The discovery of the fraud which Augustus had committed had also been borne with entire equanimity.

The fact is, Hiram, having thought best to conclude that his son was irreclaimable, searched the Scriptures to find the various eminent examples of disobedient, ungrateful, and wicked children; and he seemed to cherish with unction the idea of being numbered among the godly parents of a reprobate child.

His own position was so strong, so far above that of any ordinary man of wealth, that the circumstance of a disolute son's raising a few thousand dollars by forging his name (after all, it was only a few thousand) could only produce an expression of sympathy for the honored father.

What to do with Augustus—that was the question which troubled him through the night; and the morning brought an agreeable solution of it.

His child, an only son, possessed of many noble and generous qualities, without any of his father's intense selfishness, was a wanderer and an outcast on the earth, and he unmoved, undisturbed, complacent!

It was soon known in the house what had become of Augustus. When Belle heard of it, she gave a shrug, and exclaimed, 'Poor Gus!'

Harriet, the invalid, was deeply affected. Seeing how much she was sorrowing, her mother, whose heart was still tender from the recollection of her late parting with her boy, told her, un-

der promise of secrecy (she knew she could trust her), that she had seen Augustus before he went away, and repeated the message with which she had been charged.

'O mamma!' exclaimed the poor girl, 'we can save him—I know we can! You say he is to write you. We shall know where he is, and by-and-by he will come back.'

'Your father will never permit it.'

'Perhaps not immediately; but he will yield—I am sure he will yield.'

'You do not know him as I know him,' said Mrs. Meeker, in a tone so sepulchral, that it made her daughter start. 'He will never yield—*never!*'

I think from that period the conduct of Mrs. Meeker toward her daughter was much less indifferent, not to say harsh, than it had previously been. Harriet was, in a way, connected with her last recollection of Augustus. And this spark of a mother's tenderness did, to an extent, spread a diffusing warmth over her whole nature.

CHAPTER III.

HIRAM MEEKER had erected an entire block of buildings, which he called 'model houses for the poor.'

By this observation the reader must not suppose I mean that they were provided *gratis* for that ever-present class. No. But they were made on a new plan, so as to give each family comfortable quarters, as if each had a house of their own.

Hiram Meeker received great credit for the 'act of benevolence' in building these homes for poor people. Doubtless it was a very great improvement over the old arrangement. Still, Hiram's block of buildings netted him just fifteen per cent. per annum, after deducting all possible charges and expenses against the property.

To secure such a handsome return, there had, of course, to be very strict and careful management. Hiram's agent in this department was a man entirely satisfactory to him, and with

whom he never interfered. Frequent complaints were made of this man's severity, to which Hiram would pay no attention. It was impossible for him to look after all the details of his various affairs. An agent once appointed, people must transact their business with him.

This was reasonable, as a rule; but Hiram's iniquity was displayed in the nature of the men whom he selected to manage for him. You see he placed exacting and relentless folks in charge, and then tried to avoid the responsibility of their acts of severity.

One day, a few weeks after the circumstances recorded in the last chapter, Hiram was seated in his inner and very private office, outside of which was his regular office, where was his confidential clerk; and beyond that the counting room of the princely house of 'Hiram Meeker'—for he admitted no partners—which several rooms were protected against persons having no business to transact with the house, but who wished to see Mr. Meeker personally.

This class found entrance very difficult. They had first to announce the nature of their business. If it required personal attention, they were introduced to a species of general agent, who was high in Mr. Meeker's confidence. If this last character was satisfied, then an interview could be had with the great man himself.

I say, one day Hiram was seated in his most private apartment, quite alone. He was engaged in calculations for some large real-estate improvements involving an outlay of at least a million of dollars. He had given orders not to be interrupted, and was deeply absorbed in his plans, when the door opened, and a young man came in with a quick step.

Hiram did not look up. He supposed it was some one connected with the establishment.

'Is this Mr. Meeker?' was asked, in a vigorous, earnest voice.

Hiram raised his head, and beheld an individual apparently five-and-twenty, dressed rather carelessly, but in the manner of a gentleman. He was of goodly proportions, and had dark hair, a clear complexion, and keen gray eyes.

Hiram made no reply to the question, except to ask, 'What is your name?'

'Dr. Ephraim Peters,' said the young man with the sparkling gray eyes.

'Who admitted you?' continued Hiram.

'I had a pressing errand of life and death, and could not wait for a formal presentation.'

'What is your business?'

Dr. Peters took a seat with considerable deliberation, while Hiram waited, with a displeased look, for him to reply.

'You are the owner of the block of 'model houses,' as they are called?'

Hiram nodded.

'A patient of mine, a laboring man, is one of your tenants. He broke his leg a few months ago, falling from a scaffolding. He has had hard work to live since. Thursday his wife was taken ill. Yesterday was rent day—he pays monthly in advance. He could not get the money, and your agent refuses to give him any grace. Now what I want to say is, the poor woman can't be moved without danger to her life.'

'Well?'

'Well,' echoed the other, 'I want to get an order from you to let her remain.'

'See the agent.'

'I have seen him; and, what is more, although I am poor enough myself—for I am just starting, you see, in New York—I offered to pawn my watch and pay the rent myself, but the man would not take it.'

'No?'

'No, he would not. He said they had gone over the time, and he did not want tenants who depended on charity to pay rent; besides he said he was afraid the woman was going to die,

and he did not want a death in the building—it would give it a bad name.’

The young man paused, with the air of one who had made a successful argument, and was waiting for an auspicious result.

The only notice Hiram took of him was to say, in a decided tone, as he resumed his calculations, ‘I can’t interfere.’

‘CAN’T interfere!’ said the other, with naive astonishment. ‘Why, what do you mean? It will kill the woman, I tell you! You *must* interfere.’

‘Young man, you forget yourself. I repeat, go to the agent. I shall not interfere.’

‘Well, well,’ said the young physician, rising, ‘I have heard of hard hearts and cruel men who grind the faces of the poor, but you are the first I have seen. I don’t envy you, though. I would not stand in your shoes for a good deal.’

While Dr. Ephraim Peters was delivering himself of the above, Hiram had struck a small bell which stood before him, and a young man entered in response to the summons just as the doctor concluded.

‘Holmes, send for a policeman.’

‘Yes, sir.’ And Holmes withdrew to execute the commission.

‘Do you mean that for me?’ exclaimed the young doctor, choking with passion, while the gray eyes flashed dangerously.

Hiram made no reply, but occupied himself intently with the figures before him.

‘I say,’ said the other, in a louder tone, ‘do you mean that for me? I suppose you do, and I have half a mind that the errand shall not be for nothing. Yes, I have *more* than half a mind to break every bone in your worthless body!’

He looked at that moment, with his clenched hand, erect figure, and energetic presence, quite capable of carrying out the threat.

Still, Hiram paid not the slightest

attention to this demonstration, but worked at his figures, more abstracted than ever. He knew it was merely a matter of time; the policeman would arrive in two or three minutes, and, as he hoped, would catch the doctor in the midst of his violent outburst of passion.

On the other hand, our young hero soon discovered that he was to get no satisfaction from his antagonist, as he now considered him, by the course he was pursuing. He, too, began to count the moments—well aware that he had not much time to spare.

He determined to change his tactics.

‘After all,’ he exclaimed, in a deliberate tone, ‘I will not give you the chance for a case of assault and battery. I think better of the whole matter. Nature is slower, to be sure, but she will do the work better than I could. Do you know what an advantage I have over you? I am twenty-five, and you fifty-five. Money cannot buy back those thirty years. That’s about all I have to say.’

‘Not quite, either,’ he continued, still more deliberately. ‘I am a medical man, accustomed to judge of a person’s condition by observation. Do you want me to tell you what is the matter with you?’

Dr. Ephraim Peters paused, as if for a reply.

A natural instinct, which acts without our volition, took such sudden possession of Hiram, that he raised his eyes from his papers and turned them upon the questioner, as if expecting him to continue.

‘I see the subject interests you,’ said the doctor. ‘Take my advice. Sit over your papers less, and exercise more—or you will be struck with paralysis within five years! Good-day.’

He turned and quitted the apartment with a slow and dignified step.

As he advanced a little way along the street, he encountered Holmes, still in search of a police officer.

He had been at two or three places

where one was always visible; but, as usual when wanted, none were to be found.

'Holmes,' said the doctor, addressing him as if he had known him all his life, 'hurry back to your employer; he wants you particularly.'

Holmes sped off at the word, delighted to be relieved in his search; and Dr. Ephraim Peters went on his way.

He was not mistaken as to the effect of the last attack. His chance shot struck Hiram amidships. The latter continued gazing on vacancy for a moment or two after the doctor had left the room.

'Paralysis—paralysis!' he muttered. 'That is what killed mother!'

Hiram started up, and walked across the room. He pinched his arms and his legs, and both his cheeks. He fancied his left side had less sensibility than his right.

'My brain is overworked, that's a fact. Dr. Joslin has told me so frequently. I must ride every morning before breakfast; I ought not to have neglected it. Paralysis! how did he come to say paralysis?'—and he commenced pinching himself again.

In the midst of these demonstrations, Holmes entered.

Hiram turned on him angrily. He had forgotten about sending him for a police officer.

'I thought you wanted me,' said the young man, timidly.

'No, I do not!'

Holmes retreated.

Hiram Meeker put on his overcoat, took his hat, and, though still early, prepared to walk all the way to his house.

One thing was uppermost in his mind—paralysis!

Hiram reached his house in a very pious state of mind.

His wife and Belle were both out, and he went immediately to Harriet's room.

She was delighted to welcome her father so early, and she told him so.

Hiram regarded the attenuated form and pale, thin face of his daughter, and I hope I am right in saying that he felt a touch of pity when he reflected on her distressed situation, shut out from the world, and slowly wasting away.

At any rate, he returned her greeting with more than ordinary kindness, and seated himself by the side of the couch where she was reclining.

[Had you the power to look into the HEART, even as the Omniscient regards it, which, think you, would most challenge your pity, Hiram or his daughter?]

'I fear you are lonely, Harriet, so much of the day by yourself.'

'Not very lonely, papa. You know I have a good many visits, and Margaret (the nurse) is invaluable. She reads to me whenever I desire; and she is so cheerful always, that—'

'Has your Uncle Frank been here to-day?' interrupted Hiram.

'No, papa, but he is coming in to-morrow.'

'What time, think you?'

'Uncle generally comes about six o'clock. He says he reserves his last visit before dinner for me.'

'Ask him to dine with us. Tell him I want to see him particularly.'

'Indeed, I will!' said Harriet, joyfully, for she knew there was not much cordiality between them.

Now Hiram had suddenly conceived the idea of consulting Doctor Frank about any latent tendency to paralysis in his constitution, and whether it was hereditary or not, and so forth, and so forth. Aside from his high reputation as a physician, he knew his brother could naturally judge better about that than any one else. His mind, had wandered, therefore, from his daughter back to himself.

Fortunately, she did not understand the selfish nature of the interruption.

'I wish you would come home as

early every day, papa. How little you are with us !'

'It is a great self-denial, my child—very great,' responded Hiram ; ' but on the rich fall a heavy responsibility—very heavy—and I must bear it. Providence has so ordered. We must uphold society. We have to sustain law and order—law and order.'

He should have said that it was law and order which sustained him.

[Ah, reader, it is a mighty *moral restraint* which makes the crowd wait patiently *outside*.]

Harriet heaved a deep sigh. She could not deny what her father had so pertinently expressed, yet these high-sounding words made no impression on her.

'Alas !' she said, mournfully, ' if I were a man, I should never wish to be rich.'

Hiram was preparing to make a harsh reply, but, looking at his daughter, her wan features at that moment were so expressive of every finer feeling, that his baser nature was subdued before it.

He took her hand kindly, and said, with a smile, ' My dear child, you know nothing about these things.'

'I suppose not, papa ; but I have made you smile, and that is worth something.'

The interview was not prolonged. Hiram soon felt a restless feeling come over him. It occurred to him, just then, that he would have time before dinner to take a look at the locality which he was preparing to occupy for his real-estate improvements.

He told Harriet so, and repeating his request that she should induce her uncle to stay to dinner, he left her apartment.

As the door closed, his daughter sighed again. For a while she appeared to be absorbed in thought. Recovering, she directed the nurse to proceed with the book she had in reading.

We dare not inquire what was passing in her mind during those few moments of reflection. Perhaps, through

that strange discrimination which is sometimes permitted to those appointed to die, she had a partial insight into her father's real nature.

I trust not. I hope she was spared that trial. It is an awful thing for a child to awaken to a sense of a parent's unworthiness !

CHAPTER IV.

The two brothers had met—had met more congenially than they ever met before. This was all Hiram's doings. He seemed like a new creature in his bearing toward Doctor Frank, who could not (indeed he had no wish to do so) resist the influence of his cordial treatment. After dinner, they sat together in the library. They chatted of the old, old times when Frank was in college, and Hiram, a little bit of a fellow, was his pet and plaything during the vacations.

'We have done something, Frank, to keep up the Meeker name in New York,' said the millionaire, when that topic was exhausted. 'You are at the top of the profession, and I—I have accomplished a good deal.'

Hiram spoke in such a genial, mellow tone, that Frank was touched.

'Yes,' he replied ; 'you have at least achieved wonders. Do you remember what mother used always to prophesy about you ? It is fulfilled tenfold.'

'Poor mother !' sighed Hiram.

'Ah, yes ! she was carried off very unexpectedly. What a vigorous constitution she had, to all appearance !'

'Do you know, Frank, they tell me I may look for a similar visitation at her age ?'

'You ? nonsense ! Who has been filling your ears with such stuff ?'

'Stuff or not, so I am advised seriously. What think you of it ?'

Thus appealed to, Doctor Frank regarded his brother more critically.

'That is right,' said Hiram. 'Now that you are here, give me an examination.'

Doctor Frank thereupon asked several

pertinent questions, to which satisfactory replies were made. He sounded Hiram's chest: it was responsive as a drum. Then he proceeded to manipulate him in a more professional way. He put his ear close down, and held it for a minute, to get the pulsation of the heart. This he repeated two or three times.

Hiram's face grew anxious.

'You find something wrong,' he said.

His brother made no reply, except to ask more questions.

At last he exclaimed, 'You are all right, Hiram—all right. There is a little irregularity about the action of the heart: it is not chronic, but connected with the digestive organs. You are in as good health as a man could ask to be. Only, don't use your brain quite so much; it interferes with your digestion, and that in you affects the action of the heart. It is not worth mentioning, I assure you' (Hiram was looking alarmed); 'but, since you can just as well as not, I say, take more exercise, and give your brain a holiday now and then.'

'Thank you—thank you! So you don't think there is anything in the idea that I shall be—be—struck with paralysis—at about the same age that mother was?'

'Pure nonsense, Hiram—utter nonsense!' exclaimed Doctor Frank, cheerfully. [He knew how foolish it is to alarm one.] 'Still, exercise, exercise. That we ought all to do.'

The next day, Hiram commenced his morning rides; one hour before breakfast regularly.

He had fought the battle of life, and had won. Now he was called on to go into another contest. He set to work at this with his customary assiduity.

No one who saw the millionaire on his horse, trotting sharply over the road very early in the morning, understood really what was going on.

One day, however, Dr. Ephraim Peters caught sight of him, spurring on under full headway, as if everything

depended on the work he had in hand.

'Do you know who that is, and what he is about?' asked the young doctor of his companion.

'No.'

'It is Hiram Meeker, *fighting Death!*'

CHAPTER V.

As the gay season progressed, the love affair between Signor Filippo Barbone and the daughter of the millionaire was not permitted to languish.

The Signor was not in society.

Much as she might desire to do so, Belle dared not venture on the hazardous experiment of introducing into her own aristocratic circle one who had so lately figured as a second-rate opera singer. He would have been recognized at once, and the whole town agitated by the scandal.

Belle knew this very well. Yet, strange to say, it did not in the least weaken her infatuation for this coarse fellow. On the contrary, I think it stimulated it. Self-willed and imperious, she tolerated with extreme impatience any restraint whatever. In this instance, it was the more tantalising and exciting, because she felt that the world would be in opposition to her; while her lover adroitly added fuel to the flame, by protesting that he would no longer consent to be so unjust, so selfish, so criminal, as to attempt to absorb her attention, or even intrude on her notice. True, he should himself fade away and perish (he looked very much like it); what of that? What were misery and death to him, compared with her ease and peace of mind?

Thereupon he would disappear for two or three days, during which time Belle would work herself into a fever of excitement. And when he did return, unable, as he would say, to keep his oath to himself never to see her again, she would receive him with such emotion and such passionate demonstrations of delight, that the wily knave

was satisfied he had completed his conquest.

Things were at just this pass, when Hiram received an anonymous letter, warning him in vague terms of what was going on, but mentioning no names.

Hiram was thunderstruck. On reflection, he was convinced that it was the work of some envious person, who had got up the note to cause him or his daughter annoyance; or else that it was a miserable joke, perpetrated by some foolish fellow. So entirely was he assured that one or the other hypothesis was correct, that he dismissed the matter from his mind. He carried the note home, however, and handed it to Belle in a playful manner, while he bestowed his customary caress, and received a kiss in return.

'Young lady, what do you think of that?' he asked.

It was fortunate—or rather most unfortunate—that Hiram did not entertain the slightest suspicion of his daughter: else he would have been led to scrutinize her countenance as he made the remark.

Like most persons who are accustomed to decide for themselves, he never questioned the correctness of his judgment after it was once formed.

Belle, for an instant, felt the floor sinking away under her feet!

It was only for an instant.

With the readiness for which the sex are so remarkable, she at once gave way to a most violent exhibition of temper. She walked up and down the room, apparently in a transport of rage; she tore the note into a hundred pieces, and threw them into the grate.

What was to be done? What would her father do to punish the miscreant who had dared take such a liberty with her name? Boldly she stepped before him, and asked the question.

During these exhibitions, Hiram

stood smiling all the while. Belle was very handsome, and never, as he thought, so brilliant as at that moment, giving vent to her woman's passion.

It was really so. Her form, her face, her eyes worked so harmoniously in the scene she had got up to cover what was below the surface, that she did present, to any one whose senses were arbiters, a most beautiful display.

'You are laughing at me, papa—I see very plainly you are laughing at me! I will not endure it! I—'

'Belle,' interrupted her father, 'you little goose, what do you think I care for the scribbling of any fool that chooses to disgrace himself? What should you, my daughter, care? To be sure, I can understand why you may suddenly give way to your feelings; but there is reason in all things. Don't you think the miserable fellow who penned that scrawl (by-the-way, you have very foolishly destroyed it, provided you did wish to trace it out)—I say, don't you think the fellow who perpetrated the ridiculous joke would be pleased enough to see how you take it?'

He took his daughter by the arm—a very beautiful arm—and gave her a little shake—a playful, pleasant shake. Looking her in the face, he said: 'Answer me, Belle—am I not right? Have you not sense enough to see that I am right?'

'Oh, I suppose so, papa. You are always right. That is, I never can answer your arguments; but—'

'That will do, Belle. Run off to your room, and come down quite yourself for dinner.'

Belle gave her father an arch smile, to show how obedient she was, and bounded away.

Hiram watched his daughter with delight as she ran up the staircase, and his heart exulted in the possession of a child so charming and attractive.

THE ANDES.

THE Andes, like a vast wall, extend along the western coast of South America. Woods cluster, like billows of foliage, around the feet of the mountains. A vast network of intersecting streams is woven by the gigantic warp and woof of these mountains. Many brooks, stealing along, scarcely heard, over the table-lands, and many fierce torrents, dashing wildly through rocky crevices, fill the great streams that roll, some into the Caribbean Sea, some into the near Pacific; while one, the mighty Amazon, stretches across the continent for more than three thousand miles, and swells the Atlantic with the torrents of the Andes. The keel of a vessel entering the Amazon from the Atlantic, may cut through waters that once fell as flakes of snow on the most western ridges of the Andes, and glistened with the last rays of the sun as he sank in the Pacific.

A spell of fascination hangs about the Amazon. Its wonders, known and unknown, have a marvellous attraction; and the perils encountered in its exploration give a throb of interest to its very name.

How terrible were the sufferings of Gonzalo Pizarro and his companions, who set forth in youth and vigor to explore the valley of the Amazon! How worn and haggard the survivors returned to Quito, leaving some of the daring cavaliers of Spain to bleach in death on the wild plain, or to moulder in the lonely glen! No river has sadder chronicles of suffering and danger than the Amazon. Still, the exploration, so hazardous, yet of such vast value, will go on. Many a hero in the great war with nature will follow the track of Herndon, the noble man as well as the brave explorer, who escaped the perils of the great river, only to sink, with his manly heart, into the great deep.

In science as in war, ranks after ranks may fall; but the living press on to fill the vacant places. The squadrons are ever full and eager for service. To search new lands through and through, or to drag old cities from the graves of centuries, men will advance as heroically as an army moves to the capture of Chapultepec. Not a flower can breathe forth its fragrance, though in marshes full of venomous serpents and of as deadly malaria, but science will count its leaves, and copy with unerring pencil the softest tints that stain them with varied bloom and beauty. Science will detect every kind of rock in the structure of the most defiant crag. Not a bird can chant or build its nest in the most leafy shade, but science will find the nest, describe every change of color on the feathers of the little singer, and set to music every tone that gushes from its tiny throat. Not a gem can repose safe from seizure, in the rocks, in the sand, or in the torrent. Not a star can twinkle in the abyss of night, but science will tell its rate of light, and describe its silent and mysterious orbit. Torrid heat, the earthquake, the tornado, the pestilence, mountains of ice, craters of flame—science will dare them all, to know one more law of nature. God speed the daring of science, if only her votaries will not place the law in the place of Him who made both it and the works which it was commissioned to guide. Science, when she has found the highest and the most comprehensive law of nature, has not touched Deity itself; she has but touched the hem of the garment of the Great Lawgiver.

One veteran of science, Alexander von Humboldt, has yielded to the great law of humanity, as inexorable as any that he found in nature. His researches in South America, though mainly con-

fined to the valley of the Oronoco, were most thorough, and his array of facts and observations are of inestimable value. Yet, Humboldt searched into nature with the coldness of the anatomist, content with examining its material structure, rather than with the zeal of one who seeks images of Divine power impressed alike on solid rocks and gliding streams. Science, however rigid, would not have restrained the ardor of homage to the Author of creative energy and grandeur, bursting forth irrepressibly in scenes where angels would have adored the Great First Cause, and where man can do no less.

Humboldt's fame as an observer is founded on a rock which no mortal power can shake. He lacked the reverential insight into the higher and deeper powers of nature, but, so far as his mental eyes saw, he described surely and vividly the manifestations of those powers. He was an observer of wonderful skill in the outer courts of nature, though he seemed either not to seek or to be bewildered in seeking her interior shrine. He exemplified rather the talent than the genius of discovery, the patient sagacity which accumulates materials, rather than the fervid enthusiasm which traces the stream of nature's action to its spring, the great Creative Will. Yet, the very title of Humboldt's great work, the concentrated fruit of a life of toil, '*Cosmos*,' meaning beauty and order, and, then, the visible world, as illustrating both, seems to show a gleam of feeling above the spirit of material research. His warmest admirer could have respecting him no worthier hope than that he, who has left the scene of earthly beauty which he so long and diligently studied, may have had the joy to discern, in the sphere of celestial order, the *Cosmos* of the skies, higher and deeper truths than external nature can teach.

An American artist, Church, has portrayed with great force and beauty

some portions of the inspiring scenery of the Andes. Church's pictures are avowedly compositions, and not transcripts of actual views; yet, they are not more remarkable for ideal beauty than for truthfulness to nature. Although no real scenes among the Andes correspond to his painting, yet the glorious characteristics of the Andes are seen in every line, in every color, in all the strange lights and shadows of his paintings. Imagination, which sees at once the powers and proportions of things, is, when joined to a feeling heart, the surest guide to him who would describe natural truth, whether of the souls of men or of material forms.

The realists of art may not be so well satisfied with a composition, as with the delineation, line by line, and point by point, of a scene in nature; yet the more comprehensive critic will own that universality will gain by the composition far more than local identity can lose. By his imaginative skill, Church has portrayed in two or three pictures those characteristics of scenery which, to be faithfully delineated in copies from actual views, would require a hundred paintings. This is alike his best defence and his highest praise.

In recalling my own observations among these noble mountains, and in striving to express them in language, I feel how much higher is the vantage ground of the painter. One may examine for hours the canvas, until every scene is fixed on the memory as on the canvas itself. Yet I will endeavor to give a general view of the scenery of the stupendous Andes—stupendous truly, yet among those mountains are scenes of such quiet beauty as to touch the heart as tenderly as softest music.

Scarcely a hundred miles from the Pacific Ocean arise some of the highest peaks of the Andes, yet the way upward is much longer. From the coast, or from the decks of ships sailing by it, may be seen, in clear weather, some of the peaks of the mountains. On the shores, hazes and mists often temper

the tropical sun and obscure distant objects; but, at early morning and evening, sometimes the great snowy dome of Chimborazo may be seen afar, towering in majesty above the tropical verdure between its base and the ocean. It looks as if invading the heavens with its colossal form; and at such times it wears a vesture of glory. A few years ago, in New England, of a clear night in the depth of winter, an aurora of the north reddened the whole sky; and the earth beneath, covered with snow, was as red as the sky above. Imagine such an aurora to fall upon the snowy summit of a mountain four miles high, and you may conceive how attractive is the flush of beauty upon the brow of Chimborazo at sunrise and at sunset.

Turn from the broad Pacific, as its long waves glance in the sun; and, as the morning tide washes up the tropical rivers, go with it along one of them, a part of the way, perhaps, in a sailing vessel or a steamer, but the rest in a light canoe. Tropical shrubbery and forests line the banks of the stream. New forms and modes of life impress the traveller from the temperate zone. The scenery of the tropics, so long the wonder of the imagination, now expands in wild luxuriance before the sight. When you have gone as far as you can along the winding river, waiting, perhaps, for hours, here and there upon the bank, in some rude cabin, or under the shade of some broad fragrant tree, for the returning tide from the ocean to bear you swiftly on; disembark upon a strange soil, and prepare to pursue your journey by mules or horses.

You reach the forests, and pierce their dark recesses by narrow paths, mere winding threads of road. Great clouds of foliage press around you, and, at the slightest breeze, thrill with that murmur of myriads of trees, which is so full of mystery and awe; for there, the very forests, unbroken and unbounded, seem audibly to breathe together with mystical accord, and to

blend low quivering tones with the grand chorus which swells daily upward from vales and mountains, seas and shores.

Interspersed with the thick foliage, on every hand are blossoms and fruits of every tropical kind. Pale, white bridal blossoms clothe the orange tree, or golden fruit hangs among its clusters of glossy leaves. The starry rind and pale-green crown of the pineapple tempt you to enjoy the luscious fruit. High in air the cocoanut tree lifts its palmy diadem. The long broad leaves of the plantain protect its branches of green or yellow fruit, and throw a grateful shade upon the way, open here and there. Here is, indeed "a wilderness of sweets," and the air is full of blended fragrances. While the eye ranges, seeing trees, fruits, and flowers innumerable, of glorious hues and countless kinds, most never seen by you before, or at least only as exotics, the ear also takes in varied sounds. Birds are singing, insects humming; every tree seems a choir, and the immeasurable forest a wide congregation of joyful voices.

You are now on the lowest stage of that sublime gradation of climates and scenery displayed by the Andes. You cross it in two or three days' journey (for, as in the East, so, in the mountainous regions of South America, travelling is measured less by miles than by days' journeys). You then arrive at the foot of one of the mountains. Stop and look up! A ridge covered with forests to its very top stands steep before you. The wind makes tremulous the masses of evergreen foliage, which are now shaded by the reluctant mists of the morning, slowly ascending, and now are bright with the full splendor of noon. Above that ridge rises another, and another yet, unseen at the foot. Begin the ascent. The mules tremble as they strive to keep their hold on the steep, slippery soil. Press upward in zigzag paths for hours. Reach the top of the ridge, and descend into the val-

ley between it and another higher opposite; then, ascend again. As you thus slowly, patiently, yet surely reach the heart of the mountainous region, wild diversity of views holds you bound in wonder and strange delight. Here are level places—here pure, bright brooks glide on as smoothly as in meadows. There, a torrent rushes over crags, foaming and roaring in an everlasting cascade. Before you may be a hillside, green with luxuriant pasture, where flocks and herds graze quietly through the day, while the shepherd, with his crook and harmonic pipe, reminds you of classic scenes. Turn aside—and you may look down into cavernous recesses, whose gloomy depths you cannot measure. Scenes fair and fearful meet in the same horizon. So, in life, the gentle charities, that, like the face of Una, make sunshine in the shady place, are often found not far from rugged rage and black despair. Press on through glad and sombre scenery. Press upward in steep ways, miry and craggy, narrow and broad, by turns.

Now, so deep are the paths cut in the mountain, so high are the banks, so contracted is the way, that, the higher you rise, the less you appear to see; and you feel disappointed at missing the grand horizon of smaller mountains, on which, coming nearer the summit, you expected to look; but now, a shout of exultation breaks from your lips; and well it may. A new Pacific Ocean seems to expand before you, as if by some sudden enchantment. It is an ocean of constant verdure and inexhaustible fertility, spreading far, far below you, as far as you can see, on every side but that from which, high on the mountain top, you look down upon the view. The seeming ocean is the first table land, whose soft, green undulations fill the horizon, though, when the sky is clear, the snowy mountains may be seen far away, dazzling the heavens and the earth with their brightness. Spring and autumn here join hands,

consecrating the double seedtime and the double harvest of the year. Yonder is a field of ripened grain. And there is the Indian laborer, near his cabin of thatch and clay, guiding the rude ploughshare through the fertile soil.

Descend the mountain, and, crossing that sea of beauty, ascend the mountains beyond. The scenes, just now all soft and pleasing, give way to others which unite the lovely and the severe. Look upward. There rises a mountain, so gently curving and so green, so alluring with its light and shade, that it seems the very emblem of graceful majesty, looking as if it must know its wondrous beauty, and as calm as if no wind strong enough to make a violet tremble could ever breathe upon its face; yet near, in vivid contrast, stands a craggy peak, towering up, up, toward the deep blue sky, so broken and so black that it seems like the very Giant Despair of mountains, frowning with unearthly fierceness upon his gentle neighbor, who returns his grim looks with meek and placid trust. Where whirlwinds and tempests await the signal for howling desolation, stands the beautiful colossal image of sublime serenity.

Again, steep, rocky roads lead over rugged cliffs. Your horses climb panting, and descend, picking their steps, upon the other side. Stop awhile on this green space, a valley between two high ridges. Countless flowers spread fragrance and beauty around. They are not those alone of the strictly tropical level, but, owing to the height above the sea, the floral wealth of the temperate zone is embosomed in the torrid region itself, and adds the charm of an almost magical diversity to the intrinsic splendors of the scene. See small objects flitting about from flower to flower. They are the smallest and most delicate of hummingbirds, nowhere found but in America. Watch their colors, changing with every changing motion, purple, crimson, golden, green. It is as if the very flowers had

taken life, and were revelling with conscious glee in the soft, bright air. The hues of these birds are dazzlingly bright. The little creatures glance about like prismatic rays embodied in the smallest visible forms.

After gazing upon these humming-birds with joy as great as theirs, as they revel like fairies in the profusion of this flowery valley, look upward on the high, grand ridges that close it in. What suddenly starts from the very top of yon cliff, and floats in the air, high, high, above you? It is the great condor, expanding his broad wings, wheeling in flight from ridge to ridge, curving with majestic motion, now poising himself upon his wings, now apparently descending, now suddenly but gracefully turning upward, until his lessening shape has gone beyond the farthest reach of sight. The hummingbird and the condor; hillsides covered with sheep; rocky ridges inaccessible to man or beast; brooks that quiver gently on; impetuous torrents; the beauty of Eden and craggy desolation like that of chaos—these all can you see among the Andes.

Let not the fascination of this valley, the songs of birds, the flowers, the hummingbirds glistening among them like gems, the soft outlines of the scenery detain you long. Harder and sterner scenes await you. The Andes are a picture of life. Every cliff records a lesson; and the unnumbered flowers interweave with their varied dyes and rich perfumes gentle suggestions, sweet similitudes for the understanding and the heart. If, as in this charming valley, the senses may be dissolved in joy, and the spirit would linger willingly in rapt delight, soon some hard experience, kindly sent, requires one to brace all manly energy for the rough encounter, the blast of peril, and duty's steep and craggy road. You ascend in narrowing ways, casting long, lingering looks upon the valley, whenever it opens to view between the cliffs.

Here, the ridges are so near together

that the shrubbery from the top of each joins in an arch overhead. There, you pass along by the side of a mountain, in a path which affords scarcely room for a single horseman, and where he who enters the close defile, shouts aloud, and, if the first, thus gains a right of way through, and parties on the other side, hearing the shout, must wait their turn. Now, you leave for a while the narrow road, and descend upon a beautiful table land, bounded on the sides by parallel but distant mountains; and the open places reveal fertile plains in far perspective. Light streams through the wide, clear space in a golden tide of splendor. Again, you are partly surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, rising in gradations, and of such impressive magnitude and extent that one might imagine that here the secret forces of nature are wont to take bodily shape, to look on the grand tragic storms which their own fearful agency has raised.

Now, on one side, the mountains subside into soft undulations; on the other, the ridges are colossal, dark, and broken, and along the edges of their successive summits is a line of snow, varying with the line of the cliffs, and glittering like burnished silver in the sun, above the jagged battlements. The deep blue sky, the shining snow, the huge, dark, rocky bases, the different shades of color harmoniously blending, the soft and rugged shapes contrasting vividly—well may impress the soul with pleasure-relieving awe, with awe-ennobling pleasure.

Dismount awhile for rest. Enter this rude, thatched house by the wayside, on a level spot. Laden mules pass by in crowds, attended by Indian drivers, each of whom doffs his hat and blesses you—a mere ceremony, it may be, but one in picturesque keeping with the scenery. Invigorated by the breeze, the shade, the rest, prepare to go higher, higher, higher yet. First, pluck some of these roses that grow profusely around you, that, if you reach the line

of snow that never melts, you may place upon the cold bosom of perpetual winter these blushing symbols of perpetual spring.

Again, you reach the edge of a cliff, through the deep, narrow valley between which and the cliff opposite pours a furious torrent, which, resounding louder and louder as it is approached, now drowns all other sounds in its despotic roar. But, fearful as it looks, it must be crossed. Some of these torrents are spanned by bridges; but most of them are so impetuous, especially in the rainy season, that bridges even of stone would be undermined, and those of timber would be swept away like wisps of straw. You must now trust to the sagacity of your mules or horses. You descend the precipitous side of the cliff, seeming to yourself as if about to fall headlong into the torrent; but after a painful and perilous jaunt, you reach its level. Its roar now confuses and nearly stuns you. Each side is more or less precipitous, and you seem at the mercy of the furious tide, while jutting rocks above seem just ready to be loosened by some convulsion, and to crush you with their merciless weight: meantime, your horse stands unmoved by the peril before or above him, apparently deaf to the noise of the torrent, and quietly surveys the rapids, as if to select the safest point to cross. Disturb him not. He takes his time, and places one foot and then another in the torrent. As he reaches the main current, he trembles, not with fear, but with the effort to keep himself from being swept against the rocks. He may be able to keep his footing and to walk across, though panting and shaking at every step; or the stream may be so deep that he is forced to swim. If so, he bears up *manfully* (if one may say so) against the rushing force, and at last scrambles up the least steep peak of the opposite bank, bearing you more dizzy than he is. But the bank itself is only the foot of a ridge as precipitous as that which you

descended to reach the stream. Quietly, patiently, surely the horse ascends. A sudden misstep or unwary slip among the loose stones of the path would send you far backward into the torrent which you have just escaped. This very seldom happens, for the horses and mules have been well trained for the service. In all the perils, the horse or mule is a safer guide than you. Give him a free rein, and he will bear you up the hardest, roughest, steepest places.

You are now high among the Andes, far above every sign of tropical vegetation; and, although hourly you are approaching the equatorial line, yet hourly also it is growing colder. Look up! A snowy peak rises directly before you, and seems to challenge you with its resplendent, inaccessible majesty. The sight at first almost appals, but fascinates. The feeling of fear soon surrenders to absorbing enjoyment of the sublimity of the scene. The more you look, the more you desire to look. There stands the mountain, a single glance at which repays all the fatigue and danger of the road;—there it stands, as high above the Pacific Ocean as if Vesuvius should be piled upon itself again, and again, and yet again. Clear snow covers it with a robe of dazzling light.

The snowy peak, though it seems so near in the pure atmosphere, is a weary distance off. As you advance slowly and laboriously upward, the wind blows almost like a hurricane. You can hardly breast its force. It grows colder and colder. Here, on the equator, man may freeze to death. Bear a stout heart and a firm face against the cold and the wind.

Now it is too steep even for the horses and mules of the Andes. You are ascending toward the snowy peak whose alluring brightness has charmed the long way, since you saw it first. Dismount and climb as you can among the rocks. The glittering snow is near. You pant as if you might soon lose all

power to breathe again; yet, press on, and now touch at last the pure, bright, equatorial snow.

Would you now reach the very summit which shines far, far above you, arrayed in glowing white. That you cannot do. Angels descending on ministries of grace may touch that snowy mountain top, but mortal feet it never felt. That radiant peak is sacred from bold endeavor and the assaults of battle. War's gory feet never climbed so far. War's flaming torch never stained that pure and snowy light. Swords never flashed among those white defiles. Angels of peace guard the tops of the Andes. There is truce to all the rage of earth. During the middle ages, an interval in every week was sacred from the assaults of foes. It was called the Truce of God. Not for three days, but for countless ages, from the birth of time to the final consummation, on these snowy summits of the Andes shines in pure white the Holy Truce of God.

In Italy and Sicily, an ethereal veil, a pale, blue gossamer, spreads over the scenery, as if each object had caught some delicate reflection from the blue heavens above; and the golden illumination of this misty veil causes the peculiar charm of Italian sunsets. This effect is generally wanting in the scenery of the Andes near the equator, though among the mountains more remote, a similar effect is sometimes seen. Among the Andes of the equatorial region, so pure is the air, that the farthest objects visible are exactly defined. The curves and angles of distant cliffs are as clearly seen as those of masses of rock at one's side. Hardly a ray of light is so refracted as to disturb the perfect shape and color of any object in the horizon. The splendor of the sun brings out the true colors of everything within the range of sight; and so various are these colors, and so diversified are the groupings of ridges and valleys, in the scenery of the Andes of the equator, that the pure developing and de-

fining light and the clear air of that region produce effects as enchanting as the transforming light and the soft veiling air of Italy. At sunrise and at sunset, indeed, but especially at sunset, a rosy light tinges the snowy summits of the far-off mountains, but those near shine with pure white, like mountains of silver. The hue of every precious stone is found in the colors of the Andes. Even the crevices on the rocky sides of the mountains without verdure seem when the sun shines upon them to be filled and overflowing with warm hues, varying from the softest lilac to the deep, rich, pervading purple which the artist loves to revel in. Each of the Andes, besides his emerald or pearly crown, seems also to wear, like the high priest of old, a jewelled breastplate, reflecting on earth the glory of the skies.

The table lands of the Andes, especially when seen from above, resemble the rolling prairies of western North America. Both have the same beautiful and various undulations, though those of the table lands are bolder. The prairies are far more extensive; though, often, the table lands present as broad a horizon of gently curving land. These table lands in some places extend like vast halls between widely separate but parallel chains of the Andes—again, like broad corridors along a line of ridges—again, like wide landings to gigantic stairs, of which the stone steps are mountains—again, they expand in hollows surrounded by hills, like lakes of land. Here is one large enough for several small farms only—there, many towns and rural estates are found on the same table land. Here is one which you may traverse in an hour—there is one which may be several days' journey across.

The agricultural wealth of the Andes is mainly concentrated in these table lands, in these millions of rolling acres. The table lands are above the region of forests. About the watercourses, on the farms, and in the towns, a few trees

may be found—sometimes avenues of them laid out with care and beauty; and the fruit trees of the temperate zone may here be cultivated; but the great forests of the tropical level and the pines of the mountains are absent.

The *Paramos* are sandy plains, in fact, mountain deserts, in the dry season liable to great droughts, and in the wet season to fearful snowstorms. The armies of Independence, during the wars between Spain and South America, suffered terrible hardships and exposures in the *Paramos*. The *Pampas* are wide and level plains, not so high as the table lands, where graze innumerable herds of wild cattle. They are beyond the ranges of mountains, in the more central parts of South America. There are none west of the Andes.

The table lands complete the sublime varieties of the scenery. Their serenity enchants, as the grandeur of the mountains that rise above them exalts the mind. The works of nature are not only adapted to human need with Omnipotent skill, as these fertile lands among the sterner mountains prove; but, feelings different, yet harmonious, are excited by the combinations of Infinite Power. The emotion of awe, being one of great concentration, becomes even painful, if the tension of the mind be too long sustained; and so He who tempers the ineffable splendor of His immediate presence even to the gaze of angels, with the rainbow of emerald about his throne, with the sea of crystal, the tree of life, or the gates of precious stones, also soothes the sublimity of mountains with gentle traits of scenery and soft gradations of color which give enjoyment more passive than awe, and rather captivate than overpower the eye and soul.

From the table lands can often be seen in the distance snow-covered tops of mountains, projected in bold, white outlines against the deep-blue sky; and there the sky is really blue, not of that pale tinge that often passes for it, but of a deeper blue than even the rich Oc-

tober sky of North America. As if joining the sky, are the shining summits of the mountains. The two ethereal colors, blue and white, thus meet in dazzling harmony. Sometimes so many of these white, towering heights can be seen, and in so different quarters, that one may almost fancy the sky itself to be a vast dome of sapphire supported by gigantic pillars of marble.

Most of the cities, villages, and farms are on these table lands. Often, for the sake of the grand view, a villa is built on a steep ridge, within sight of the broad, undulating surface of some plateau; or, in some position of peerless beauty, the glittering cross on some convent may be seen. The Spanish race appreciate the picturesque, as is shown by their choice of sites, not only in Spain, but in Spanish America. The poetical, imaginative character which has marked Spanish annals for centuries, still marks those who have any claim to Spanish descent. The South American, though half an Indian, recognizes the grandeur of his native mountains, and the beauty of the broad, fertile valleys, while a thoroughgoing Anglo-Saxon of North America, in the same places, would calculate whether or not the torrent that rushes foaming and glittering down the mountain is too steep to serve a mill, or whether the smaller mountains might not be levelled for building lots; or he would gaze upon some beautiful table land with wonder indeed, but with wonder chiefly how much wheat or barley there grows to the acre, or can be made to grow. The table lands produce the grains and fruits of the temperate zone; and, accordingly, proprietors who own, as many do, estates on the tropical and on the temperate level, may supply their tables with fruits from their own grounds, for which, in other countries, the world must be brought under contribution. The soil is cultivated mainly by Indians. Descendants of the ancient rulers of the land now till the fields of the descendants of the conquerors.

Some, indeed, representing more or less the Indian part of the population, are owners of estates; yet a full Indian rarely has lands of his own. He is a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, tills the fields, and performs most of the drudgery of the country. More South Americans of Indian descent, out of the general population, have gained honor and power than could possibly have done so under the confined and absolute sway of the Incas. The Indians of all Spanish America have progressed, however slowly and rudely, in the arts, labors, culture, and faith of Christian civilization, and, in the aggregate, are in advance of the Indians of Anglo-America.

Let the imagination survey the whole range of the Andes for their vast extent of sixty degrees of latitude. On every level space are seen the signs of culture and human habitation, fields green with the early grain, or yellow with the harvest. The roads now wind through forests of constant shade, even under the burning sun of the equator; now they turn with gentle windings, or with steep abruptness, while below spread bright and beautiful lands, and interesting the more because associated with the homes and lives of men.

In the grandest scenery, some sign of man's abode will be grateful. No one, indeed, whose soul has not been warped out of all likeness to the Divine image which it once wore, can regard without abhorrence such intrusions of noisy machinery into scenes of natural sublimity as, for instance, have desecrated the neighborhood of Niagara Falls, and which would have done so yet more, but for the energetic and forever-praiseworthy resistance of the proprietors of adjacent grounds; as if America, with her thousands of miles of rivers, and almost infinite number of rapid, unfalling brooks, had not mill privileges enough, without daring to insult the Divine Majesty by wresting the Falls of Niagara from their true design. The spirit of gain, which has

been eager, though—thanks be to God—it has not been able to spoil the natural glory of Niagara, is vile, degraded, base enough to sell a mother's dying gift for gold, or to seize, if it had the power, the jewelled gates of the New Jerusalem as collateral security for its meagre faith in anything divine.

But, though the presence of that sacrilegious materialism, of that practical blasphemy, which defies creative Deity at the very shrines where its infinite power is most wonderfully displayed, is a plague spot, a malignant sign of spiritual leprosy, which warns all to beware of its vile contagion; yet, the suggestions of rural toil, the sight of tilled fields, the cottage, the shepherd and his flock, are all harmonious with nature, even in her grandeur; for they show that the glorious wonders of earth were given, not, indeed, to be distorted, but to be enjoyed by man; and even the stupendous mountain derives a new charm from the reflection that it may minister daily to the elevation of the soul, while the benign fertility of the valley sustains the natural life.

How pleasantly these villages nestle upon the breasts of the mountains, as if there to find shelter from the stormy blast! Trains of mules, attended by their drivers, whose shrill shouts echo among the rocky hills, wind upward, laden with rich tropical fruits from the coast, or with goods from other lands. Other trains descend, laden with grain and the fruits of the temperate zone, from the higher districts. Well-guarded mules bear bars of precious silver from the mountain mines for the currency of the world, or to render dazzling service on the tables of nobles and kings in foreign lands. Look upon the gorgeous clouds above you, as if the snowy Andes were soaring heavenward; reach higher points, and look upon shining clouds far below, as if the same snowy mountains had descended to bow in meek devotion. The llama, the delicate beast of burden, sometimes called the Peruvian camel,

with gently curving neck, moves gracefully on, turning often and quickly, from side to side, mild, plaintive eyes, as if entreating pity.

The cascade glances like a streak of silver from the mountain at your side; in the valley you see the sweet, calm lake, or you hear the torrent, sounding among shadowy woodlands, never weary, never still. Stand on a lofty ridge, and look abroad on the vast, snowy heights that appear in the horizon;—then let the 'mind's eye' look beyond the horizon, and behold similar peaks stretching three thousand miles along. Then bend reverently before Him who has made earth so grand.

Go to the galleries of Rome and Florence. It is wise to gather new beauty to the soul from works of art, and to study the exquisite graces which the great masters have gathered from nature and delineated in glowing canvas or in lasting marble; yet, here is a gallery of paintings by the Great Master and Author of all sublimity and beauty in heaven and earth, extending, not from room to room of buildings made with hands and roofed with cedar, but from hall to hall of nature's colossal cathedral, roofed by the infinite sky. Look at these pictures, ever changing, yet ever grand, of majestic mountains, of reposing valleys, of fertile plains, of rural homes, of streams and waterfalls, of vast forests, of myriad forms of life and beauty, of sunrise, sunset, and the glittering moon. What a marvellous variety in the objects portrayed! What surprises at every turn! Colors more brilliant than Titian or Allston could combine, join in harmonious effect on every side, and grace and vigor, beauty and grandeur, are blended in every scene and almost in every outline. Would you examine the famous statues of the world, and admire the symmetry of form and power of expression drawn forth by human skill from the hard, white stone? Or will the fragments of ancient art give delight for their expres-

sive beauty, visible though in broken forms? Behold here a gallery of statuary, a line of divine masterpieces, whiter than Parian marble, wrought by the 'ANCIENT OF DAYS.' Will you admire Michael Angelo's colossal 'Day and Night'? and revere the mortal genius that can so impress the soul? Give homage, then, for the majesty of power with which He who created and adorned the universe has displayed, among the Andes, Day and Night—Day robed with unutterable splendor, Night with transcendent awe.

Mountains!—the grandest of nature's visible works—ye are also the figures of majesty, of strength, of loftiness of soul! Ye are the raised letters which record on the great globe the history of man! Ye are the mighty scales in which the fate of nations has been weighed! Ye have checked the march of conquest, or inspired with new, defiant energy the conqueror's will! Your ranges are the projecting lines which mark, on the great dialplate of the world, the shadows of the rolling ages! On your steep, bleak heights empires have been lost and won! Ye show how weak is man, how great is God!

Ye are the home of meditation, the colossal pillars of the audience chamber of the Deity! The Mount of Contemplation rises far above the mists of partial opinion and the mire of conflict, the discords of jangling interests and the refractions of divided policies, girt by a serene and sublime horizon, and within hearing of Nature's everlasting song.

Behold the holy family of mountains, on which the angels look with reverential wonder: the Mount of Awe, black with clouds and vivid with lightnings, whence descended the guide of wandering Israel, with light divine reflected on his brow; the Mount of Transfiguration, where native Deity gleamed from the face of the benign Messiah on adoring, rapt disciples; the Mount of Sorrow, where the world's grief was

borne, and which celestial grace has made the Mount of Joy to 'numbers without number;'—the Mount of Ascension, where last stood on earth Incarnate Mercy. Look up! look up! See how the angelic guards point with amaranthine wands afar, where glows, beyond the vale of tears, the Mountain of Immortal Life.

Behold, in exalted vision, the moun-

tains of Asia and of the islands of the Eastern seas, of Africa, of Europe, of America;—see how they are baptized with fire, one after another, as the sun rises, to spread around the world the light of its daily consecration. How sadly is the world's morning glory soiled and dimmed by thoughtless man ere comes again the dark and silent night!

NATIONAL FRIENDSHIPS.

Nor long after the outbreak of the present war, the loyal portion of the country discovered that the sympathies of the British Government, and, in a great measure, of the British nation, were with the revolted States. The expectations of those who looked toward England for at least a hearty moral support, were quickly destroyed by the ill-concealed spirit of exultation which she exhibited on more than one occasion. Although it can hardly be asserted that the great body of our people expected from her more than an impartial observance of strict neutrality, it nevertheless occasioned considerable surprise that a country, called so often, as herself to the task of suppressing rebellions, should be prejudiced against ourselves when similarly situated.

With France, however, it was different. We had for years been accustomed to regard the French as our natural allies. The amicable relations which had existed between us, with but comparatively little interruption, since the days of the Revolution, naturally led us to look to them for a degree of sympathy not to be expected from our constant rivals and competitors the English. It was with painful surprise therefore that we shortly perceived

that the French Government was, of all others, the most hostile to our cause, and the one to be regarded with the most suspicion and distrust.

Spain also took advantage of our weakened condition to display a spirit of enmity toward us no less decided than that observed on the part of her more powerful neighbors. In short, of the whole great family of European nations scarcely one expressed a friendly interest for us in our perilous position.

It is not surprising, then, that, surrounded as we were by traitors at home, we manifested an almost unmanly regret on finding ourselves deserted by those whom we were wont to consider as friends abroad; and when we now reflect upon the bearing of those nations toward us, the inquiry naturally arises, whether there really exists no such thing as true friendship between nations. It is a mournful question; and not a few, unwilling to believe that such is the case, will at once point to frequent close alliances, to more than one example of the generous behavior of one people toward another. But our own experience has taught us that friendship exists between nations only so far as it is warranted by interest, and that all the instances referred to as proving the contrary, have been

owing to the personal influence of high-minded men, who, at the time, were in power; and even in such cases a far-sighted policy will frequently prove to have been the ruling motive which prompted their apparently disinterested measures.

And here we pause to consider what considerations of interest could have stirred up such hostility to our prosperity, and caused such gratification when our very existence was threatened. In what way would our destruction benefit England? The advantages which she derives from her commercial intercourse with us is far greater than any which would accrue to her if she ruled the broken fragments of our country as she rules the oppressed provinces of India or her distant possessions in Australia. The same may be substantially said with regard to France. How far from compensated would she be for the loss of such large consumers of her staple productions as ourselves by the acquisition of portions of territory here, which would in all likelihood prove as unprofitable as her African dominions?

Spain, too, although her shadow of an excuse for her apparent ill will toward us may be a little darker than that of Great Britain or France, since she doubtless hopes that by the destruction of our power and influence, she may be able to regain her ascendancy over her former colonies, can scarcely be so blind as not to perceive that but little attention would probably be paid to her claims by her more powerful coadjutors in the work of our annihilation.

It does not appear, then, that these nations can urge even self-interest as a pretext for their treacherous enmity to us; and we again return to the question, What is the cause of their continued unfriendliness?

The comparison of the nation to the individual has become hackneyed, but we are forced to the conclusion that it is not alone true in considerations of

policy and self-interest. Our experience has taught us that it holds good in the fact that mere feelings of spiteful jealousy and envy can, in the most powerful communities, override the dictates of justice—nay, even of interest itself.

Again, a little examination will show that a permanent friendship is not to be expected between different nationalities, from the very nature of their structure. A nation is composed of individuals—of individuals whose pursuits and principles are widely distinct. The parties formed from these different classes are often diametrically opposed to each other in their ideas of policy and government. Moreover, their relations with foreign countries enter, to an important extent, into the counsels of every administration, and, as successive parties come into power, it is not to be expected that connections with other Governments will remain unchanged.

This does not apply to the course of those countries whose conduct we have been considering, but it teaches us that we should never place reliance upon the long continuance of the friendship of any nation.

Thus, it has already been stated, that not one of what are commonly known as the Great Powers can be depended upon for the slightest demonstration of friendship. Russia has indeed been generally regarded as bearing toward us nothing but good will; yet friendly as her feelings may be, it is owing mainly to the fact that she is so distant, and the interests of the two countries are so widely separated, that she can have no possible motive for turning against us; while, situated as she is, an object of dislike to the other European Governments, she could not be insensible to the policy of conciliating so powerful a nation as our own.

How then shall we proceed in order to preserve ourselves from difficulties in which the interests, jealousies, or changing policy of foreign countries may involve us? The answer has been

made before—by being ever prepared to meet promptly all hostile demonstrations. Situated as we are, employing our resources to quell a gigantic insurrection, we have no strength to waste in an *unnecessary* foreign war. But it should be remembered that if we had had an adequate force to resist a foreign enemy three years ago, the existing rebellion would never have assumed its present proportions. We, who in our previous wars had made ourselves formidable, intrusted our defence to a few thousand men, distributed throughout our broad land, and, while the former valor of our sailors had enabled us to boast our superiority upon the sea, we exposed ourselves, by our reliance upon a small number of old men-of-war, scattered over the world, to the sudden loss of our naval reputation. Large standing armaments are wisely discouraged by the Constitution, but an army of one hundred thousand men, an immense force for some Governments, would be but a small one for our own.

We owe to our being situated apart from other nations, our ability to dispense with the military burdens which European rulers impose upon their subjects; but the increase of neither our

land or naval power has been proportional to our own extension, or to those modern inventions and discoveries by which large forces can be easily and expeditiously moved from point to point. An army, therefore, which less than half a century ago would have been ample, is at present far from sufficient for our protection.

We must, above all, recollect that as a Government can expect the affection and support of the people only when it shows that it possesses the elements necessary to maintain itself and protect them, so it can look for the friendship of other countries only when it causes to be seen that it is able and ready to resist any encroachment upon its rights.

For the present we must depend, in a measure, for an abstinence from open demonstrations against us on the part of the nations above referred to, upon the moral sense of the world, which has doubtless, to a great extent, preserved us thus far. But while it is necessary to avoid giving any pretext for war, let no tame submission to insult or wrong lower us in the eyes of the world, and hereafter let it be our policy, by commanding the respect and fear of foreign nations, to assure ourselves of their good will.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

NORTH and South the war cries come :
Sounds the trumpet, beats the drum.

Hosts contending, marshalled foes
Battle while the red blood flows.

Two great armies whose Ideal
Bursts into the earnest Real.

Ideals twain, on battle height
Flaming into radiant light !

One, is Freedom over all ;
One, is Slavery's tyrant thrall :

These are written on the plain
 'Mid the Battle's fiery rain.

These the Powers that must contend
 To the dark and bitter end.

Look upon the Nation's dead !
 Lo, the blood of martyrs shed !

Dying that our Country may
 Know her Resurrection day !

What shall be the Traitor's gain ?
 Endless scorn, undying pain.

Ever o'er the giant wrong
 Sings the Right her triumph song.

Yes, as sure as God doth reign
 Right the mastery shall obtain !

Over all these beauteous lands
 These two Brothers clasp their hands.

These two Brothers now at strife
 Make one heart, one soul, one life !

This at last will be their song :
 ' One forever, free, and strong.'

Northmen, ye have not in hate
 Closed the heart's fraternal gate !

Ye have not for greed, nor gold,
 Forged the slave-chains manifold !

But in patience ye have wrought
 Out your Godlike, freeborn thought !

Ye have toiled that man might be
 Clothed with truth and liberty.

God hath answered from the skies ;
 Bids you for His own arise !

Now the work is at your door :
 Help His meek and suffering poor !

There are hearts uncomforted,
 Weeping o'er the battle-dead.

There are wounded brave ones here :
 Bring your hearts of kindness near !

Freedmen shiver at your gate—
 Let them not forgotten wait !

Bind the wounded heart that bleeds ;
 Mould your *speeches* into *deeds* !

This is what all true hearts say :
 ' Glorious is our work to-day !'

LITERARY NOTICES.

DREAMTHORP; A Book of Essays written in the Country. By ALEXANDER SMITH, Author of 'A Life Drama,' 'City Poems,' etc. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Company. For sale by Walter Low, 823 Broadway, New York.

WE have been very unexpectedly charmed with this volume. Inverted and fantastical as he may be in his poems, Mr. Smith's essays are fresh, natural, racy, and genial. They are models in their way, and we wish our contributors would study them as such. Each essay is complete in itself; every sentence full of interest; there is no straining for effect, no writing to astonish a *blasé* audience, no show of unwonted erudition; but the light of a poet's soul, the sunshine of a calm and loving heart, are streaming and brooding over all these gentle pages. Knowledge is indeed within them, but it has ripened into wisdom; culture has matured into wine with the summer in its glow—yet, notwithstanding its many excellences, the book is so quiet, true, and natural, we know not what favor it may find among us. We were pleased to see that in 'A Shelf in My Bookcase' our own Hawthorne had a conspicuous place. 'Twice-Told Tales' is an especial favorite with Mr. Smith, as it indeed is with most imaginative people. His analysis of Hawthorne is very fine, and it is like meeting with an old friend in a foreign land to come across the name so dear to ourselves in these pages from across the sea. Equally pleasant to us is the Chapter on Vagabonds. 'A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind,' and, confessing ourselves to be one of this genus, we dwell with delight on our author's genial description of their naive pleasures and innocent eccentricities. Mr. Smith says: 'The true vagabond is to be met with among actors, poets, painters. These may grow in any way their nature dictates. They are not required to conform to any traditional pat-

tern. A little more air and light should be let in upon life. I should think the world had stood long enough under the drill of Adjutant Fashion. It is hard work; the posture is wearisome, and Fashion is an awful martinet and has a quick eye, and comes down mercilessly on the unfortunate wight who cannot square his toes to the approved pattern, or who appears upon parade with a darn in his coat or with a shoulder belt insufficiently pipe-clayed. It is killing work. Suppose we try 'standing at ease' for a little?'

SCENES AND THOUGHTS IN EUROPE. By GEORGE H. CALVERT, Author of 'The Gentleman.' Boston: Little, Brown & Company. A new edition of a work first published in 1846.

MR. CALVERT is a writer of considerable vigor, but we think these 'Scenes and Thoughts' seriously injured by the hatred of Catholicity which breathes everywhere through them. We miss in them the large, liberal, and loving spirit which characterized 'The Gentleman.' Charity is the soul of wisdom, and we can never rightly appreciate that which we hate. Mr. Calvert totally ignores all the good and humanizing effects of the Catholic Church, and sees only the faults and follies of those who minister at her altars. Not the least cheering example of the progress we are daily making, is the improvement in this respect in our late books of travels. We have ceased to denounce in learning to describe aright, and feel the pulsations of a kindred heart, though it beat under the scarlet robe of the cardinal, the dalmatic of the priest, or the coarse serge of the friar. 'My son, give me thy heart,' says our God. If we can deem from a life of self-abnegation a man has so done, we have ceased inquiring into the dogmas of his creed. It is the heart and not the intellect which is required. 'Little children, love one another,'

is the true law of life, progress, and human happiness.

SOUNDINGS FROM THE ATLANTIC. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

As the title indicates, the essays contained in this volume are already known to the readers of *The Atlantic*.

Wherever Dr. Holmes sounds, he is sure to light upon pearls and golden sands, and scatter them about with a profusion so reckless that we feel convinced the supply is not to be exhausted. Scientist and poet, analyst and creator, full of keen satire, genial humor, and tender pathos, who may compete with him in varied gifts, or rival the charm of intellectual grace which he breathes at will into all he writes?

The contents of this volume are: 'Bread and the Newspaper,' 'My Hunt After the Captain,' 'The Stereoscope and the Stereograph,' 'Sun Painting and Sun Sculpture,' 'Doings of the Sunbeam,' 'The Human Wheel, its Spokes and Felloes,' 'A Visit to the Autocrat's Landlady,' 'A Visit to the Asylum for Aged and Decayed Punsters,' 'The Great Instrument,' 'The Inevitable Trial.'

HINTS FOR THE NURSERY; or, The Young Mother's Guide. By MRS. C. A. HOPKINSON. Boston: Little, Brown & Company, 1863. For sale by Blakeman & Mason.

A VALUABLE and instructive little book, eminently calculated to spare the rising generation many a pang in body and mind, and the youthful mother many a heartache.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN WINTHROP, Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Company, at their Emigration to New England, 1630. By ROBERT C. WINTHROP. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THIS work is dedicated to the Massachusetts Historical Society, who have honored the author with their presidency for eight years past. It is rather an autobiography than a biography, and an autobiography of the most trustworthy kind, 'written accidentally and unconsciously, as it were, in familiar letters or private journals, or upon the records of official service.' Such a life is the volume before us. The most skilful use has

been made of his material by our author. John Winthrop the elder, through contemporaneous records, in the familiar language of private correspondence and diary, tells us the story of a considerable part of his career in his own words. Cotton Mather says of him:

... 'This third Adam Winthrop was the father of that renowned John Winthrop, who was the father of New England, and the founder of a colony; which, upon many accounts, like him that founded it, may challenge the first place among the English glories of America.'

The volume also offers us in great detail a picture not only of the outward life, but of the inmost thoughts, motives, and principles of the American Puritans. Valuable to the antiquarian, it will also interest, in its naive pictures of home life, the general reader.

The brave and brilliant Theodore Winthrop, who gave up his young life to his country in the battle of Big Bethel, has rendered this name dear to all loyal Americans.

ROUND THE BLOCK. An American Novel. With Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 443 and 445 Broadway.

A NOVEL of American life, incident, and character. The style is easy, the tale interesting, the moral healthful. There is considerable humor in the delineation of character. The people drawn are such as we have all known, sketched without exaggeration, and actuated by constantly occurring motives. The book is anonymous, but we believe the author will yet be known to fame. Tiffles and Patching are true to life, and the exhibition of the 'Pannyrarmer' worthy of Dickens.

THE LIFE OF JESUS. By ERNEST RENAN, Membre de l'Institut. Translated from the original French by Charles Edwin Wilbour, translator of 'Les Misérables.' New York: Carlton, publisher, 413 Broadway.

A BOOK which has attained a sudden and wide circulation, if not a lasting popularity, in France. We look upon it as a *romanesque* based upon the Sacred History of the Gospels. It is artistically constructed, and written with considerable genius. 'It is dramatic, beginning with a pastoral and ending with the direst of human tragedies.' M. Renan we suppose to be a Pantheist. He says: 'As to myself, I think that there is not in the universe an intelligence superior to that of man.'

This view of course leads him to discard supernaturalism, and write of Christ as simply man. He believes as suits his system, and refuses testimony without condescending to tell us why it is not equally as valid as that received. He says: 'The highest consciousness of God that ever existed in the bosom of humanity, was that of Jesus.' He is the 'universal ideal'—and yet we think he strives to make of this 'universal ideal' an impostor! Christ tells us of various facts with regard to himself: of his divine Sonhood and mission—if these things are not true, then was he either weakly self-deceived or a wilful deceiver. He sets up a claim to the working of miracles, and assumes the part of the Messiah of the prophets. This want of truth M. Renan smooths over by saying: 'Sincerity with oneself had not much meaning with Orientals; they are little habituated to the delicate distinctions of the critical spirit!' The resurrection of Lazarus, as he represents it, was a pious fraud managed by the apostles, agreed to by the Master, 'because he knew not how to conquer the greediness of the crowd and of his own disciples for the marvellous.' Does not the

mere fact of such an acquiescence argue the impostor? Christ seeks death to deliver himself from his fearful embarrassments! Did he really rise from the dead? M. Renan tells us, with a sickly sentimentalism worthy of Michelet: 'The powerful imagination of Mary of Magdala played in that affair a capital part. Divine power of love! Sacred moments, when the passion of a visionary gives to the world a resuscitated God.' If this be indeed the Life of Jesus, well may we exclaim with the apostle: 'If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are, of all men, the most miserable.' And is this all that the most advanced naturalism can do? All that human genius and erudition can offer us? All that artistic grace and tenderness can win for us? Clouds and darkness rise before us as we read, the mother of our Lord loses her sanctity, Jesus becomes an impostor, the apostles deceivers, human testimony is forever dishonored. A pall shrouds the infinite blue of the sky, and our beloved dead seem festering in eternal corruption!

We must confess we prefer the bold and defiant scepticism of Voltaire, to the Judas kiss of M. Renan.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ART ITEMS.

AMONG our exchanges is a little periodical entitled '*The New Path*, published by the Society for the Advancement of Truth in Art.' The members of this Society are otherwise known as 'Pre-Raphaelites,' in other words, as seekers of the Ancient Path, trodden before certain mannerisms had corrupted the minds of many painters and most technical connoisseurs. Their aims and principles are, so far as they go, pure and lofty. Truth in Art is a noble thing. But can these gentlemen find none outside of their own society? The face of nature is very dear to us, and during long years have we closely observed its forms, its changing hues and expressions. We do like when we look at a picture to

know whether the trees be oaks, elms, or pines; whether the rocks be granitic, volcanic, or stratified; whether the foliage be of spring, midsummer, or autumn; even whether the foreground herbage be of grasses or broad-leaved weeds; but is there no danger that minutiae may absorb too much attention, that the larger parts may be lost in the lesser, that while each weed tells its own story, the distant mountains, the atmosphere, the whole picture, in short, may fail to tell us theirs in any interesting or even intelligible manner? In excess of surface details, may we not lose body, roundness; and, in matching exact color rather than the effect of color through the tremulous ether, may not the subtle mysteries of distance, of actually diffused and all-

suffusing light, escape the painter? It is possible to possess the body and fail to grasp the life. Give us not blotchy nondescripts for natural objects, fling to the winds all narrow, school-made, conventional ideas, but, in giving us the real, give us the ideal also; otherwise we freeze, missing the spirit which should warm and shine through the letter.

We fear lest in his zeal for truth, many a Pre-Raphaelite may be led to overlook beauty. To a finite mind the two words are by no means synonymous. There can be no *real* beauty without truth, but many truths are not beautiful, and beauty, no less than truth, is an important ingredient in that complex resultant, Art.

We quote from one of the articles of organization of the above-named Society: 'The right course for young artists is faithful and loving representations of Nature, selecting nothing and rejecting nothing, seeking only to express the greatest possible amount of fact.' Now we all know that the best way to stultify the mind and conception of a youthful student, in any branch of art, is to keep before him commonplace models. Indeed, what student gifted with genius, or even with any high degree of talent, will not (if unrestrained) himself select as studies, not any mere chronicle of desired facts, but the most significant forms (suited to his proficiency) in which he can find those facts embodied?

The article quoted must be based upon the belief that there are no commonplace, ugly objects in nature. If we sit down and reason over, or use our microscopes upon any work of the Almighty, we can find wisdom and beauty therein, but that does not alter the fact that beauty and significance are distributed in degrees of more and less. 'Art is long and time is fleeting,' and the genuine artist has no hours to waste over the less significant and characteristic. Besides, each student deserving the name, has his own individuality, and will naturally select, and the more lovingly paint, objects in accordance with his especial bent of mind. Not that we would have him become one-sided, and neglect the study of matters that might some day be useful; but in this, as in all things else, he must temper feeling with judgment, and make the mechanical execution the simple, faithful handmaiden to truly imaginative conception.

In the moral world we may cheerfully accept physical deformity for the sake of some elevated principle therewith developed; but in the realm of art, man's only sphere of creation, we want the best the artist can give us, the greatest truth with the highest beauty. We are not willing to take the truth without the beauty. If we are to be told that sunlight tipping the edges of trees produces certain effects upon those edges and the shadowed foliage behind, let the fact be worthily represented, and not so prosily set forth that the picture shall be to us simply a matter of curiosity. That those trees did actually stand and grow thus, is small comfort, for the artist might surely have found other and more interesting forms telling the same tale. If light falling through loose foliage does indeed make upon the garments of a lad lying beneath spots at a little distance wonderfully like mildew, then rather let the boy sit for us under a tree of denser foliage, where a pathetic subject will not risk an unintentionally comic treatment. If a stone-breaker's face corrupts in purple spots at a certain period after death, we would prefer him painted before corruption, and consequently hideousness, had begun. If women will wear gowns ugly in color and form, and will sit or stand in graceless positions, we can readily avoid such subjects, and bestow our careful finish upon more worthy models.

Let us not be misunderstood; we well know that the humorous, the grotesque, the sublime may use ugliness to serve their own legitimate purposes, but then that ugliness must be humorous, grotesque, or sublime, and not flat, prosy, or revolting. A blemish is by no means necessarily an ugliness. A leaf nibbled by insects and consequently discolored, a lad with ragged jacket and soiled trowsers, a peasant girl with bent hat and tattered gown, are often more picturesque objects than the perfect leaf or the well-attired child.

Speaking of a certain artist, *The New Path* says: 'He follows nature as long as she is graceful and does not offend his eye, but once let her make what strikes him as a discord, and which is a discord, of course, for she, the great poet, makes no music without discords—and, straightway, Mr. — takes out the offending note, smooths it down, and thinks he has bettered nature's work.' Now,

in music there are no *discords*; so soon as a discord is admitted, the sounds cease to be music;—there are *dissonances*, peculiar and unusual combinations of air vibrations, but these are never long dwelt on, and must always be resolved into the full and satisfactory harmony, of which the beauty is enhanced by the momentary lapse into strangeness. Dissonance is never the prevailing idea, and above all, never the final, closing one; it must always bear a certain relation to the key in which it is used, and the musical composition must be ended by the fullest and most satisfactory chord, or suggestion of a chord, found in that key.

The majority of the Pre-Raphaelite school are willing to admit that 'there is but one Turner, and Ruskin is his prophet.' Let us then hear *one* of the views which the eloquent oracle has advanced in connection with this subject. After advising the non-imaginative painter to remain in the region of the purely topographical or historical landscape, he continues: 'But, beyond this, let him note that though historical topography forbids *alteration* (did Turner heed this precept?), it neither forbids sentiment nor choice. So far from doing this, the proper choice of subject is an absolute duty to the topographical painter: he should first take care that it is a subject intensely pleasing to himself, else he will never paint it well; and then also, that it shall be one in some sort pleasurable to the general public, else it is not worth painting at all; and lastly, take care that it be instructive, as well as pleasurable to the public, else it is not worth painting with care. I should particularly insist at present on this careful choice of subject, because the Pre-Raphaelites, taken as a body, have been culpably negligent in this respect, not in humble honor of Nature, but in morbid indulgence of their own impressions. They happen to find their fancies caught by a bit of an oak hedge, or the weeds at the sides of a duck pond, because, perhaps, they remind them of a stanza of Tennyson; and forthwith they sit down to sacrifice the most consummate skill, two or three months of the best summer time available for outdoor work (equivalent to some seventieth or sixtieth of all their lives), and nearly all their credit with the public, to this duck-pond delineation. Now it is indeed quite right that they should see much to be loved in the

hedge, nor less in the ditch; but it is utterly and inexorably wrong that they should neglect the nobler scenery, which is full of majestic interest, or enchanted by historical association; so that, as things go at present, we have all the commonalty, that may be seen whenever we choose, painted properly; but all of lovely and wonderful, which we cannot see but at rare intervals, painted vilely: the castles of the Rhine and Rhone made vignettes of for the annuals; and the nettles and mushrooms, which were prepared by nature eminently for nettle porridge and fish sauce, immortalised by art as reverently as if we were Egyptians, and they deities.'

Want of space forbids further extracts, but we recommend the entire chapter: Of Turnerian Topography, Modern Painters, vol. iv., to the perusal of our readers.

We are glad to see the national mind beginning to effervesce on art subjects. The most opposite views, the new and the old, the conventional and the truly imaginative, the severely real and the more latitudinarian, the earnest and the flippant, the pedantic and the broad, far reaching—will continue to clash for a season, while a school of American Landscape is, we think, destined to rise steadily through the chaotic elements, and to reach a height of excellence to which the conscientious efforts of all advocates of the highest Truth in Art will have greatly contributed.

We are indebted to Mr. Cropsey for a pleasant opportunity to visit his studio (No. 625 Broadway), and see each picture and sketches as he now has by him, the results of a long residence abroad and of his summer work among the hills of Sussex, N. J. A view of Korfe Castle, Dorsetshire, England, is a highly-finished and evidently accurate representation of that interesting spot. We are presumed to be standing amid the ferns, flowers, and vines of the foreground, and looking off toward the castle-crowned hill, the village at its foot, and the far-away downs, with a silver stream winding into the distance. A rainbow quivers among the retreating clouds to the right, and from the left comes the last brilliant light of day, gilding the greenery of the hills, and throwing out the deepened hues of the long shadows. There are also pleasant views of other English scenery, of Italian landscape, and of

American lakes and streams. Mr. Cropsey has a high reputation both at home and abroad, and we are glad to learn that for the present, at least, he intends to pursue his art labors within the limits of his native land.

BETHOVEN'S FIDELIO.—This noble opera has lately been given us by Mr. Anschütz, with the best use of such means as were at his disposal. The orchestral, choral, and concerted vocal portions are grand and beautiful, highly characteristic and effective. The story is simple, pure, and deeply pathetic. The prison scene affords scope for the finest histrionic abilities. In the solos, however (with the exception of that of Pizarro, where dramatic power satisfies), we miss the lyric genius of the Italians, their long-phrased, passionate, and never-to-be-forgotten melodies, containing the element of beauty *per se* so richly developed. Cannot the whole world produce one man, who, with all the expanded musical knowledge of the present day, can unite for us Italian gift of melody and German power of orchestral and choral effect, whose endowments shall be both lyric and dramatic, and whose taste shall be pure, refined, and ennobling? Should we recognize such a genius were he actually to stand in our midst, or would both schools reject him because he chanced to possess the best qualities of either?

L. D. P.

Ballads of the War.

THE BROTHER'S BURIAL.

BY MARCELLA McFARLANE.

Hear me, stranger, hear me tell
How my gallant brother fell.

We were rushing on the foe,
When a bullet laid him low.

At my very side he fell—
He whom I did love so well.

On we rushed—I could not stay—
There I left him where he lay.

Then when fled the rebel rout,
I came back and searched him out.

Wounded, bleeding, suffering, dying,
Midst a heap of dead men lying,

Friend and foe above each other—
There I found my mangled brother.

Blind with tears, I lifted him:
But his eyes were sunk and dim.

'Brother, when I'm dead,' said he,
'Find some box to coffin me.'

For he could not bear to rest
With the cold earth on his breast.

All around the camp I sought;
Box for coffin found I not.

Still I searched and hunted round—
Three waste cracker-boxes found;

Nailed them fast to one another,—
Laid therein my precious brother!

Then a grave for him I made,
Hands and bayonet all my spade.

Long I worked, yet 'twas not deep:
There I laid him down to sleep.

There I laid my gallant brother:
Earth contains not such another!

Little more than boys were we,
I sixteen, and nineteen he.

For his country's sake he died,
And for her I'd lie beside.

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AMERICAN FINANCES AND RESOURCES.

LETTER NO. III. OF HON. ROBERT J. WALKER.

LONDON, 10 Half Moon Street, Piccadilly,
December 2d, 1863.

It is generally believed, even when the American rebellion should be suppressed, that there would be a great loss of wealth and resources on the part of the United States. As an economical question the great truth is not disputed by me, that, as a general rule, wars by a waste of property, by large expenditures, and by the withdrawal of so much labor from the pursuits of industry, impair the material interests of the nation. The influence of such considerations in the United States is not denied; but there are in the cause of this contest, as well as in its effects and consequences, results which will more than compensate for such losses. Slavery was the sole cause of this rebellion, and the result will be the reconstruction of the Union, with slavery everywhere extinguished. On this assumption, the question is, whether the substitution of free for slave labor throughout every State and Territory of the Union will not, as a question of augmented wealth and invigorated industry, far more than compensate for the losses incurred in the contest. Reasoning inductively, it might well be

supposed that the willing labor of educated and energetic freemen would be far more productive than the forced labor of ignorant, unwilling, and uneducated slaves. In the realm of science, as well as in the direction of labor, knowledge is power, education is wealth and progress; and that this is applicable to the masses who compose a community, and especially to the working classes, is demonstrated by our American official Census. In proof of this position, I will proceed by a reference to the official tables of our Census of 1860, to show not only in particular Slave States, as compared with other Free States, whether old or new, Eastern or Western, or making the comparison of the aggregate of all the Slave with the Free States, the annual product of the latter *per capita* is more than double that of the Slave States. I begin with Maryland as compared with Massachusetts, because Maryland, in proportion to her area, has greater natural advantages than any one of the Slave or Free States; and if the comparison with the Free States is most unfavorable to her, it will be more so as to any other Southern State; as the Census shows that, from 1790

to 1860, as well as from 1850 to 1860, Maryland increased in population per square mile more rapidly than any other slaveholding State.

We must consider the area, soil, climate, mines, hydraulic power, location, shore line, bays, sounds, and rivers, and such other causes as affect the advance of wealth and population.

The relative progress of Maryland has been slow indeed. The population of the Union, by the Census of 1790, was 3,929,827, of which Maryland, containing then 319,728, constituted a twelfth part (12.29). In 1860, the Union numbered 31,445,080, and Maryland 687,084, constituting a forty-fifth part (45.76). In 1790, the Free States numbered 1,968,455, Maryland's population then being equal to one sixth (6.12); but, in 1860, the population of the Free States was 18,920,078, Maryland's number then being equal to one twenty-seventh part (27.52). But, if Maryland had increased as rapidly from 1790 to 1860 as the whole Union, her proportion, one twelfth part, would have made her numbers in 1860, 2,620,815; and if her proportional increase had equalled that of the Free States, her ratio, one sixth, would have made her population in 1860, 3,158,892.

I take the areas from the report (November 29, 1860) of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, where they are for the first time accurately given, 'excluding the water surface.' The population is taken from the Census Tables. I compare first Massachusetts and Maryland, because they are maritime and old States, and both in 1790 had nearly the same population, but, as will be shown hereafter, with vastly superior natural advantages in favor of Maryland.

Area of Maryland, 11,124 square miles; shore lines, by tables of United States Coast Survey, viz.: main shore, including bays, sounds, etc., 508 miles, islands 298, rivers to head of tide water 585; total, 1,886 miles.

Area of Massachusetts, 7,800 square

miles; shore lines, by tables of United States Coast Survey, viz.: main shore, including bays, sounds, etc., 485 miles, islands 259, rivers to head of tide water 70; total, 764 miles. When we mark the Potomac and its tributaries, the lower Susquehanna, the deep and numerous streams of the Chesapeake, the commercial advantages of Maryland over Massachusetts are vast indeed. Looking at the ocean shore of Maryland, and also at the Chesapeake Bay, the largest and finest estuary in the world, indented with numerous sounds and navigable inlets, three fourths of its length for both shores being within Maryland, and comparing this deep and tranquil and protected basin, almost one continuous harbor, with the rock-bound coast of Massachusetts, lashed by the stormy Atlantic, the superiority of Maryland is striking.

Mortality in Maryland, by the late Census, viz., deaths from 1st June, 1859, to 31st May, 1860, 7,870 persons. Same time in Massachusetts, 21,308; making the ratio of deaths to the number living in Maryland, one to every 92, and in Massachusetts one to every 57; and the percentage of deaths in Maryland 1.09, and in Massachusetts 1.76. This rate of mortality for Massachusetts is confirmed by the late official report of their Secretary of State to the Legislature.

As to area, then, Maryland exceeds Massachusetts 48 per cent.; as to the shore line, that of Maryland is nearly double that of Massachusetts. As to climate, that of Maryland, we have seen, is far the most salubrious. This is a vast advantage, not only in augmented wealth and numbers, from fewer deaths, but also as attracting capital and immigration. This milder and more salubrious climate gives to Maryland longer periods for sowing, working, and harvesting crops, a more genial sun, larger products, and better and longer crop seasons, great advantages for stock, especially in winter, decreased consumption of fuel, a greater period for

the use of hydraulic power, and of canals and navigable streams. The area of Maryland fit for profitable culture is more than double that of Massachusetts, the soil much more fertile, its mines of coal and iron, with the fluxes all adjacent, rich and inexhaustible; whereas Massachusetts has no coal, and no valuable mines of iron or fluxes. When we reflect that coal and iron are the great elements of modern progress, and build up mighty empires, this advantage of Maryland over Massachusetts is almost incalculable. The hydraulic power of Maryland also greatly exceeds that of Massachusetts. Such are the vast natural advantages of Maryland over Massachusetts. Now let us observe the results. Population of Maryland in 1790, 819,728; in 1860, 687,034; increase, 867,800. Population of Massachusetts in 1790, 878,717; in 1860, 1,281,065; increase, 852,848; difference of increase in favor of Massachusetts, 485,048; excess of Massachusetts over Maryland in 1790, 58,989, and in 1860, 544,081. This result is amazing, when we regard the far greater area of Maryland and her other vast natural advantages. The population of Maryland in 1790 was 28 to the square mile (28.74), and in 1860, 61 to the square mile (61.76); whereas Massachusetts had 48 to the square mile in 1790 (48.55), and 157 to the square mile in 1860 (157.82). Thus Massachusetts had only 20 more to the square mile in 1790, and 96 more to the square mile in 1860. But if the area of Maryland and Massachusetts had been reversed, Massachusetts with the area of Maryland, and the population of Massachusetts of 1860 to the square mile, would have numbered then 1,755,661, and Maryland with the area of Massachusetts, and the population of Maryland of 1860 to the square mile, would have had then a population of only 481,728 upon that basis, leaving Massachusetts in 1860, 1,273,893 more people than Maryland.

By the census of 1790, Massachusetts

was the fourth in population of all the States, and Maryland the sixth; but in 1860, Massachusetts was the seventh, and Maryland the nineteenth; and if each of the thirty-four States increases in the same ratio from 1860 to 1870 as from 1850 to 1860, Maryland will be only the twenty-fifth State.

These facts all conclusively attest the terrible effects of slavery on Maryland, and this is only one of the dreadful sacrifices she has made in retaining the institution. As to wealth, power, and intellectual development, the loss cannot be overstated.

Nor can manufactures account for the difference, as shown by the still greater increase of the agricultural Northwest. Besides, Maryland (omitting slavery) had far greater natural advantages for manufactures than Massachusetts. She had a more fertile soil, thus furnishing cheaper food to the working classes, a larger and more accessible coast, and nearly eight times the length of navigable rivers, greater hydraulic power, vast superiority in mines of coal and iron, a far more salubrious climate, cotton, the great staple of modern industry, much nearer to Maryland, her location far more central for trade with the whole Union, and Baltimore, her chief city, nearer than Boston to the great West, viz.: to the Ohio at Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, the Mississippi at St. Louis, and the lakes at Cleveland, Toledo, and Chicago, by several hundred miles. Indeed, but for slavery, Maryland must have been a far greater manufacturing as well as commercial State than Massachusetts—and as to agriculture, there could be no comparison.

But Massachusetts did not become a manufacturing State until after the tariff of 1824. That measure, as well as the whole protective policy, Massachusetts earnestly opposed in 1820 and 1824, and Daniel Webster, as her representative, denounced it as unconstitutional. From 1790 to 1820, Massachusetts was commercial, not manufactur-

ing, and yet, from 1790 to 1820, Massachusetts increased in numbers 144,442, and Maryland in the same time only 87,622. Yet, from 1790 to 1820, Massachusetts, the most commercial State, was far more injured by the embargo and the late war with England than any other State.

It is clear, then, that the accusation of the secession leaders that the North was built up at the expense of the South, by the tariff, can have no application to the progress of Massachusetts and Maryland, because the advance of the former over the latter preceded by more than thirty years the adoption of the protective policy, and a comparison of the relative advance of the Free and Slave States, during the same period, exhibits the same results.

There is one *invariable law*, whether we compare all the Slave States with all the Free States, small States with small, large with large, old with old, new with new, retarding the progress of the slaveholding States, ever operating, and differing in degree only.

The area of the nine Free States enumerated in 1790, is 169,668 square miles, and of the eight slaveholding States, 800,580 square miles, while the population of the former in 1790 was 1,968,455, and of the latter, 1,961,872; but, in 1860, these nine Free States had a population of 10,594,168, and those eight Slave States only 7,414,684, making the difference in favor of these Free States in 1860 over those Slave States, 3,179,844, instead of 7,068 in 1790, or a positive gain to those Free States over those Slave States of 3,172,761. These Free States enumerated in 1790 and 1860, were the six New England States, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania; and the Slave States were Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, and Kentucky: yet we have seen that the area of those Slave States was nearly double that of those Free States, the soil much more fertile, the climate more salubrious, as shown by the Cen-

sus, that the shore line, including main shore, bays and sounds, islands and rivers, to head of tide water, was, for those Free States, 4,480 miles, and for those Slave States, 6,560 miles. Thus it is clear that the increase of population of these Slave States should have far exceeded that of those Free States. The population of these Slave States per square mile in 1790 was 6 (6.52), and in 1860, 24 (24.66), and of those Free States in 1790, was 11 per square mile (11.60), and in 1860, 62 per square mile (62.44). Thus, while the increase of those Slave States from 1790 to 1860 was only 18 per square mile, that of those Free States was nearly 51 per square mile (50.84), or in very nearly a triple ratio, while in wealth and education the proportionate progress was much greater.

No cause except slavery can be assigned to this wonderful difference, for the colonists of Maryland were distinguished for education, intelligence, and gentle culture. Lord Baltimore was a statesman and philanthropist, and his colony was a free representative government, which was the first to repudiate the doctrine of taxation without representation, and the first to introduce religious toleration. While Maryland has produced many of the most eminent soldiers, statesmen, and jurists, her relative decline in power, wealth, and population has been deplorable, and is attributable exclusively to the paralyzing effect of slavery.

While the advance of Massachusetts, with her limited area and sterile soil, especially in view of the thousands of her native sons who have emigrated to other States, is one of the wonders of the world, yet the relative increase of the population of New Jersey from 1790 to 1860, compared with that of Maryland, is still greater than that of Massachusetts. The law is inflexible wherever slavery disappears. Population of New Jersey in 1790, 184,189, in 1860, 672,085, being an increase of 264 per cent. (264.96) for New Jersey, of

225 per cent. (225.06) for Massachusetts, and for Maryland 114 per cent. (114.88). The ratio of increase per square mile from 1790 to 1860 was: Massachusetts, 48.55 in 1790, and 157.82 in 1860; Maryland, 28.74 in 1790, and 61.76 in 1860; and New Jersey, 22.01 in 1790, and 80.70 in 1860. Thus, while Maryland from 1790 to 1860, little more than doubled her ratio of increase per square mile (28.74 to 61.76), and Massachusetts little more than tripled her ratio (48.55 to 157.82), New Jersey very nearly *quadrupled* hers (22.01 to 80.70). It must be conceded, however, that the natural advantages of New Jersey are far greater than those of Massachusetts, whose material and intellectual progress, in defiance of such serious obstacles, now is, and most probably forever will be, *without a parallel*. Now the area of New Jersey is but 8,320 square miles; the soil of Maryland is far more fertile, the hydraulic power much greater, the shore line much more than double, viz.: 531 for New Jersey, to 1,336 for Maryland; while New Jersey, with rich iron mines, has no coal, and one third of her area is south of the celebrated Mason and Dixon's line, the northern boundary of Maryland. While the Free States have accomplished these miracles of progress, they have peopled eleven vast Territories (soon by subdivision to become many more States), immigration to which has been almost exclusively from the North as compared with the South.

The Slave State which has increased *most* rapidly to the square mile of all of them from 1790 to 1860, has had a smaller augmentation per square mile than that Free State which has increased *most slowly* per square mile during the same time of all the Free States, and the result is the same as to wealth and education also. Under the *best* circumstances for the Slave States, and the *worst* for the Free States, this result proves the uniformity of the rule (like the great law of gravitation), knowing no exception to the effect of slavery in

depressing the progress of States in population, wealth, and education.

The isothermals of the great Humboldt (differing so widely from parallels), which trace the lines of temperature on the earth's surface, prove, as to heat, the climate of the South (running a line from Charleston to Vicksburg) to be substantially the same as that of Greece and Italy—each, in its turn, the mistress of the world.

The Census of 1860 exhibits our increase of population from 1790 to 1860 at 85.59 per cent., and of our wealth 126.45. Now, if we would increase the wealth of the country only one tenth in the next ten years, by the gradual disappearance of slavery (far below the results of the Census), then our wealth being now \$16,159,616,068, the effect of such increase would be to make our wealth in 1870, instead of \$36,593,450,585, more than sixteen hundred millions greater, and in 1880, instead of \$82,865,868,849, over three billions six hundred millions, or more than three times our present debt.

Before the close of this letter, it will be shown that the difference, *per capita*, of the annual products of Massachusetts and Maryland exceeds \$150. As to the other Southern States, the excess is much greater. Now, if the annual products of the South were increased \$150 each *per capita* (still far below Massachusetts) by the exclusion of slavery, then multiplying the total population of the South, 12,229,727, by 150, the result would be an addition to the annual value of the products of the South of \$1,834,456,050, and in the decade, \$18,344,560,500. This change would not be immediate, but there can be no doubt that with the vastly greater natural advantages of the South, the superiority of free to slave labor, the immense immigration, especially from Europe to the South, aided by the Homestead Bill, and the conversion of large plantations into small farms, an addition of at least one billion of dollars would be made in a decade, by the

exclusion of slavery, to the value of the products of the South.

Having considered the relative progress in population of Massachusetts and Maryland, I will now examine their advance in wealth.

By Tables 38 and 36, Census of 1860, the value of the products of Massachusetts that year was \$287,000,000; and of Maryland, \$66,000,000. Table 38 included domestic manufactories, mines, and fisheries (p. 59); and Table 36, agricultural products. Dividing these several aggregates by the total population of each State, the value of that year's product of Massachusetts was \$285 *per capita*, and of Maryland, \$96, making the average annual value of the labor of each person in the former greatly more than double that of the latter, and the gross product more than quadruple. This is an amazing result, but it is far below the reality. The earnings of commerce and navigation are omitted in the Census, which includes only the products of agriculture, manufactures, the mines, and fisheries. This was a most unfortunate omission, attributable to the secession leaders, who wished to confine the Census to a mere enumeration of population, and thus obliterate all the other great decennial monuments which mark the nation's progress in the pathway of empire.

Some of these tables are given as follows:

First, as to Railroads.—The number of miles in Massachusetts in 1860 (including city roads) was 1,340, and the cost of construction \$61,857,203. (Table 38, pp. 280, 281.) The value of the freight of these roads in 1860 was \$500,524,201. (P. 105.) The number of miles of railroad in Maryland at the same time was 880, the cost of construction \$21,887,157, and the value of the freight (at the same average rate) \$141,111,848, and the difference in favor of Massachusetts \$359,412,883. The difference must have been much greater, because a much larger portion

of the freight in Massachusetts consisted of domestic manufactures, worth \$250 per ton, which is \$100 a ton above the average value.

The passengers' account, not given, would vastly swell the difference in favor of Massachusetts.

The tonnage of vessels built in Massachusetts in 1860 was 34,460 tons, and in Maryland, 7,798 tons. (P. 107).

The number of banks in Massachusetts in 1860 was 174; capital, \$64,519,200; loans, \$107,417,323. In Maryland the number was 31; capital, \$12,568,962; loans, \$20,898,762. (Table 34, p. 198.)

The number of insurance companies in Massachusetts, 117; risks, \$450,896,263. No statement given for Maryland, but comparatively very small, as the risks in Massachusetts were nearly one sixth of all in the Union.

Our exports abroad, from Massachusetts, for the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1860, were of the value of \$17,008,277, and the foreign imports \$41,187,539; total of imports and exports, \$58,190,816; the clearances, 746,909 tons, the entries, 849,449; total entered and cleared, 1,596,458 tons. In Maryland, exports, \$9,001,600, foreign imports, \$9,784,778; total imports and exports, \$18,786,328; clearances, 174,000 tons; entries, 186,417; total of entries and clearances, 360,417. (Table 14, Register of Treasury.) Thus, the foreign imports and exports abroad, of Massachusetts, were much more than triple those of Maryland, and the entries and clearances very largely more than quadruple. The coastwise and internal trade are not given, as recommended by me when Secretary of the Treasury, but the tables of the railroad traffic indicate in part the immense superiority of Massachusetts.

These statistics, however, prove that, if the earnings of commerce and navigation were added, the annual value of the products of Massachusetts *per capita* would be at least \$300, and three times that of Maryland. In estimating

values *per capita*, we must find the earnings of commerce very large, as a single merchant, in his counting house, engaged in an immense trade, and employing only a few clerks, may earn as much as a great manufacturing corporation, employing hundreds of hands. Including commerce, the value, *per capita*, of the products and earnings of Massachusetts exceeds not only those of any State in our Union, BUT OF THE WORLD; and would, at the same rate, make the value of its annual products three hundred billions of dollars; and of our own country, upward of nine billions of dollars per annum. Such, under great natural disadvantages, is the grand result achieved in Massachusetts, by education, science, industry, free schools, free soil, free speech, *free labor*, free press, and free government. The facts prove that freedom is progress, that 'knowledge is power,' and that the best way to appreciate the value of property and augment wealth most rapidly, is to invest a large portion of it in schools, high schools, academies, colleges, universities, books, libraries, and the press, so as to make labor more productive, because more skilled, educated, and better directed. Massachusetts has achieved much in this respect; but when she shall have made high schools as free and universal as common schools, and the attendance on both compulsory, so as to qualify every voter for governing a State or nation, she will have made a still grander step in material and intellectual progress, and the results would be still more astounding.

By Table 35 of the Census, p. 195, the whole value of all the property, real and personal, of Massachusetts, in 1860, was \$815,287,433, and that of Maryland, \$376,919,944. We have seen that the value of the products that year in Massachusetts was \$287,000,000 (exclusive of commerce), and of Maryland, \$36,000,000. As a question, then, of profit on capital, that of Massachusetts was 35 per cent., and of Maryland 17

per cent. Such is the progressive advance (more than two to one) of free as compared with slave labor. The same law obtains in comparing all the Free with all the Slave States. But the proof is still more complete. Thus, Delaware and Missouri (alone of all the Slave States) were ahead of Maryland in this rate of profit, because both had comparatively fewer slaves; and all the other Slave States, whose servile population was relatively larger than that of Maryland, were below her in the rate of profit. The law extends to *counties*, those having comparatively fewest slaves increasing far more rapidly in wealth and population. This, then, is the formula as to the rate of profit on capital. First, the Free States; next, the States and counties of the same State having the fewest relative number of slaves. The Census, then, is an evangel against slavery, and its tables are revelations proclaiming laws as divine as those written by the finger of God at Mount Sinai on the tables of stone.

For seventy years we have had these Census Tables, announcing these great truths more and more clearly at each decade. They are the records of the nation's movement and condition, the decennial monuments marking her steps in the path of empire, the oracles of her destiny. They are prophecies, for each decade fulfils the predictions of its predecessor. They announce laws, not made by man, but the irrevocable ordinances of the Almighty. We cannot, with impunity, refuse to obey these laws. For every violation, they enforce their own penalties. From these there is no escape in the present or the past, nor for the future, except in conformity to their demands. These laws condemn slavery; and the punishment for disobedience is recorded in the result of every Census, and finally culminated in the rebellion. Slavery and freedom are antagonistic and discordant elements: the conflict between them is upon us; it admits of no neu-

trality or compromise, and one or the other system must perish.

We have seen that slavery is hostile to the progress of wealth and population: let us now ascertain its influence on moral and intellectual development.

By Table 15 of the Census of 1860, the result for that year was as follows: In Massachusetts, value of books printed, \$397,500; jobs, \$529,847; newspapers, \$1,979,069; total, \$2,905,916. Same year in Maryland, books printed, \$58,000; jobs, \$122,000; newspapers, \$169,000; total, \$350,155. By Table 37, Census of 1860, Massachusetts had 222 newspapers and periodicals, of which 112 were political, 81 religious, 51 literary, miscellaneous 28. Maryland had only 57, all political. The whole number of copies issued in Massachusetts in 1860 was 102,000,760, and in Maryland, 20,721,472. Of periodicals, Massachusetts has monthly, 1 political, 10 religious, 18 literary, 7 miscellaneous; quarterly, religious 3, literary 2, miscellaneous 1, and 1 annual. Maryland had *none*. Not a religious, literary, scientific, or miscellaneous periodical or journal in the State! What terrible truths are unfolded in these statistics! None but a political party press in Maryland, all devoted, in 1860, to the maintenance, extension, and perpetuity of slavery, which had 57 advocates, and not one for science, religion, or literature.

We have seen that the circulation in 1860 of the press in Massachusetts exceeded that of Maryland by more than eighty-one millions of copies. These facts all prove that slavery is hostile to knowledge and its diffusion, to science, literature, and religion, to the press, and to free government.

For schools, colleges, libraries, and churches, I must take the Tables of the Census of 1850, those of 1860 not being yet published. There were in 1850 in Massachusetts, 8,679 public schools, 4,443 teachers, 176,475 pupils; native adults who cannot read or write, 1,861. In Maryland, 907 public schools, 1,005

teachers, 83,254 pupils; native adults who cannot read or write, 88,426, excluding slaves, to teach whom is criminal.

Thus, then, slavery is hostile to schools, withholding instruction from the children of the poor.

The number of public libraries in Massachusetts was 1,462, volumes 684,015. In Maryland, 124, and 125,042 volumes. Value of churches in Massachusetts, \$10,206,000. In Maryland, \$3,947,884, of which \$2,541,240 is in Baltimore (which has very few slaves), and the remainder is mainly in the seven counties (from which slavery has nearly disappeared) adjoining Pennsylvania.

As to schools, colleges, books, libraries, churches, newspapers, and periodicals, it thus appears that Massachusetts is greatly in advance of Maryland.

Now, then, let us contrast loyal Maryland with rebel South Carolina, the author of secession, and assuming for many years to instruct the nation. By the Census of 1860, she had a population of 703,708, of whom 402,406 were slaves; and Maryland, numbering 687,049, had 87,189 slaves. Now, by the Census of 1860, South Carolina had 45 journals and periodicals, and her annual circulation was 3,654,840 copies. The circulation therefore of Massachusetts exceeded that of South Carolina more than ninety-eight millions of copies, while Maryland exceeded South Carolina more than seventeen millions of copies. So much for South Carolina as a great political teacher. As to schools in 1850: South Carolina had 724 public schools, 739 teachers, 17,888 pupils. Massachusetts, then, had 158,637 more pupils at public schools than South Carolina, and Maryland 15,416 more pupils at public schools than South Carolina.

The press of Massachusetts, we have seen, circulated in 1860 upward of one hundred and two millions of copies, equal to 279,454 per day, including

journals and periodicals, each read, on an average, by at least two persons. This is independent of books and pamphlets, and of the very large circulation of papers from other States and from Europe. What a flood of light is thus shed daily and hourly upon the people of Massachusetts! This intellectual effulgence radiates by day and night. It is the sun in its meridian splendor, and the stars in an ever-unclouded firmament. It has a centre and a circumference, but no darkness. Ignorance vanishes before it; wealth follows in its train; labor rejoices in its association, and finds its products more than doubled; freedom hails its presence, and religion gives it a cordial welcome; churches, schools, academies, colleges, and universities acknowledge its mighty influence. Science penetrates the secrets of nature, and unfolds each new discovery for the benefit of man. Coal, the offspring of the sun, develops its latent energy, and water contributes its untiring hydraulic power. Machinery takes more and more the place of nerves and muscles, cheapens clothing and subsistence and all the necessities of life, and opens new fields of industry, and more profitable employment for labor. Steam and lightning become the slaves of man. He performs the journey of a day in an hour, and converses in minutes around the globe. The strength of man may not have been much increased, but his power is augmented a thousand fold.

His life may not have been materially lengthened, but, in the march of knowledge, a year now is as a century, compared with man's progress in the darkness of the middle ages. The eternal advance toward omniscience goes on, but is like that of the infinite approach of the asymptote, which never reaches the hyperbolic curve. The onward of science is in a geometrical ratio, so that in time, the intellectual progress of a day in the future, must exceed that of a century in the past. Knowl-

edge is enthroned as king, and grand truths and new ideas are his ministers. Science takes the diameter of the earth's orbit as a base line and unit of measurement, and with it spans immensity, and triangulates the nebulous systems amid the shadowy verges of receding space. Its researches are cosmical upon the earth and the heavens, and all the elements minister to its progress. Sink to the lowest mine, or fathom the ocean's depth, or climb the loftiest mountains, or career through the heavens on silken wings, and it is there also. On—on—on; nearer—nearer—still nearer it moves forever and forever, with accelerated speed, toward the infinite eternal. Such are the triumphs of knowledge; and he who diffuses it among our race, or discovers and disseminates new truths, advances man nearer to his Creator; he exalts the whole race; he elevates it in the scale of being, and raises it into higher and still higher spheres.

It is science that marks the speed of sound and light and lightning, calculates the eclipses, catalogues the stars, maps the heavens, and follows, for centuries of the past and the future, the comet's course. It explores the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms. With geology, it notes the earthquake upheaval of mountains, and, with mineralogy, the laws of crystallization. With chemistry, it analyzes, decomposes, and compounds the elements. If, like Canute, it cannot arrest the tidal wave, it is subjecting it to laws and formulas. Taking the sunbeam for its pencil, it heliographs man's own image, and the scenery of the earth and the heavens. Has science any limits or horizon? Can it ever penetrate the soul of man, and reveal the mystery of his existence and destiny? It is certainly exploring the facts of sociology, arranging and generalizing them, and deducing laws.

Man, elevated by knowledge in the scale of being, controls the forces of nature with greater power and grander

results, and accumulates wealth more rapidly. The educated free labor of Massachusetts, we have seen, doubles the products of toil, *per capita*, as compared with Maryland, and quadruples them (as the Census shows) compared with South Carolina. One day's labor of a man in Massachusetts is more than equal to two in Maryland, and four in South Carolina. So, if we take our savage tribes, with their huts and tents, their rude agriculture, their furs, their few and simple household manufactures, their hunting and fishing, the average product of their annual labor, at four cents a day each, would be \$14.60 a year, or more than a fourth of that of South Carolina (56.91). So that Massachusetts, in material progress, is farther in advance of South Carolina than that State is of the savage Indians. Thus we have the successive steps and gradations of man: Massachusetts, with free labor and free schools, having reached the highest point of civilization: South Carolina, with slavery and ignorance (except the few), in a semi-

barbarous stage; and the lowest savage condition, called barbarous, but nearer to South Carolina than that State to Massachusetts.

Slavery, then, the Census proves, is hostile to the progress of wealth and population, to science, literature, and education, to schools, colleges, and universities, to books and libraries, to churches and religion, to the press, and therefore to free government; hostile to the poor, keeping them in want and ignorance; hostile to labor, reducing it to servitude, and decreasing two thirds the value of its products; hostile to morals, repudiating among slaves the marital and parental condition, classifying them by law as chattels, darkening the immortal soul, and making it a crime to teach millions of human beings to read or write. And shall labor and education, literature and science, religion and the press, sustain an institution which is their deadly foe?

The discussion will be continued in my next letter. R. J. WALKER.

PALMER, THE AMERICAN SCULPTOR.

SCULPTURE as an art is probably anterior to painting. Form being a simpler quality than color, the means of imitation were found in a conformity of shape rather than hue. The origin of sculpture is somewhat obscured in the thickening mists of antiquity, but it was no doubt one of the earliest symbols of ideas made use of by man. In fact, in its primitive development, there is considerable evidence to show that it was the first essay at a recorded language. The Egyptian hieroglyphics, those mysterious etchings upon the rock, representing animals, men, and nondescript characters, were unquestionably rude attempts to hand down

to posterity some account of the great events of those forgotten ages. The next remove in the history of this art is its employment in the production of the images of idolatrous worship; and, when confined to this purpose, it never attained any appreciable excellence. The purely heathen mind was incapable of conceiving those forms of ideal beauty which are born of the contemplation of a divine and spiritual beauty revealed in the word of God and the teachings of his immaculate Son.

The grotesque Egyptian images worshipped on the Nile before the building of the pyramids, are, judging from the

best preserved antiquities, not very much inferior to the gilded deities to be seen to-day in the thousand pagodas of heathen lands.

Take for example a Chinese idol of modern make : while it is less angular and more elaborately finished than the ancient monstrosities found in Egypt, still, so far as perfection of form or beauty of expression is concerned, there is little to choose between the two. Each is a fitting type of the degree of civilization and soul culture of the peoples that produced them. It must not be urged that the success of sculpture in Greece and Rome disproves the proposition that the art could not develop itself among a strictly idolatrous race.

The splendid mythologies of the Greeks and Romans must not be considered as the highest forms even of the worship of idols or inanimate things. The gods and goddesses of these mythological systems were principally the powers that were supposed to preside over the different forces and elements of nature, and were invested with the celestial attributes of a higher order of beings. Neptune ruled the sea, Pluto was director of ceremonies in the infernal regions, while Jupiter was emperor of the sky and king of all the lesser gods.

These deities were the invention of a cultivated intellect, a refined taste and polished civilization, and furnish a striking proof of man's longing after the Infinite, unguided by the star of revelation.

The imaginative Greeks did not worship the statues of the gods *per se*, but only admired them as the fitting representations of those mysterious forces that hold sway over earth, air, fire, and water, or revered them as the symbols of noble sentiments or sublime passions. The thing itself, the cunning but lifeless figure, was only incidental, while the idea thus typified was the real incentive to worship. This was also the age that produced hero

worship, and the great man who won the praise and admiration of the people by his exalted qualities, or his prowess in arms, was considered as a demigod, or one in favor with the tenants of Olympus, and his statue was accordingly erected, to stand beside that, perhaps, of Mars, Apollo, or Mercury.

Thus we trace the history of sculpture in its steady progress from its use as a chronicler of events to its employment in the production of the objects of idolatry, and thence to the mythological period, when it became the medium of æsthetic expression, attaining its highest perfection in the palmy days of Greece.

In no people of which the records of the past give any account, can we find such an active sense of the beautiful as that which permeated the minds of the polished Greeks. The admiration of physical beauty became an almost absorbing passion, and its attainment was sought after in every process which human ingenuity could devise.

The Lacedæmonian women were accustomed to place the statues of beautiful gods or goddesses in their rooms, to the end that the children they should give birth to, would, by nature's mysterious methods, assimilate the artistic graces of these celestial models. Perfection of form and manly strength were the pride of the wisest and most learned men of the nation, denoting that physical excellence was considered the necessary concomitant of moral or intellectual worth. Authentic annals tell us that Plato and Pythagoras appeared as wrestlers at the public games; and who shall say that these philosophical gymnasts did not derive much of their mental vigor from this exciting exercise? In this age it is easy to see that sculpture must have received every incentive to full development. In the people about him the artist saw the most excellent models for his chisel, while the national taste was educated to the highest degree in the

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beauties of form and the harmonies of proportion.

But the grand conceptions of Phidias, full of majesty and of grandeur as they are—the matchless finish of the works of Apelles and Praxiteles, ravishing the senses with their carnal beauty, still lacked one element, without which art can never reveal itself in the full perfection of its latent capabilities.

Mere physical beauty, which contains no spiritual element, no drawing of the immortal soul, no suggestion of purer and nobler sentiments struggling for expression in the cunning marble, can never satisfy the requirements of the Christianized taste of modern times.

The Venus de Medici was undoubtedly the ideal type of womanly perfection in the age which produced it, but now the sex would hardly feel themselves flattered by so poor an interpretation. The form is all that could be desired, but the head and features are positively insipid, and a phrenologist would tell you by the development of the cranium that female education was not a part of the Grecian policy. There is in this statue a certain air of wantonness, a perceptible consciousness of being valued and admired solely for physical beauty, which just as plainly tells the estimate placed upon woman in those times as we can read the fact in history.

Thus we perceive sculpture as a representative art has become a chronicler of the world's advancement, so that those who accept the theory of human progression would naturally look for purer and more spiritual conceptions in the artist's soul, with a corresponding nobility in the creations of his genius. The æsthetic principle in its higher manifestations is not the product of pagan mind, because ideal beauty and the rules governing its expression can only be conceived by him to whom Faith has opened the glorious possibilities of our existence beyond the grave. In no classic picture or statue is there anything akin to that divine affinity

that is apparent in the Madonnas of the Italian masters of the sixteenth century, investing them with a charm that lingers like an autumn sunset in the recollection of long-departed years. Compare the loveliest of the Madonnas of Correggio and Raphael with the Venus of Cos, and we perceive the inferiority of mere physical perfection to that spiritual beauty that exalts the soul of the beholder, and awakens the slumber of his immortal longings.

Faultless finish, harmonious outlines, and voluptuous proportions are only the result of mechanical skill, that a good imitator or copyist can for the most part achieve by the aid of his master's model. But the sentiment, emotion, passion, the *character*, so to speak, of the statue, is the creation of the artist, the offspring of his quickened brain.

It is to express the æsthetic idea struggling in the soul of genius, that the marble takes its form, the canvas its color, sweet sounds combine in melody, and language weaves itself into the wreath of song. The same divine impulse, the same grasping after a higher excellence inspires the sculptor, the painter, the composer, and the poet, but some chance bent of nature has decided them to choose different mediums of expression.

Some critic has written, had Coles' 'Voyage of Life' been executed in verse, instead of a series of pictures, it would have ranked as one of the grandest poems of the age. High art, then, whatever its kind, is the language of the æsthetic feeling in man—it symbolizes the god-like element in his nature. Cumulative and progressive, it keeps even pace with an improving civilization, and should therefore furnish fairer products to-day than in any period of the past. It assimilates the spirit of the times in which it is exercised; for as Ralph Waldo Emerson remarks in his subtle essay: 'No man can quite emancipate himself from his age and country, or produce a model in which

the education, the religion, the politics, usages, and arts of his times shall have no share.'

So we see from the very necessity of this truism, that if our painters and sculptors would not be mere imitators of the exponents of another age, there would be soon established a national school of art. We do not mean by this a mere conventional type in finish and mode of treatment, but certain marked, characteristic excellences and features that would identify it with the history of our country and the peculiarities of our people. There are a few native artists who have struggled to achieve this consummation, and preëminent among these is Erastus D. Palmer, the American sculptor.

The history of his career, his origin, his process of study, his choice of subjects in all his great works, his rise and triumph as an artist, all entitle him to this distinctive appellation. He commenced life as a carpenter and joiner, but, while practising his trade in Utica, N. Y., his eye accidentally fell on a cameo likeness, and as the dropping of an apple suggested to Newton the laws of gravitation, so the sight of this little trifle was the talisman that revealed to Palmer the artistic capabilities of his genius. Being thus led to attempt the portrait of his wife upon a shell, he executed his task—which was in a twofold sense a labor of love—with such fidelity to nature, such bold outline, and delicacy of finish, that connoisseurs detected in it the hand of a master. Thus encouraged, he for two years made cameo cutting his business, and followed it with remarkable success, till, his eyes becoming affected by the exercise of this talent, he was obliged to relinquish it, with the expectation of returning to his old trade. But happily he was induced to try his skill at modelling in clay, and then he discovered what was in him. Taking his little girl for a model, he produced a bust, styled the 'Infant Ceres,' which, when finished in

marble, immediately took rank as one of the gems of art. The sweet *naïvete* of budding childhood, the timid eyes and dimpled cheek, all refined and sublimated by the ideal graces added by the magic wand of genius, combined to make this earliest bust of our sculptor one of the most felicitous products of his chisel.

Soon after this satisfactory experiment, Palmer removed to the city of Albany, where he has since remained and won his well-deserved fame. His two allegorical pieces, 'Resignation' and 'Spring,' we cannot forbear to describe, familiar as they are to the *virtuoso* of art, and well known even to the great public.

The latter is a female bust, her hair bound with a fillet of grass and half-developed grain, her face wearing an expression of modest coquetry, quite in keeping with the capricious, 'celestial maid;' while the gently swelling bosom suggests the latent forces of nature which only reach their fulness in the summer sun. And about the eyes there is a look of joy and freshness in which you fancy you can see

'the flowers begin to spring,
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.'

The 'Resignation' represents the refined voluptuousness of ripier womanhood. The features are exquisitely cut, and represent a type of beauty fit for angelic spheres. The head, so finely proportioned, and crowned with luxuriant, waving hair, inclines gracefully to one side, as in submission to the chastenings of Providence. But in the downcast, sorrowful eyes, there is an expression of mingled hope and patient endurance such as Mary might have worn at the foot of the cross. The marble is eloquent of that Christian sentiment: 'He doeth all things well.' The religious feeling of the sixteenth century, which gave to art both its inspiration and theme, never found so fair a mould as in this bust of 'Resignation.'

Both of these works are entirely free from all explanatory accessories, and interpret themselves to the most sluggish soul.

Another of Palmer's compositions, and one of the most purely ideal, is the 'Dream of the Spirit's Flight.' This is a large bas-relief, executed in medalion style. To give any idea by mere words of the spirit of this performance is impossible. It is the half figure of a peri-like girl, with tresses swaying in the higher air, with butterfly wings, arms and drapery gracefully disposed, and all the parts uniting to impress you with a sense of upward, soaring motion! There is a divine beauty about the face reflected from a brighter world. Sculptured in pure white marble, it seems a very soul just escaped from its prison house of clay, and, listening to those 'sounds seraphic,' bearing away to the great Beyond.

While gazing on this airy sprite, the beholder feels an exhilarating influence steal over him, and involuntarily there goes up from his heart, like incense, that yearning prayer:

'So grant me, God, from every care,
And stain of passion free,
Aloft through virtue's purer air
To hold my course to Thee!'

We cannot speak separately of his 'Morning and Evening,' 'Immortality,' 'Sleeping Peri,' his statue and bas-relief of 'Faith,' busts, and other works, which are grouped in odd companionship about his studio. But the 'Indian Girl' and 'White Captive,' the crowning achievements of Palmer's genius, and the ones that give a thoroughly American character to his reputation, demand an elaborate consideration—not to explain their merits, but to show what materials for art exist in our history, when appropriated by the master's hand.

Romance and poetry have not often been successful in treating of the character and customs of our aborigines, for the elements of true heroism in the savage nature are so exceptional and

few, that the red man is a very poor subject for the higher manifestations of art. Cooper and Longfellow alone have come back from this field with the trophies of praise. But Palmer, with a striking originality and a subtle perception of spiritual influences, sees in the effect of Christianity on the 'untutored mind' of the Indian, a theme to inspire his plastic clay. So from this idea he evolves the 'Indian Girl,' standing in an attitude of perfect repose, holding in her right hand a crucifix, on which her eyes are bent pensively in a sweet, absorbing reverie, which shuts out the consciousness of the external world. In the other hand, which hangs listlessly by her side, she barely touches rather than holds a bunch of feathers, evidently gathered to adorn her person, and which she forgets in the contemplation of the story of the Cross. The artist supposes she has found this crucifix, which the early Catholic missionaries were wont to attach to the forest trees, and having heard from some of these zealous teachers an exposition of Christ's mission, the better life has already begun to dawn in her soul, and her whole aspect tells that this mysterious influence is upon her.

The features are Indian, fair and comely—we do not say beautiful, because this term expresses the highest excellence, and ought as a descriptive phrase to be more sparingly used. The face is idealized, as the rules of true art always require, but still preserves its fidelity to the natural type. The form is nude to the waist, the drapery arranged with unrivalled grace, the hair is clubbed so as to reveal the neck and shoulders, while the perfection of contour and the completeness of development satisfy the most critical eye for the study of detail. The 'Indian Girl' forms one of the landmarks in the history of American sculpture.

But Palmer's grand, characteristic work, in which his genius seems to have reached its noblest expression, is the

'White Captive,' which we believe to be one of the most perfect creations of ancient or modern art. It is something more than the nude figure of a surpassingly beautiful woman, bound to the stake, and defying the gaze of her barbarous captors—it is not merely an exciting incident in pioneer life, but it has a grand symbolical meaning that reaches beyond a literal interpretation of the situation.

We see in this statue the contact of civilization with savage instinct, and in the expression of the 'White Captive,' peering through maiden timidity, and rising triumphant above physical fear in a look of intellectual and religious strength, before which the swarthy warrior feels himself in the presence of a superior power—a ruler! As we gaze on in mute admiration, we behold the race of the red man receding westward before that same power pictured in this wonderful face: now the Indian tribes pass the Rocky mountains, they come within the roar of the Pacific, and, growing less and less, they at last vanish away into the uncertain mists of the ocean—a lost people, who have served the purpose for which they were created, and disappeared from our continent to make room for a nobler humanity. It is this melancholy fate, this glorious triumph, that Palmer has recorded in a language more forcible than history, more eloquent than song, more ravishing than the lyre! To define how the statue spreads before you this great vision, eludes the acutest analysis; but there it is, told just as plainly as the Falls of Niagara or the eternal stars tell the omnipotence of God.

The longer one studies this marvelous work, the more he sees to admire, to reflect upon. There is something in the general effect that makes the beholder forget the perfect nudity of the figure, which necessarily grows out of the circumstances of the case, and which is entirely unfelt by the captive in her terrible realization of the peril

which surrounds her. Thus two great difficulties that embarrass the execution of undraped statuary are entirely overcome:

1. The nudity is only incidental to the general effect, and the subject seems entirely unconscious of the fact.

2. The nudity is accounted for by the situation—the captive is tied unclad to a tree, to be burned alive, according to Indian custom.

Thus a criticism that has been frequently made (and not unjustly) on the *morals* of certain works of art, has no application to this.

Of the details of this ideal creation—its matchless finish, the graceful undulations of the perfect form, the firmness expressed in the clenched fingers, the instinctive shudder gathered on the fair brow, the lofty defiance of the eyes and half-parted lips, the radiant beauty of the face—we can only say they live in our memory, but too deep for words. We believe the truth of the artist's conception, that the revengeful savages acknowledged the divinity of her beauty and Christian reliance, and the 'White Captive' went free—the spirit of civilization triumphed!

As a man's character is always more or less associated with his achievements, the reader may wish to learn something of Mr. Palmer as a man. In all kinds of soul-work, there is ever perceptible a certain flavor of the mind which produces it, and the things thus created usually suggest the qualities of the creator. So the works of the sculptor are to some degree the exponents of his character, the expressions of his inner life.

Therefore in Mr. Palmer we should expect moral and intellectual worth of a high order, added to the purest and most exalted motives. He is in spirit a reformer, taking an interest in every measure for the improvement of our race, and sympathizing with every struggle of our aspiring manhood.

The eccentricities, excuses, and conventional affectations of many real and

pretended geniuses he entirely eschews, feeling himself one of the people, and laboring for their elevation.

Neither does he deem it any part of genius to neglect his family, forget to pay his butcher's bill, and ignore the claim of his tailor. His ample house and neat atelier, at the north end of Eagle street, in the city of Albany, are the fruit of his patient and inspiring toil—his chisel has won him moderate fortune as well as world-wide fame.

Photographs of the 'Palmer Marbles' are seen in the show windows of Paris, London, and Berlin, while in this country they help to fill the portfolios of the *virtuoso*, adorning the walls of the parlor and the private gallery.

Though in youth Palmer did not receive an average common-school education, he converses like a man of liberal culture, showing that he belongs to the class of self-made men.

He has never visited the interminable art palaces of Europe, nor studied, in the sense in which that term is used, the 'old masters;' still he has appropriated all the valuable hints to be obtained from the classic models, without regarding them as the *ne plus ultra* of artistic execution, and therefore to be only imitated, to the exclusion of the higher ideals of an advanced civilization.

He has an intelligible and correct theory in regard to the fidelity of art to nature. For instance, he insists that he should *represent*, not imitate; and in making a bust of a man, the sculptor should express the higher moods of his subject, and show him with his better qualities brought to the surface. So the forms of nature should be ideal-

ized in the direction of their primitive tendency, and thus art help to express that ineffable longing of the soul, that reaching upward for a perfection that is approximated on earth, but never attained. This idealization is like the humor of Dickens, something more than nature in its grotesqueness, yet a stimulated growth of the natural quality. Palmer always takes nature for his model, and then assimilates it to that ideal beauty which dwells in his imagination and sheds a spiritual halo over the creation of his chisel.

Like every true disciple of genius, he feels that he has a mission to perform, and that he is responsible for the influence he exerts on the tastes and æsthetic culture of the people. As you chat with him in his studio, dressed in his blouse and cap, his dark eye glowing with enthusiasm for his art, or sparkling with playful humor, standing before you tall and vigorous, you see in him one of the earnest workers for the elevation of our humanity.

The utilities of the world will take care of themselves: let us foster the beautiful, because, like all divine attributes, man reaches it through striving, and is made better by its contemplation.

Palmer does not look older than forty, and has perhaps not yet attained the fulness of his powers, but has in him the elements of a healthy growth.

Work on, thou almoner of sweetest joys, thou pilgrim in that fairy realm whence come the high ideals of life; work on, striver for the perfect type of beauty and of truth, and in thy progress let the people trace our human nature rising to diviner heights—expanding to sublimer bounds!

C L O U D S.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO PROFESSOR GUYOT.

HIGH and fathomless above us vaults the pure aerial sky,
Solemn bends its arch of Beauty round a world where all things die.

On the dome through which Earth's swinging, spun of palpitating air,
Angel artists fresco vapors into pictures passing fair.

No cold canvas of dead color has the Mighty Master given :
Trembles with His Infinity the azure vault of Heaven.

On and in the lucent background float the ever-changeeful forms,
Sometimes glowing into glory, sometimes glooming into storms.

God's blest seal is on creation ; signs and symbols throng the sky,
Though too dull to read their meaning droops the stolid human eye.

Over mountain, over valley throng the clouds to soothe the sight ;
Through the dim walls of the city gleam they buoyant, fleeting, bright.

Gentle, dreadful, or fantastic—nearer, farther as we gaze ;
Varied, spiritual, tender, forms and melts the surging haze.

'Heavenly secrets' breathe around us—lowly flowers on the sod,
Cloudland's curves and grading colors veil the Infinite of God.

The Infinite—we shudder ! but wild longings through us steal
As we vainly strive to grasp It till our failing senses reel.

Ever longing, never grasping, though in tenderness It stoop
To shade the scented cups of flowers, to bend them as they droop.

For through infinite gradations pass the changeful hues of light,
That the infinite through color may send greetings to the sight.

Through ne'er-returning, endless curves, flowers, trees, clouds, mountains pass,
That man may see the Infinite through nature's magic glass.

Oh, tender stooping ! soothing ! Infinite Love must be
The cause, aim, end, the burning heart of everything we see.

Earth may cover deep her dying, parted hearts chant weary dirge,
But we *feel death is but seeming* in the Cloudland's evening surge.

C I R R I.

Floating high above the mountains, in the fields of upper air,
Multitudinous throng the Cirri, ranged in order, heavenly fair.

Rank upon rank in glory lie the transverse, plummy bars ;
Tranquil beauty rules the union which disorder never mars.

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Perfect symmetry, obedience, mark their finely chiselled lines—
 In the highest sphere of being flexile *grace* with *law* combines.
 Now they break in fleecy ripples as innumerable they press ;
 Shines the blue of Heaven between them as they fly the Wind's caress.
 Millions flock the face of Heaven, but no two alike are ever :
 Restless mirror of the Infinite, form seems exhausted never.
 Are they lambs 'mid Heaven's blue pastures ? are they swans with downy breast
 Floating through that azure ocean round the region of the Blest ?
 Are they snowy wings of Cherubs gathering round the Throne above,
 As the vesper hymn of Heaven rises to the Eternal Love ?
 Gazing on their wavy ripples, they seem mingling with the sky,
 Yet the heavenly little islets still innumerable lie.
 How the fleecy cloudlets glitter as they sail so clear and high !
 Is light curdling into snowflakes as it streams athwart the sky ?
 Freezing ? No—warm and glowing, ambient, changeful, feathery, bright,
 Rather seem the floating vapors melting into roseate light.
 With the white flame in their bosoms, and the pure blue depths above,
 When the sunset rays dart kisses, how they kindle into love !
 See, with every shaft electric flash the bright hues deeper, higher,
 Till the chaste and snowy cloudlets fleck the Blue of Heaven with fire.
 How they flush and how they quiver ! how the virgin drifts of snow
 Drink the sunset's dying passion, catch his ardent parting glow !
 Love weaves close in chords harmonic all the finely fretted dome,
 Blue, white, purple, gold, and crimson, fringe, melt, ripple into foam.
 Thus the angels drape God's footstool with soft vapor, wind, and sun :
 Does His smile rest on the artists when their pleasant work is done ?
 Do they see Him bend the Heavens, riding swiftly on the clouds,
 Heat His Heart, and Light the shadow which His inner Glory shrouds ?
 Seraphs, cherubs, thronging round Him, shall our hearts no raptures move ?
 Shall we prove dull links reluctant in the chain of endless love ?
 No. We feel the electric secret flashing through the Perfect Whole,
 'Bliss eternal' telegraphing upon every faithful soul.

CUMULI.

Leave we now the upper regions
 With their wonders pure and high,
 Gone the barred and fleecy Cirri—
 Mountain Cumuli storm the sky.
 High the calmness floats above us,
 Tears and rain lie far below,
 As we sail the middle Cloudland,
 Where the vapors come and go.

Throbs a wilder pulse of passion,
Stronger individual life,
Rapid, energetic motion
Tells of elemental strife.
Nearer seem they to the human,
Rearing dizzy forms on high,
Than the order-loving Cirri
Barring the translucent sky.

Lovingly they crest our mountains,
Hovering o'er them all the day,
Copying all the soaring outlines
In artistic, skilful play;
Following close on the horizon,
Dip, break, gap, and lofty peak,
As to build Earth into Heaven
Would the haunting vapors seek.

Drifting swiftly through the azure,
Chase they shadows over Earth:
Flying footsteps, soft and silent,
Flit o'er grassy graves in mirth.
Shudder not—the bearded harvest
Quivers not, so light the tread:
Let it glide o'er moss and violet—
Would its touch could wake our dead!

Piling now, the tossing vapors,
With a wild exultant power,
Rise in turrets, towers, mountains,
Changing with the changing hour.
Glittering, gleaming, dazzling, snowy,
Heart-tossed shadows in them lie;
Broken, scattered, wind-torn, foamy,
Haunt they through Earth's panting sky.

Luminous jets of boiling vapor
Topple into sudden rifts,
Open into yawning chasms,
Break in tortured whirling drifts,
Panting, surging, rocking, reeling,
Cradling in their hearts the storm,
Spirit, power, passion flashing,
Lightning bares each secret form.

Banding now in groups colossal,
Piling o'er the mountain crest,
Sweeping down his rocky summit,
Crashing through his wooded breast,

Clouds.

Shattering fall his pines and larches,
 Rain, hail, tumult onward swell,
 Lightning scathes the shuddering forest,
 Thunder frights the leafy dell.

Sunset fires the whirling vapors,
 Now they sway and rock in light,
 Toppling crests fling back the radiance,
 Through the rifts it glitters bright,
 Gloomy clouds are ruby kindling,
 Rippling fringed with molten gold,
 Rosy streams of color pouring,
 Through the tempest's blackness rolled.

Burging weird in fitful beauty,
 Every moment fraught with change,
 Every break and mystic chasm
 Opening up a Heaven-range :
 Now the eastern peaks are kindling
 Glow as though the Morning's heart
 Throbbled against them, while the formless
 Clouds to phantom being start.

Thus through storm-tost human bosoms
 God oft sends His rays divine ;
 Passionate errors, when forgiven,
 Lead us on to trust sublime.
 God rays light through moral tempests,
 Brings repentance out of crime ;
 ' Much forgiven ' ploughs the spirit,
 Former faults as beacons shine.

Through our ruins Love is gleaming,
 Rippling o'er in molten gold,
 Rosy streams of life are pouring
 Through our tempest's blackness rolled.
 Glittering thus in growing beauty,
 Every moment fraught with change,
 Through each rift and shattered chasm
 We may see the Heaven-range.

Thus the angels build the pictures
 In the vext or tranquil skies,
 Of our changeful human passions,
 Stormful fall and heaven-won rise.
 Thus they write in love and pity,
 Radiant with their heaven-dyes,
 Lessons for the lost, the erring,
 Hope for weary, dying eyes.

RAIN CLOUDS.

High float the Cirri,
 Passionless, pure ;
 Wild pile the Cumuli,
 Never secure ;
 Low sweep the Rain Clouds
 Over the sky,
 Gloomng the sunshine,
 Slow trailing by.

Mystical region
 Typifies Earth—
 Light in the bosom
 Of darkness has birth ;
 Magical mingling
 Of beauty and gloom,
 Calm follows tempest
 As Heaven the tomb.

Shrouding the distance,
 Legions of mist
 Glide down the river
 Joining the list
 Of the shadowy army
 Hurrying on
 Over wide waters
 To welcome the sun.

Catching his gleaming,
 Faster they run,
 Roseate surging,
 Roll into one ;
 Filling the valley,
 Luminous haze,
 Heavenward soaring,
 Rocks as we gaze ;

Lifting strange columns
 Of light in the air,
 Weaves golden sunshine
 Fitful and fair
 Through the cloud pillars
 Thrown to the sky,
 Like the Dream-ladder
 Jacob slept by.

Trailing o'er treetops,
 Shadowing graves,
 Gloomily weeping
 While the wind raves,
 Blurring the landscape
 Rain clouds press on,
 Lowering on nature
 With leaden-hued frown.

Sulphurous, lurid,
 Thunder is near ;
 Sobblings and mutterings
 Fill us with fear.
 Palls with wild fringes
 Stream on behind—
 Death may be riding
 The wings of the wind.

Jagged clouds hanging
 Formless and black,
 Hurtle the whirlwind
 Fast o'er their track ;
 Fiery flashes
 Scathe the green plain ;
 Cataracts falling
 In torrents of rain.

Thunder and lightning
 Crash through the sky ;
 Whirlwinds are carding
 The clouds as they fly !
 Nature is reeling,
 Sin at our heart,
 Heaven is angered—
 Well may we start !

God throws His shadow
 Into the gloom ;
 The raindrops have caught it,
 And break into bloom !
 His light on Earth's teardrops
 Gems Bliss on her clouds,
 His rainbow of color
 Paints Hope on her shrouds.

Tender and lovely,
 Luminous, fair,
 Infinite Beauty
 Is bending through air,
 Breathing through color,
 Through Order, through Form,
 That infinite Love
 Rules the heart of the storm.

Caught in soft meshes,
 Fractions the light,
 Gold, green, or ruby,
 Tremblingly bright.
 Through the torn chasms
 Smiles the lost blue—
 The wilder the drifting,
 The deeper the hue.

Beauty above us,
 Beauty around,
 Clouds, stars gem the heavens,
 Trees, flowers paint the ground.
 Rapturous meaning
 Illumines the whole :
 God gives us Beauty,
 For Love is His Soul !

High-floating Cirri,
 Passionless, pure ;
 Wild-piling Cumuli,
 Never secure ;
 Low-trailing Rain Clouds
 With rainbow-lit pall—
 Softly ye whisper
 That Love ruleth all !



SKETCHES OF AMERICAN LIFE AND SCENERY.

II.—THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

Who, in ascending the Hudson River, has not watched for the first glimpse of the Catskills, and followed with delight their gradual development of peak and clove, until, near Hudson, they stood fully revealed, flooded with sunshine, flecked with shadows, or crowned by storm-laden clouds ?

This region is noteworthy, not alone from its beauty and incalculable utility, but also from the associations clustering around it through the pen of poets and writers of romance, the brush of the artist, and the memories of thousands of tourists, who have found health and strength for both body and mind upon its craggy heights or beside its numberless wild and beautiful mountain torrents. It comprises the whole of Greene County, a portion of Delaware, and the neighboring borders of Ulster, Schoharie, and Albany. It truly deserves the appellation of 'many fountained,' giving rise to great rivers, such as the Delaware, and one of the main branches of the Susquehanna, and to manifold smaller watercourses, as the Schoharie, Catskill, and Esopus. Unlike the Highlands of Northern New Jersey and Southern New York, and the region of the Adirondacs, its lakes are few and very small. The best known are the twin lakes near the Mountain House, and Shue's Lake, not

far from the summit of Overlook Mountain. These are all at a height, approximately, of two thousand feet above the river, and add greatly to the variety and interest of the landscape in their vicinity.

Names among these hills are a commodity so scarce that their paucity presents a serious obstacle to intelligible description. Round Tops and High Peaks are innumerable. We hope, when Professor Guyot completes his cursory survey of heights, made eighteen months ago, he will strive to do as in North Carolina, and supply the deficiency. Nomenclature is a difficult matter, and requires a poet, a poetic man of science, or the imaginative intuitions of a primitive people.

The main range of the Catskills finds its southerly corner in Overlook Mountain, not far from Woodstock, and about seven miles (more or less) west of the Hudson. One ridge extends northerly (a little east, parallel with the river) from twelve to fourteen miles, and then, at the North Mountain, making an obtuse angle, turns to the northwest, and passes through Windham into Schoharie County: the other ridge, starting from Overlook, runs in a westerly direction along the southern border of Greene County, and finally in Delaware sinks into broken hill ranges of

less elevation. The space intermediate between these two main ridges is at first narrow, but gradually widens as they diverge from the starting point; its interior (northwesterly) slope is drained by the Schoharie (a branch of the Mohawk) and its tributaries, the East, the West, and Batavia Kills. Singular gaps or cloves intersect the range, affording easy communication with the lowlands bordering its base. Each clove has its own stream, and in the main ones on the river front are found the countless and beautiful waterfalls which constitute the chief characteristic of Catskill scenery. The more primitive rocks of the Highlands, the Adirondacs, and the White Mountains do not offer such numerous and picturesque sheets of falling water as the red sandstone of the Catskills.

Starting from Overlook Mountain, whence the view is said to be magnificent, and proceeding northward, we first reach the Plattekill Clove, up whose steep and wooded cleft winds a wild road, chiefly used for quarrying purposes, and down whose abrupt declivity the Plattekill leaps from crag to crag in a series of fine falls and cascades. The quantity of water during the summer months, except after considerable rain, is small, but the rock formations are very interesting, reminding the traveller of wild passes in the Tyrol. This is perhaps the grandest of all the Catskill clefts, but human ingenuity has here afforded no aid to the sightseer, and strong heads and agile limbs are needed for the enjoyment of its hidden beauties.

The mountain to the north of the Plattekill Clove has two crests, known as High Peak and Round Top. It was long thought to be the loftiest summit of the Catskills, but must now yield to the Windham High Peak or Black Head, 3,926 feet high, and perhaps to other elevations in the same range. Professor Guyot gives its height at 3,684 feet, and that of the Mountain House as 2,245 feet. This mountain

has frequently been ascended, although there is no regular path leading to the summit, but the thick growth of wood on the top greatly hinders the satisfactoriness of the view. Between Round Top and the nearest mountain to the north lies the Kauterskill Clove, known preëminently as *The Clove*, the home of artists and the theme of poets. Its springs are drained by the Kauterskill Creek, a branch of the Catskill, and it is one of the loveliest spots in America. The road through this clove is one of the main arteries to the back mountain country, and, from the summit of the clove, near Haines's sawmill, winds for about three miles to the base, by the side of streams offering fifteen fine falls and cascades in a distance of five miles, and between steep and wooded mountain slopes or rocky crags lifted high in air, now swelling out into the sunlight, and anon curving back into amphitheatres of shadow. The main Kauterskill flows from the twin lakes already mentioned, and just below the Laurel House falls over a precipice of 175 feet, which, with another dash of 80 feet, makes the entire depth of the stream's first grand plunge into the wild ravine 255 feet. A short distance below is the Bastion Fall, and, immediately following, the Terrace Cascade, the united height of the two being certainly not less than 100 feet. These four fine falls are found in an easy walk of three quarters of a mile leading down the ravine from the Laurel House to the Clove road.

The Little Kauterskill flows into the main stream at a short distance below the bridge where the Clove road first crosses that torrent. The ravine through which it flows is incomparably beautiful, with the grand plunge (Haines's Fall or Fawn's Leap) at the head, and the seven graceful cascades, all visible from one projecting table rock, soon after following. Below the above-mentioned bridge are the Dog Fall, the cascade at Moore's Bridge, and the Dog Hole, with its steep cliffs and foaming

rapids. At the mouth of the Clove is Palenville, a little manufacturing village, where town-wearied denizens find fresh air and pleasant walks and drives during the summer months. To our taste, however, the summer climate at the various sojourning places, about two thousand feet above the sea level, is far preferable to that at the base of the mountain.

Rising to the north of the Clove is the South Mountain, from whose beetling crags are obtained some of the finest views offered by the Catskills; then follows the Pine Orchard, where are the well-known Mountain House, the twin lakes, and the Laurel House at the head of the Kauterskill Falls; and finally, the North Mountain, which looks down upon a graceful spur to the east, Kiskatom Round Top, and then sweeps away to the northwest. Beyond the North Mountain is a considerable depression, down which passes an excruciating road, leading from East Jewett, within the mountain range, to Cairo, at its foot. Finally, we reach Windham High Peak,* and the fine road crossing the mountains from Catskill to Delhi, and passing through Windham and Prattsville.

On the southern side of the range, west of Overlook, are two wild and beautiful clefts, the one known as the Stony Clove, and the other as West Kill or Bushnell Clove. The first begins as a narrow gorge with lofty hemlock and moss-clad mountain sides, and gradually opens out, at Phoenicia, upon the hills of Ulster and Esopus Creek. It is watered by a trout stream, and its few but cosy farm cottages offer shelter sufficient for amateur fishermen and artists, bewitched by its fairy recesses and fine forest growth. In the narrow portion of this clove are ice caves, where ice may be found at all seasons of the year, and whence issue cooling winds appreciable in the warmest summer days.

* Or Black Head. There is great confusion in names in this part of the range.

The West Kill, or Bushnell Clove, is said to be still finer and more alpine than the Stony Clove. The last-mentioned gap and that of the Plattekill join the main or Kauterskill Clove between Tannersville and Hunter, while the Bushnell Clove does not intersect the valley of the Schoharie until the West Kill flows into that stream near the charming village of Lexington, six miles south, a little west of Prattsville.

These geographical details may seem uninteresting, but if the writer had possessed them eight years ago, when first making the near acquaintance of the Catskills, many a mystification might have been avoided, and many a pleasant excursion, now only known to the fancy, have been found practicable. One great attraction of the Catskills is, that the greater number of the spots chiefly interesting are within walking or driving distance from the chief points of sojourn. Visitors in general confine themselves to the Mountain House and its immediate vicinity, and hence see but little of the beauties hidden among the cliffs and ravines of the inner peaks. The view from the Mountain House plateau is extensive, but tame and monotonous in character; the horizon is not interesting, and the cloud scenery is far more impressive than that of the land beneath. The views from the very easily ascended North or South Mountains, where, in addition to the river valley, the eye embraces the lakes, the opening of the Clove, and the distant mountains toward Lexington, are far superior. Clum's Hill, a terraced eminence, visible from many points among the Catskills, and the Parker Mountain, east of Tannersville, both offer peculiar and interesting prospects; but the king of views is that obtained from the cliffs of the South Mountain overhanging the Clove. This vista has furnished sketches for two remarkable pictures painted by that rare artist and genuine son of Helios, S. R. Gifford. Looking toward the west is the rolling plateau of the

Clove, with the far-away mountains beyond Hunter, the Parker and North Mountains, the openings to the Stony and Plattkill Cloves, Clum's Hill, and the silver thread of Haines's Fall. At the foot of the cliffs, more than a thousand feet below, lie Brockett's (classic ground for artists), the Clove road, Moore's Bridge, the Dog Fall, and the brawling Kauterakill. Directly opposite stands the wooded crest of Round Top. The entire mountain side is visible, and the cleft is so narrow that the trees can almost be counted as they rise one above another to a height of 2,500 feet above the roaring stream, which here receives two slender cascades that have threaded their way through the tangled forest. Toward the east, the river is visible, and the sloping mountain declivities frame a lovely picture of lowland country and far-away Connecticut or Massachusetts hills. The effects of light and shadow are such as we have never seen surpassed. This earth there seems made of gold or crimson lights, of gray seas of mist, or of every imaginable combination of beautiful hues.

These cliffs are reached by a charming walk through a beech wood, and are distant about a mile from the Laurel House. A longer and still somewhat rough path was opened thither last summer from the Mountain House. But we should never end were we to

characterize all the beautiful spots, the entrancing walks and drives to be found amid these cool and healthful slopes and plateaus. A difference of at least ten degrees is felt between the mountain resorts and the villages on the river bank, and the air is inexpressibly fresh and invigorating.

These mountains have also a very interesting flora. The oak, beech, birch, chestnut, hickory, maple, ash, hemlock—pines, black, white, and yellow—spruces, fir, and balsam, are among the most widely spread trees; and of fruits, the blackberry, gooseberry, raspberry, whortleberry or blueberry, and strawberry, grow in profusion and of fine flavor. Violets, anemones, liverworts, the fairy bells of the *Linnaea borealis*, the fragrant stars of the *Mitchella* or partridge berry, the trailing arbutus, *Houstonia*, the laurel, honeysuckle, sarsaparilla, wintergreen, bottle gentian, white and blue, purple orchids, willow herb, golden rod, immortelles, asters in every variety, St. John's wort, wild turnip, Solomon's seals, wild lilies of the vale, fire lilies, Indian pipe, with other flowers, ground pines, and varieties of moss and ferns innumerable, border the winding woodpaths and secluded roads. There are many regions in America more grand than that of the Catskills, but none, we think, more easily and gratefully compensatory to a careful survey.

WITHIN Gethsemane's Garden kneeling,
Bends the Lord His sacred head,
His soul, each human sorrow feeling,
Quivers with keen shafts, sin-spied,
Every human misery knows,
Bears the burden of our woes.

Perchance not men alone His sinking,
Bleeding heart to weep is fain,
But poor dumb creatures sees He drinking
Deep the bitter cup of pain,
Hears the wailing, anguished cry,
Hears but curse and blow reply!

L. D. P.

THE ISSUES OF THE WAR.

THE life of the soldier is one of constant anxiety and suspense. He never knows with any certainty to-day what he shall have to do to-morrow. Upon seemingly the greatest calm may suddenly burst the most terrific storm. There is little incentive to thought, except of that practical kind which directs the activities of the soldier's perilous life. Here we are, thousands of us, an acting mass rather than an assemblage of thinking individuals. Indeed, it is not strictly military to think; implicit and unquestioning obedience is the law. When the order was finally given on Monday night (September 21st) for the whole army to fall back on Chattanooga, the writer remarked:

'Well, if we shall not have to go any farther—if we can hold Chattanooga, we are not defeated;—it is even a victory, and we have won Chattanooga at the battle of Chickamauga.'

'We want none of your speculations,' retorted our Prussian commander; 'it is a soldier's business to obey, and not to think.'

But, it is hardly natural for an American soldier to execute a movement without inquiring the wherefore. And if we are marched over mountains, and down the Lookout at Alpine Pass, within a few miles of Rome; and then marched back again, up the perilous steep, and northward to Stevens's Gap, and down again;—why, even common soldiers, without the evidence of brains which there is, or ought to be, in shoulder straps, inquire of each other for the strategic value there may be in all this marching and countermarching, and find it hard to believe that it was all provided for in the original programme.

But in a still higher sense is the American soldier given to thinking.

He is quite likely to have an opinion as to the origin and cause of the war—as to the issues involved therein, and the results which it is likely to bring about. There is, moreover, a multiplicity of views, and not the unanimity of dulness.

The causes, the issues, the results of the war—momentous themes! and likely to be thoroughly canvassed by those whom they so vitally concern—the American citizen and our citizen soldiery.

The causes, issues, and results of the war are so intimately related that we can scarcely think of one without also thinking of the others. The causes are more especially a thing of the past—they already belong to history: the results belong more particularly to the future; the issues pertain to the present. It is these with which we have more immediately to do, and which it behooves us, as intelligent actors in the great drama, to understand. We should not be indifferent to results, and we are not; but if there are real issues of right and wrong involved in the contest, and we are in the right, we may rest assured that the results of a successful prosecution of the war will be worthy of all our sacrifices, and honorable to us as a people and nation.

In the midst of a beleaguered camp, with no notes of former reading, or books of reference, it is a poor place for the elaboration of one's ideas;—the writer, nevertheless, proposes to make a brief inquiry into the issues involved in this terrible war.

The fact exists that there is a war between the North and South, brought about, as we believe, by unwarranted and aggressive acts of the Slave Power. This slave oligarchy of the South either had, or affected to have, a profound contempt for what they supposed was

the want of spirit in the Northern people. It was a current swagger that we should barely furnish them with an opportunity to show their superior military prowess. 'This war shall be waged on Northern soil,' they said. Events have shown that they miscalculated; but the raids of Jackson, Lee, Morgan & Co. show how great their will has been to carry out their threats of invasion. When the rebel guns opened upon Sumter, there was no alternative left us but fight now, or soon. Had we hesitated and compromised then, the arrogant spirit of the insurgents would have been still further flattered and puffed up, and their contempt for the submissive North made genuine, whatever it may have been before. A compromise then would have made no lasting peace; the South would soon have become tired of being merely 'let alone;' her exactions and aggressions would have become more and more insolent and intolerable, till warlike resistance or ignoble submission and slavery would have been our only alternative. This war is, therefore, on our part and in one sense, a war in self-defence; and this may be regarded as one of its issues.

Every loyal soldier is fighting for the security of our Northern homes; and the issue resolves itself into this: The resistance of invasion; the vindication of our manliness as a people; the protection of our own firesides—else be overrun, outraged, desolated, enslaved by the minions of a Southern oligarchy, which indulges the insane conceit that it is born to rule.

Unfortunately for our country, it embraces two distinct forms of society, of dissimilar, if not of antagonistic character. It is a heritage from our ancestors; but none the less an evil for its prestige from the sanctities of time; and we are now reaping its bitter fruits in the manifold and hideous forms of a great civil war. Taking human nature as it is, there appears to be no

escape from this cruel ordeal. We of the North claim that we have transcended that type of society whose vital and informing element is chattel slavery. There is natural and irrepressible antagonism between the two forms of society; they cannot subsist in peace and good feeling by the side of each other, and still less under the same Government. Conflict was inevitable, and it came.

At this stage of the war and of elucidation respecting its cause and origin, this may be only commonplace, yet necessary to fullness of statement.

Slavery felt the necessity of efforts to save herself from impending ruin; she became taunting and aggressive in her manners and acts, and resorted at length to violence, reminding one of the oft-repeated proverb, 'Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad.' History has no readings for the comfort of slavery. There is a progress in human affairs, and the tide of that progress is against her. Threatening attitudes and impetuous dashes do not appear to come with salvation; and the promise—of glory for freedom, and doom for her—now is that, as a turbulent and rebellious power, she will be completely overthrown; a sudden and deserved judgment, the legitimate consequence of her own violence and desperation.

This struggle between a progressive and triumphant civilization, on the one hand, and a crude, unprogressive, and waning one on the other—if civilization it can be called—is another of the issues of this war. It is but the ultimate, the closing catastrophe of the 'irrepressible conflict.'

Involved in this feature of the war, there is much beside the naked issue of freedom and slavery.

Slavery has no respect for the affections, as is evinced by the mercilessness with which she sunders every family tie. The refining culture of growth in civilization demands respect for the domestic loves, even of an inferior race.

Where chattel slavery exists, labor is not held in honor, and just in proportion to the depth to which one class sinks by industrial oppression, does the other sink through enervating indolence and exhausting indulgence. Where there is chattel slavery, there cannot be free speech: the utterance of truth may indeed be incendiary, and the rickety, combustible institution standing out of its time, must needs protect itself. There must not be free education or free inquiry. It would never do to teach the slaves; and it is likewise the interest of this form of society to retain the lower strata of the nominally free population in ignorance equally dense and impenetrable. A cringing servility must be generated and maintained on the one side, and a haughty and exacting superciliousness on the other.

All these may be regarded as constituting minor issues, which are dependent for their vitality on that which is greater; and when the fate of the issue between chattel slavery and its antagonist shall have been determined, there will be no further trouble with the collaterals. When the main trunk is torn up by the root, the branches will all die.

But while the issue between slavery and freedom thus comprehends within itself a class of issues which are subordinate, may there not be a still greater issue which dwarfs that of slavery and freedom into a secondary, and comprehends within itself this and other issues of equal magnitude and importance?

Our Government has never given out that its object in the prosecution of the war is the extinction of slavery. It claims to have adopted emancipation only as a war measure; the great purpose of the war being avowedly the recovery of Governmental possessions and the restoration of the Union. Many moralists, failing, as we believe, to see the real significance of the idea of political unity, have looked upon the proposed object of the Government as

a low and unworthy one; but have, nevertheless, rejoiced that the hand of Providence is in the work, and overruling it to bring out of these meaner aims a great and noble result.

It may be well to recollect in this connection that it is not always when great moral ends are the real aim and purpose of a movement that the greatest good has been accomplished. The greatest moral results have often followed when the movement proposed no moral end whatever; while efforts having a direct moral aim have resulted in signal failure, and sometimes in disaster even to the very end proposed. Well-meant efforts to save the heathen in a spiritual way have sometimes resulted in their physical destruction, through the stealthy obtrusion of the pests of civilization.

It is by no means as yet a settled question that emancipation will enhance the happiness of our negro population, or that it may not be the beginning of a series of disasters to the race which will eventuate in its extinction on this continent. The settlement of the slave question may be the beginning of the negro question; and the end of one difficulty the beginning of another.

It may be that sympathy for the negro is seeking to put in train a series of changes which would terribly revulse those same sympathies, if the end could be seen from the beginning. Yet these sympathies, even if mistaken in their direct object, may be working to a great and desirable end, which they do not as yet recognize. The Crusaders aimed at what they considered a good, but, failing in that, accomplished a real good of which they had no conception. They did not make themselves permanent masters of the Holy Land, but through their intercourse with each other and with the more cultivated people of the East, they nourished the germs of a forthcoming civilization in the West.

In the natural history of the world

we discover that certain tribes of sentient beings prey upon certain other tribes; and this seems, on a cursory view, to be very shocking to the finer sensibilities of our nature; yet it is an arrangement which results in a larger amount of sentient enjoyment than could otherwise obtain among these lower denizens of our inexplicable world. The most vigorous—that which embodies within itself the greatest and the most various elements of vitality and power—the most vigorous, I say, prevails; and if the negro race of our continent should begin to wane and finally go as the ‘poor Indian’ has done—a fate which I do not here predict for him—the field thus vacated will not be lost, but occupied at once, and in time to its fullest extent, by a race of greater capabilities for culture, progress, and enjoyment. The physical world has attained to its present advanced geological condition through much of violence and pain; the same is true in a moral sense of mankind at large; and there may be still quite a great deal of this same career to run.

Sympathy of itself is blind, and may ‘kill with kindness.’ It has often done so. But it is a noble emotion: let it play its role, since, in the working out of destiny, ‘the will may be taken for the deed,’ and a good accomplished which was not intended or foreseen.

Governments may not be greatly at fault for not proposing ‘high moral aims.’ We need only recall the names of Watt, Fulton, Stevenson, Morse, and others of that class, to perceive that great moral changes are brought about when no moral purpose is intended. It is not affirmed that these benefactors of mankind never thought of the moral consequences which their purely physical labors would produce, but only that the moral consequences were not the incentive to the mechanical achievement. The genius of invention had to work out its legitimate results through the innate force of its own peculiar constitution. The impetus was that of

essential genius, not of moral calculation.

The same thing is true of the cultivation of science for its own sake. The stargazer with his telescope, the chemist with crucible and retort, the physiologist with his chemical and optical aids, the purely scientific thinker—all who prosecute science for the love of it—have wrought out results which are breaking as light of the clear morning sun upon the history of nations, thus enabling us to avail ourselves of the past in order to comprehend the status of the present and the possibilities of the future.

Great social and political results have thus been attained without consciously intending them, or seeing how they were to be brought about. Our Government, without professing great moral purposes, may yet accomplish more in that direction, and this, too, by the relentless and bloody hand of war, than has ever been the result of purely moral design by the most approved moral means, on the part of any combination of mankind. It may be a crisis in history, and the ushering in of a new era.

Our Government proposes to recover lost possessions, and restore the integrity of the Union. Wherefore? Ours is the most beneficent Government upon the earth, blessing the most human beings, and it should be sustained. The whole nation has contributed to the acquisition of Southern territory, and it is not meet that the Northern people should surrender their interest in the same. The Mississippi River belongs as naturally to the great West as to the South, and it should be under the control of the same sovereign power, to be used for the good of one great people. There is no natural division line between the North and South, and it would be fatal to the future peace and prosperity of this continent to attempt to make one.

These are some of the reasons ordinarily given for the prosecution of this war—for our great effort to reestablish

the Union. They are practical, readily comprehended, and to urge them is well—enough, really, for present practical purposes; but may there not be in the idea of political unity a meaning—a philosophical significance, if you please, which these practical and obvious considerations do not reveal?

It is the confirmed conviction of the Northern people, with certain unnatural exceptions, that it is our true policy to maintain the integrity of the Union at any cost, however great; the people of the South evidently take a different view of it; the political thinkers of Europe appear to be divided in their sympathies between the North and South.

An article appears in a British quarterly to prove that it is the fate of great empires to fall to pieces; and that China, Turkey, Russia, and the United States show signs of approaching dissolution. It is observed that French writers of authority in the Government have issued pamphlets to prove that the peace and stability of nations require the dismemberment of the United States. The 'fire eaters' of the South are not the only people who would like to see the United States in fragments. We have such even in the North; and in Europe, especially near the thrones, 'their name is legion.'

The thinking world has not yet settled into the conviction that a great continental policy, preserving internal peace, and enduring for an indefinite period into the far-off future, is a possible thing. The fate of nations and empires, as revealed in history, is apparently against such an idea. Many empires have already appeared, risen to power, fallen into decay, and become dismembered, having run their course and disappeared. May it not be so with our own great confederacy of States? The authority against a great, practical, enduring political unity is respectable. May we not be fighting for an illusion? What guarantee have we in history, science, and common

sense, that our Federal Union will not crumble as the empires of the past have done, and as the political prophets of Europe, casting the horoscope of nations in the shadows of their own political fragmentarism, have predicted for us? Even should the rebels South be chastised, and the Union restored for the present, have we solid reasons for believing in the permanency of our institutions? What is the warrant for our faith that American destiny comprehends the principle of American unity?

People contract habits of thought in a great measure from the nature of the institutions which surround them. Europe could think nothing but feudalism at one time; she had no conception of religion outside the Church of Rome. The Turk thinks by the standard of political absolutism and the Moslem faith. The reflections of every people are cast in the national mould; it is so the world over, and has been so in all times. Europe, or at least a very influential portion thereof, thinks that the 'balance of power' system will yet be inaugurated among the family of nations yet to spring up on this continent. Her people think balance of power, and the *London Times* and like organs of the existing polity write balance of power for our edification, and for the future of America. They cannot conceive that there is any other way to get along for any considerable length of time. In like manner is it concluded—keeping up the old trains of thought—that if nations once fell into fragments when shaken, they will do just so again.

Now, perhaps we have contracted habits of thought from the character of our country and her institutions, and are deceiving ourselves with hopes which have no real foundation. These, we believe, are considerations which have engaged the attention of every reflecting man; and it behooves us, as intelligent Americans and members of a young nation of hitherto unexamined

prosperity and promise, to be able to give a reason for the faith that is in us.

There are changes and crises in the course and destiny of political systems. The conditions of one period of time are different from the conditions of another period. Different conditions necessitate different political systems. Feudalism did not last always; European diplomacy is only three hundred years old. If Europe, out of her peculiar situation, originated the doctrine of balance of power, thus innovating upon the past, may not we, owing to the novelty of our situation, originate a continental system which will endure to the remotest periods of time, or so long as political systems shall have place on the earth?

One empire may fall into fragments to-day; while another may not only not suffer dissolution, but really grow stronger, and appropriate, in a most legitimate manner, parts of the dismembered empire.

We must allow, not only for the difference of conditions with reference to time, but, also, for the different situations at the same time of different political structures. To assume, because nations have been ground to atoms, or have fallen to pieces of their own weight, that therefore Russia and the United States are about to go in the same way, is a species of reasoning which is hardly warranted by scientific methods. It may be that the empire of Great Britain is itself doomed to dissolution at no very distant day; but it does not follow that the United States are, therefore, liable to the same fate, now or ever. So far from this, it is possible, if not highly probable, that as the remote provinces of the British empire shall fall away, the central political system of this continent may very naturally absorb at least one of the fragments, and thereby become stronger as a Government, and more potent for good to the people of an entire world.

There are laws of dissolution and laws of segregation and combination in

the political as in the natural world. Great Britain may fall into fragments because her geographical and political conditions render her amenable to the laws of dissolution; while the United States may go on enlarging their boundaries and becoming more stable and powerful from the fact that their political status and local surroundings render them the legitimate subject of the laws of political growth and geographical enlargement. The British possessions are geographically too remote; they may not be united together by the necessary bonds of political union. The weakness of Great Britain may now be what the weakness of the Spanish empire once was. Her geography is against her. The day is gradually passing away when arbitrary power may hold distant regions in subjection to a central despotism; the day is at hand which demands that the bonds of union shall be natural and just, not arbitrary—bonds which forever assert their own inherent power to unite and grow stronger, not weaker, with the inevitable changes constantly being wrought out by the busy hand of time.

Man's social and political life depends much on the physical conditions by which he is surrounded. We have only to instance a mountain and valley population. The former is isolated and out of the way, and the people simple, uncouth, and uncultivated—contented, it is true, but, nevertheless, enjoying but little of the abundance and variety in which people of culture luxuriate. The valley population have a city, villages, rich lands, trade, and commerce; they are wealthy, cultivated, and realize far more the legitimate fruition of our entire nature.

Even missionaries, whose prejudices may be presumed to have been in favor of purely moral means, tell us that the heathen can only be permanently Christianized through changes in their physical conditions which commerce alone can bring about.

Physical conditions affect the destiny

Disputed
imperial

of nations, and go far to determine the extent and character of political organizations. It makes a great difference whether a country has or has not the means of ready communication and transportation from one section to another. While the great body of Europe was comparatively uncultivated, with only the natural channels of commerce, and these unimproved, there could be little communication between the different sections of country; and Europe had no political or social unity. The people of the entire continent were in a fragmentary and disorganized mass, comparatively isolated, and independent of each other. The jurisdictions of the great barons and of the cities became at length united into kingdoms. The increase of commerce brought these kingdoms into relations with each other, and diplomacy grew out of national necessities. As the countries improved and the facilities and occasions for intercommunication and commerce increased, the principle of political unity must needs comprehend a wider range. At first, it took in only the component parts of kingdoms, and then the kingdoms in the form of great national leagues of more or less permanence. This form of political unity may be very imperfect, but it is nevertheless unity consummated in the best possible manner which the system of separate thrones would permit. Changes in the conditions and relations of peoples render changes in their political forms an absolute necessity. The facilities for education, intercommunication, travel, and commerce, are the great unitizers of peoples and nations.

A great, overgrown empire, which has been built up by arbitrary power, may fall to pieces, because it is not bound together by the ligaments which an ubiquitous commerce affords. Another, because thus interlaced and woven together, cannot be sundered. The dependence of part on part and the facilities of transportation from one section to another, render such an em-

pire a really vital organism, which cannot be divided without destroying the whole; but since nations, as individuals, are tenacious of life, the whole cannot be destroyed, and the empire cannot be divided. There is no place for division, and none can be made. This principle, we believe, applies to our own country.

Lines for the transmission of intelligence, the highways of travel, the channels of intercommunication and commerce—these connect remote sections with each other, and, in connection with the specialization of industry, cause them to become mutually dependent, and thus form a web of unity knitting the many into one. The Mississippi River has been characterized by some one as a great original Unionist. It is so.

The channels and highways of commerce are of two kinds: natural and artificial. The natural are the seas, lakes, rivers; and these only become the means of political union according to the extent of the use which is made of them. The improvement of harbors and of rivers, and the modern revolutions in the art of navigation, have greatly increased their power to make one section necessary to another, and bind people to people. Were not steam applied to locomotion, the great rivers of North America would afford far less of promise for American unity than they now do.

Since whatever facilitates communication and transportation makes one class of people dependent on another, through the mutual exchange of social opportunity and of industrial productions, and binds them more firmly together; hence, also, the political and social values of the artificial channels of commercial intercourse. Wagon roads, canals, railroads, telegraphs, are all so many political unitizers; but the railroad, with its accompaniment, the telegraph, may be regarded as the chief of all.

Let us notice for a moment the polit-

ical value of our rivers, with the improved navigation of the same, and of our railroads, in the suppression of the existing rebellion.

Had there been no navigable rivers and no railroads uniting the North and South, the chances for the local division of our country would be far greater than they are under existing circumstances. The South would have been comparatively isolated from the North, and our armies could not have reached her territory with the facility they now do. Prolonged for years, as the war must have been under such circumstances, the North would have grown weary of prosecuting it; the chances for intervention would have been greater, and the establishment of a Southern nation by no means an impossible thing.

With facilities for penetrating the country, it may be easier to reduce a dozen rebel States than one quarter of the territory if held by uncivilized Indians. We were longer subjugating the Seminole Indians than we are likely to be in putting down the rebellion. The facilities of transportation in the one case, and their absence in the other, make part of the difference. Besides, these same facilities and their accompaniments render Southern society a really vital and sensitive thing, so that a wound in some vital part, as Vicksburg or Chattanooga, is felt to the remotest ends of Secessia. It will not require extermination of all the members; a few more such wounds, and the rebellious creature will have to yield.

The Tennessee River enabled us to drive the enemy out of Western Tennessee and Northern Mississippi and Alabama. By means of the Mississippi River we have cut away a considerable limb of the 'confederacy,' and we believe it can never be restored. Nashville has become a depot of supplies for the army of the Cumberland, because of the Cumberland River and the railroad to the Ohio River.

When we advanced from Murfrees-

boro', on the 24th of June last, the rains fell almost incessantly, and the roads became at length really impassable. We were at Tullahoma and beyond it, on short rations. Had there been no means of transportation other than the army wagon and the common road, it is doubtful whether, under the circumstances, General Rosecrans could have held his advanced position so easily won. When some of the teams could not draw empty wagons back to Murfreesboro', it is not likely that such means of transportation would have been sufficient for the subsistence of our army in and around Tullahoma. But in less than ten days the joyful whistle of the locomotive was heard, and the army was soon abundantly supplied.

Take our present situation. Had there been no railroad from Nashville to the Tennessee River, the campaign of last fall could not have been undertaken with any prospect of success. But allow that it had been undertaken, and the result of the battle of Chickamauga what it was: could our army have terminated its retreat at Chattanooga, and held this important military position? By no means: it would have recrossed the mountains, a broken, discouraged, and almost demoralized host. The trains have run almost constantly from Nashville to Stevenson and Bridgeport, and the army has been on half rations for nearly two months. If wagons could not bring supplies fifty miles, much less one hundred and fifty. And now (November 15th) that the distance for teams has, for some days, been reduced to six or seven miles, we are still very short of supplies.

Let the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad receive due credit for the part it has played in promoting the success of the campaign and 'saving the Army of the Cumberland.' Railroads and all other channels of commerce contribute most efficiently to the success of the great effort of our Government to restore the integrity of the Union: let them receive due credit, and be rightly

remembered when the great conflict is ended.

These facts may serve to suggest the value of the various commercial facilities as means of political unitization. A country without the means of travel and transportation may readily separate into independent fragments whenever any arbitrary institution, as that of slavery, develops antagonism between different geographical sections; and in that case the arbitrary institution would triumph, and civilization would be thrown backward. But in a country which speaks the same language, and is checkered all over by the pathways of commercial and social intercourse—since there is no place for division except by the rupture of innumerable ligaments—the integrity of its oneness will maintain itself; and if necessary to this end, the arbitrary institution, or cause of attempted rupture, whatever it may be, will be swept out of existence.

The vindication of national unity is the great issue; the abasement of slavery a subordinate one.

Here, then, may we perceive some reasons why our labor and sacrifice for the restoration of the Union are not given in vain; that we are not struggling to sustain a structure which will be liable at any time to pass into the history of the 'fall of empires.' We have the encouragement of new conditions—of conditions which give a warrant, wherever they obtain, for the permanence of political unity. Subdue the present rebellion, reinstate the Union, multiply the facilities for social intercourse and the mutual exchange of products, especially railroads, wherever there is sufficient promise of a need; and our country, thus knit together and united, has nothing to fear from the madness of local factions. Permeate the body politic in all its members by the nerves, veins, and arteries of a vital circulation, and it becomes an organized unity which is not susceptible of division into upper or lower,

right or left, except by the destruction of the entire organism.

But admitting that continental unity is to obtain some day, still the question as to whether now is or is not the time for it to assume a more distinct form, brings us by a rational necessity to a brief notice of the influence of European diplomacy and the contingency of foreign intervention.

It is very clear that the 'balance of power' system of Europe, and the continental system which this war is waged on our part to sustain, are very unlike, if not antagonistic systems. The tone, all through the war, of a large portion of the British daily press, and of much of her weightier literature; the intrigues of Napoleon and the outspokening of his minions, together with the measures which have been clandestinely taken by persons of power and influence to advance the interests of secession, show that there are influential classes in Western Europe, allied by interest to her fragmentary political organizations, who would gladly see the United States broken to pieces under the shock of rebellion. Their sympathies have been with the rebellion all through the war; and that they have not interfered more actively than they have, is not to be attributed to their sincere love for justice and neutrality, but to their own weakness—to the complicated nature of their own diplomacy, and its critical status just now, when there is danger of bursting volcanoes in their own midst.

It is a law of history that any political system of some degree of prevalence seeks to extend itself; indeed, this is a law of all movement, whether physical, chemical, social, or political. There is a political leaven which permeates the whole mass, and brings it into the same condition. It resulted once in the general prevalence of feudalism; it afterward touched the cities of civilizing Europe, and they became independent, and leagued together for a common purpose. It operated again, and gov-

ernments of organized and more orderly character came into existence all over what was once feudal Europe. The prevailing system, or that which is animated by the strongest and most active principle, necessitates whatever is unlike it to become of the same character with itself, even though it might seem like the surrender of the better for the worse. This is very aptly shown by the fact that under feudalism allodial titles were voluntarily surrendered for feudal ones. This system subordinated even the church.

The question is legitimate: Have we nothing to fear from the leaven of political fragmentarism in Europe? Is there not vitality enough in the little-monarchy and balance-of-power system of Middle and Western Europe to extend its influence into this country, contributing effectually to the overthrow of American unity; and, by the operation of this political 'induction,' making the political system of America like the political system of Europe? Or, has the time come for the more permanent inauguration of the policy of continental unity—a system of very different genius from that which prevails in the former centres of civilization? We believe that there are the most rational grounds for encouragement.

Political fragmentarism is comparatively a primitive condition. Europe has been growing out of it for hundreds of years. The grasp of political unity has gradually taken hold of the nations, and brought them organization and order out of isolation and anarchy. Even European diplomacy is an expression of the unitizing tendency, since it seeks to bind the nations together in leagues, making them as completely a unit as may be consistent with the pride and interests of separate and distinct sovereignties. Unitization is therefore in the line of political development; it has gained strength with the march of civilization and the growth of intelligence and freedom among the people. Our struggle, therefore, would

seem to be a spontaneous uprising of the people for the security of a cardinal principle—a great torrent of human movement, surging forward with the stream of political development. History is, in its deepest heart, upon the side of unity, and ours is a sure faith that victory will crown our efforts.

We are led further to hope that the time has come for unity, by the fact that the European system has not as yet felt itself strong enough to meddle in any direct manner in our affairs to the detriment of our cause.

The fact that the political system of Europe is at present so completely busied with its own complications, together with the fact that our own country is so intersected by the natural and artificial channels of commerce and general intercourse, and by the interrelation and overlapping of interests, that there is no definite line for a fracture to be found, while, at the same time, our armies can readily penetrate into the enemy's country, and advance their base of supplies by means of the great thoroughfares of trade; these are sources of encouragement, and give us good reason to believe that the time has indeed come for the ushering in of a new political era by the successful vindication of American unity.

We repeat, this is the great issue of the war. Slavery has only sprung upon us; and if slavery stands in the way of national unity and political harmony, unity and harmony can only be secured by subordinating the power of slavery.

As to the importance and full significance of the principle of political unity, it is not proposed to enter into a detailed discussion here; the theme is too vast. A few suggestions must suffice in this connection.

One of the consequences of the want of political unity is national dissensions and frequent wars, by which the resources of nations are drained, property destroyed, countries devastated, the arm of industry weakened, com-

merce crippled, and progress in the means of civilization generally retarded. Political unity would do away with national quarrels, so disastrous to human well-being; while the emulation of states and sections will furnish all the incentive that is necessary to urge a people on to honorable achievements.

It does not promise well for the pacific character of unity, that we have a great civil war; but wherefore? An antiquated and misplaced institution—a relic of a more primitive and barbarous form of society—has led to the development of antagonism between two local divisions of our country. The war grew out of this antagonism: destroy the cause of sectional misunderstanding, and this cause of war will never more give us trouble.

But a difficulty is suggested: Our people will never become alike, never a homogeneous people; the differences of country and climate will forever prevent this. Very good; we don't want sameness throughout the society of a great empire. This is a distinctly marked feature of primitive society. The more unlike as to industrial pursuits, the more variety in the tastes and wants of the people of different sections, the more dependent may these different sections become upon each other; and with facilities for intercourse, the more intimately do they become related. Unity develops itself through the specialization of parts and functions. This specializing process, as in the gradual formation of the vital organs in fetal development, is the very creation of unlikeness; and unity is the mutual dependence and necessary coöperation of these dissimilar organs. The more diversity the more complete the unity. It is antagonism—a very different thing—that does the mischief. It is not desirable that a people should be homogeneous; that would be a falling back into barbarous conditions. Unity demands that the people shall be heterogeneous and diversified, with heterogeneous and diversified occupations,

tastes, and habits; and then, with proper facilities for mental intercommunication, travel, and transportation, they become a coöperative and coalescent people. It is coalescence we want, and not homogeneity.

If such be the conditions of unity, then surely it is not to be feared, because New England manufactures, the Middle States mine, the Western States farm, and the Southern States plant, that, therefore, they must needs be under separate and distinct governments. This very dissimilarity of soil, climate, occupation, and production enables the sections to contribute to each other's welfare, and is a condition of their unity. The heart, liver, lungs, stomach, brain, and nerves cannot dispense with each other in the vital economy; it is the very dependence of one special part upon another through the channels of circulation, that renders the superior animal organism so completely a unit. It cannot be repeated too often that it is not sameness of function, but heterogeneity of function, that unity requires. Hence, through the specialization of industries—one kind of manufactures here, and another there; mining in one locality, and farming in another; the growing of a certain product in one section, and the growing of a different product in a different section—all these, together with the increasing facilities for correspondence and transportation, are preparing society for larger, more complete, and inevitable unity.

There need be no fear of confirmed hostility of feeling between the North and South when the war is over, should it end in the reëstablishment of the Union. Southern journalists say:

'If the North is successful in its mad scheme of conquest, we shall look upon ourselves as a subjugated people, and there never can be cordial union between the people of the two sections.'

Nonsense. With the coming of peace, there will also come a very different spirit over the dream of the entire

South. The great mass of her people have been cruelly duped, and not less cruelly coerced; and once the war is over, these people will become undeceived, and at once relieved from the gyves of a remorseless conscription. There will be a violent reaction in Southern sentiment, and a storm of indignation will be hurled against the instigators of rebellion for all the torture and agony and ruin they have brought to the millions of a once happy nation. The war for the Union will yet find an altar in every Southern home; it will become as truly appreciated there as here; the Southern people will one day glory as greatly in its magnificent results. There will be no longer a few thousand aristocrats, calling themselves 'the South,' and teaching hatred to freedom and progress. This class will be shorn of power and influence, as one of the consequences of the war; and being no longer competent for good or mischief, they may, indeed, nurse their gloom, and torture their lives to the bitter end with the wail, 'We are a subjugated people.' But it will be the wail of selfishness for the sceptre which has departed forever from their hands. There is nothing to fear from these. Very soon after the Government shall have vindicated its competence and extended its jurisdiction over the rebel States, will the most influential and active of their people range themselves on the side of the 'powers that be'—such is the charm of power, the magic of interest, the welcome of peace. All the antagonism generated and cherished by slavery will have totally disappeared; and the South will soon be on the side of all freedom. There will be cordial coöperation under free labor and free trade, between her people and our people; and though diversified as to occupations, habits, and tastes, they will constitute essentially one great political brotherhood.

When slavery, the cause of the present unhappy strife, is extinguished, our

country has little to fear, except, perhaps, from the Rocky Mountains, which interpose so formidable a barrier between the Atlantic and Pacific States of our great Federal Union. This mountain barrier and the great distance by water may one day afford an occasion for the encouragement of ambitious men to repeat the experiment of secession. The antidote to this possible evil is the reduction of the most formidable features of the barrier, and the shortening of the forbidding interval. Span the mountains and intervening valleys with railroads and lines of telegraph, and every wire and rail assumes the dignity of a social and political power in the bonds of an indissoluble unity.

If there be so little to create apprehension for the future, may we not rationally hope that the diminution of war, if not its ultimate extinction, is one of the promises of political unity?

Great, strong, noble men—those who are great and noble in all the elements of their nature—such are never pugilists, and never fight: it is those of distorted and defective development—those who have not completeness and integrality within themselves, that are turbulent and break the peace.

Another value of comprehensive unity is that only in great coöperative combinations of mankind can the *individual man* find the fullest expression for all the faculties of his nature. There is no unity proper—no organization—in savage society; and life there is very simple, with little variety of expression and little enjoyment. As man becomes cultivated his wants increase, and he becomes a more social being. His happiness becomes more and more dependent on others; hence arise societies and organizations of various kinds. The more cultivated any people and the more diversified their wants, the more various do their relations become, and the more extensive their combinations. This is given merely as a fact of history. The truly philosophic eye, we believe, cannot be long in discern-

ing that these larger combinations and more comprehensive unities are only a necessary outgrowth of an improving civilization, and indispensable to the fullest measure of happiness; since in them only can the life of a cultured people find the means of its best expression. The growth of unity, as revealed in history, is not an arbitrary thing incident to a chance concurrence of causes, but naturally growing out of the needs of a steady progress in the education and freedom of the people.

To say that it is through great social and political institutions that the individual finds the most ample means for the culture and satisfaction of the faculties and wants of his nature, is but another way of saying that it is through such institutions that he finds the widest range for individual liberty. A very little observation of history will show that as political unity has enlarged and political organization become more distinctly marked, the radii of individual freedom have at the same time swept a wider field.

Despotism curtails enterprise, and prevents the specialization of parts and functions as the genuine condition of

unity. The free play of intelligence and interest is necessary to develop the diversity upon which unity depends. Let the bare statement suffice. It must come to every careful observer and clear thinker with the authority of a self-evident proposition. Unity and individual freedom are necessary to each other; they act and react, and one implies the other. They go hand in hand; and national unity cannot be violated and broken, without, at the same time, necessitating despotism, and curtailing the individual in the exercise of his legitimate rights. Unity and liberty are mutually dependent and forever inseparable. Hence the inestimable value of unity, the leading issue of the war.

The issues of the war might be symbolized by the picture of a great river; the smaller branches forming still larger ones, and these putting into the main stream—unity—itsself, as it descends, widening into the great ocean of the future.

These issues might, also, be exhibited in a kind of formula. The following is no doubt very imperfect, but it may be somewhat suggestive. The first includes the second, the second the third:

I. Political unity *vs.* secession:

- A progressive civilization *vs.* a stagnant one;
- A republican form of government *vs.* an aristocratic one;
- II. Personal freedom *vs.* chattel slavery;
- General peace *vs.* diplomatic intrigue and war;
- An enlarged individual freedom *vs.* espionage, censure, and restriction:

- Common schools and general intelligence *vs.* partial culture and general ignorance;
- Free inquiry *vs.* conventional stultification;
- Free speech and a free press *vs.* the surveillance of a mercenary police;
- The political equality of classes *vs.* the inequality of ruling, servile, and disfranchised classes;
- Respect for the affections *vs.* disregard for ties of home and family;
- Wages labor *vs.* compulsory labor;
- III. The dignity of labor *vs.* the opprobrium and servility of labor;
- A healthy industrial activity *vs.* indolence and crushing toil;
- The continual specialization of industry *vs.* industrial sameness.
- Incentives to invention and improvement *vs.* mechanical inactivity;
- A constantly renewed soil *vs.* an exhausted one;
- A great navy and flourishing commerce *vs.* general commercial apathy;
- Great industrial prosperity *vs.* industrial stagnation;
- Greater variety and versatility in life *vs.* a narrow and bigoted uniformity.

As I close the preparation of this article for the press (November 26th), it becomes positively known that General Bragg is in full retreat. This is a great victory, and splendidly won. There has been no 'straggling to the rear,' no faltering, no serious reverse; the entire three days' conflict, from first to last, has gone right on. A noble victory, and worthy of a noble cause! Soldiers from every great section of the Union—from every State almost—have stood by the side of each other in the perilous conflict. Many have fallen a sacrifice

to their country's great cause, unity. Let homage and gratitude from the deep-stirred heart of the nation be theirs; may they long be remembered; and may those who survive, long live to enjoy the fruits of their victory!

The South could ill afford to lose such a battle, here and now. Not long can she hold out in her unnatural struggle against destiny. The tide of a progressive civilization will roll over her, though for a time it must needs be crimsoned with the blood of martyrdom.

ÆNONE:

A TALE OF SLAVE LIFE IN ROME.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN, in the second year of Titus Vespasian, the Roman general Sergius Vanno returned from his armed expedition in the East, and asked for public honors, there were some in the senate who made objection. It was not fitting, they argued, that formal tokens of national commendation should be too readily bestowed. It had not been so in the time of their fathers. Long years of noble, self-sacrificing zeal and arduous service, crowned with conquests of supreme importance, had then been the only acknowledged title to the prize. It was scarcely proper that the same distinctions which had hitherto been awarded for the acquisition of the most valuable provinces should be granted for the annexation of a mere strip of worthless territory upon the extreme borders of the empire—wild, rugged, and inhospitable, and inhabited by nomadic tribes, who could only be brought under a nominal authority, and who would never prove otherwise than turbulent and unprofitable subjects. Nor was it a matter to be mentioned with

especial laudation that Sergius Vanno had succeeded in repressing, with overwhelming force, a revolt in a few of the Ægean islands. If exploits such as these were to be so liberally recompensed, what honors could there be left to bestow upon deeds of acknowledged brilliancy and importance?

So, with cautious discrimination, spoke some of the senators; and so, in the secrecy of their hearts, most of them thought. But against all this were brought to bear, not only the influence which Sergius naturally commanded as a patrician of the highest rank, but also the far more powerful pressure of popular clamor. Sergius was a favorite with the people. His noble birth and lineage entitled him to their respect. He was of a rare type of manly beauty—was wealthy, and used his gold with liberality—gave abundant largesses to the poorer classes—was lavish in his expenditure upon the arts—did not disdain, at times, to descend from his natural station and associate with his inferiors, thereby pleasing the fancy of the masses for social equality—

patronized poets and actors, who, in return, sang or spouted his praise, and thus still further added to his fame—and was noted for a bold, frank, outspoken demeanor, which tended to conciliate all classes with him. These were virtues not always to be found combined in one person. Moreover, he was impulsively brave; and, though still young, was gifted with more than ordinary military genius, and had carried on his campaign with that rashly daring energy which, when rewarded with success, never fails to commend its possessor to popular adulation. In addition to all this, other considerations of a less personal character exerted their influence. Many months had elapsed since Rome had enjoyed any great civic festivity, and the people had begun to long for a new stimulant. The completion of the colossal Flavian amphitheatre had been delayed beyond public expectation; and though its speedy inauguration had been announced, there was serious doubt whether the lower and more turbulent orders of the populace, so long restrained, would possess themselves with sufficient patience to await the occasion with proper calmness. In fact, some outlet must be given to their excited appetite for novelty; and therefore, after much solemn consideration, the senate yielded to the public clamor, and voted an ovation.

As a token of national appreciation, therefore, the honor thus bestowed upon Sergius Vanno was not one of the first order; nor were such pageants a novelty to the Roman people. Several times before, within the memory of that generation, victorious generals had entered the city with myrtle wreaths upon their brows, and had exhibited to applauding throngs the gathered wealth of conquered provinces. Nor had many years elapsed since the present emperor—then prince—crowned with the richer and more lavish glories of a triumph, had ridden through the *Via Sacra*, greeted with welcoming accla-

mations as the destroyer of the Jewish capital—displaying before him the spoils of the sacred temple, and bringing in his train such thousands upon thousands of captives, that it had seemed as though all Palestine was being emptied into Rome. Compared with such exploits, those of Sergius were of trifling importance. But it now entered little into the minds of the people to make these comparisons. Whatever had been done in past time by other commanders, was not worth considering at present. Whoever might have been renowned before, Sergius Vanno was the hero of to-day. To him should be all the honor which tens of thousands of ringing voices and applauding hands could lavish. And therefore, once more, as in the days of the past, the balconies of the palaces and villas lining the broad *Sacra Via* were gorgeous with rich gold and purple tapestries—the Forum glowed bright and resplendent with statues and decorated arches—altars smoked with sacrifice in front of columned temples—and the walls and slopes of the Palatine Hill were joyous with triumphal tokens, while, upon the summit, the house of the Cæsars glittered with banners and brave devices, and such costly adornments as were best fitted to grace the festivity and do honor to the exploits of a much-esteemed subject.

We know the scene. At first—in the full blaze of the noonday sun—standing silent and nearly deserted, except by a few workmen and artisans, who here and there lingered to complete the festive preparations, or by scattered parties of the prætorian guard, who, in holiday armor, moved slowly to and fro, to watch that order was maintained. Later—when the shadows deepened, and the air grew cooler—the avenues and prominent positions along the established route of the ovation beginning to fill with that great concourse of varied nationalities and conditions which only the imperial city could display. In the open streets

a disorderly rabble of slaves and bondmen—pouring in steady streams from their kennels behind the palaces and from the unhealthy purlieus of such quarters as had been spared from the architectural encroachments of the wealthy, and allowed to fester in their own neglected corruption. Gathered together in close fraternity, the Briton, the Goth, the African, and the Jew—each bearing his badge of life-long servitude, some even wearing marks of recent chastisement, but almost all awaiting the approaching spectacle with pleased and animated countenances, and in seeming forgetfulness that so many of their own number had graced former displays, and, by their degradation, had afforded amusement to other equally unsympathetic concourses. Among them, the lesser Romans—citizens in name, indeed, but, from their poverty and the overbearing exactions of the patricians, almost as much in slavery as those around them—disdainfully asserting their free birth, and in turn condemned by the slaves themselves, as men to whom liberty was but another title for slow starvation, and who would not dare to resent the vilest insults heaped upon them by noble-owned and protected menials—and now equally with the common herd obliged to submit to the strong argument of sword and lance, as, every little while, the soldiers along the line drove the whole writhing crowd, without distinction, into smaller and more confined compass. Here and there, knights and soldiers of high rank—riding up on horseback, and pushing through the struggling mass of slaves to the front, or more leisurely, but to equal purpose, waiting until their own menials had gone before, and, with mingled threats and blows, had cleared out a vacant space for them. Other crowds, standing in favorable positions upon housetops and upon hastily constructed stagings; and more especially upon the great amphitheatre, whose arches were blackened with clusters of

spectators, and whose summit, in place of the last few layers of stone, so soon to be adjusted, had its deep human fringe. Upon palace balconies, patricians and noble ladies, displaying a dazzling array of gold and purple and rare jewelry, and attended by Ethiopian slaves, who, in glittering armlets, stood behind, holding feathered canopies to shield their mistresses from the sun. All this confusing concourse of wealth and poverty each moment increasing in breadth and density, as every avenue emptied new swarms into the packed arena, until it seemed as though not only all Rome, but half the empire had gathered there.

Later yet, the music of flutes and hautboys—which, for a time, had been only indistinctly heard—breaking upon the ear with a clearer sound, and the van of the procession suddenly emerging into full view from behind the Circus Maximus, and, accompanied by the ringing shout of thousands spreading abroad new and louder welcomes, beginning to file past with rapid steps. First in order, the magistrates in full official robes; the spoils of war; the white sheep dressed for the sacrifice, and the priests bearing the holy vessels of the altar; gay trappings, flaunting standards, and all that could most readily inspire the heart with elation and enthusiasm. After these, and guarded on either side by detached parties of troops, the captives, of barbaric and Grecian origin mostly, but here and there interspersed with men of other races—Jews, Syrians, and Huns—who, through contiguity of place or love of arms or self-interest, or a kindred hatred of the Roman rule, had been drawn into the battle—and who, having bravely stood their ground, striving for success, and with hearts well prepared for the consequences of failure, had been overtaken by the usual defeat, and dragged into utter and hopeless slavery. Among them, men of the Ethiopian race, also—who, having been slaves in Greece, had fought, not for principle or

for freedom, but simply at their owners' bidding, and had thereby, upon being overcome, merely changed one class of masters for another—owners and slaves now knowing no difference in position, but standing involved in the same common fate. Some appearing defiant, others downcast and sullen, a few excited and curious, most of them walking with unfettered limbs, but here and there one heavily chained, betokening a fierce and unsubdued nature, upon which it was still necessary to put restraint. All marching or being dragged along at an equal pace; sometimes with an approximation to military exactness—at other points breaking into a confused mass, as women and children clung despairingly together and prevented the maintenance of any regular order. Around them, the spectators closely pressing, with morbid curiosity, discussing with loud approval the value of whatever of strength or beauty met their eyes, and occasionally greeting some undersized and misshapen victim with jeers of derision. And closing up the straggling line, more soldiers, marching in well-formed ranks, poising aloft myrtle-decked lances, and, while interchanging salutations with the eddying crowd, singing in measured cadence their songs of victory.

And at last, as the sun sank yet lower toward the horizon, a yet brighter brilliancy investing the scene, as far down the line new shouts arose, and the struggling throng caught up the loud acclaim and carried it onward like a great wave, betokening the speedy approach of the most distinguished feature of the procession—the conqueror himself—hailed Imperator by his troops—with his most noble friends clustered about him, the myrtle wreath encircling his brow, and his earnest gaze fixed upon the Capitol, the honorable termination of his route.

In every respect, indeed—except in the display of those few distinctive formalities required to mark, as with a

legal stamp, the actual and comparative value of the honor—the same old familiar story, so often hitherto rehearsed upon that line of *Sacra Via* and of Forum: incense burning upon the altars, which had blazed for other heroes; garlands hanging from the arches which had graced past festivities; and surging crowds, heedful only of the present glory, and, with the customary popular fickleness, ready to forget it all as soon as the fleeting pageant should be over, now with indiscriminating zeal cheering the march of *Sergius Vanno* as frantically as in other days they had greeted the triumphal cars of *Cæsar* and of *Vespasian*.

CHAPTER II.

Gradually the sun approached and dipped below the blue line of extended plain which lay between the city and the sea; the long shadows of afternoon began to blend into the one deeper shade of evening; the groups of distant buildings became more and more indistinct; the arches of the Colosseum softly faded away, leaving but a broad mass of unbroken wall; upon the *Palatine Hill* the great house of the *Cæsars* shone less and less gloriously as the sky darkened behind the pile of decorated roofs; here and there a light gleamed from some distant quarter; here and there stars began to glisten in the sky.

Then the concourse of people, who had waited so long and patiently, began to break apart. The pageant was not yet entirely over, for fresh battalions of soldiers still marched past at rapid pace, tuning their steady tramp to the cadence of their songs of triumph. But the great feature of the occasion—the conqueror himself—had ridden by; and what yet remained was but a faint recapitulation of the glories which had gone before. Therefore the patricians retired from their balconies, the horsemen abandoned their stations and plunged down the many streets which led out from the Forum, and the crowd of slaves and menial citizens,

already rendered so indistinct in the fading light as to resemble one writhing, struggling monster rather than separate beings, began to stretch out its long arms into the narrow lanes and byways, and so gradually to melt away.

Withdrawing from the front balcony of the Vanno palace, where, shielded from the sun, she had sat and watched the procession pass by, *Ænone*, the young and fair wife of the conqueror, now sought rest and retirement in an inner apartment. Thither one of her women had preceded her, and had drawn forward a cushioned lounge, had beaten up the silken pillows, had placed a table near at hand, with a light repast spread upon it, had trimmed and filled with fresh olive oil the large bronze lamp which swung from the ceiling, and now stood by awaiting further orders.

Throwing herself upon the lounge, *Ænone* covered her face with her hands. What unbidden thought was it that came creeping into her heart to trouble her? Why was it that something of the bright joyousness of spirit with which she looked forward to that day had vanished? Surely nothing had occurred which of itself could bring to her either sorrow or repining. All things had happened as she had anticipated. She had seen her honored lord pass by with the myrtle wreath upon his brow, his most worthy officers at his side, and his bravest guards around him. She had seen that he was strong and without wound, as he had departed from her. She had heard the shouts of applause which had welcomed his approach as though he were a god; and, with her heart generously and unselfishly alive only to his honor, and unable to realize that all this frantic joy and adulation were not the passion of the nation's life, but were merely one single, careless throb of its fevered pulse, she had rejoiced with him, believing that he had indeed done what had made him the greatest of all living men. And, better than all, amid this

scene of triumph, he had not seemed unmindful of her, for he had looked up and waved to her a salute, which the responsive crowd had joined in and carried along with redoubled acclamations, and he had sent to her his most trusty slave with a loving message. What, then, could she ask more?

Nothing that she could name, or that if she named, to others, would have seemed a reasonable desire. And yet at her heart there was a certain dim, indistinct foreboding of evil, which she could not entirely repress. Was it that, in his glance, as he rode by and beheld her awaiting him, there was less of longing love than of gratified pride? Or did that flush upon his bronzed face indicate too surely his enjoyment of this pageant for its own sake rather than for the pleasure which he might have supposed that she would derive from it? Was it from forgetfulness of her that, after he had ridden past, he did not again look back to wave one more recognition, but rather seemed to gaze eagerly forward to where the assembled senators stood ready to greet him? Or, on the contrary, were all these merely vague and empty imaginings arising from the exhaustion and wearisomeness of long, impatient waiting?

At length, raising her head, she saw her attendant bondwoman standing at the distance of a few paces, with her hands crossed upon her breast. The steady tramp of marching troops outside had ceased, for the last battalion had passed; and now the only sound was the silver bubbling and plashing of a little fountain that adorned the courtyard upon which the window of the apartment looked out.

'The pageant is over now,' said *Ænone*, 'and he will soon be here. Let me know as soon as my lord returns.'

The woman bowed her head in silence; and then, feeling that nothing more was wanted of her, slowly turned to depart. As she did so, a new comer entered the room—a male slave of Gallic

birth, who, by reason of his lofty stature as well as wonderful strength, had been promoted from the lowest order of servitude to become Sergius Vanno's armor bearer and chief attendant. In that capacity he had fought through the late campaign, and had now returned, bearing among his fellows his own share of honor for successful and daring exploits. He had been released from personal attendance only a few moments before, and was now carrying back his master's sword and buckler, to hang them up in their accustomed place, and himself subside into well-earned idleness. Being the first time, for many months, that he had seen his mistress, he muttered some rough ejaculations expressive of servile devotion, and then stood in lazy attitude awaiting her permission to speak further.

'Your master, Drumo?'

'Will not return to-night,' the man responded. 'The emperor demands his presence.'

'And that will detain him—'

'He knows not how long. But immediately after that there is to be a brave feast at the house of the poet Emilius, and it will doubtless be morning before they separate.'

'He bade you tell me this?'

The giant nodded.

'It is well. That is all; you can go. You may both go, for I would be alone.'

The armor bearer turned upon his heel and strode away, the sword and buckler, together with his own rougher trappings, rattling at his back as he passed down the hall; and behind him slowly crept away the bondwoman. And *Ænone*, once more leaning back upon the lounge, gave herself up to sombre reflection.

It was of course no more than proper, she mused, that her lord should obey the behests of the emperor and wait upon him. Perhaps new honors would then be showered down; and, at the least, it was no light privilege to stand in the presence of the ruler of the world, and there give personal narra-

tion of his exploits. But when that interview was over, what need to join the revels of another household, instead of hurrying back to place his newly won garlands at her feet?

She pondered upon the dubious reputation which attached to the house of the poet Emilius, and recalled the terrible stories which, from time to time, she had heard regarding it. What might be the realities of the scenes there enacted, none could truly tell, except the few most intimate frequenters of the place; but report gave no flattering description of them. Even among the Roman ladies with whom she was associated, and whose information was confined to such stray bits of gossip as they had picked up from slaves and menials, and who, standing in unconscious awe of her simple purity of heart, often forebore to speak with her as freely and unguardedly as with each other, she had occasionally heard such startling tales of the wild dissipation there enacted, as surpassed conception, and left her horrified senses no calm refuge except in unbelief. The gorgeous feasts, the night-long libations, the social intimacy with dancing girls and gladiators, the mockery of all that was pure and holy, the derisive insults to the gods themselves—these were practices which the public voice connected with the house of Emilius, not as occasional outbreaks of wild frivolity, but as the fixed habits of his daily life. And if these things were true, what claim of pride or policy could such a place advance to distract her lord from the allegiance due to his own home alone?

But possibly these things might not be true. She reflected that the poet was wealthy; and as long as the world continues to be envious, riches will seldom fail to bring false report upon their possessor. He was a man of genius, also; and all such can scarcely fail to find rivals who will turn satirists and attack them in their homes and daily life. Certainly, it is not difficult for slander to magnify the genial gath-

erings of kindred spirits into scenes of wild debauchery. And it was also true, that if mere outside appearance is of any value as an index of what is hidden, the slight figure, the pale and almost girlish face, and the winning and courteous demeanor of the poet were far from indicating a man of low and debasing inclinations. Moreover, his writings as surely spoke the contrary; and as she thus reasoned, *Ænone* lifted from its case a vellum roll with which *Emilius* himself had presented her, containing many of his poems, exquisitely engrossed. These poems treated not upon the pleasures of wine and love—those fruitful and ever-varying subjects of the Horatian school. Instead of this, they pursued, in deep-sounding and majestically rolling dactyls, the less favorite and trodden track of Socrates and Plato, and discoursed upon temperance and honor—upon the satisfaction derived from a well-spent life, and the delights attending a peaceful death—upon the immateriality of the soul, and the reward bestowed by the gods upon those who have honored them by leading a virtuous career. As *Ænone* slowly turned over leaf after leaf of the parchment roll, she felt her heart perplexed within her. She could scarcely believe that none of those tales of reckless dissipation were true, for she remembered that some of them had reached her ear attended by evidence so circumstantial that it was impossible to reject them; but, if true, how account for these grand maxims of lofty morality? What object could their author have in thus uselessly playing the hypocrite, when amatory and bacchanalian choruses would not only have been more consonant with his own feelings, but doubtless more acceptable to the world? She had not yet learned what it often takes the wisest man a lifetime to discover—that every inconsistency of conduct is not hypocrisy, but that it is one of the most common idiosyncrasies of the mind to write and believe one

thing, and as self-approvingly to feel and act the reverse.

With a sigh she closed the volume, and restored it to its place within the case. Why ponder upon such things as these? The real character of the poet *Emilius* was, after all, a matter of but little consequence to her. Whether the meeting at his house was a wild, reckless orgy, or a mere intellectual gathering of literary genius, it was none the less certain that her lord was tarrying there, away from her side. But perhaps, indeed, even this was a duty which he owed to his fame and station; and her face brightened up with new hope as the suggestion flashed upon her. It might be that at this feast there would be present some poet of lofty epic powers, or historian of wondrous descriptive talent, ranking as the brightest star of Roman literature; and either of these, if properly conciliated, would doubtless celebrate her lord's exploits so grandly that in future ages his campaign would shine with far greater lustre than if simply committed to parchment in the dry detail of unadorned fact, and so fled away in the national archives. It was most fitting, therefore, that he should not permit his impatient love for her to allow him to neglect the opportunity of cultivating, by a wise and condescending courtesy, the world-renowned talents of these men, and thereby redoubling the resplendence of his own bright fame.

Easily satisfying her mind with this pleasing reasoning, she retired for the night into the innermost apartment—a retreat adorned with every luxury which could gratify pride and administer to a cultivated taste. The floor was covered with tessellated marbles of different shades and arranged in ingenious and novel patterns. The ceiling was resplendent with allegorical frescoes by the most celebrated masters of the day. There were glowing paintings upon the walls, rich tapestries in the windows, embroidered hangings upon the bed. Beside the tables stood

bronze figures holding forth lamps ready trimmed and lighted; fresh flowers had been placed in their allotted vases, and weighed down the air with perfume; and in a deep recess stood the bath ready filled, and scented with carefully plucked rose leaves floating upon the water. But all this display of magnificent luxury and elaborate taste, if regarded by her at all, now seemed to affect her with weariness rather than with pleasure.

Why, as she lay down upon her couch, and prepared to yield herself up to pleasant slumber, did her thoughts wander back to the time when poverty instead of luxury had been her lot? Why did those olden memories of the past so strongly haunt her? They were, perhaps, never entirely absent from her heart; but now they thronged about her with a force that would not bear repression. Perhaps it was that the very magnificence and pomp of power of which she was now the centre, recalled the memory of the distant past, by virtue of strong contrast alone; perhaps that the unsatisfied longing and vague foreboding of her soul necessarily impressed upon her the consciousness that wealth and honor alone cannot give perfect happiness, and thereby naturally led her thoughts back to the time when she had found true content in poverty and loneliness. However that might be, now, as she closed her eyes and shut out the view of the costly adornments around her, more vividly than ever before were pictured before her mind the scenes of her childhood: her father's cottage on the outskirts of Ostia—the olive grove upon the slope behind—the roadside well, where the villagers would sometimes gather about some invalided soldier from the German army, and listen to his tales of the last campaign—and in front, the bay, sparkling in the bright glare of the sun and laden with the corn-freighted ships of Alexandria.

And there, too, was the old wave-worn rock—the scene of her life's only

romance—where, stealing out from her father's cabin at the evening hour, and seating herself so close to the water-line that the spray of the tideless sea would dash up and bathe her naked feet, she would wait in all innocence for the coming of the young sailor from Samoa. How rapidly those hours used to pass! How pleadingly, on the last evening, he had knelt beside her, with his arm resting upon her knee, and there, gazing up into her face, had asked her for one long tress of hair! How foolish she had been to give it to him; and how earnestly he had vowed that he would come back some day, no longer poor and forlorn, but in his own two-masted vessel, with full banks of oars, manned by the slaves whom he would capture, and would then bear her away unto his own home! And how, like a silly girl, she had believed him, as though wandering sailor boys ever did come back to seek the loving hearts which had trusted them! And so the year had passed away, and, as she might well have known from the first, he had not returned. Nor was it to her regret; for but a little afterward the youthful patrician, already flushed with budding honors, had chanced to meet her; had loved her with a generous passion, lifting him above all sordid calculation about wealth or social differences, and had taught her in turn to bestow upon him an affection more true and absorbing than she had yet believed her heart was able to contain. And so her first romantic dream had ended, as all such childish dreams are apt to end. Let it go. Her heart had found its true bourne; she could well look back upon the past without regret, and smile at the youthful fancies connected with it.

One prayer to the gods—a further special invocation to her favorite goddess, who, at the foot of the couch, stretched forth marble arms lovingly toward her—and then the silver tinkling of the little courtyard fountain lulled her softly to sleep.

CARL FRIEDRICH NEUMANN, THE GERMAN HISTORIAN OF OUR COUNTRY.

THE first volume of a history of the United States by Carl Friedrich Neumann, of Berlin,* has just been announced as the first history of our country ever written originally in the German language. The appearance of such a work at this juncture in our national existence, is a noteworthy event, and the man who takes so unique an interest in our affairs should be introduced to our people. Having known him personally and intimately for many years, I shall attempt such sketch, making much of it anecdotal, for which purpose material is not wanting.

Dr. Neumann, born near Bamberg, in the kingdom of Bavaria, of Jewish parents, is now about sixty-five years of age, was educated at Heidelberg, passed over to the Protestant church at Munich, afterward attended lectures at Göttingen, and soon after became rector of the gymnasium at Speyer, but was dismissed from this place on account of the freedom with which he expressed himself on some religious topics in his historical teachings. He gave private lessons for a time in Munich, and then went to learn in a Benedictine monastery in Venice the Armenian language. This was in 1827. In 1829 he studied the Chinese language in Paris, went over to London, and sailed thence to visit India and China. He collected for himself about ten thousand volumes of Chinese works, embracing every department of the literature of this language, and bought for the Royal Library at Berlin two thousand four hundred volumes. Such collections had been till then unknown in Europe, and hence this was quite an event. Returning in 1831 from India, he made a present of all his Chinese

books to the Royal Library at Munich, and was appointed conservator of this collection, and professor of Chinese and Armenian in the university of that capital.

Of Dr. Neumann's attainments in Oriental literature I know only what fame says, nor does it concern us much in this sketch. I once, however, sat with him in a retiring room of the Munich Museum (a great reading room), when Baron Tautphoeus, whose accomplished wife is so well known in this country as authoress of the 'Initials' and 'Quita,' entered, and asked if we had seen the notice of Dr. Neumann in the last number of the *London Times*. The doctor had read it; I had not, but immediately did so. It made him the equal of the greatest orientalists of the past and present ages, comparing him particularly with Klaproth. The *Times*, it is true, had a motive for this notice, as always, both in its praises and its lampoons. It had found views of Dr. Neumann on British India which it desired to commend, but even in our view this would not cancel the eulogy. His authorship in connection with Chinese and Armenian philosophy and history is very considerable, and outside of this field he won, in 1847, a prize offered by the French Institute for the best work on the 'Historical Development of the Peoples of Southern Russia.'

What was to be done in the university in Chinese and Armenian, he of course did; but his lectures took a much wider range, embracing general history and ethnography. His powers of elocution were of a high order, and crowds of students were drawn to his lecture room. That freedom of utterance which cost him the rectorship at Speyer, was like Dr. Watts's or Pope's

* Dr. Neumann has removed from Munich to Berlin within a year past.

instinct for making rhymes—it was his nature, and could not be whipped out of him; and it was equally natural that it should assume the form of wit and humor.

There are not a few anecdotes in the popular mouth illustrating this trait. He seems to have had no great liking to that race of men called kings, and it is said that he once alluded to them, in a lecture, in the not very respectful remark that ‘they were numbered, like the hacks in our streets.’ The reader’s apprehension of the point of another anecdote, in which Dr. Neumann appears in an attitude not very respectful to his own sovereign, Louis II of Bavaria, will depend upon his knowing something of the situation and history of the university buildings in Munich. The king, among the many things he did for the architectural adorning of the city, built a street to be called by his name. It is all outside of the old wall, and its outer end is closed by a triumphal arch. Next to this, and outside of the city as it *then* was, the king purchased ground, perhaps because it was cheap, and built the present university edifice. As much farther out of the then city proper lies the miserable little town of Schwabing. Professors and students disliked to be taken so far from their lodgings and their beerhouses, and the old university had been quite within the city. When the removal took place, Dr. Neumann sketched the history of the institution in a lecture, referring to its original establishment at Ingolstadt, its removal thence to Landschut, and thence to Munich, and then added, that ‘*his Majesty King Louis II had now been pleased to remove it to Schwabing.*’ We can imagine the sensation which such a sally would produce among students already stirred up for its appreciation, by having to walk from a half mile to a mile from those depots of beer barrels from which so many of them sucked their sluggish life and inspiration. But such jokes were not

treason, or contempt of majesty, or anything else against law.

It should be added in this connection, for Dr. Neumann’s benefit, that these stories, and many of the kind, are floating around, and are just like him, but I have never had any confirmation of them from him, and in all our intercourse, which was frequent and intimate for six years, while he spoke much and freely in favor of democratical and against monarchical institutions, I never found him indulging in coarse and clamorous denunciations of his king or Government.

When the great revolutionary movement of 1848 broke upon the land, the sovereigns of Germany saw and accepted their condition. The popular mind was so penetrated by this unrest, and the revolutionary leaders were so substantial in character, that resistance was folly, and the monarchs yielded, waiting the time when some change would enable them to divide the revolutionists and turn them against each other. They allowed and even encouraged the formation at Frankfort of a provisional Parliament, called the Fore-Parliament, which looked toward a permanent central Government at that place for united Germany. Of this body Dr. Neumann was a member. It was a fine field for the display of his free and liberal instincts, and we cannot conceive of his passing through its debates without making large drafts upon his exhaustless fund of humor and sarcasm. It would be strange, indeed, if he could witness the dawn of that freedom which he loved without showing signs of exultation, accompanied with occasional taunts at the regime which was passing away and seemed already beyond recovery.

But, although a regular Parliament followed—although a quasi emperor was elected in the person of the Archduke John of Austria, and his way, as he proceeded to Frankfort, was a perfect triumphal procession—although he selected his ministers, set them to work,

and Parliament was progressing with its constitution, and this continued for almost a year, still, that which the shrewd ministers of some of the sovereigns had doubtless foreseen and waited for, came. Radicals outran their wiser and more rational brethren, and took up arms. They would demolish at once those sovereignties which would have died by the slow action of time, had the central Government been fully established and wisely administered. But this new Government rather deliberated than acted. That which more than all else arouses the German mind—the Schleswig-Holstein question, identified as it is with the great question of the unity of the Teutonic race—was not taken up by the Government at Frankfort, but by that at Berlin. In the mean time the several Governments of Bavaria, Prussia, and Austria had gained the mastery over their own domestic revolutions, so that they could act more freely. Austria called home its archduke and its members in the Frankfort Parliament, and finally the whole movement subsided into the old order of things.

The various Governments were now in a position in which they could punish those disturbers of their peace who had endangered their very existence. Of these Dr. Neumann was one, and in 1852 he was notified that his lectures were no longer needed in the university of Munich. It was doubtless thought that he would make some slight formal concessions, and be permitted to continue his active duties, as others had done. But he felt too independent. He had means to live upon. His retiring pension could not be withheld. He could now, moreover, give his individual powers to authorship, without feeling hampered by the thought that he had a Government to please. He has persevered in this course, notwithstanding the express wish of the philosophical faculty for his return to active duty in the university.

He had been occupied with a history

of the British empire in India. To this he gave increased attention, and published it some years ago; but the Indian rebellion breaking out soon after its publication, he was led to sketch its history as an appendix. His investigations in the East brought him in contact with the peculiar history of the Japanese empire, and he threw off by the way a brief history of Japan, devoting a chapter to the results of the American expedition thither.

It was while prosecuting his inquiries into the history of Eastern Asia, that he met with such evidences of the commercial enterprise of the United States, and obtained such views of the future of our country, as to conceive the thought of writing its history for the German people, commencing with the war of 1812, the point at which he considered our wonderful growth and expansion to have begun; and long before finishing his history of British India, he was collecting material for this work. He found, however, that he could not begin at the point he had chosen without striking upon roots and rudely severing them, which had struck deeply into the soil of all the earlier periods of our existence. His plan was therefore enlarged.

The breaking out of the rebellion was a sad blow to him—it could not have been more so to an American. It was likely not only to spoil *our* country, but *his* history of it. It either cut off or dimmed or confused that prospect of growth and expansion which had been stretched out interminably before him. He read the daily London *Times*—he had for years taken the New York *Herald*, and his reliance upon this sheet had been rather too implicit. Years before the breaking out of the rebellion, I had suggested this, and introduced to him the New York *Times* and *Evening Post*, one of which he has taken ever since, not, however, without occasional intervals of sighing for his old companion the *Herald*, much as his ancestors, after having left Egypt, sighed

for its leaks and onions. Although he coupled the *Herald* and *London Times*—*par nobile fratrum*—as joint sharers of a favorite epithet of his—*great liars*—he still liked to read them.

Dr. Neumann had been a Democrat in his politics—for he was familiar with our distinctions in this country—but since the outbreak of the rebellion he has scarcely known where to place himself. He had made the personal acquaintance of Buchanan, when that 'old public functionary' was our Minister in London, and felt, as was quite natural, a little vain of this acquaintance when Buchanan became the head of the Government of that unseen land of his most enthusiastic admiration. The man, however, was less than the country, and he could drop him; but he still desired to see him succeeded by a Democrat. We often had little spats, in which I took the ground that such had been the extravagant demands of the South, made through the platforms of that party, that with the strongest predilections for some of its men and its earlier antecedents, I should have felt bound to vote for both Fremont and Lincoln, if I had been in the country. He would generally end the matter by a pleasant and jocular dissent, calling himself a Democrat and me a Republican. But *after the rebellion*, his friends never knew what he was, except that he was for the Union and the putting down of the rebels. No American could have felt in deeper sympathy with our cause. In that land, where a thousand volunteers could not be raised to save a throne, how did his heart swell with just pride when the President called for seventy-five thousand, and afterward in succession for hundreds of thousands, and they came forth at the call! How depressed at instances of want of skill or decision in Government or generals! He nearly lost his patience with young men who were quietly pursuing their studies in Europe, when their country was in peril and its armies needed them; and

he quite lost it when he met Americans who sympathized with the rebellion, or even seemed indifferent to their country's fortunes.

There was an American lady in Munich, soon after the rebellion broke out, whose husband had died some years before, while holding a position in the army which entitled her to a pension, for which she had drawn while there. She had heard of Professor Neumann's love for our country and country people, but had no idea of the strictness of his discrimination between the parties—thought that he might feel much like the thousands of Germans who quietly ask us which side we are on—she may, too, have inferred something from his having a brother in Savannah, Georgia. She soon found her mistake; for he informed her, in terms of no doubtful import, that his sympathy did not embrace those of her class; and thus the result of the pleasant visit she had promised herself was little short of being turned out doors.

About the 10th of December, 1861, we had at our house a little company of about thirty persons, and Dr. Neumann, with his wife and two daughters, was among them. An American gentleman, who had been known to his family and ours, had left for Russia two years before, and returned that very day, was one of the company, and we had not yet learned his views of secession. The first thing with Dr. Neumann and his daughters was to know how he stood on this question. They found him a rebel, and in giving him their minds in relation to this matter, one of the daughters expressed to him her wonder that I should allow him to enter my house as they would not allow him in theirs. The stir made in the company by this little brush at arms arrested the attention of all, and gave the Americans their first information as to where our quondam friend stood, as well as set them an example of zeal and enthusiasm in their own cause.

I must close this notice with an incident which lies quite outside of Dr. Neumann's relations to America and Americans. On his retirement from his university labors, he withdrew mainly from the exciting scenes of public life. But in November, 1859, occurred the centennial anniversary of Schiller's birth. Of all the men connected with German popular literature, Schiller is most in the hearts of the people of Germany. The spirit of liberty shown in his 'William Tell'—his exile from his native Wirtemberg for the free expressions used in the first play he ever wrote—his high order of genius as a poet and historian—the subjects he chose, and the way he treated them, and, finally, his social and domestic character, have all combined to endear him to the whole people. This festival was everywhere observed, and with the highest enthusiasm; for although Governments were afraid of its effects, they were still more afraid to refuse permission to hold it. It lasted for several days, on one of which was a great public dinner, with several hundred in attendance, of which Dr. Neumann consented to be one. Champagne flowed freely, and although I did not taste this beverage, and know by experience little of its effects, it was easy to perceive that the animation could not all be accounted for by love to the memory even of Schiller. Poems were read, and speeches were made describing his character as poet, historian, or otherwise, according to the fancy of each speaker. I remember one from Bodenstedt, than whom few stand higher in the walks of polite literature, and one from Sybel, than whom no one in Germany ranks higher as a historian. Dr. Neumann, who, like an old parade horse long withdrawn from the excitements of a parade, felt amid these scenes the spirit of former days stirred within him, rose to speak. We shall be prepared to appreciate the effect when we get an idea of the preternatural sensitiveness of those who composed the

audience. A well-known poet, who may perhaps be called the poet-laureate of Bavaria, had read a poem on the occasion. It contained nothing to which any one could object, as we might infer from his position with the king, and yet I heard the poet himself say a few days afterward that the editors of a certain well-known journal, in publishing it, left out the stanzas containing the word *Freiheit* (liberty), so fearful were they of not pitching their tune to a key that would suit royal and Government ears. A similar sensitiveness pervaded the whole body present—nearly all drew their bread and beer from the Government, and did not wish it stopped or diminished. This class had gotten up the meeting, and hoped to control it. When they saw Dr. Neumann rise, they felt that *there* was a man *naturally* fearless, and *now* quite beyond that special sense of danger which made them cautious. Recollection passed over his seven years' silence, and called up the power with which he had harangued in other years. Nor was it so much what he said as the man who said it, which produced the effect, and yet there was much in the speech. He said that Schiller had been eulogized as a social and domestic man, poet, and historian; but nothing had been said of him as a *politician*, and he should speak of him in this character. The *rising* of such a man was an electric shock, suggestive of that which in 1848 made all Europe tremble from centre to circumference. The word *politician* was a *second* shock, drawing with it suggestively all the concomitants of that revolution, as yet so well remembered by all. And when he proceeded to compare Schiller with Goethe—the *former* frankly addressing himself to his friend in correspondence on the great questions of their politics, and trying to draw him out, the *latter*, then a minister of state, cautiously and warily declining to expose his views—he but carried out the impression made in his rising and his announcement. It

was the only properly stump speech—I use the phrase in the high sense in which it might be used of O'Connell or Clay—I ever heard in Germany.

Such is the man who has undertaken to write our country's history for the Germans. Of his *work* I have said nothing, for I have not seen it; I write this

impromptu on seeing the newspaper announcement of the first volume. He will doubtless do much to set us right in the eyes of his own people, where, however, there is less need of this than in *another* land, whose people are more nearly related to us, where such service, however, is less likely to be done.

THE GREAT AMERICAN CRISIS.

PART THREE.

IN the last preceding article on this subject in *THE CONTINENTAL*, we concluded by considering the consequences of an early victory of the North over the entire South, *followed by the restoration of the old Union upon precisely the old basis*. We showed that, in such an event, the war would have been barren of results even to the extent of removing its own cause, or preventing its almost immediate and more desperate renewal; that the question at issue is a question of paramount governing power between two adverse theories of social existence; between two distinct and conflicting civilizations; between two antagonistic and irreconcilable political and moral forces; and that it must be fought out to the complete subordination of the less advanced or more barbarous and backward-tending of those forces—unless the wheels of progress on this continent are to be reversed, and the watchword of despotism be substituted for that of freedom: not only that it must be fought out on the battle field, but that the fruits of the victory must not be blindly or foolishly surrendered after the obvious and external victory is won.

We may say here, however, for the purpose of reserving the still more radi-

cal consideration of the nature of this conflict for some future day, that, adverse as these theories of social existence are—distinct and conflicting as are these two civilizations—antagonistic and irreconcilable as these contending political and moral forces now seem, and for present practical purposes must be taken to be—they are not *essentially* irreconcilable. Slavery, bad as it is, represents a truth in the larger Compound Truth of an Integral Social Philosophy. A deeper understanding of the whole problem of human society, possessed by the leading personages, North and South, would have saved the necessity of this war—would at this day even, adjust it peaceably, harmoniously, and perfectly, and would render unnecessary the whole view of the subject which we are now taking. The world, however, is not yet quite prepared for the peaceable intervention of scientific and truly philosophic methods in the settlement of its disputes; and the knowledge of the existence, even, of such methods, is as yet too little diffused to make them in any sense available for the purposes of the hour. The point of view from which these papers are being written, is, indeed, as stated in the last preceding number, higher than that of the ordinary politician, the

constitutional lawyer, or even that of common statesmanship and patriotic devotion. It is a point of view from which the interests of all mankind are taken into the account, and hence pertains, in a sense, to the domain of practical philosophy, or the universal aspect of politics; the politics of the globe and of all humanity, in all time. But it offers still a presentation of the subject toned down to the actual state of readiness in the world to hear reason, and to be influenced or governed by the suggestions contained in the writing. It is therefore an adaptation to an imperfect order of things, a mixed or concrete phase of political practical philosophy, which is the most that can now be aspired to. The point of view in question is therefore far lower than that of a final social philosophy having its basis in a perfect scientific theory, and working out from that basis into practical life. Perhaps, as will be again suggested in the course of this article, the events of this war may conduce to a readiness on this continent, or may create an earnest demand even, for higher solutions and the thorough treatment, by some competent mind, of all our Political and Societary problems. The day, however, for such a radical diagnosis and treatment of the disease of human society has not yet arrived.

In the mean time we must content ourselves with partial remedies, alleviations, best temporary resorts, and even desperate expedients.* It is from this stand-point that the writer of these articles now speaks; that, feeling deeply in his heart and recognizing clearly in his head the common brotherhood and the equal essential manhood of the inhabitants of the Southern and Northern States—sympathetically and socially drawn, even, to the Southern side, by many endearing associations and recollections; that, clearly appreciating the fratricidal nature of this war—its essential non-necessity, if men were wise enough to avail themselves of better,

known and feasible, methods—he still deliberately and forcibly insists, under the circumstances which are, that the North should not only fight out the war to the last word of determinate conquest, but that it should, with wise but merciless rigor, extinguish the cause of the war, and hold with unflinching hand every advantage it gains, until new institutions and new methods of thought shall have been securely planted on every inch of the soil of the South.

Since, even, the last previous part of this series of papers was sent to the press, new and alarming indications have appeared in various quarters, of the drift in the public mind—North—in favor of an easy-going and conceding policy toward the South as the war draws to a close; a policy which would be nearly certain to lose to ourselves and to the world all the benefits of the war; to deprive the South, even, of those higher and ulterior benefits which would come to her also; to leave untouched the causes of the war, and to foster its early renewal with more than its former desperation.

Not to mention the reiterated and urgent renewals of the subject of reconstruction in quarters where we are accustomed to look for a partial loyalty or a covert opposition to the war, articles like the following, from the *New York Times*, of November 19th, frequently appear in the undoubtedly loyal press:

‘RECONSTRUCTION.—Since we have been in the trouble of conquering the rebels in the State of Arkansas—since, after many great victories, we have now complete military possession of the State, and have armies posted on its eastern, western, and northern lines, and at its capital in the centre—we think it would be worth while in the Government to take steps to reorganize the civil administration there, and inaugurate a system of policy such as was adopted in Missouri two years ago, and which has proved so successful in pacifying that State. The loyal element in Arkansas is large, as is made

evident by the action of the people wherever our forces have penetrated, and by the enlistment of a good number of its citizens in the armies of the Union. One of the Senators from Arkansas, Senator Sebastian, whose term of office is as yet unexpired, is, and always has been, we believe, a sound loyal man; and Mr. Gaunt, who was elected to Congress just before the outbreak of the rebellion, has recently given proof of his repentance and devotion to the Union in the remarkable address which we published last week. We do not see why the process of reconstruction might not be at once commenced in Arkansas, and why, before the close of next session, the State might not have a full congressional delegation in Washington.'

Not a word is here said of the important question of Slavery. The proposition is pure and simple to readmit the rebellious State of Arkansas to the Union, upon precisely the same footing as that upon which we retained the allegiance of Missouri—to treat, in other words, loyal and rebellious States in the same way.

In a subsequent article of the same able journal, one of the organs of the Republican party, this easy-going policy, the *laissez-faire* of statesmanship, is expanded at large, and explicitly adopted and recommended. The appearance of such an article in such a quarter is such a remarkable index of the existence in the public mind of the delusions we are exposing, that we transfer it bodily to our columns, for the sake of commenting upon its positions. Calhoun's famous expression, 'masterly inactivity,' is significantly adopted as a caption:

'CIVIL POLICY TOWARD SLAVERY.—There is a class of men who stick to the idea that something positive must be done by the Federal Government to end slavery. Even the issue of the Emancipation Proclamation, a military measure for military ends solely, does not satisfy them. They want civil power exercised, and would gladly have even a breaking down of State lines and a reconstruction of the Government itself, as the only effectual

means of destroying the institution of their special abhorrence.

'Now we, too, claim a good hearty hatred of slavery. We are as anxious as any to see it under the sod, beyond resurrection. But we don't believe in making any superfluous sacrifice to get it there. Seeing that it is dying, we are quite content to let it die quietly, without any attempt to pull the house down about its ears and our own ears. This seems to us to be a very absurd sort of impatience—prompted by giddy passion rather than sober reason.

'But how do we know slavery is dying? We know it from the unanimous testimony of all personal observers of its condition. There is not a man within the Union lines South, however friendly he may be to the institution, who pretends that there is any chance whatever of its being saved, *if present causes continue*. Two things are killing it.

The first is the wear and tear of the war. Military operations always tend to disjoint and break up, within their scope, all the relations of society. They inevitably remit, to a greater or less extent, the social man to a state of nature. Inter arma leges silent. This is felt in every social connection, even the closest and strongest; for they all are, more or less, dependent on civil law. But it must be felt particularly in that connection, which of all others is the most forced and arbitrary—the connection between master and slave. Liberty is a natural instinct. The caged bird is not surer to fly through the parted wires than the slave, in his ordinary condition, from the broken chain—and the chain must be broken when the civil law, which alone gives it strength, passes away. There are men who complain of the anti-slavery war policy of the President. A policy that was anything else would not be a war policy at all. The war upon the rebellious slaveholding people of necessity involves an interruption of their laws; and unless the advancing army should make good this absence of civil rule by applying its own military power to keeping watch and ward over the slaves, and thus abandon its proper military business, the result is inevitable that the institution must melt away as the war goes on. Abraham Lincoln might be as much attached to slavery as Jefferson Davis himself, and yet no human sagacity would enable him to fight Jefferson Davis honestly and effec-

tually without mortal injury to slavery. It is the war which kills slavery, and not the man who leads the war.

'The other destroying agency is open discussion. Slavery can live only in silence. There is a deadly antagonism between itself and free speech. Where the one exists the other cannot. The vitality of the one rests in pure force, and force and reason never agree. It always has been, and always will be, that force must either suppress reason or reason will subvert force. One of the first acts of the slavery propagandists in Kansas was to pass enactments through their spurious Legislature, making it a felony, punishable by imprisonment and hard labor, for any man to 'assert or maintain by speaking or writing that persons have not the right to hold slaves in this Territory.' It has been so in every Slave State, and worse. *Not only have slave codes interdicted, in every one of them, all adverse discussion of the institution, but a mob power has always been at hand to take summary vengeance upon it with Lynch law. These resorts were not a mere caprice; they were a necessity.* Slavery being once accepted as the prime object, there was no alternative but to protect it just in this manner. *But the war has ended all that. There can be no mobs where the bayonet governs; nor arbitrary local laws where general military law is paramount. The discussion of slavery is as free now in New Orleans as in New York.* It is no more within the province of the military Governor, Shepley, to interfere with fair discussion there, than it is within the rightful power of the civil Governor, Seymour, to interfere with it here. *And in the Border States, where the civil laws still prevail, hostility to the rebellion has excited such a dissatisfaction with slavery as its cause, that by general consent perfect freedom is allowed in arguing against the institution.* The consequence of this freedom has been that Missouri has already determined to abolish it; Maryland and Delaware have put declared emancipationists in places of their highest trusts by unprecedented majorities; and Kentucky is visibly casting about to see how she can best rid herself of the curse.

'We say, then, that even if the National Government had the right to institute new civil measures against slavery, it would not be necessary. The unavoidable military operations of the war, and the free

discussion which is sure to attend it, are enough of themselves to break down the institution. The Government has simply to stand quiet, and let these agencies work.'

The italics are our own, inserted for the sake of more easy reference. Not only is it unnecessary, according to this writer, to take any active and positive steps against Slavery at the South, but so soon as the rebel States wish to return within the Union, with all their old privileges and with Slavery surviving, they should be permitted to do so, and should be received with open arms. The Proclamation of Emancipation itself is thus quietly wiped out, and a policy sketched which, in the event of mere military defeat on their part, would, in the next place, be the most acceptable of all possible policies;—not to the loyal black men who are now struggling, fighting, and dying alongside of us, in the ranks; not to the small and feeble but growing anti-slavery party, which, in the presence of, and under the protection of our armies of the North, is just springing up and consolidating itself in the South;—but to Jefferson Davis himself, and to all the devoted and fanatical adherents of the slaveholding system in the South, and their 'Copperhead' friends in the North. The *Times* article concludes as follows:

'But we go farther, and say, that any other interference would not only be superfluous, but positively mischievous. To insure that slavery, when it dies, shall never rise again, you have got to depend largely upon the disposition of the Southern people. That disposition should not be needlessly embittered. It can't help becoming so if, as some propose, their States are reduced to the condition of mere territorial dependencies. Americans can never be satisfied to be underlings. Whatever the fortunes of war legitimately bring, they are sensible enough to submit to; but it is not in their spirit to consent to any permanent degradation. Undertake to deprive them permanently of their civil rights, and you simply make them your permanent

enemies. *Territorializes them because you hate slavery, and the inevitable effect will be that you will only make them love slavery the more, and hate you the more. This could not always continue. State rights, sooner or later, would have to be restored. We don't believe that three years would elapse after the close of the war before the keeping those States in a territorial condition would be abandoned as an insufferable anomaly in our system of government. State rights once restored, the people, maddened by the thrall that had been put upon them, would be very likely to vindicate these rights by rehabilitating slavery. Every incentive of high pride and every impulse of low spite would combine to urge this; and the National Government would have no legitimate way of preventing it.*

'It will never do to try to give slavery its lasting quietus by mere arbitrary force. To secure this we have got to rely in no small measure upon reason. We must never forget that just as Force is the natural ally of Slavery, just so Reason is the natural ally of Freedom. When the South has been overcome in fair fight, we must give its reason a fair chance to assert itself. Military authority over each reclaimed State should last until the majority of the people have made up their mind to resume, in good faith, their old relations to the Government, and have had a fair opportunity to canvass how that resumption shall best be inaugurated. Of course the machinery of the State Government cannot be given over to traitors; but whenever there is sound reason to believe that a fair loyal majority of the State want it, let them have it—and that, too, without imposing any conditions concerning slavery. If this just and rational policy is faithfully carried out, and no arbitrary issues are foisted in to impose a sense of subordination, we have not a doubt that every Slave State will follow the emancipating policy which the Border States, of their own accord, have already entered upon with such decision. Even if loyal duty don't prompt it, interest will. For slavery, after having been crippled as it has been by the war, even if it could live, would only be an encumbrance. But it can't live. It is already half dead. Let the loyal men of the South finish it and bury it in their own way.'

Compare, now, in the fair spirit of criticism, the beginning and the end

of this unstatesman-like editorial. Slavery, we are emphatically told, is dying; first, because the presence of the war in its immediate vicinity is killing it; and, secondly, because free discussion, excited by the war and the presence of Northern influence incidental to the war, is killing it—therefore let us hasten to withdraw the military power, and the causes of free discussion, where, for a century, it has been annihilated until now, and has only now begun to exist, and leave in full activity all the causes of reaction and the reëstablishment of the old STATUS. 'There is not the slightest chance, whatever,' says the writer, 'of slavery being saved, IF PRESENT CAUSES CONTINUE.' Therefore hasten to discontinue present causes, by all means, and surrender the field to the operation of the old causes. 'The chain' of the slave 'must be broken when the civil law, which alone gives it strength, passes away.' Therefore hasten to restore the civil law to its old and tyrannical potency over the destiny of the slave. 'The institution must melt away as the war goes on.' Therefore, hasten not merely to finish the active stage of the war, but to surrender the power which victory will place in your hands to continue the same emancipating influences; and to surrender it into the hands of men avowedly hostile to your policy, and who have been conquered fighting for their franchise to enslave.

'Not only,' continues our editor, 'have slave codes interdicted, in every one of the Slave States, all adverse discussion of the institution, but a mob power has always been at hand to take summary vengeance upon it with Lynch law. These resorts were not a mere caprice; they were a necessity.' Hasten, therefore, to reëstablish these engines of terrorism and the institution which inevitably demands their existence. Ignore and set aside the Proclamation of Emancipation; betray the auxiliary black man; throttle and destroy the incipient party of freedom in its birth; turn the Young South, just rising into existence as the

friend of liberty and progress, over, stripped and unprotected, into the hands of the Old South, with its thongs, its thumbscrews, and its Lynch law; throw aside, the moment it is acquired, the power to civilize and regenerate the South—not because the war and the free discussion which accompany the war have killed slavery, but because they are killing it, and will be sure to kill it unless they are speedily withdrawn.

'But the war,' we are told, 'has ended all that. *There can be no mobs where the bayonet governs; nor arbitrary local laws where general military law is paramount. The discussion of slavery is as free now in New Orleans as it is in New York.*' True: therefore, hasten to restore the reign of mobs, or you will hurt the feelings of the men who make the mobs. Withdraw speedily 'the general military law,' and its 'paramount' control, expressly in order that the operation of 'the arbitrary local laws' may be resumed. Urge up the measures which will put an end to the state of affairs in which 'the discussion of slavery is as free in New Orleans as it is in New York.'

'And in the Border States, where the civil laws still prevail, hostility to the rebellion has excited such a dissatisfaction with slavery as its cause, that, by general consent, perfect freedom is allowed in arguing against the institution.' This is true while a United States force is in the vicinity to overawe traitors—while the friends of freedom feel confident that they have the strength of a nation at their back to aid them in resisting the local tyranny; hasten, therefore, to remove these supports, and leave them to struggle single handed and hopelessly against an inveterate and hoary despotism, which knows no law higher than its own will; and which has always been competent to crush out every rising aspiration toward freedom; until the accidental advantages of the war encouraged that timid utterance of true American sentiment in those quarters which is just now beginning feebly to

make itself heard and felt. Hasten, therefore, to withdraw that support at the instant of time when the local friends of freedom have just been induced to declare themselves, and so to become the unshielded victims of slaveholding vindictiveness the instant the provisional security of the new party derived from abroad ceases to exist. What would 'the dissatisfaction with slavery' from 'hostility to the rebellion' have amounted to in Maryland, as a power, against the haughty and overbearing authority of the slaveholding Despotism, at the commencement of the war, without the intervention of General Butler; or that of Missouri, without that of General Fremont? What would that same dissatisfaction with Slavery amount to at this very day even, in those States, against the reflex wave of pro-slavery influence and power, if all influence from the armies and authority of the United States were completely withdrawn? Or, granting even that in those two Border States, the most advanced of all, the most under ordinary influences from the Free States, there is already inaugurated an Anti-slavery Movement which would retain energy enough to carry on the struggle without foreign aid—which even is extremely doubtful; the case would stand wholly otherwise in Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, or Arkansas, where no well-constituted Party of Freedom has as yet achieved any successes, and where the slaveholding interest and desperation are ten times stronger than they are in the Border States.

'We say, then,' says the *Times* writer, 'that even if the National Government had the right to institute new civil measures against slavery, it would not be necessary. The unavoidable military operations of the war, and the free discussion which is sure to attend it, are enough of themselves to break down the institution. The Government has simply to stand quiet and let those influences work.'

All this, urged for the purposes for which it is here urged, is simply crying,

Peace! peace! when there is no peace. If these influences, the presence of the war power and free discussion, be to continue, very good. Then, indeed, is there a chance, amounting almost to a certainty, that Slavery will have to succumb, and all of these considerations, urged as a reason why the war power should be retained for an adequate period over the Slave States, even after their nominal submission, and free discussion encouraged and protected by that power—which we understand to be the policy recommended by General Butler—are consequent, logical, and patriotic; but put forth as reasons why we should hasten to surrender the influence over the destiny of man which has been so providentially, and yet with such immense sacrifice, placed in our hands, they are practically hostile to the vital purposes of the war, however honest and simple minded may be the individuals who recommend them.

Again: *'Territorializes them because you hate slavery, and the inevitable result will be that you will only make them love slavery the more,'* etc.

It is not our purpose to insist on the technical process of *territorializing* the conquered rebel States. What we do insist on is that the military authority, which the nation has so laboriously asserted and acquired over them, shall not be withdrawn until the natural and necessary and appropriate consequences of the war shall have been attained; and that among these is the inauguration of Freedom instead of the reinstitution of that hideous anomaly of the nations, American Slavery. We insist that the rising, but as yet the feeble and timid Freedom Party of the South, including the blacks and a growing number of the poor whites, so fast as they become rightly informed, with a small number of enlightened, generous, and noble-minded men of the planter class, who sympathize with freedom, and are truly loyal in sympathy and soul to American principles and the American Government, be regarded and

treated as the new and loyal South; and not a trumped-up party, which may arise any day, of as bitter traitors as ever lived, but who, seeing the hopelessness of their cause, which is, at bottom, Slavery, and nothing else, under the present issue of war, shall give in a hollow and pretended profession of loyalty, in order to secure, by other means, the same end. Does this truly loyal party at the South anywhere as yet wish the withdrawal of the protection of the General Government, and desire to be turned over to the tender mercies of their false and subtle enemy—which are unheard-of cruelties? Let the representation of the thousand loyal men from Middle Tennessee, recently made to the President of the United States, answer. On the contrary, there is nothing which those men so greatly dread—nothing which so checks their more rapid development as a party—as the fear that they may be so abandoned before their work is sufficiently advanced to secure its completion.

The three years which the *Times* writer concedes to the existence of an anomaly in our Government, may be amply enough to accomplish all that is required. So far from imbittering the feelings of the true friends of the Union in the South, assurance of the continuance of such a protection over them, even for that length of time, would infuse new confidence and new activity into all their movements. It is clearly the right of the policeman to judge when the mob is effectually suppressed, and as much his duty not to allow himself to be surprised and overmastered by a pretended and hollow submission for the sake of seizing an advantage, as it is to inflict effectual blows of his cudgel while the row is in its more flagrant stages of development. The United States, having interfered by force to suppress a national riot, has a clear right, and a bounden duty, not to abandon the region of the disturbance until the *animus* of rebellion is subdued as effectually as its open mani-

festation; and knowing that that *animus* is identical with the spirit, purposes, and designs of the slaveholding class—a conspiracy, in fine, to overthrow the Government in that sole behalf—it is alike bound effectually to cripple or actually to exterminate that malign influence.

Again says our writer under review: '*When the South has been overcome in fair fight, we must give its reason a chance to assert itself.*' Very true, if the mode of doing so be not foolishly misunderstood. The error here is in speaking of the South as one, whereas from this time forward and for some years to come, there will be an Old South, rebellious at heart, malignant, defiant, cruel, and revengeful to the last degree—bold, accustomed to rule with unquestioned authority—and, when conquered, refusing to remain conquered, except as the grapple of the conqueror is still at its throat; and a New South, loyal, loving, and devoted to its deliverers, but timid, shrinking, and tentative of its powers—liberty-loving, and truly American in sentiment, but unused to the exercise of political supremacy, unorganized, and weak;—an old South, refusing every appeal to reason, and only thirsting for vengeance; and a new South, ready to reason and to be reasoned with, and looking gratefully to the National Government as its guide and protector in the unequal contest before it—more fearful to it than ever—at the close of the war. How, then, shall we 'give the reason of the South a chance to assert itself'? By withdrawing our support from our friends, and the friends of America, and of man, in the South, and turning them over, like sheep to the wolves, to their unreasoning and vindictive enemies; or by standing by them in the weakness of their first essay to depend on reason and justice in the place of force or fraud; by developing, in fine, the reason of the South, which has been for a century overriden and suppressed by the incubus of an organ-

ized despotism, from which there is now, for the first time, the chance of a redemption, if these *friends* of Southern reason do not commit a blunder in their understanding of the case?

'*Whenever,*' says the *Times* writer, '*there is sound reason to believe that a sound loyal majority of the State want it (reconstruction), let them have it—and that, too, without imposing any conditions concerning slavery.*' That is to say, abandon the Proclamation of Emancipation, betray the colored man, who, trusting to our faith, is now enrolling himself in our armies; betray the timid friends of freedom, who, by our encouragement, have dared to proclaim their love of liberty, and subject themselves to inevitable banishment or extermination, unless the programme of a new free South be executed triumphantly and to the letter; furnish to the most malignant slaveholding faction an equal chance at the very least, on a hollow pretence of loyalty, to recover the ascendant and annihilate the new party of emancipation and a regenerated South; and all this to save the Southern malignants from being subjected to an unpleasant sense of 'subordination;' to prevent imbittering their sentiments; as if it were possible to add bitterness to gall, or venom to the virus of the rattlesnake. The most imbittering and offensive thing that *can ever be done* to those men *is done* the moment you pronounce the words of freedom and human rights, in conjunction with each other, as if they were the same thing. That done, every other measure grows mild. To territorialize the whole South, and place a satrap over every parish and county of it—saying no word for freedom—would be a gentle and conciliating procedure compared with the most innocent utterance of a mere sentiment in behalf of emancipation and the elevation of the negro to the status of a man. Why, then, strain at a gnat when we have already swallowed a camel? If we mean anything by Emancipation Proclamations,

the organization of negro troops, or even by our own inherent love of liberty, nothing after that need ever be handled gingerly with the South. Every recommendation to abstain from giving her offence is simply a recommendation to recede, not only from our whole war policy now so happily inaugurated, but to recede from every genuine and efficient sentiment the Northern people may entertain, or ever have entertained, in behalf of the distinctively American idea: the freedom and equality before the law of all men.

'If this just and rational policy is faithfully carried out,' continues our editor, 'and no arbitrary issues are foisted in to impose a sense of subordination, we have not a doubt that every Slave State will follow the emancipating policy which the Border States, of their own accord, have already entered upon with such decision. Even if loyal duty don't prompt it, interest will; for slavery, after having been crippled, as it has been by the war, even if it could live, would only be an encumbrance. But it can't live. It is already half dead. Let the loyal men of the South finish it and bury it in their own way.'

Now it is precisely this simple-minded and easy credence that everything will go right if it be at once handed over to the management of the men who may have been whipped in the battle field—this overweening confidence on the part of good men, and intelligent men, too, in the ordinary sense of intelligence, at the North, which is the most dangerous feature of the whole matter. We are just entering upon the real crisis of the war, when the war, by many, will be thought finished. It is exceedingly doubtful whether in any single Border State the Anti-slavery Movement has received as yet any such impetus or gained any such secure foothold that it could maintain the struggle for a six months, if the influence growing out of the presence of the war in their midst were withdrawn, and the political power

were remanded in full to the local authorities; and, in respect to the States farther South, and wholly committed to the institution, it is certain that Slavery has hardly received what would prove a serious scratch upon its epidermis, if such changes were now to take place.

Indeed, on the contrary, there was never a time when temptation to slaveholding was a third part what it is to-day, aside from the threat of danger hanging over it from the continuance of the war, and the supposed determination of the Northern conquerors to put an end to it. The vital principle of Slavery which overrides every other consideration, is the extra-profitable nature and state of slave-labor products. The writer has himself seen Slavery firmly seated in the saddle and unsailable in an exposed region of the South, with cotton at from eight to twelve cents on the pound, and the same institution trembling toward its downfall when cotton fell to four and a half and five cents on the plantation. What must then be its hold on the cupidity of Southern men when the condition of Slavery, by virtue of the same state of war which threatens its existence on the one hand, has caused the price of cotton to rule, on the other hand, from twenty-five to seventy-five cents a pound, and has affected, in a somewhat similar way, every other product of the sort! An immense premium is thus offered for the continuance of the institution, and the danger is not slight that our own Northern men, thrown into the South, would be seduced, in great numbers, by the temptation, into becoming themselves slavery propagandists, unless the exigencies of the war, the *esprit du corps*, and the solidarity of interests springing up between them and the negro soldiers, and the prompt and energetic activity of the Government in behalf of an emancipation policy were all to combine to prevent it. In talking of Slavery, its power, its weakness, or its

prospects, men, unless they have been intimately mixed up with its workings, are apt to be reckoning without their host. Our own sentiment of justice in the matter, North, poor and feeble as it is in most of us, is immensely aided by the negative fact that our interests do not happen to be immediately involved adversely. Not one in ten thousand of Northern men or Europeans, thrown into the South previous to the war, ever withstood the infection of pro-slavery sentiment and action. Our soldiers do so now, only because they are in large bodies, because they are fighting the Southern men, and because they are becoming more and more identified with a distinct national policy in behalf of emancipation and the rights of man. Withdraw these causes, and the effects would be rapidly reversed. Northern officers and men could not be trusted to fraternize with the slaveholding aristocracy, previous to the time when the backbone of the institution of Slavery should have been effectually broken; not because they are bad men, but because they are men, and would act, under similar circumstances, as men—alike Northern, Southern, and European men—have acted in the years that are past. There is a far more reliable and trustworthy party of Southern anti-slavery men than are as yet their Northern allies; men who have suffered intensely from actual contact and struggle with the institution, and who have felt, in some measure, the steel of Slavery enter their own souls; but they are not numerous enough to stand without the aid of these same untrustworthy Northern auxiliaries, who already, at the first indication of incipient success for our arms, propose, like this writer, to remand them to the tender mercies of a Southern majority rule. It is the fear of this treachery which makes them so few as they are, and so weak. It is these men whom we wish to see sustained, recognized as the loyal and the new South, and aided in the work of reconstruction, when

the somewhat distant period for it to be safe and wise shall have arrived. They are the men who will teach us wisdom, if we will follow their advice; and they, be assured of it, will not clamor for any early and thoughtless surrender of our present advantages, for fear of hurting the sensibilities of the South by imposing a sense of 'subordination.' With the agony of despair, such men would remonstrate against any such suicidal policy, and entreat the Government of the United States and the people of the North to stand by them in their great distress, through, until the end. While writing, the following newspaper paragraph attracts our attention, and is a fair expression of the truth we are seeking to inculcate:

'The Hon. Silas Casey, of Kentucky, brings news of the most intense feeling, on the subject of holding slaves in the Border States, among Union men. They contend that the restriction in the President's Proclamation has made Kentucky and Tennessee a 'national slave pen,' where slaves, fleeing from the 'confederate' States, are bought and sold by the thousand. He says the Unionists to a man are in favor of immediate and sweeping emancipation of all slaves within their borders—that there can be no protection for a Unionist as long as aristocratic secessionists are allowed to hold all their old slaves, and are protected in buying human beings, once freed by the President's Proclamation. The last and most important step to be taken by the Government, to insure Unionism in the Border States, is to emancipate the slaves of disloyalists in Kentucky and Tennessee. The military once removed from Kentucky, and again would commence the barbarism of slavery. Defenders of the Government would be murdered—freedom of speech be denied; the expulsion of Northern ministers, and the tar-and-feathering of Northern schoolmasters, for only preferring Union to secession, freedom to slavery, would go on as freely as in the palmiest days of the chivalry; Parson Brownlow would be driven from Knoxville, his press and dwelling burned, Casey and Green and Adams exiled forever, and the same

old war would have to be fought over again, with all its blood and horror, on Kentucky soil.'

The following comments are equally true:

'Again we call the attention of thoughtful men to the current phases of 'Border State' politics, and ask that they be deeply considered. If we open a hundred 'conservative' journals in succession, we shall find at least ninety of them asserting or assuming that the revolted States are to be reconciled to the Union by new concessions, new guarantees to slavery. But those States themselves emphatically repel this assumption. Every man in Delaware, in Maryland, in Tennessee, in Missouri, who is heartily and thoroughly anti-rebel is also anti-slavery, and nearly every one is for immediate, not gradual, emancipation. They were not Republicans; not one in twenty of them voted for Lincoln; they make no special pretensions to philanthropy; but they mean to live and die in the Union, and they do not choose to have their throats cut by rebels; so they desire that slavery should die, knowing by practical experience, by personal observation, that slavery and the rebellion are but two phases of the same thing—two names for one reality.'

Slavery, as things are, is neither 'crippled' nor 'half dead.' It is only a little sick, and threatened with being made more so, if the same effectual blows which have been dealt it are followed up hereafter with other blows still more effectual.

We have reason to believe that the writer of the *Times* article we have been reviewing, has passed some time with the Army of the Cumberland; that he has viewed the subject impartially from what he deems a large field of observation; and that he speaks honestly what he believes. But no observation even of that kind is sufficient to open the whole case. Let him be a Southern man, or a Northern man residing at the South, and committed to the emancipation policy; let him stay behind and see the banners of our army gradually retiring to the North, and the banished leaders of the rebellion

and other slaveholding tyrants and harpies gathering in the wake and gradually surrounding him and his little band of patriots—reclaiming all their old authority and overawing and trampling down every incipient blade of the crop of freedom, which had been planted in the presence and under the shadow of our armies—and he will be better prepared to judge. From even the high authority of General Grant himself, on this subject, we dissent. Let him first grapple with a Southern slaveholding public sentiment, as a peaceable citizen holding adverse opinions, and without a victorious army at his back, and he will be better qualified to form and give a reliable opinion. He is represented as having said, in a private letter to the Hon. E. F. Washburn, of the date of August 13th, 1863, that the people of the North need not quarrel over the institution of Slavery; that what Vice-President Stevens acknowledges as the corner stone of the confederacy is already knocked out; that Slavery is already dead, and cannot be resurrected; that it would take a standing army to maintain Slavery in the South, if we were to make peace to-day guaranteeing to the South all their former constitutional privileges, etc. With profound respect for General Grant as a man and a soldier, we would still prefer the opinion, on this point, of any earnest member of the young and feeble anti-slavery party of the South, who resides a few miles away from the actual reach of the authority and influence of a Federal army.

It is refreshing to know that to this opinion of the victorious general, of exceedingly doubtful value, upon the specific point in question, he adds these memorable and patriotic words:

'I never was an Abolitionist, not even what would be called anti-slavery, but I try to judge fairly and honestly, and it became patent to my mind early in the rebellion that the North and South could never live at peace with each other except as one nation, and that without slavery. As anxious as I am

to see peace established, I would not, therefore, be willing to see any settlement until this question is forever settled.'

Almost the only men in the nation who are really competent to judge when Slavery is really dead, in any region, are those Northern and Western anti-slavery men who have come into long and deadly collision with its spirit and power in Kansas and upon the western border of Missouri. Even Northern and Eastern Abolitionists, better versed perhaps in the theory of the subject, would prove very incompetent if matched in practical hostility with slaveholding opinion and might—slaveholding vindictiveness, cunning, treachery, and recklessness of every consideration, human or divine, but the gaining of their one end, the retention of their hold over the slave.

It is again refreshing, in the midst of the open or covert defence and protection among us of the surviving remnant of Slavery at the South, granting for the moment that it is now reduced to that, and in the midst of such easy and over-credulous and mistaken assumptions of its complete, virtual destruction already, by undoubted friends of freedom, as in the case of the *Times* editor, General Grant, and numerous others, to listen to such hearty utterances, in the keynote of the right policy, as were made by Secretary Chase in his recent speech at Cincinnati, and to be able to believe that they foreshadow the course of the Administration in this trying epoch of our country's history. We quote the following report :

'It was never intended to interfere with States that were loyal. This Proclamation comes up as a great feature in this war. In my judgment the Proclamation was the right thing in the right place, and without it I am just as sure as I am of my own existence that we could not have made the progress we have made. And I hold that the man who denounces the Proclamation either speaks ignorantly, speaks about that of which he knows

little or nothing, or else he really desires that the rebellion should succeed.

'There are two classes of States in the South; there is the class of States that is affected by the Proclamation, and a class of States that is not. With this last class of States, which is not affected by the Proclamation, we have simply nothing to do, except to bid God speed to the unconditional Union men of those States, that they will do their own work in their own way and in their own time, and all we have to do is to stand by them.

'But in the States which are affected by the Proclamation the case is different. Either the Proclamation was a great, monstrous sham, and an imposition in the face of the world, or else that Proclamation was an effectual thing, and there are no slaves to-day in the rebel States. They are all enfranchised by the Proclamation, for what says it? All the slaves of these States are declared now and forever free, and the executive power is pledged to the maintenance of their freedom. If it were not so it would be a national imposture, and I would no more be guilty of that piece of infamy than I would steal into your house at night and rob your pantry. But what have we to do with this Proclamation in the rebellious Slave States? It is a very simple thing: *just simply recognize the Union men who remain in those States.* Such men as Mr. Flanders, and Mr. May, and a whole host of others, who were known as slaveowners, are now satisfied that the Union men of the South must see to it that slavery must never be permitted to be reestablished in those States. Take such a man as the Hon. Charles Anderson. When he went home and stood up for the Union, what did the slave aristocracy do for him? They drove him from the State, and his wife and little ones were obliged to take shelter in the bush. And so with multitudes of Union men in Texas at the present day. But all of them wish to get back and establish a Free State in Texas; because, they say, no other than a Free State can ever protect them from the enemies of human freedom, and, I was going to say, of human nature. Again, in Florida there were many who were driven away who are now anxious to return. Is there a man here who wants these noble, generous Union men of the South to go back to be trampled under foot by restored rebels!

Let them go back, but let them go back under the ægis of the American Union, and the protection of the Government pledged to them, and then they will take care to settle this question of slavery. They will amend the Constitution so as to put the slavery question where it ought to be. When that is done, who is going to talk about the Proclamation? You have here, my fellow citizens, an intelligent statement, as it seems to me, of the manner in which this thing can be settled: simply by standing by the unconditional Union men—who almost all of them have embraced the doctrine of emancipation in the Border States—and standing by the Union men in the rebellious States, and letting them protect themselves against the institution of slavery.'

At this stage of the present writing, and having just transferred these manly, patriotic, and statesmanlike sentiments to our columns, hoping that they might foreshadow the fixed policy of the Administration, of which Mr. Chase is so able and distinguished a member, we are overtaken by more than a full fruition of the hope in the publication of the President's Message and Proclamation of Amnesty to the South, upon the sole condition of the perpetual maintenance of the Proclamation of Emancipation issued a year ago; in other words, upon the condition of the total and definitive extinction of Slavery in the South. The men of the South who are ready for this are to be recognized as the loyal citizens, the New South—precisely what ought to be done. The machinery of the old State Governments is to remain intact, but to be turned over to this regenerated Southern party for administration. The whole military and civil force of the Union is to retain its guardianship over the South, during the transition, and to remain pledged to the maintenance of the status of freedom united with loyalty, until, by the growth and stability of the new order of things, the conquered territory shall dispense with its continued intervention. The plan devised by the President is admirable,

and symptoms already exist that, like so many other of his leading measures, it is destined to meet with unbounded acceptance and popularity, from even the most diverse and disharmonious quarters. Trusting, therefore, that the practical administration of the war is drifting into the right policy, based on the true theory of its causes and legitimate termination, we may leave these merely political and military questions, and revert, in conclusion, to the possible remaining eventualities of the war. These may be, for the time, (1.) Seemingly prosperous and fortunate, or, (2.) Seemingly accompanied with disaster, discouragement, and dismay—ulterior even to the eventual triumph of our arms over the open enemies of the existing order of things.

Firstly, then, it may happen, that from this time out we shall be more and more decisively triumphant over the 'rump' of the rebellion still extant in the South; that the new policy of emancipation now so favorably inaugurated may work like a magical charm, and that among the happy and startling surprises to which we are daily becoming addicted, may be that of an unexpected readiness in the exhausted and repentant South to acquiesce in the new order of things; that our new financial scheme may develop germs of commercial prosperity more than adequate to compensate for all the strain upon our national energy and resources imposed by the war; that an immense and unparalleled expansion of national prosperity, hardly marred by the ripple of our financial encumbrances, may be in waiting for the future United States of America, and lie spread out in the immediate future before us; that untold wealth may be unearthed from our mines, marvellous discoveries and inventions made to increase our manufactures and means of locomotion, and new sources of learning and art and practical action be opened.

Suppose even less brilliant and rapid results. Suppose that the war lingers;

that numerous and desperate battles have yet to be fought, and some reverses to be endured; but that we continue to hold the heart of the South up to our present lines in Georgia and East Tennessee; that the new system of things is gradually established and becomes solidified within the States already possessed: even this state of things, if providentially enforced on us after our best exertions have been put forth to succeed, may, again, unexpectedly prove to have concealed under seeming failure a more fortunate termination of our herculean work. Perhaps there is even yet not enough national virtue among us to leaven the whole lump, and thus, by being delayed of our too greedy aspirations for success, we may only the more surely succeed. A halt at this period of the war was foreshadowed, it will be remembered by the reader, in the earlier portion of this series of papers, written more than two years ago. At any rate, if the remaining resistance of the rebel government should prove more obstinate and prolonged than is now generally anticipated, let there be no discouragement, and no serious disappointment. Remember again, in that event, that our supreme triumphs are moral and social, for which our military successes are merely a basis; and that moral and social changes demand time to be consolidated and secured. Immense changes are being rapidly effected in the public sentiment and the prospective action of the reconquered portions of the South; but such changes are not made in a day; and some retardation of the national aspiration for a speedy termination of the war may prove our providential security against evils which our own precipitancy might possibly otherwise incur. The retention of our present hold, the gradual but slow progress to a complete final conquest, and the steady assimilation of the reintegrated portions of the South with our Northern and the truly American character and sentiment, would still, there-

fore, deserve to be reckoned upon the side of seeming or obvious success.

But on the other hand, let us consider, for a moment, the other alternative—that of apparent disaster, incurred from the war, not so much in the light of overwhelming military defeats, which need hardly now to be seriously apprehended, as from financial exhaustion and other secondary causes introduced into the working of our national and social life through the operation and influence of the war. Mr. Cobden, undoubtedly a friend of our nation, and a shrewd observer of the world's affairs on the basis of experience, or a knowledge of the past, warns us to look forward to a period of almost utter prostration after the war shall have terminated, and to a train of serious consequences from the terrific strain put by it upon our energies and resources. Forebodings of a similar kind haunt the imaginations of many of our own citizens. The history of past wars and their results justify the anticipation. Perchance all this may prove an unnecessary fear. It may happen that the almost boundless recuperative energies of this young American civilization of ours may be destined to astonish our enemies, our friends, and ourselves, as much as the extent of our resources for action have already done—that the strain put upon us, instead of enfeebling us in the least, has been merely a healthy exercise for the growing muscles and thews of a young giant just now ripening into a first manhood, and never heretofore called upon for any adequate exertion to display his strength. We once heard an enthusiastic and progressive orator, referring to the marvels of modern development, utter, with a sublime and audacious eloquence, the startling assertion that '*Experience is a fool.*' There is a sense, no doubt, in which the sentiment is true. Neither the growth, nor the inherent power, nor the elasticity of the rebound from seeming exhaustion, nor the immense acceleration of the rapidity of

the future career of the American people, is to be safely measured by a reference to what has occurred with former nationalities, in other and different times. Our experience of the future, whatever it may be, will be, no doubt, essentially different from any of the past.

But assume, on the contrary, that the prediction is essentially well founded; that we have before us, in the immediate future, a period of extreme exhaustion, depression, and even of temporary discouragement in the public mind. All this need not, to the philosophic mind, cause the slightest apprehension of permanent evil results—of any serious check even, to our inevitable destiny, as the heirs of unbounded prosperity and the leaders of the vanguard of the progress of the world. A halt, in this sense, in the rapidity of our career, would be only the necessary price of our immense and invaluable achievement, the elimination of chattel slavery from the constitution of our social and political life. We have still other and great social evils remaining behind. The scientific and harmonious adjustment of the relations of capital to labor, of the employers to the employed, in the constitution of our free competitive society as it will still remain after Slavery is dead, is the next great practical question which will force itself upon our attention, and insist upon being definitively settled, before we can enter upon that ulterior triumphant national development which is reserved, in the decrees of destiny, for us as a people. This problem, seemingly so difficult, will be found unexpectedly easy of solution, so soon as the thinking and practical mind of the people is seriously called to its consideration. It is worthy of observation, that periods of great pecuniary depression are favorable to the progress of ideas. It is written in the Providence of God that the American people must, within the few years to come, solve the whole problem of justice to the labor-

ing man; must, indeed, accept its office as the Champion and the Illustrator, in a practical way, of Universal Justice, in all the relations of life. Are we prepared to enter on this career, intelligently, lovingly, and with voluntary alacrity, from affection to the True and the Good; or must we be again scourged into the consideration of great questions lying immediately in our way, by the providential inflictions of disaster and distress?

We can now see easily enough, that had we been ready and desirous, as a people, to do justice to the black man, we should have escaped the horrors of a great war. We may predict, with the assurance of a religious faith, backed, we might almost affirm, by the certainty of a scientific demonstration, that if we are already sufficiently prepared to be simply just, we shall be saved from the serious infliction of more national suffering; and that if, on the contrary, this preparation of the heart and the head has not been wrought in us by what we have already endured, we shall be called directly and continuously to the suffering of more and perhaps greater inflictions. 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth,' but not blindly nor uselessly, and not, therefore, after the right frame of mind has been wrought in the subject of the punishment. The law is precisely the same, whether we speak theologically or from the profoundest philosophical principles; and it may almost be said that the American people have only to choose whether they will immediately enter, with the close of the war, upon a higher career of prosperity, or whether they will endure an additional term of tuition in the school of adversity. These words may seem mystical, unaccompanied with further illustration and elaboration of the ideas, but it is not the place here to pursue them.

Let us proceed with the supposition that we have before us, at the conclusion of this war, a period of great national suffering. Such periods, we

have already said, are favorable to the development of thought. We may add, they are alike favorable to the growth of earnest purpose. Through suffering we are perfected. Thought and high purpose are secure bases of noble achievement. If we are not yet prepared to be inducted into our national mission through providential favor, then let us come to it through the inverse method: *through Uterior and Reactionary Consequence.*

It may be that we are to endure still more grievous afflictions than pecuniary and commercial revulsion and depression. Our political constitution still bears in its bosom, even after Slavery is removed, dangerous seeds of anarchy and prospective revolution. Within the two years past, grave mutterings, to which American ears have been heretofore altogether unused, have been heard in various quarters, touching the superior advantages of 'strong government,' the speakers, mostly of the higher or wealthier order of life, meaning thereby, the old and retrograde forms of monarchy, or something of that sort. Periods of disaster tend to reveal a latent lack of confidence in the permanency of existing things. Investigations in Sociology impeach the wisdom of our institutions, in common with that of all others that have been tried in the past, from another point of view. Periods of distress and privation stimulate the turbulence of the 'dangerous classes.' All national experience reveals, in fine, the existence, in the very nature of human society, of great antagonistic principles struggling with each other in mighty conflict, and with which no political or governmental arrangements heretofore extant have been adequate rightly to cope.

The great and bloody contest with Slavery, now going on, is an instance of such a conflict; and the fact that we, in the midst of this nineteenth century, had arrived at the knowledge of no better solution of it than an appeal to the old, barbarous, uncertain, and ter-

rible ordeal of battle, is an illustration of the incompetency in question. Slavery, bad as it is, is the representative of a great social principle, which, separated from the special mode of its manifestation, has in it that which is good and right. Mr. Cobden justly characterizes the great American war as an insurrection of aristocracy against the principle of democracy. But aristocracy is not wholly wrong, nor is democracy wholly right, in the nature and constitution of things. These are two great antagonistic principles, when sifted to the bottom; one the principle of Order, through Subordination, the soul of Conservatism; and the other the principle of Freedom, through Individuality, the soul of Progression. Neither will ever expunge or expel the other from the constitution of man, individually or collectively; and it pertains to Science, the Science of Politics, based on the Unity of the Sciences below that level, to be arrived at by humanity in the future, to discover and lead in the complete harmony and reconciliation between the two. The writer of these papers has in manuscript a labored document upon the Slavery question from this more radical and philosophical point of view, which was prepared just previous to the outbreak of the existing war, in the hope of attracting the leading minds, North and South, to the peaceable and scientific solution of the whole Slavery question. But the antagonism was too far advanced, passions too much aroused, the popular ignorance of the existence of higher methods of solution too dense, and the crisis too imminent for the existence of any demand for such considerations then; and the publication of the document was withheld. In it were shown the significance of Slavery as a Fact in History and a Principle in Nature; its Compensations and Advantages; its positive value, in fact, in the larger sense, in the development of human society on the planet; then its destiny to give

way in our advancing civilization to the higher doctrine of abstract rights and individual culture through intellectual means; and again, the insufficiency of the latter doctrine, when taken for the whole truth; and finally, to show how, by the intervention of the science of the subject, the value of both the Principles in conflict could be extracted and made coöperative, and their evils completely neutralized. The world not being ripe for the adoption of the superior and rational methods here intimated for the adjustment of our difficulties—the readiness of one party even, without the equal readiness of the other, being inadequate—the crisis and the conflict could not be averted; and that again being the case, it is of the utmost importance that the second in order of the two adverse principles, the principle of democracy, be completely triumphant; not because it is more true, but because it is a more *advanced* truth, and one step nearer, therefore, to the final solution, *which will then lap back, and subsume and assimilate and reconcile the whole family of fundamental principles upon which the existence of human society is inextricably based.* It is upon this lower ground of adaptation to the exigency of the age and the occasion, and as a means to the development of still higher truths, that we urge the inestimable importance of the effectual conquest over the South by the North.

But the two Principles, thus brought face to face with each other, in deadly array, under the present guise of chattel slavery and republican freedom, are not extinguished in the world, nor in America even, nor are they to be permanently reconciled with each other by any outcoming whatsoever of the present war. These principles are the Aristocratic and the Democratic; the principle of conservative order and progressive freedom. Both are vital and essential forces, ever living, ever active; always antagonistic; never reconciled in the past; never to be rec-

onciled in the future, till it be done finally, effectually, and forever, through the science of the subject. By the contingencies of this war still future, by the lingering and disastrous *sequels* of the war, or by other and possible eventualities not yet sufficiently developed to be distinctly cognizable, the inherent and unconquerable antagonism (until reconciled through science) of the great opposing forces in human society is liable to be burst upon us with a conflagration in comparison with which even the devastations of the present war will seem trifling. The writer of these papers anticipated and predicted for a long time, and has not yet fully ceased to anticipate, that the present conflict may gradually shape itself into a desperate and universal struggle, North and South, between these two principles, in their bald, undisguised, and unmitigated hostility; that, in other words, as a party of freedom should be developed at the South, there would be developed *pari passu* at the North a great reactionary party; assimilating the elements of a *bogus* democracy and all those who by organization or position are inherently and overweeningly aristocratic; a party bold, powerful, and desperate enough to bring home the civil war to our own doors; in other words, that the war would become a war wholly of Ideas; and those defined down to their sharpest and most ultimate differences of logical significance. In that case, the events of the French Revolution would have been, or will be, repeated in America, on a more gigantic scale. Warning symptoms have already appeared among us of the possibilities of all this. If it be in the good providence of God that we are to escape this terrible ordeal—if it be permitted that this cup of national evils pass from us—it can only be that we are a step farther on in the completion of our education, as a nation, than was obviously revealed to the investigation of the observer; that, as a people, we are nearer

to a genial and willing acceptance of truth and obedience to the dictates of justice than appeared.

Still the conflict of principles endures in the world at large—the Aristocratic Principle, represented by autocracy, absolutism, prelacy, and slaveholding authority, on the one hand, and the Democratic Principle, represented by republicanism, Protestantism, dead-levelism, with free and destructive competition, on the other. As Slavery and Freedom have been preparing for their local conflict in America during the thirty years past; so, for the whole century gone by, the threatening cloud of the final conflict between the two great governing ideas in the world has been gathering. Occasional sharp and some terrific encounters have been had. Is this conflict of opinion to become more and more consolidated and defined, and finally embodied in two great hostile camps, covering the whole earth with an actual war, replete with desolation and carnage—not a war of distinct nationalities, but of the partisans of the two great antagonistic drifts of human development? Is there to be literally the great battle of Armageddon in the world before the incoming of a better age? or has the ignorant wrath of man sufficiently prevailed, and are we in truth prepared to investigate with sobriety, accept with simple honesty, and faithfully to practise the lessons of wisdom which the experience of the past or the new discoveries of the present or the future may bring? The religious world is becoming deeply penetrated with the conviction that we are, in the world at large, upon the verge of great

events—that we are nearing the termination of an Old Dispensation and the commencement of a New; without, perhaps, defining very clearly, or attempting even to define distinctly to the imagination the nature of the change. The deepest philosophy of the age forecasts similar eventualities for an early day and for the whole earth. Thus it is that the investigation of The Great American Crisis, actual and urgent, might properly lead us up to the consideration of a Great World Crisis, impending and probable. On some other occasion it may be thought proper to give to this latter subject a distinct and more elaborate treatment. The object which we have proposed in the present series is now sufficiently accomplished, and the writer takes leave of the reader, with a profound conviction that to the anxious cry, What of the night? the answer, All is well, can be conscientiously returned. Even should the seemingly disastrous features sketched above in the alternative programme of our national future yet providentially reveal themselves in the scroll of our nation's history, let not the patriot or the lover of mankind for a moment despair. It will be but the intensified darkness preceding the light—the crisis of a deep-seated disease prognosticating health. The destiny of America is the destiny of man; and that is, that we come soon into the inheritance of new glories—an unlimited development and prosperity, founded on Religion married to Science, eventuating in the reconciliation of Order and Progression, in Universal Justice, and in the elevation, protection, mutual coöperation and happiness of all.

THISTLE-DOWN.

PALE and fleecy, ghostly and white,
Onward borne in their unknown flight—
Flimsy and fragile, pure and fair—
Mystic things the thistles are.

Drifting about on a windy day—
Ghostly children at their play—
Revelling up above the trees,
Hither and thither on the breeze.

Slow and sadly, how they fly,
Chasing shadows in the sky !
Never resting, never still,
Through the valley, o'er the hill.

Walking round o'er the churchyard mould,
Up above the bosoms cold ;
Flitting past each marble door,
Sadly breathing : ' Gone before ! '

Spectres *wild* with their viewless steeds,
Riding on where nothing leads ;
Up to the sky when the earth gets brown—
Ever restless thistle-down.

Through the forest cool and dark,
Never hitting the destined mark ;
Over the earth and through the air,
Downy thistles *everywhere*.

Darting in at the open door,
Telling of joys that come no more ;
Robed in grave clothes fine and thin—
Shades of phantoms, ever dim.

Up the church-aisles Sabbath-days,
Where the dusky twilight plays ;
Round the altar, o'er the bier,
Preaching *more than priests do here*.

Solemn are the words they say—
Silent sermons free of PAY ;
And the lessons they impart,
Never vanish from the heart.

no man would have been able to read the
fairly, but in a spirit of satire and irony, thereby
showing the weakness of his side of the question.
The Love Lucifer. 349
There is no argument, but simply ridicule.

THE LOVE LUCIFER.

[The author of 'The Love Lucifer' says in regard to it: 'I enclose a narration of facts. Not noted for assurance, I yet feel well assured that its publication in THE CONTINENTAL 'will do uses.' Should there be any among our readers who have inquired into our modern necromancy, they will not fail to recognize in the excited, wild, incoherent, and uncultured jargon of the spirits of 'The Love Lucifer,' the same style and character evinced by those to whom they may have been introduced by the 'mediums.' The two Bulwers, the Howitts, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the Halls, the De Morgans, &c., have taken a deep interest in these half-comic, half-serious, and always incoherent demonstrations.

Perhaps the matter-of-fact experience of our author may shield some of our readers from 'obsessions, delusions, magnetic streams of Od,' be they angelic, human, demoniac, or Koboldic in their origin.—*Ed. Con.*]

CHAPTER I.

THE things herein might well remain in soak for one decade, at least. The writer certainly did well to let a dozen sane, practical years pass between these experiences and their narration.

I was a youth after the own heart of my Presbyterian preceptors—proposed to become a Presbyterian preceptor. The son of a New York merchant, I was schooled in the schooling of such; and was steadfastly minded to know no life-purpose but the salvation of sinners. But I was a little restive—felt that the limits of the Shorter Catechism were too short and strait for me. The shadow of Schleiermacher's readjustment of Christianity was upon me. I felt that some old things were passing away. In common with so many others who inclined toward the sacerdotal office, I was unconsciously turning my back upon it, on account of the crudities contained in the only existing creeds for which I had any respect. American Protestant youth have not been alone in this regard. Says the London *Times*, 'The number of men of education and social position who en-

ter into orders is becoming less and less every year.' Let then ancient, true, everlasting Christianity be speedily adjusted to modern facts, lest it further lapse.

Free thoughted, earnestly disposed toward the acquirement and dissemination of absolute spiritual truth, as was not unnatural, I thoroughly investigated the 'Supernaturalism' of the day. I soon assented to the general proposition that sociability with the invisibles is practicable, if not profitable; but ever held at a cheap rate the philosophies and religions, harmonious and other, which the full-blooded ghost-mongers so zealously promulgated. I still maintain that great good will result from these chaotic developments; for instance, that the impartial mind will find in them that scientific foundation for belief in much of the supernaturalism (to repeat the absurd expression) of the Bible, of which the age stands in such woful need. That this generation does experience such a lack is made sufficiently apparent in the 'Essays and Reviews.' On no other point are the noble freemen who therein and thereby grope after the 'readjustment,' so utterly deaf, dumb, halt, and blind, as they are in respect to Scripture miracles. In fact, these writers cast the most wondrous of the *acta sanctorum* to the winds. Methinks the more thoughtful and earnest men of Christendom must, then, assent to the proposition that we have pressing need of a new flood of such practical phenomena as sturdy old Baxter gave to the Sadducees of his day, in his 'Certainty of the World of Spirits.' Whether these strange doings gradually cease, or take on new and more striking aspects, I doubt not they will help to give a healthy vigor to our emaciated faith in the existence of an unseen and spiritual world. Let us not, then, ut-

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terly scorn the strange rabble who have rushed headlong after this curiousest curiosity of modern times—except the rebellion—even though they may remind us of ‘the Queen’s ragged regiment of literature.’ It should be taken for granted that so startling a novelty would attract the floating scum of society, whether the solid folk heeded or derided it.

Though the following narrative may bring upon me an infinite derision, I have long felt that it should be published, on account of the light it throws upon some of the most mysterious facts of existence. Others may have had similar experiences; but, if so, pride keeps them from confessing how utterly they have been hoodwinked and enslaved by those invisible loafers who form so large a portion of the newcomers, and who are permitted—not to put on too fine a point—to do the dirty work of cleansing the modern mind of its gross Augean Sadduceism. The only theory promotive of self-complacency that I could ever concoct, as to why I was put through such an ordeal, is, that I was suffered for my own and the general benefit to see the dangers of necromancy, and especially the awful psychodynamical methods used by spirits to obsess and gradually craze human brains. I, at least, received a scare that made me careful, ever after, how I called spirits from the vasty deep, or elsewhere. After passing perils manifold, both carnal and spiritual—having gone, torrent-borne, through the yawning chasms represented in Cole’s ‘Voyage of Life’ pictures, I come into calmer seas, the lines fall in pleasant places; and now I sit me down, in life’s high noon—having lighted on a certain place where was a den (a pleasanter than Bunyan’s)—to write the strange things that befell me in the seeming long ago—the dew and freshness of my youth. And though I be reckoned of many a dreamer of dreams, he shall not, I think, go unprofit, who can rightly ‘read my rede.’

To come, then, to the details. I had been for several months, whether wisely or unwisely doth not appear, a link in one of those human chain rings supposed to be as peculiarly receptive of extra and super and ultra mundane facts as a legislative ‘ring’ is of the loose change of the lobby; and had sought in vain for personal contact with the world to come, when one afternoon a streak of the ‘od’ lightning suddenly ran down my right arm, as I sat in my private apartment, and behold I was a ‘writing mejum.’ The usual ‘proofs’ of relationship were given. Not being very credulous, however, I did not, at first, acknowledge them as such. But as my time was at my own disposal just then, I gave myself up to the influence for several days. The consequence was, that I became so thoroughly mesmerized, or ‘biologized,’ that I ceased to be complete master of my own faculties, and was forced to give a half assent to all the absurdities that were communicated. Be it understood, then, that these experiences are given as those of a person whose will, whose very soul and *proprium* had been temporarily subjugated by some other will or wills; and whose natural powers of discrimination were as much distraught as are those of the subjects of the itinerant biologist; who are made to believe, most firmly, that cayenne pepper is sugar, that water is fire, that a cane is a snake. As for the readers of this periodical who still insist that even animal and spiritual magnetism are humbugs, I can only say, with the author of the ‘Night Side of Nature,’ ‘How closely their clay must be wrapped about them!’ For one, I have generally avoided any witnessing of marvels of this class—priding myself in believing in their occurrence because of the pure *a priori* reasonableness of the thing.

It will be observed that in this, as in most other alleged intercourses with the invisible world, there is persistent, continuous attempt to excite the vanity of

The author, no doubt, thinks he is closing the
 the 'hugger'...

the mortal who is venturing the dangerous experiment. If the secret history of all the modern mediums were revealed—no matter what their natural disposition to vanity—it would be found that the vast majority of them had been incessantly flattered by their spiritual familiars, and each informed that he or she was the very individual of whom a forlorn, misguided world had been all this while in anxious expectation! This appears to have been the history of necromancy from the beginning. Flattery has ever been the chief stock in trade of those beings who are so properly called 'seducing spirits.' 'Tis ever with glozing words that these children of the wilderness gain the ear and the affections, and entrance through the heart-gates kept by Parley the Porter. Let me not be supposed to include in this class all the spirits who have been of late years so busy among us mortal and immortal Yankees. I consider that the old expression 'white, black, and gray' fully describes the denizens of the 'interior.' In fact, all seers insist that human creatures, in and out of the body, appear to them white or variously shaded toward black, according to their moral status. It is probable that the reason why the black and gray varieties have been so almost exclusively heard from, of late, is to be found in the fact, that it is contrary to the laws of God and nature for us to seek society beyond the terrestrial plane; and that our only proper course, in this regard, is to avoid the supernatural, as a general thing; and when it is apparently thrust upon us, to have only so much to do with it as is quite inevitable. When the authorities of heaven have anything to say to a mortal, they will force him to listen, if necessary—even if they have to throw him, like Paul, from his horse.

Well, I had embarked, like Virgil, or Dante, on my perilous tour through Hades. There was, at once, a crowding about my pathway (only a bridle path) of ostensible, estimable deceased

relatives, who, after imparting a variety of priceless information, started off in the usual style, magnifying mine office. According as their influence over my rational faculties became more complete, the proportions of their Munchausenisms increased. Unfortunately for the duration of the fantasy, their jumble of Scripture prophecies concerning me—which was then made to appear nearly coherent—was so plainly writ, that as soon as the blockade of my faculties was raised, the illusion, never more than half complete, was dispelled. My 'great mission' was not fully developed at the first session; but when I had become perfectly clairaudient (I never became clairvoyant), and could dispense with the pencil, a queer mixture of metempsychosis and Parseeism was poured into my ear. It ran somewhat as follows: The two beings first created were, a Lucifer predominant in love, and a Lucifer predominant in intellect; whom we may call the Love Lucifer and the Intellectual Lucifer. The latter was the individual who fell, who played the copperhead in Eden, and has been kicking up such a bobbery ever since. The story ran, that these two persons—the original Ahriman and Ormozd—have been tilting against each other all through earth's career—appearing in the forms of the principal good and bad men. Thus their quarrels gave the outline and the skeleton to the whole story of Adam's race. According to this new 'philosophy of history,' these spirits of light and darkness have been, from the beginning, striving for the mastery; on the one hand, in the persons of the most eminent saints, from Abraham to Augustine, and others not yet canonized; on the other hand, in the persons of the world conquerors noted for heartless intellectuality, from Nimrod to Napoleon (shall we add Jeff. Davis?). Well, I, great I, was to enjoy the distinguished honor of finishing the list of Love Lucifers; and, after winding up the small affairs

A Splendid theory truly. But the spirit of Paul, as it is called, is the most conclusive answer to the theory of Google.

of earth, was to lock up the other big dog—after he had appeared in his last great role—and then inaugurate the millennium—a new latter-day Jacob's ladder having been established in the centre of Africa to forward the work.

It soon appeared that there was a star, a *prima donna*, in this company who—after adding a few loose planks to life's little stage—were striving to still personate mortals and put off immortality. A deceased damsel, of whom I had heard as 'a morning star among the living,' appeared now, as 'a Hesper among the dead;' and was imposingly introduced to me, by a *quasi* near 'relative,' as being only too happy to learn that she was one half of the eternal unit of which I was the complement. I began to be as lordly and self-satisfied as the bewildered sot in the 'Taming of the Shrew.' After exhausting my small stock of writing paper, I concluded to allow my new friends to spend their loquacity on some old college note books, the handiwork of a relative—every other page being blank. The venerable professors of Columbia College would have had their dignity and propriety quite frightened out of them, had they seen what weird statements were presently sandwiched in with their dry disquisitions on science and philosophy. Whenever an especially startling announcement was made, a furious gust of the 'od' would run down my arm; and each word would be made to cover half a page. We went into the new business regardless of expense.

My invisible charmer, who had—it must be said, not very prudishly—proposed for my hand, no sooner got possession of it, than 'she' began to protest that when she learned what a splendid fate was in store for her, as *tender* to my royal highness, she could only weep for joy for several days. Presently she sent out through my captive digits the following:

'We have, indeed, a long journey to travel together, most loving partner;

and how my innermost soul exults, in view of that unending oneness, of soul and spirit, which is to be our portion! . . . Ah me, why was I chosen to join my eternal being with yours? when innumerable seraphs would salute you 'husband' with enthusiastic joy and gratitude! . . .'

Here is one plain fact, whatever else may be doubted. After conversing for two days with this extraordinary visitor, I became most desperately in love with her, or him, or it—as you please. Though past my majority, my placid nature had never before been thoroughly aroused in this direction. Now, by reason of the tact and knowledge of my nature, possessed by the invisible party, and still more because of my state of mesmeric subjection, I was sighing like a furnace or a Romeo. Not Ulysses, Circe tempted—not Sintram seeking his Undine—not the hapless sailor wight pursuing the maiden of the *mer*, was more utterly enamored than was I. As a proof that I was no bad specimen of the 'gushing' persuasion, at this period, read the following expressive though sometimes commonplace retort. I do not profess to know, and do not much care, whether it was the utterance of an artful fiend, a misguided saint, or one of those 'sympathetic spirits' of whom Swedenborg makes frequent mention. According to his statement, these beings are in such a condition, that whenever they come in contact with a mortal, they chime in with and encourage the views and tendencies of their terrestrial acquaintance; and often, without meaning it, lead him into great errors—being themselves used as cats' paws by decidedly evil spirits. But here is the tender missive, which I transcribe from between two heavy pages of notes on the Aristotelian and Baconian philosophies:

'I thought that I had experienced the joys of reciprocal affection; but never until now have begun to realize what an unbounded sea of bliss two kindred souls can bathe in. Ah! who could

have convinced me that so much rapture could be crowded into a few moments, as was mine while you were pouring forth the inexhaustible treasures of your mind upon my entranced ear? Spare me the sudden transition from mere esteem to such huge, melodious, irresistible outpouring of affection. It takes away my strength; while the expression of my warm feelings can never so affect your sturdy, much tried, trouble-scathed manhood.'

You see that the flattery is never forgotten. But adulation is an instrument of the weak as well as of the deceitful. The utterer of this may have been innocent of fraud, and, like myself, mesmerized into following the will of a more powerful being. Again, the purpose of *this* being may have been a good one. Such, and so many, and so great, and varied, and strange, seem to be the possibilities and dangers of the inner life.

A systematic series of attempts seems to have been made—by some person or persons—to the deponent most emphatically unknown—to get my cool, phlegmatic nervous system and brain excited. The two principal means made use of to complete the obsession were, that just mentioned, and the announcement of a succession of 'big things,' as about to occur—the biggest kind of things—those the expectation of which was best calculated to set my brain in a whirl. It will be seen, in the sequel, that, failing to thoroughly accomplish their purpose by such means, my spirit friends or fiends, as the case may be, undertook the bug-a-boo, frightening process; which was apparently working successfully, when their operations, in that style, were suddenly brought to a final close, by some means which must ever, I suppose, remain unknown to me. The startling events stated as imminent were generally made dependent upon the clairvoyant opening that had been promised me.

The first beatific vision that was to greet my gaze would be, of course, that

one which I was to behold most frequently throughout the aeons without end—even the face of that radiant being who had gone before, to await me in the angelhood; where, beaming seraphic upon me forever, it was to be to me the embodiment of all ideals of loveliness, grace, refinement, love. In its every lineament I was to read and decipher an endless series of ever fresh and most celestial arcana—was continually to find new proof of love and wisdom, and of the divine ability to adapt human to human. Since the love of the mate is next to the love of the Maker, it is no profanity to say that,

'When I'd been there ten thousand years,
Bright, happy as the sun,
I'd have no less days to sing its praise
Than when I first begun.'

Instead of through a fast-waning honeymoon of love, that face was to entrance me while the sun of heaven stood in the zenith of heaven—and we read that there is *no* night there, forevermore. Was not this promised sight a sufficient cause for excitement? What prospect—save that of a vision of Deity—could be better adapted to arouse the loftiest and most exquisite emotions? What better fitted to gather into one all long-cherished feelings of admiration and reverence for the noble of the other sex—to aggregate and revive all those chivalrous, gallant, elevating, purifying, tender thoughts which we have ever had, with regard to them, in our highest moments?

Some reader may say: 'Why will you thus attempt to dignify ideas that you acknowledge were excited in a confused brain, by apparently mischievous or irresponsible spirits?' I answer, that even if the immediate exciting cause of this current of ideas was some ill-designing being, the ideas themselves were not, necessarily, either evil or undignified; and that only such portion of the brain was addled as would be likely to rebel against the obsession.

Waiting the appointed hour, I sat

imagining the scene. I saw *myself* suddenly rising ('sudden Ianthé rose') from the prone body and all circum-jacent grossness—rising, through clouds and darkness, to some delightful plane of the inner world. A dozen yards in front of me, beside a graceful tree, would stand 'the only.' We would gaze at each other, with intense scrutiny, for some moments. Each would think, 'There is plenty of time; it is to last forever.' We would even look about us, still saying nothing. Being eternally modelled, fitted, fore-ordained, and predestinated for each other, love arrows would, of course, have pierced our centres of palpitation at the first mutual glance. Still, though quivering with emotion, neither would be disposed to lessen the distance. Methought we would even seat ourselves on the mossy banks—the dozen yards still intervening—and, each leaning back against a tree, would 'face the enemy'—the eternal joy-sharer, sorrow-sharer, worship, wisdom, love, pity, wonder, use, sport, hope-sharer; while, occasionally, a premonitory, prophetic pang of rapture out of the coming eternities of bliss would thrill

through us. I had even a fancy that there would be no interchange of words, no lessening of the coy distance of space and manner, during this first interview. 'It is to last so long! so long!' Again, I fancied that we might sit there only weeping, as we looked and *loved*. 'So long! so long!' Tender, dewy eyes wandering naively, innocently, over each feature of face and form—inquiry, wonder, joy in them—pleased surprise, that such and such points of the vision should be as they are. Indefinite longings becoming definite, as all things longed for appear embodied, as faith is lost in sight. Again, I imagined laconic speech might ensue—like the single-line dialogue of Greek tragedies. But here the wings of imagination drooped, and I could only see the separation. She would glide toward me. Her warm finger-tips would touch my palm, her tender azure eyes would beam once fully and closely upon me. One moment I would see the inner heaven opened; and the next—the familiar furniture of my room would be before me. Thus I imagined. The curious may learn what actually befell, on a future occasion.

AMERICAN FINANCES AND RESOURCES.

LETTER NO. IV. OF HON. ROBERT J. WALKER.

LONDON, 10 Half Moon Street, Piccadilly,
January 1st, 1864.

IN my third and last letter on American Finances and Resources, the effect of the substitution of free for slave labor in the United States by the abolition of slavery was discussed. In that letter it was shown by the official American Census of 1860, that the product that year, *per capita*, of Massachusetts was \$235; *per capita*, Maryland \$96; and of South Carolina \$56. Mas-

sachusetts had no slaves; Maryland, 87,189; and South Carolina, 402,406. Thus we see the annual value of the products of labor decreased in proportion to the number of slaves. In further proof of the position assumed in that letter, that the progress of wealth, of population, and education in the United States, was most injuriously affected by slavery, I now present other official facts from our Census of 1860. My first comparison will be that of the

Free State of New York with slaveholding Virginia.

By the Census, the population of Virginia in 1790 was 748,808, and in 1860, 1,596,318, making the ratio of increase 118.33 per cent. In 1790 New York numbered 840,120, and in 1860, 3,880,735, the ratio of increase being 1,040.99. (Table 1, Prelim. Census Rep., p. 182.) Thus, the rate of increase in New York exceeded that of Virginia more than nine to one.

In 1790, the population of Virginia was largely more than double that of New York. In 1860, the population of New York was very largely more than double that of Virginia. In 1790, Virginia, in population, ranked first of all the States, and New York the fifth. In 1860, they had reversed their positions, and New York was the first, and Virginia the fifth. (Rep. p. 120.) At the same rate of progress, from 1860 to 1900, as from 1790 to 1860, Virginia, retaining slavery, would have sunk from the first to the twenty-first State, and would still continue, at each succeeding decade, descending the inclined plane toward the lowest position of all the States. Such has been, and still continues to be, the effect of slavery, in dragging down that once great State from the first toward the last in rank in the Union. But if, as in the absence of slavery must have been the case, Virginia had increased from 1790 to 1860 in the same ratio as New York, her population in 1860 would have been 7,789,141, and she must always have remained the first in rank of all the States.

AREA.—The natural advantages of Virginia far exceed those of New York. The area of Virginia is 61,352 square miles, and that of New York 47,000. The population of Virginia per square mile in 1790 was 12.19, and in 1860, 26.02. That of New York, in 1790, was 7.83, and in 1860, 84.86. Now, if New York, with her present numbers per square mile, had the area of Virginia, her population, in 1860, would

have been 5,175,654, and that of Virginia, reduced to the area of New York, on the basis of her present numbers per square mile, would have been 1,820,000. This illustrates the immense effect of area, as one of the great elements influencing the progress of population. But wonderful as are these results, the great fact is omitted in this calculation, that Virginia, in 1790, had largely more than double the population of New York. Thus, if we reverse the numbers of New York and Virginia in 1790, and take the actual ratio of increase of each for the succeeding seventy years, the population of Virginia, in 1860, would have been 728,875, and that of New York, as we have seen, would have been 7,789,141, making the difference exceed seven millions, or very largely more than ten to one. Reverse the areas also, and the difference would exceed eight millions.

SHORE LINE.—As furnishing cheap and easy access for imports and exports, creating marts for commerce with great cities, and affecting the interior most beneficially, the shore line, with adequate harbors, constitutes a vast element in the progress of states and empires. Now, by the last tables of the United States Coast Survey, the shore line of Virginia was 1,571 miles, and of New York 725 miles. The five great parallel tide-water rivers of Virginia, the Potomac, the Rappahannock, the York River, James River, and Roanoke (partly in North Carolina), with their tributaries, furnish easy access for hundreds of miles into the interior, with both shores of the noble Chesapeake Bay for many miles, as well as its magnificent outlet and the main ocean for a considerable distance, all within the limits of Virginia. We have seen that the coast line of Virginia is largely more than double that of New York, and the harbors of Virginia are more numerous, deeper, and much nearer the great valley of the Ohio and Mississippi. By the Coast Survey tables, the mean low water in the harbor of New

York, by Gedney's Channel, is 20 feet, and at high-water spring tides is 24.2; north channel, 24, mean low water, and 29.1 spring tides, high water; south channel, 22, and 27.1; main ship channel, after passing S. W. spit buoy, on N. E. course, one mile up the bay, for New York, 22.5-27.06. By the same tables, from capes at entrance of Chesapeake Bay to Hampton, at mean low water, 80 feet; spring tides, high water, 83.8. Anchorage in Hampton Roads, 59-61.8. From Hampton Roads to Sewell's Point, 25-27.8. South of Sewell's Point (one mile and a half), 21-23.8; up to Norfolk, 23-25.8. From Hampton Roads to James River, entering to the northward of Newport News, middle ground, 22-24.8. From Hampton Roads to James River, entering to the southward of Newport News, middle ground, 27-29.8. From abreast the tail of York Spit, up to Yorktown, 33-35.8. Elizabeth River, between Norfolk and navy yard, 25.5-28.8.

When we leave the tide-water rivers for the interior navigable streams, Virginia has a vast advantage. New York has no such rivers above tide, but Virginia has the Ohio for hundreds of miles, with its tributaries, the Kanawha, Guyandotte, and Big Sandy. It is true, New York has several of the great lakes, and the vast advantage of connection with them through her great canal. But, in the absence of slavery, the canal projected by Washington (preceding that of New York) would have connected, through Virginia, the Chesapeake Bay with the Ohio River. The James River, flowing into the Chesapeake, cuts the Blue Mountains, and the Kanawha, a confluent of the Ohio, cuts the Alleghany; thus opening an easy and practicable route for a great canal from the eastern to the western waters. The valley of the lakes, with which New York is connected by her canal, has an area of 335,515 square miles. The valley of the Mississippi, with which the Chesapeake would long since, in the absence

of slavery, have been connected by the Virginia canal, has an area of 1,226,600 square miles. The shore line of the Mississippi and its tributaries, above tide water, is 35,644 miles. (Page 35, Compend. Census of 1850.) Our shore line of the lakes is 3,620 miles, including bays, sounds, and islands; and that of the British, 2,629. (Ib. 85.) The connection of the lakes with the Ohio and Mississippi would be the same for both States, the one being from the lakes to these rivers, and the other from the rivers to the lakes. The location of Virginia is more central than that of New York, and Virginia runs farther west by several hundred miles. We are so accustomed to look at the connection of New York with the West by her canal, and Virginia with no such union, that it is difficult to realize the great change if Virginia had been connected by her progressing work with the Ohio and Mississippi, and thence, by the present canals, with the lakes.

It is apparent, then, that, as regards easy access to the West, the natural advantages of Virginia surpass New York, and with greater facilities for artificial works. How many decades would be required, after emancipation, to bring the superior natural advances of Virginia into practical operation, is not the question; nor do I believe that the city of New York will ever cease to be the centre of our own trade, and ultimately of the commerce of the world. But although Virginia, in adhering to slavery, has lost her supremacy in the Union, it is quite certain that, as a Free State, she would commence a new career of wonderful prosperity, that capital and population from the North and from Europe would flow there with a mighty current, her lands be doubled in value, and her town and city property far more than quadrupled.

MINES.—Virginia has vast mines of coal, the great element of modern progress. New York has none. It is coal that has made Great Britain a mighty

empire, giving her power, by land and sea, equal to the manual force of all mankind. It is stated by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, in his report before referred to, of November, 1860, 'that an acre of coal, three feet thick, is equal to the product of 1,940 acres of forest trees; and each acre of a coal seam four feet in thickness, and yielding one yard of pure coal, is equivalent to 5,000 tons, and possesses, therefore, a reserve of mechanical strength in its fuel, equal to the life labor of more than 1,600 men.'

This statement of the Commissioner is made on the highest authority, and proves the vast natural advantages of Virginia over New York. Virginia, also, has far more abundant mines of iron, more widely diffused over the State, reaching from tide water to the Ohio. She has also these iron mines in juxtaposition with coal and all the fluxes. Virginia, also, has valuable mines of gold, lead, and copper. New York has no gold or copper mines, and produced in 1860 but \$800 worth of lead. (Table 14.)

HYDRAULIC POWER.—Omitting Niagara, which thus far scorns the control of man, the hydraulic power of Virginia very far exceeds that of New York. It is to be found on the Potomac and its tributaries, and upon nearly every stream that flows into the Chesapeake or Ohio. The superior mildness of the climate of Virginia makes this power available there for a much greater portion of the year. The great falls of the Potomac, where Washington constructed the largest locks of the continent, has a water power unsurpassed, and is but twelve miles from tide water, at Washington. This point is a most healthy and beautiful location, surrounded by lands whose natural fertility was very great, and, in the absence of slavery, must have been a vast manufacturing city. This water power could move more spindles than are now worked on all this continent.

AGRICULTURE AND MANUFACTURES.

—The natural fertility of the soil of Virginia far exceeded that of New York, with a more genial sun, and much more favorable seasons for agricultural products, as well as for stock. The number of acres of land in Virginia susceptible of profitable culture, is nearly double that of New York, but much of it has been impoverished by slave labor, scratching and exhausting the soil, without manure or rotation of crops. The Census shows that Virginia has all the products of New York, and cotton in addition. Virginia produced, in 1860, 12,727 bales of cotton (Table 36), worth, at present prices, nearly \$3,000,000. She also adjoins the States of North Carolina and Tennessee, producing, in 1860, 373,964 bales, worth, at present prices, nearly \$90,000,000. Virginia is also much nearer than New York to all the other cotton States. With these vast advantages, with her larger area, more fertile soil, cheaper subsistence, her coal and iron and great hydraulic power, with so much cotton raised by herself and in adjacent States, Virginia should have manufactured much more cotton than New York. But, by the Census (Table 22), the value of the cotton manufacture of Virginia in 1850 was \$1,446,109, and in 1860, \$1,063,611—a decrease of one third. In New York, the value of the cotton manufacture in 1850 was \$5,019,323, and in 1860, \$7,471,961, an increase of over 48 per cent. So, if we look at the tables of mines, manufactures, and the fisheries, with the vastly superior advantages of Virginia, the whole product in 1860 was of the value of \$51,300,000, and of agriculture \$68,700,000; while in New York these values were respectively \$379,623,560 and \$226,376,440. (Tables of Census, 33 and 36.)

CLIMATE AND MORTALITY.—By Table 6, page 22, of the Census, there were for the year ending June 1st, 1860, 46,881 deaths in New York, being 1 in every 82 of the population, and 1.22 per cent. The number of deaths in

Virginia, in the same year, was 22,472, being 1 in every 70 of the population, or 1.43 per cent. There was, then, a slight difference in favor of New York. But Virginia is divided into four geographical sections; the tide-water, the Piedmont (running from the tide-water region to the Blue Mountains), the valley between these mountains and the Alleghanies, and the trans-Alleghany to the Ohio. These three last sections, containing three fourths of the area and white population of the State, surpass New York in salubrity, with the most bracing and delightful climate. The climate of Virginia is far more favorable for stock and agricultural products than New York, with longer and better seasons, and is more salubrious than the climate of Europe. (Comp. 1850.)

PROGRESS OF WEALTH.—We have seen how great was the advance in population of New York over Virginia, from 1790 to 1860, being in the ratio of more than 9 to 1. Now let us compare the relative progress of wealth. It is contended by the advocates of slavery, that it accumulates wealth more rapidly, and thus enriches the nation, although it may depress its moral and intellectual development, its increase of numbers and of power, and tarnish its reputation throughout the world. As population and its labor create wealth, it must be retarded by a system which, as we have seen in this case, diminishes the relative advance of numbers in the ratio of more than 9 to 1. But the Census proves that slavery greatly retards the increase of wealth. By Tables 33 and 36 of the Census of 1860, it appears, omitting commerce, that the products of industry, as given, viz., of agriculture, manufactures, mines, and fisheries, were that year in New York \$606,000,000, or \$156 *per capita*; and in Virginia \$130,000,000, or \$75 *per capita*. This shows a total value of product in New York more than five times greater than in Virginia, and *per capita* more than 2 to 1. If we include the earnings of com-

merce, and all business not given in the Census, I think it will be shown hereafter, that the value of the products and earnings of New York, in 1860, exceeded those of Virginia at least 7 to 1. As to the rate of increase, the value of the products of agriculture, manufactures, mines, and fisheries, of Virginia, in 1850, was \$84,180,428 (Table 9), and in New York \$358,736,603, showing an increase in Virginia from 1850 to 1860 of \$35,519,572, being 41 per cent., and in New York \$249,268,397, being 70 per cent., exhibiting a difference of 29 per cent. Now the increase of population in Virginia from 1850 to 1860 was 12.29 per cent., and in New York 25.29 per cent., the difference being only 18 per cent. (Table 1, p. 181.) Thus, it appears, the increase of wealth in New York, exclusive of the gains of commerce, as compared with Virginia, was more than double the ratio of the augmentation of population. By the Census Table of 1860, No. 35, p. 195, 'The true value of the real and personal property, according to the eighth Census was, New York, \$1,843,388,517, and of Virginia, \$793,249,681.' Now we have seen the value of the products of New York in 1860 by the Census was \$606,000,000, and in Virginia \$120,000,000. Thus, as a question of the annual yield of capital, that of New York was 34 per cent., and Virginia 15 per cent.; the annual product of capital being more than double in New York what it was in Virginia. The problem then is solved in Virginia, as it was in Maryland and South Carolina, and all the South compared with all the North, that slavery retards the progress of wealth and accumulation of capital, in the ratio of 2 to 1. Our war taxes may be very great, but the tax of slavery is far greater, and the relief from it, in a few years, will add much more to the national wealth than the whole deduction made by the war debt. Our total wealth, by the Census of 1860, being, by Table 35, \$16,159,616,068, one per cent. taken annually to pay the interest

and gradually extinguish the war debt, would be \$161,596,160; whereas, judging by Virginia and New York, the diminished increase of the annual product of capital, as the result of slavery, is 2.10 per cent., or \$453,469,250 per annum, equal in a decade, without compounding the annual results, to \$4,534,692,500.

That our population would have reached in 1860 nearly 40,000,000, and our wealth have been more than doubled, if slavery had been extinguished in 1790, is one of the revelations made by the Census; while in science, in education, and national power, the advance would have been still more rapid, and the moral force of our example and success would have controlled for the benefit of mankind the institutions of the world.

By Table 86, page 196, of the Census of 1860, the *cash* value of the farms of Virginia was \$371,096,311, being \$11.91 per acre, and of New York \$803,343,593, being \$38.26 per acre. Now, by the Table, the number of acres embraced in these farms of New York was 20,992,950, and in Virginia 31,014,950, the difference of value per acre being \$25.36, or much more than 3 to 1 in favor of New York. Now, if we multiply this number of acres of farm lands of Virginia by the New York value, it would make the total value of the farm lands of Virginia, \$1,186,942,136, and the *additional* value caused by emancipation \$815,845,925. But, stupendous as is this result in regard to lands, it is far below the reality. We have seen that the farm lands of Virginia, improved and unimproved, constituted 31,014,950 acres. By the Census and the Land Office Tables, the area of Virginia is 39,265,280 acres. Deduct the farm lands, and there remain unoccupied 8,250,330 acres. Now, Virginia's population to the square mile being 26.02, and that of New York 84.36, with an equal density in Virginia, more than two thirds of these Virginia lands, as in New York, must have been occu-

pied as farms. This would have been equivalent, at two thirds, to 5,500,000 acres, which, at their present average value of \$2 per acre, would be worth \$11,000,000; but, at the value per acre of the New York lands, these 5,500,000 acres would be worth \$206,480,000. Deduct from this their present value, \$11,000,000, and the remainder, \$195,480,000, is the sum by which the unoccupied lands of Virginia, converted into farms, would have been increased in value by emancipation. Add this to the enhanced value of their present farms, \$815,845,925, and the result would be \$1,011,275,925, as the gain of Virginia in the value of lands by emancipation. To these we should add, from the same cause, the enhancement of the town and city property in Virginia to the extent of several hundred millions of dollars. In order to realize the truth, we must behold Virginia as she would have been, with New York railroads and canals, farms, manufactures, commerce, towns, and cities. Then we must consider the superior natural advantages of Virginia, her far greater area, her richer soil, her more genial sun, her greater variety of products, her mines of coal, iron, gold, copper, and lead, her petroleum, her superior hydraulic power, her much larger coast line, with more numerous and deeper harbors—and reflect what Virginia would have been in the absence of slavery. Her early statesmen, Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Mason, Tucker, and Marshall, all realized this great truth, and all desired to promote emancipation in Virginia. But their advice was disregarded by her present leaders—the new, false, and fatal dogmas of Calhoun were substituted; and, as a consequence, Virginia, from the first rank (*longo intervallo*) of all the States, has fallen to the fifth, and, with slavery continued, will descend still more rapidly in the future than in the past.

By Census Table 86, p. 197, the value, in 1860, of the farm lands of all the

Slave States, was \$2,570,466,935, and the number of acres 245,721,062, worth \$10.46 per acre. In the Free States, the value of the farm lands was \$4,067,947,386, and the number of acres 161,462,008, worth \$25.19 per acre. Now if, as certainly in the absence of slavery would have been the case, the farm lands of the South had been worth as much per acre as those of the North, their total value would have been \$6,199,713,551, and, deducting the present price, the *additional* cash value would have been \$3,619,246,616.

But if, to this, we add the *increased* value of the *unoccupied* lands of the South, by multiplying them by the difference between their value per acre and that of the *unoccupied* lands of the North, the result is \$2,240,000,000, which, added to that of the farm lands, makes \$5,859,246,616, as the augmented value of the lands of the South caused by emancipation.

By Census Tables of 1860, 33 and 36, the total value of the products of agriculture, manufactures, mines, and fisheries in the Free States was \$4,150,000,000, and of the Slave States \$1,140,000,000, making the products of the Free States in 1860 nearly 4 to 1 of the Slave States, and \$217 *per capita* for the Free States, and for the Slave States \$93 *per capita*. This is exclusive of commerce, which would greatly increase the ratio in favor of the North, that of New York alone being nearly equal to that of all the Slave States. Now, multiplying the population of the Slave States by the value of the products *per capita* of the Free States, and the result is \$2,653,631,032, making, by emancipation, the increased annual product of the Slave States \$1,511,031,032, and in ten years, exclusive of the yearly accumulations, \$15,110,310,320.

By the Table 35, Census of 1860, the total value of all the property, real and personal, of the Free States, was \$10,852,081,681, and of the Slave States, \$5,225,307,034. Now, the product, in 1860, of the Free States, being \$4,150,-

000,000, the annual yield on the capital was 89 per cent.; and, the product of the Slave States being \$1,140,000,000, the yield on the capital was 22 per cent. This was the gross product in both cases. I have worked out these amazing results from the Census Tables, to illustrate the fact, that the same law, by which slavery retarded the progress of wealth in Virginia, as compared with New York, and of Maryland and South Carolina, as compared with Massachusetts, rules the relative advance in wealth of all the Slave States, as compared with that of all the Free States. I have stated that the statistics of commerce, omitted in these tables, would vastly increase the difference in favor of the Free States as compared with the Slave States, and of New York as contrasted with Virginia. I shall now resume the latter inquiry, so as to complete the comparison between New York and Virginia. By commerce is embraced, in this examination, all earnings not included under the heads of agriculture, manufactures, the mines, or fisheries.

RAILROADS.—The number of miles of railroads in operation in New York, in 1860, including city roads, was 2,842 miles,* costing \$188,895,055; and in Virginia, 1,771 miles, costing \$64,958,807. (Census Table of 1860, No. 38, pp. 230 and 233.) Now, by the same Census Report, p. 105, the value of the freights of the New York roads for 1860 was as follows: Product of the forest—tons carried, 373,424; value per ton, \$20; total value, \$7,468,480. Of animals—895,519 tons; value per ton, \$200; total value, \$179,103,800. Vegetable food—1,103,646 tons; value per ton, \$50; total value, \$55,182,000. Other agricultural products—143,319 tons; value per ton, \$15; total value, \$2,148,055. Manufactures—511,916 tons; value per ton, \$500; total value, \$391,905,500. Other articles—930,244 tons; value \$10 per ton; total value, \$9,302,440. Grand total, 4,741,773

* Now over 3,000 miles.

tons carried; value per ton, \$168. Total values, \$778,089,275. Deducting one quarter for duplication, makes 3,558,330 tons carried on the New York roads in 1860; and the value, \$579,681,790. The values of the freights on the Virginia roads, as estimated, is \$60,000,000, giving an excess to those of New York of \$519,681,790, on the value of railroad freights in 1860. The passenger account, not given, would largely increase the disparity in favor of New York.

CANALS.—The number of miles of canals in New York is 1,088, and their cost \$67,567,972. In Virginia, the number of miles is 178, and the cost \$7,817,000. (Census Table 39, p. 238.) The estimated value of the freight on the New York canals is 19 times that of the freight on the Virginia canals. (Census.)

TONNAGE.—The tonnage of vessels built in New York in 1860 was 31,936 tons, and in Virginia 4,372. (Census, p. 107.)

BANKS.—The number of banks in New York in 1860 was 303; capital \$111,441,820, loans \$200,351,332, specie \$30,921,545, circulation \$29,959,506, deposits \$101,070,273; and in Virginia the number was 65; capital \$16,005,156, loans \$24,975,792, specie \$2,943,652; circulation \$9,812,197, deposits \$7,729,652. (Table 34, p. 193, Census.)

INSURANCE COMPANIES.—The risks taken in New York were \$916,474,956, or nearly one third of those in the whole Union. Virginia, estimated at \$100,000,000; difference in favor of New York \$816,474,956. (Census, p. 79.)

EXPORTS AND IMPORTS, ETC.—Our exports abroad from New York for the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1860, were \$145,555,449, and the foreign imports \$248,439,877; total of both, \$394,045,326. The clearances same year from New York were 4,574,285 tons, and the entries 4,836,448 tons; total of both, 9,410,733 tons. In Virginia, the exports the same year were \$5,858,024, and the imports \$1,826,249; total of

both, \$7,184,273; clearances, 80,881 tons, entries, 97,763 tons; total of both, 178,143 tons. (Table 14, Register of United States Treasury.) Revenue collected from customs same year in New York, \$37,788,969, and in Virginia \$189,816, or 200 to 1 in favor of New York. (Tables U. S. Com. of Customs.) No returns are given for the coastwise and internal trade of either State, but the tables of the railway and canal transportation of States show nearly the same proportion in favor of New York as in the foreign trade. Thus the *domestic* exports from New York for the above year abroad were \$126,060,967, and from Virginia \$5,883,370. (Same Table, 14.) And yet Virginia, as we have seen, had much greater natural advantages than New York for commerce, as well as for mines, manufactures, and agriculture. But slavery has almost expelled commerce from Virginia, and nearly paralyzed all other pursuits.

These Tables, taken from the Census and the Treasury records, prove incontestably, that slavery retards the progress of wealth and population throughout the South, but especially in Virginia. Nor can the Tariff account for the results; for Virginia, as we have seen, possesses far greater advantages than New York for manufactures. Besides, the commerce of New York far surpasses that of Virginia, and this is the branch of industry supposed to be affected most injuriously by high tariffs, and New York has generally voted against them with as much unanimity as Virginia. But there is a still more conclusive proof. The year 1824 was the commencement of the era of high tariffs, and yet, from 1790 to 1820, as proved by the Census, the percentage of increase of New York over Virginia was greater than from 1820 to 1860. Thus, by Table 1 of the Census, p. 124, the increase of population in Virginia was as follows:

From 1790 to 1800	17.68 per cent.
“ 1800 “ 1810	10.78 “

From 1810 to 1820	9.31	per cent.
" 1820 " 1830	13.71	"
" 1830 " 1840	2.34	"
" 1840 " 1850	14.60	"
" 1850 " 1860	12.29	"

The increase of population in New York was :

From 1790 to 1800	72.51	per cent.
" 1800 " 1810	63.45	"
" 1810 " 1820	43.14	"
" 1820 " 1830	39.76	"
" 1830 " 1840	26.60	"
" 1840 " 1850	27.52	"
" 1850 " 1860	25.29	"

In 1790 the population of Virginia was 748,318, in 1820, 1,065,129, and in 1860, 1,596,318. In 1790 the population of New York was 340,120, in 1820, 1,372,111, and in 1860, 3,880,735. Thus, from 1790 to 1820, before the inauguration of the protective policy, the relative increase of the population of New York, as compared with Virginia, was very far greater than from 1820 to 1860. It is quite clear, then, that the Tariff had no influence whatever in depressing the progress of Virginia as compared with New York.

We have heretofore proved by the Census the same position as regards the relative progress of Maryland and Massachusetts, and the same principle applies as between all the Free, as compared with all the Slave States. In New York, we have seen that from 1790 to 1820, in the absence of high tariffs, and even before the completion of her great canal, her advance in population was much more rapid than from 1820 to 1860. Indeed, it is quite clear that, so far as the Tariff had any influence, it was far more unfavorable to New York than to Virginia, New York being a much greater agricultural as well as commercial State.

Having shown how much the material progress of Virginia has been retarded by slavery, let us now consider its effect upon her moral and intellectual development.

NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS.—

The number of newspapers and periodicals in New York in 1860 was 542, of which 365 were political, 56 religious, 63 literary, 58 miscellaneous; and the number of copies circulated in 1860 was 320,930,884. (Census Tables, No. 15, 37.) The number in Virginia was 139; of which 117 were political, 18 religious, 3 literary, 6 miscellaneous; and the number of copies circulated in 1860 was 26,772,568. Thus, the annual circulation of the press in New York was twelve times as great as that of Virginia. As to periodicals: New York had 69 monthlies, of which 2 were political, 25 religious, 24 literary, and 18 miscellaneous; 10 quarterlies, of which 5 were religious, and 5 literary; 6 annuals, of which 3 were political, 2 religious, and 2 miscellaneous. Virginia had 5 monthlies, of which 1 was political, 2 religious, 1 literary, and 1 miscellaneous; and no quarterlies or annuals. The annual circulation of the New York monthlies was 2,045,000; that of Virginia was 43,900; or more than 43 to 1 in favor of New York.

As regards schools, colleges, academies, libraries, and churches, I must take the Census of 1850, those tables for 1860 not being yet arranged and printed. The number of public schools in New York in 1850 was 11,580, teachers 13,965, pupils 675,221; colleges, academies, etc., pupils 52,001; attending school during the year, as returned by families, 693,329; native adults of the State who cannot read or write, 23,341. Public libraries, 11,013; volumes, 1,760,820. Value of churches \$21,539,561. (Comp. Census, 1850.)

The number of public schools in Virginia in 1850 was 2,937, teachers 3,005, pupils 67,438; colleges, academies, etc., pupils 10,326; attending school during the year, as returned by families, 109,775; native white adults of the State who cannot read or write, 75,868. Public libraries, 54; volumes, 83,462. Value of churches, \$2,902,220. (Compend. of Census of 1850.) By Table 155, same compend., the percentage of native free

population in Virginia over 20 years of age who cannot read or write is 19.90, and in New York 1.87, in North Carolina 30.34, in Maryland 11.10, in Massachusetts 0.32, or less than one third of one per cent. In New England, the percentage of native whites who cannot read or write is 0.42, or less than one half of one per cent.; and in the Southern States 20.30, or 50 to 1 in favor of New England. (Compend., Table 571.) But, if we take the whole adult population of Virginia, including whites, free blacks, and slaves, 42.05 per cent., or nearly one half, cannot read or write; and in North Carolina, more than one half cannot read or write. We have seen, by the above official tables of the Census of 1850, that New York, compared with Virginia, had nearly ten times as many pupils at schools, colleges, and academies, twenty times as many books in libraries, and largely more than seven times the value of churches; while the ratio of native white adults who cannot read or write was more than 10 to 1 in Virginia, compared with New York. We have seen, also, that in North Carolina nearly one third of the native white adults, and in Virginia nearly one fifth, cannot read or write, and in New England 1 in every 400, in New York 1 in every 181, in the South and Southwest 1 in every 42 of the native white adults. (Comp. p. 153.)

My next comparison will be that of two great new Western States—Illinois, a Free State, and Missouri, slaveholding.

The comparison is just, for while Missouri has increased since 1810 in wealth and population, much more rapidly than any of the Slave States, there are several Free States whose relative advance has exceeded that of Illinois. The rapid growth of Missouri is owing to her immense area, her fertile soil, her mighty rivers (the Mississippi and Missouri), her central and commanding position, and to the fact that she has so small a number of slaves to

the square mile, as well as to the free population.

The population of Illinois, in 1810, was 12,282, and in 1860, 1,711,951; the ratio of increase from 1810 to 1860 being 18,838.70. (Table 1, Cens. 1860.) The population of Missouri in 1810, was 20,845, and in 1860, 1,182,012; the ratio of increase from 1810 to 1860 being 5,570.48. (Ib.) The rank of Missouri in 1810 was 22, and of Illinois 23. The rank of Missouri in 1860 was 8, and of Illinois, 4.

AREA.—The area of Missouri is 67,380 square miles, being the 4th in rank, as to area, of all the States. The area of Illinois is 55,405 square miles, ranking the 10th. Missouri, then, has 11,975 more square miles than Illinois. This excess is greater by 749 square miles than the aggregate area of Massachusetts, Delaware, and Rhode Island, containing in 1860 a population of 1,517,902. The population of Missouri per square mile in 1810 exceeded that of Illinois .08; but, in 1860, the population of Missouri per square mile was 17.54, ranking the 22d, and that of Illinois, 30.90, ranking the 13th. Illinois, with her ratio to the square mile and the area of Missouri, would have had in 1860 a population of 2,082,042; and Missouri, with her ratio and the area of Illinois, would have had in 1860 a population of 971,803, making a difference in favor of Illinois of 1,110,239 instead of 529,939. The absolute increase of population of Illinois per square mile from 1850 to 1860 was 15.54, and of Missouri 7.43, Illinois ranking the 6th in this ratio and Missouri the 14th. These facts prove the vast advantages which Missouri possessed in her larger area as compared with Illinois.

But Missouri in 1810, we have seen, had nearly double the population of Illinois. Now, reversing their numbers in 1810, the ratio of increase of each remaining the same, the population of Illinois in 1860 would have been 2,905,014, and of Missouri, 696,983. If we

bring the greater area of Missouri as an element into this calculation, the population of Illinois in 1860 would have exceeded that of Missouri more than two millions and a half.

MINES.—By Census Tables, 9, 10, 13, and 14, Missouri produced, in 1860, pig iron of the value of \$575,000; Illinois, none. Bar and rolled iron—Missouri, \$585,000; Illinois, none. Lead—Missouri, \$356,660; Illinois, \$72,953. Coal—Missouri, \$8,200; Illinois, \$964,187. Copper—Missouri, \$6,000; Illinois, none. As to mines, then, Missouri has a decided advantage over Illinois. Indeed, the iron mountains of Missouri are unsurpassed in the world. That Illinois approaches so near to Missouri in mineral products, is owing to her railroads and canals, and not to equal natural advantages. The number of miles of railroad in operation in 1860 was, 2,868 in Illinois, and 817 in Missouri; of canals, Illinois, 102 miles; Missouri, none. (Tables 38, 39.) But if Missouri had been a Free State, she would have at least equalled Illinois in internal improvements, and the Pacific Railroad would have long since united San Francisco, St. Louis, and Chicago.

Illinois is increasing in a *progressive* ratio as compared with Missouri. Thus, from 1840 to 1850 the increase of numbers in Illinois was 78.81, and from 1850 to 1860, 101.01 per cent., while the increase of Missouri from 1840 to 1850 was 77.75, and from 1850 to 1860, 73.80. Thus, the ratio is augmenting in Illinois, and decreasing in Missouri. If Illinois and Missouri should each increase from 1860 to 1870, in the same ratio as from 1850 to 1860, Illinois would then number 3,441,448, and Missouri, 2,048,426. (Table 1.) In 1850, Chicago numbered 29,963, and in 1860, 109,260. St. Louis, 77,860 in 1850, and 160,778 in 1860. (Table 40.) From 1840 to 1850 the ratio of increase of Chicago was 570.31, and from 1850 to 1860, 264.65, and of St. Louis, from 1840 to 1850, 372.26 per cent., and from 1850 to 1860, 106.49.

If both increased in their respective ratios from 1860 to 1870 as from 1850 to 1860, Chicago would number 398,420 in 1870, and St. Louis, 331,879. It would be difficult to say which city has the greatest natural advantages, and yet when St. Louis was a city, Chicago was but the site of a fort.

PROGRESS OF WEALTH.—By Census Table 36, the cash value of the farms of Illinois in 1860, was \$482,531,072, and of Missouri, \$230,632,126, making a difference in favor of Illinois of \$251,898,946, which is the loss which Missouri has sustained by slavery in the single item of the value of her farm lands. Abolish slavery there, and the value of the farm lands of Missouri would soon equal those of Illinois, and augment the wealth of the farmers of Missouri over two hundred millions of dollars. But these farm lands of Missouri embrace only 19,984,809 acres (Table 36), leaving unoccupied 23,188,891 acres. The difference between the value of the unoccupied lands of Missouri and Illinois, is six dollars per acre, at which rate the increased value of the unoccupied lands of Missouri, in the absence of slavery, is \$148,830,346. Thus it appears, that the loss to Missouri in the value of her lands, caused by slavery, is \$340,729,292. If we add to this the diminished value of town and city property in Missouri, from the same cause, the total loss in that State in the value of real estate, exceeds \$400,000,000, which is nearly twenty times the value of her slaves. By Table 35, the increase in the value of the real and personal property of Illinois from 1850 to 1860, was \$715,595,276, being 457.98 per cent., and of Missouri, \$363,966,691, being 265.18 per cent. At the same rate of increase from 1860 to 1870, the total wealth of Illinois would then be \$3,993,000,000, and of Missouri, \$1,829,000,000, making the difference against Missouri, in 1870, caused by slavery, \$2,664,000,000, which is more than double the whole debt of the nation, and more than twice

the value of all the slaves in the Union.

The total wealth of the Union in 1860 exceeded \$16,000,000,000. If this were increased \$1,000,000,000 in time, by the augmented wealth of Missouri, and our revenue from duties and taxes should be \$220,000,000, the increased income, being one seventeenth of the whole, would exceed \$12,000,000 per annum; or, if the increase of wealth should be only \$200,000,000, then the augmented proportional annual revenue would be \$2,750,000, or nearly one eightieth part of the whole revenue.

By overthrowing the rebellion, the taxes to pay the national debt will be collected from all the States, instead of being confined to those that are loyal. The rebel Confederate debt, never having had any existence in law or justice, but having been created only to support a wicked rebellion, will of course be expunged by the reestablishment of the Union. All the rebel States' debt incurred since the revolt, for the purpose of overthrowing the Government, will, of course, have no legal existence. Under the Federal Constitution, no State Legislature can have any lawful existence, except in conformity with its provisions, accompanied by a prior oath of every member to support the Constitution of the United States. These assemblages, then, since the revolt in the several States, calling themselves State Legislatures, never had any legal existence or authority, and were mere assemblages of traitors. Such is the clear provision of the Federal Constitution, and of the law of nations and of justice. It would be strange, indeed, if conventicles of traitors in revolted States could legally or rightfully impose taxes on the people of such States, loyal or disloyal, to overthrow the Government. Indeed, if justice could have her full sway, the whole debt of this Government, incurred to suppress this rebellion, ought to be paid by the traitors alone.

My next comparison will be that of the Free State of Pennsylvania with Virginia.

Virginia was a considerable colony when Pennsylvania was occupied only by Indian tribes. In 1790, Virginia was first in rank of all the States, her number of inhabitants being 748,308. (Census Rep., 120, 121.) Pennsylvania then ranked the second, numbering 434,373 persons. (Ib.) In 1860 the population of Virginia was 1,596,318, ranking the fifth; Pennsylvania still remaining the second, and numbering 2,905,115. (Ib.) In 1790 the population of Virginia exceeded that of Pennsylvania 313,925; in 1860 the excess in favor of Pennsylvania was 1,308,797. The ratio of increase of population of Virginia from 1790 to 1860 was 113.32 per cent., and of Pennsylvania in the same period, 569.03. At the same relative ratio of increase for the next seventy years, Virginia would contain a population of 3,405,265 in 1930; and Pennsylvania 19,443,934, exceeding that of England. Such has been and would continue to be the effect of slavery in retarding the progress of Virginia, and such the influence of freedom in the rapid advance of Pennsylvania. Indeed, with the maintenance and perpetuity of the Union in all its integrity, the destiny of Pennsylvania will surpass the most sanguine expectations.

The population of Virginia per square mile in 1790 was 12.19, and in 1860, 26.02; whilst that of Pennsylvania in 1790 was 9.44, and in 1860, 63.18. (Ib.) The absolute increase of the population of Virginia per square mile, from 1790 to 1860, was 13.83, and from 1850 to 1860, 2.85; whilst that of Pennsylvania from 1790 to 1860, was 53.74, and from 1850 to 1860, 12.93. (Ib.)

AREA.—The area of Virginia is 61,352 square miles, and of Pennsylvania 46,000, the difference being 15,352 square miles, which is greater by 758 square miles than the aggregate area of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Delaware, containing in 1860

a population of 1,808,429. (Ib.) Retaining their respective ratios of increase per square mile from 1790 to 1860, and reversing their areas, that of Virginia in 1860 would have been 1,196,920, and of Pennsylvania 3,876,119. Reversing the numbers of each State in 1790, the ratio of increase in each remaining the same, the population of Pennsylvania in 1860 would have been 5,408,424, and that of Virginia, 926,603. Reversing both the areas and numbers in 1790, and the population of Pennsylvania would have exceeded that of Virginia in 1860 more than six millions.

SHORE LINE.—By the Tables of the Coast Survey, the shore line of Virginia is 1,571 miles, and of Pennsylvania only 60 miles. This vastly superior coast line of Virginia, with better, deeper, more capacious, and much more numerous harbors, unobstructed by ice, and with easy access for so many hundred miles by navigable bays and tide-water rivers leading so far into the interior, gives to Virginia great advantages over Pennsylvania in commerce and every branch of industry. Indeed, in this respect, Virginia stands unrivalled in the Union. The hydraulic power of Virginia greatly exceeds that of Pennsylvania.

MINES.—Pennsylvania excels every other State in mineral wealth, but Virginia comes next.

SOIL.—In natural fertility of soil, the two States are about equal; but the seasons in Virginia are more favorable, both for crops and stock, than in Pennsylvania. Virginia has all the agricultural products of Pennsylvania, with cotton in addition. The area, however, of Virginia (39,265,280 acres) being greater by 9,825,280 acres than that of Pennsylvania (29,440,000 acres), gives to Virginia vast advantages.

In her greater area, her far superior coast line, harbors, rivers, and hydraulic power, her longer and better seasons for crops and stock, and greater variety of products, Virginia has vast natural

advantages, and with nearly double the population of Pennsylvania in 1790. And yet, where has slavery placed Virginia? Pennsylvania exceeds her now in numbers 1,808,797, and increased in population from 1790 to 1860, in a ratio more than five to one. Such is the terrible contrast between free and slave institutions!

PROGRESS OF WEALTH.—By Census Tables (1860) 38 and 36, it appears (omitting commerce) that the products of industry, as given, viz., of agriculture, manufactures, mines, and fisheries, were that year in Pennsylvania, of the value of \$399,600,000, or \$188 *per capita*; and in Virginia, \$120,000,000, or \$75 *per capita*. This shows a total value of product in Pennsylvania much more than three times that of Virginia, and, *per capita*, nearly two to one. That is, the average value of the product of the labor of each person in Pennsylvania is nearly double that of each person, including slaves, in Virginia. Thus is proved the vast superiority of free over slave labor, and the immense national loss occasioned by the substitution of the latter for the former.

As to the rate of increase: the value of the products of Virginia in 1850 was \$84,480,428 (Table 9), and in Pennsylvania, \$229,567,181, showing an increase in Virginia, from 1850 to 1860, of \$35,519,572, being 41 per cent.; and in Pennsylvania, \$170,083,809, being 51 per cent.; exhibiting a difference of 10 per cent. in favor of Pennsylvania. By the Census Table of 1860, No. 35, p. 195, the true value then of the real and personal property was, in Pennsylvania, \$1,416,501,818, and of Virginia, \$798,249,681. Now, we have seen, the value of the products in Pennsylvania in 1860 was \$399,600,000, and in Virginia, \$120,000,000. Thus, as a question of the annual yield of capital, that of Pennsylvania was 29 per cent., and of Virginia, 15 per cent. By Census Table 35, the total value of the real and personal property of Pennsylvania was

\$722,486,120 in 1850, and \$1,416,501,818 in 1860, showing an increase, in that decade, of \$694,015,698, being 96.05 per cent.; and in Virginia, \$480,701,082 in 1850, and \$793,249,681 in 1860, showing an increase of \$362,548,599, or 84.17 per cent.

By Table 86, p. 196, Census of 1860, the *cash* value of the farms of Virginia was \$371,092,211, being \$11.91 per acre; and of Pennsylvania, \$662,050,707, being \$38.91 per acre. Now, by this table, the number of acres embraced in these farms of Pennsylvania was 17,012,153 acres, and in Virginia, 31,014,950; the difference of value per acre being \$27, or largely more than three to one in favor of Pennsylvania. Now, if we multiply the farm lands of Virginia by the Pennsylvania value per acre, it would make the total value of the farm lands of Virginia \$1,204,791,804; and the *additional* value, caused by emancipation, \$835,692,598. But the whole area of Virginia is 89,265,280 acres, deducting from which the farm lands, there remain unoccupied 8,250,330 acres. Now, if (as would be in the absence of slavery) the population per square mile of Virginia equalled that of Pennsylvania, three fifths of these lands would have been occupied as farms, viz. 4,950,198, which, at the Pennsylvania value per acre, would have been worth \$188,207,524. Deduct from this their present average value of \$2 per acre, \$9,800,896, and the remainder, \$178,407,128, is the sum by which the unoccupied lands of Virginia, converted into farms, would have been increased in value by emancipation. Add this to the enhanced value of their present farms, and the result is \$1,014,106,721 as the gain, on this basis, of Virginia in the value of her lands, by emancipation. To these we should add the increased value of town and city lots and improvements, and of personal property, and, with emancipation, Virginia would now have an augmented wealth of at least one billion and a half of dollars.

The earnings of commerce are not given in the Census Tables, which would vastly increase the difference in the value of their annual products in favor of Pennsylvania as compared with Virginia. These earnings include all not embraced under the heads of agriculture, manufactures, the mines, and fisheries. Let us examine some of these statistics.

RAILROADS.—The number of miles of railroad in operation in Pennsylvania in 1860, including city roads, was 2,690.49 miles,* costing \$147,288,410; and in Virginia, 1,771 miles, costing \$64,958,807. (Census Table of 1860, No. 38, pp. 230, 232.) The annual value of the freight carried on these roads is estimated at \$200,000,000 more in Pennsylvania than in Virginia, and the passenger account would still more increase the disparity.

CANALS.—The number of miles of canals in Pennsylvania in 1860 was 1,259, and their cost, \$42,015,000. In Virginia the number of miles was 178, and the cost, \$7,817,000. (Census Table 39, p. 238.) The estimated value of the freight on the Pennsylvania canals is ten times that of the freight on the Virginia canals.

TONNAGE.—The tonnage of vessels built in Pennsylvania in 1860 was 21,615 tons, and in Virginia, 4,379. (Census, p. 197.)

BANKS.—The number of banks in Pennsylvania in 1860 was 90; capital, \$25,565,582; loans, \$50,327,127; specie, \$8,378,474; circulation, \$13,132,892; deposits, \$26,167,143;—and in Virginia the number was 65; capital, \$16,005,156; loans, \$24,975,792; specie, \$2,943,652; circulation, \$9,812,197; deposits, \$7,729,652. (Census Table 35, p. 193.)

EXPORTS AND IMPORTS, ETC.—Our exports abroad from Pennsylvania, for the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1860, and foreign imports, were of the value of \$20,262,608. The clearances, same year, from Pennsylvania, and entries were 836,848 tons. In Virginia the ex-

* Now 2,907 miles.

ports the same year and foreign imports were of the value of \$7,184,273; clearances and entries, 178,143 tons. (Table 14, Register of U. S. Treasury.) Revenue from customs, same year, in Pennsylvania, \$2,552,924, and in Virginia, \$189,816; or more than twelve to one in favor of Pennsylvania. (Tables U. S. Commissioner of Customs.) No returns are given for the coastwise and internal trade of either State; but the railway and canal transportation of both States shows a difference of ten to one in favor of Pennsylvania. And yet, Virginia, as we have seen, had much greater natural advantages than Pennsylvania for commerce, foreign and internal, her shore line up to head of tide water being 1,571 miles, and Pennsylvania only 60 miles.

We have seen that, exclusive of commerce, the products of Pennsylvania in 1860 were of the value of \$399,600,000, or \$188 *per capita*; and in Virginia, \$120,000,000, or \$75 *per capita*. But, if we add the earnings of commerce, the products of Pennsylvania must have exceeded those of Virginia much more than four to one, and have reached, *per capita*, nearly three to one. What but slavery could have produced such amazing results? Indeed, when we see the same effects in *all* the Free States as compared with *all* the Slave States, and in *any* of the Slave States, as compared with *any* of the Free States, the uniformity of results establishes the law beyond all controversy, that slavery retards immensely the progress of wealth and population.

That the Tariff has produced none of these results, is shown by the fact that the agriculture and commerce of Pennsylvania vastly exceed those of Virginia, and yet these are the interests supposed to be most injuriously affected by high tariffs. But there is still more conclusive proof. The year 1824 was the commencement of the era of high tariffs, and yet, from 1790 to 1820, as proved by the Census, the percentage of increase of Pennsylvania over Vir-

ginia was greater than from 1820 to 1860. Thus, by Table 1 of the Census, p. 124, the increase of population in Virginia was as follows:

From 1790 to 1800	17.68	per cent.
" 1800 " 1810	10.73	"
" 1810 " 1820	9.31	"
" 1820 " 1830	13.71	"
" 1830 " 1840	2.84	"
" 1840 " 1850	14.00	"
" 1850 " 1860	12.29	"

The increase of population in Pennsylvania was:

From 1790 to 1800	38.67	per cent.
" 1800 " 1810	34.49	"
" 1810 " 1820	29.55	"
" 1820 " 1830	28.47	"
" 1830 " 1840	27.87	"
" 1840 " 1850	34.09	"
" 1850 " 1860	25.71	"

In 1790 the population of Virginia was 748,318; in 1820, 1,065,129, and in 1860, 1,596,318. In 1790 the population of Pennsylvania was 434,373; in 1820, 1,848,233, and in 1860, 2,906,115. Thus, from 1790 to 1820, before the inauguration of the protective policy, the relative increase of the population of Pennsylvania, as compared with Virginia, was very far greater than from 1820 to 1860. It is quite clear, then, that the tariff had no influence in depressing the progress of Virginia as compared with Pennsylvania.

Having shown how much the material progress of Virginia has been retarded by slavery, let us now consider its effect upon her moral and intellectual development.

NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS.—The number of newspapers and periodicals in Pennsylvania in 1860 was 367, of which 277 were political, 43 religious, 25 literary, 22 miscellaneous; and the total number of copies circulated in 1860 was 116,094,480. (Census Tables, Nos. 15, 37.) The number in Virginia was 189, of which 117 were political, 18 religious, 3 literary, 6 miscellaneous; and the number of copies circulated in 1860 was 26,772,568, being

much less than one fourth that of Pennsylvania. The number of copies of monthly periodicals circulated in Pennsylvania in 1860 was 464,684; and in Virginia, 43,900: or much more than ten to one in favor of Pennsylvania.

As regards schools, colleges, academies, libraries, and churches, I must take the Census of 1850, those tables for 1860 not being yet arranged or printed. The number of public schools in Pennsylvania in 1850 was 9,061; teachers, 10,024; pupils, 413,706; colleges, academies, &c., pupils, 26,142; attending school during the year, as returned by families, 504,610; native adults of the State who cannot read or write, 51,283; public libraries, 893; volumes, 363,400; value of churches, \$11,853,291; percentage of native free population (adults) who cannot read or write, 4.56. (Comp. Census of 1850.)

The number of public schools in Virginia in 1850 was 2,937; teachers, 3,005; pupils, 67,438; colleges, academies, etc., pupils, 10,326; attending school, as returned by families, 109,775; native white adults of the State who cannot read or write, 75,868; public libraries, 54; volumes, 88,462; value of churches, \$2,902,220; percentage of native free adults of Virginia who cannot read or write, 19.90. (Comp. Census of 1850.) Thus, the church and educational statistics of Pennsylvania, and especially of free adults who cannot read or write, is as five to one nearly in favor of Pennsylvania. When we recollect that nearly one third of the population of Pennsylvania are of the great German race and speak the noble German language, to which they are greatly attached, and hence the difficulty of introducing common *English* public schools in the State, the advantage, in this respect, of Pennsylvania over Virginia is most extraordinary.

My last comparison will be that of our two smallest States—Rhode Island, a Free State, and Delaware, slaveholding.

In 1790 the population of Rhode Island was 69,110, and that of Delaware

59,096. In 1860, the former numbered 174,630, the latter 112,216. Thus, from 1790 to 1860, the ratio of increase of population of Rhode Island was 152.67 per cent., and of Delaware, 89.88. At the same relative rate of increase, for the next, as for the last seventy years, the population of Rhode Island in 1930, would be 441,212, and of Delaware, 213,074. Thus in 1790, Rhode Island numbered but 10,014 more than Delaware, 62,404 more in 1860, and, at the same ratio of increase, 228,138 more in 1930. Such has been and would be the effect of slavery in retarding the increase of Delaware, as compared with Rhode Island. (Census Table, 1860, No. 1.)

The population of Rhode Island per square mile in 1790, was 52.15, and in 1860, 133.71; that of Delaware, 27.87 in 1790, and 59.93 in 1860. The absolute increase of population of Rhode Island, per square mile, from 1790 to 1860, was 80.79, and from 1850 to 1860, 20.74; that of Delaware, from 1790 to 1860, was 25.05, and from 1850 to 1860, 9.76. (Ib.)

AREA.—The area of Rhode Island is 1,306 square miles, and of Delaware, 2,120, being 38 per cent., or much more than one third larger than Rhode Island. Retaining their respective ratios of increase, per square mile, from 1790 to 1860, and reversing their areas, the population of Rhode Island in 1860, would have been 283,465, and of Delaware, 78,268.

In natural fertility of soil Delaware is far superior to Rhode Island, the seasons much more favorable for crops and stock, and with more than double the number of acres of arable land.

PROGRESS OF WEALTH.—By Census Tables 33 and 36 (omitting commerce), it appears that the products of industry as given, viz., of agriculture, manufactures, mines, and fisheries, were that year, in Rhode Island, of the value of \$52,400,000, or \$300 *per capita*, and in Delaware, \$16,100,000, or \$143 *per capita*. That is, the average annual

value of the product of the labor of each person in Rhode Island is greatly more than double that of the labor of each person in Delaware, including slaves. This, we have seen, would make the value of the products of labor in Rhode Island in 1860, \$182,368,600, and in Delaware, only \$30,469,582, notwithstanding the far greater area and superior natural advantages of Delaware as compared with Rhode Island.

As to the rate of increase: the value of the products of Delaware in 1850 was \$7,804,992, in 1860, \$16,100,000; and in Rhode Island, in 1850, \$24,288,088, and in 1860, \$52,400,000. (Table 9, Treas. Rep., 1856), exhibiting a large difference in the ratio in favor of Rhode Island.

By Table 36, p. 196, Census of 1860, the cash value of the farm lands of Rhode Island in 1860 was \$19,395,573, or \$37.80 per acre (519,698 acres), and of Delaware, \$31,426,357, or \$31.89 per acre (1,004,295 acres). Thus, if the farm lands of Delaware were of the cash value of those of Rhode Island per acre, it would increase the value of those of Delaware \$5,985,385, whereas the whole value of her slaves is but \$539,400.

But by Table 35, Census of 1860, the total value of the real and personal property in Rhode Island in 1860, was \$185,837,588, and of Delaware, \$46,242,181, making a difference in favor of Rhode Island, \$89,095,497, whereas, we have seen, in the absence of slavery, Delaware must have far exceeded Rhode Island in wealth and population.

The earnings of commerce are not given by the Census, but, to how vast an extent this would swell the difference in favor of Rhode Island, we may learn from the Census, Bank Table No. 34. The number of the banks of Rhode Island in 1860, was 91; capital, \$20,865,569; loans, \$26,719,877; circulation, \$3,558,295; deposits, \$3,553,104. In Delaware, number of banks, 12, capital, \$1,640,675; loans, \$3,150,215; cir-

ulation, \$1,185,772; deposits, \$976,228.

Having shown how much slavery has retarded the material progress of Delaware, let us now consider its effect upon her moral and intellectual development.

NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS.—The number of newspapers and periodicals in Rhode Island in 1860, was 26, of which 18 were political, 6 literary, and 2 miscellaneous. (Census, Table No. 37.) The number in Delaware was 14, of which 13 were political, and 1 literary. Of periodicals, Delaware had none; Rhode Island 1. The number of copies of newspapers and periodicals issued in Rhode Island in 1860 was 5,289,280, and in Delaware only 1,010,776, or largely more than five to one in favor of Rhode Island.

As regards schools, colleges, academies, libraries, and churches, I must take the Census of 1850, those tables for 1860 not being yet arranged or published. The number of public schools in Rhode Island in 1850 was 426, teachers 518, pupils 23,180; attending school during the year, as returned by families, whites, 28,359; native adults of the State who cannot read or write, 1,248; public libraries, 96; volumes, 104,342; value of churches, \$1,293,600; percentage of native free adults who cannot read or write, 149. Colleges and academies, pupils, 3,664. (Comp. Census of 1850.) The number of public schools in Delaware in 1850, was 194, teachers, 214, pupils, 8,970; attending school during the year, whites, as returned by families, 14,216; native free adults of the State who cannot read or write, 9,777; public libraries, 17; volumes, 17,950; value of churches, \$340,845; percentage of native free adults who cannot read or write, 23.08; colleges and academies, pupils, 764. (Comp. Census, 1850.)

The subject will be continued in my next letter. R. J. WALKER.

WAS HE SUCCESSFUL?

PART THE LAST.

'Do but grasp into the thick of human life! Every one *lives* it—to not many is it *known*; and seize it where you will, it is interesting.'—**GOETHE.**

'**SUCCESSFUL.**—Terminating in accomplishing what is wished or intended.'—**WEBSTER'S Dictionary.**

CHAPTER VI.

ABOUT two weeks after Hiram's interview with Dr. Ephraim Peters, he had occasion to spend a long evening in company with certain influential members (of which he, of course, was the most influential) of St. Jude's.

It was past eleven o'clock when the meeting broke up. It was a clear, cold, December night, and Hiram buttoned his coat quite to his chin as he descended the steps to commence his walk home. Some had carriages in waiting; but he, fully alive to his brother's advice, preferred to go on foot. One gentleman kept him company for a couple of blocks; after that, he proceeded alone.

As he passed the corner of a street which ran at right angles to the one he was pursuing, a man came suddenly upon him, and, standing square in his path, demanded in a savage tone, 'Do you want your wood split?'

Hiram turned quickly aside, to avoid the questioner; but he had time to observe that he was an athletic man, with a limping gait, and a fierce, demoniacal countenance. He carried in his hand something like a butcher's cleaver; and before Hiram could escape, he repeated the question: 'Do you want your wood split?'

Hiram uttered a hasty 'No,' in response, and walked swiftly forward.

The stranger was not to be so easily disposed of. He put himself before the millionaire a second time, and repeated his question.

Hiram Meeker was not a coward—that is, so far as his brain served him; and we all know he had enough of that.

Finding he was not to get rid of the unknown so readily, he stopped and regarded him with careful scrutiny.

The other repeated his question still again: 'Do you want your wood split?'

Hiram was not slow to perceive that the man was insane, and he endeavored to humor him.

'Yes,' he said, 'I want my wood split very much indeed. It is too late to-night; but come to my house to-morrow, and you shall have the job.'

'Oh, no, no, no!' cried the other, 'I work only by night—only by night—and I cannot go to your house—you must come to mine!'

He laid hold of Hiram's arm with a tenacious grasp.

'I must first go home,' said Hiram, calmly, 'and send my wood round for you to split.'

'Not so, not so,' retorted the maniac. 'It has already been sent. Come and see!'—and he began pulling at Hiram's arm—not with ferocity, but with a doggedness almost worse.

Hiram looked up and down the street. Not a soul was visible. The creature who stopped his way was a powerful man—was armed with a deadly weapon—was mad.

Hiram came swiftly to a conclusion. He would appear to yield, and in the walk he was about to take it was almost a certainty that they would encounter some one. So he replied, in a good-natured manner: 'Well, if the wood has been sent to you, we had better go and have it split at once.'

'That's the talk—that's the talk! But we must hurry. Come on—come

quick, and you will see how I will do it up.'

He did not relax his hold of Hiram's arm. The two walked rapidly forward—much more rapidly than Hiram desired; but the crazy man kept exclaiming: 'We must make haste. I promised *him* I would not leave the room. No more would I; but you see, if I can earn the money, I am all right—all right—all right!'

'How much have *you* got?' he asked, stopping abruptly, and turning suddenly on Hiram.

'I have got ever so much. Now I think of it, suppose I pay you on the spot, so that you can go ahead and split the wood? It is getting late, you see.'

'That won't do—that won't do. I want *him* to have the money! Come—come along, and give it to him.'

On they pressed, till at length the man exclaimed: 'Here we are! Don't you perceive?'

He had stopped before an old and very common-looking house. In the second story one could see a light burning. The madman motioned Hiram to enter. The millionaire was glad to discover that he was so near the end of his journey, and in a perfectly respectable neighborhood. Not doubting that he would find the apartment occupied, and quite sure there were inhabitants in the other part of the house, he proceeded to mount the stairs with alacrity, his companion following close at his heels.

It was with a sense of quiet relief that Hiram opened the door into a well-lighted room. This feeling was suddenly changed to one of horror on ascertaining that there was no one in the apartment, but that on a bed at the farther end of it was extended the corpse of a woman, already laid out and ready for the coffin! He stepped quickly backward, but it was too late. The madman was close behind him, and egress was out of the question.

'Come,' he said, 'you need not be afraid; she won't hurt you.'

The poor creature walked to the bedside, and it seemed as if sanity was vainly struggling to regain its place.

'Come closer,' he exclaimed to Hiram, who was standing near him.

Hiram advanced at the word of command, and the other again took his arm; and both stood very still, looking at the dead woman.

'Had we better wake her, think you?'

Hiram shook his head.

'You are right. I must first earn the money—earn the money. Then—then I will wake her. Yes, then I will wake her.'

'Is it your wife?' demanded Hiram, timidly, impelled by an irresistible impulse to ask the question.

'Wife!' shouted the other, glaring on Hiram—'wife! who talks to me about wife? Do you? Say quick!—do you?'—and he raised the cleaver in a menacing manner.

'It was not I,' said Hiram, with as much calmness as he could command, while he looked at the other fixedly—it was not I.'

'Glad to hear you say so. If it had been, I would have made kindling wood of you—yes, kindling wood of you!—That's all got along with,' he added, lowering the cleaver. 'Now take a seat.'

The madman sat down on one side of a small table, and motioned Hiram to occupy the chair opposite.

He did so.

'Now we are comfortable. Don't you think so? Shan't have to move, shall we? Old Meeker, d—n his soul!—don't own this house. Come, let's have a gay old time!'—and he commenced, half shouting, half singing:

'Ain't I glad to get out of the wilderness—
To get out of the wilderness,
To get out of the wilderness?—
Ain't I glad to get out of the wilderness?
Hip, hip, hurrah!'

Hiram sat pale, but not trembling. He knew his very life depended on his composure, and he believed that the

noise which the madman was making would soon bring persons to the spot.

'You don't seem to like my little song,' he exclaimed. 'I will give you another.' And he shouted on:

'I wish I was a horse, as big as any elephant—
As big as any elephant,
As big as any elephant—
I wish I was a horse, as big as any elephant—
Hip, hip, hurrah!'

'That's better, ain't it?' Suddenly he turned and looked at the corpse.

'Wife—wife! who said 'wife' to me?—who said 'wife' to me?' And he burst forth more furiously than ever:

'My wife's dead, and I want another one—
And I want another one,
And I want another one—
My wife's dead, and I want another one—
Hip, hip, hurrah!'

The man had now become so much excited, that he commenced walking rapidly around the room, brandishing his weapon in a most reckless manner.

Hiram's situation was becoming critical. He did not lose his self-possession, but began to balance the chances of attempting to escape by moving swiftly to the door, against keeping his seat and closely watching the maniac.

As if divining what was passing in his mind, the madman suddenly placed his back to the door, as if to bar any egress, and commenced singing again.

Relief came at last.

Hiram, whose every sense was on the alert, thought he saw the knob of the door turn. He was not mistaken; for now it commenced partially to open.

The maniac, feeling the pressure, turned about, leaving the entrance free—and Dr. Ephraim Peters entered.

He seemed to take in matters at a glance. Addressing the madman in a calm but commanding tone, he said: 'How is it that you have disobeyed me? I shall not trust you again. Sit down.'

The effect was electrical. An entire change came over the countenance and bearing of the maniac; he dropped the

cleaver, and, passing to the other side of the room, took a seat in close proximity to the corpse.

Then turning, the young doctor addressed Hiram: 'Is your presence here forced or voluntary?'

'Purely accidental.'

'I supposed so. A word with you outside.'

To Hiram this was a joyful summons, and he responded with alacrity.

As they went out, the doctor closed the door, and the two stood together in the gloomy hall at the top of the staircase.

'Mr. Meeker, you recognize me, doubtless?'

There was no reply.

'I am Dr. Peters, who called to see you about two weeks ago, on behalf of a poor woman whose dead body is now in that room. I told you, if she had to be moved, it would kill her. Your agent drove her out, and she lies here dead! It has made her husband crazy—a temporary lunacy, I trust—but, whatever it is, there you see the whole.

'I am expecting some persons every moment,' he continued, 'who will remain here all night, and I will detain you no longer.'

The doctor spoke in such a tone of quiet dignity, that it was impossible for Hiram to reply. He fumbled for a moment in his coat, and then drew out his pocket book. Producing several bills, he offered them to the doctor, muttering half inaudibly something about his desire to pay funeral expenses.

The young physician drew back, as if in danger of contamination.

'Your money perish with you!' he said, solemnly. 'Think you charity consists in bank notes?'

The doctor turned and reentered the chamber; and Hiram Meeker proceeded slowly down the stairs and into the street.

His thoughts, as he walked homeward, were not of an enviable nature.

I confess I have no desire to attempt to portray them.

CHAPTER VII.

Hiram's slumbers that night were much disturbed.

His rest was broken by strange dreams, frightful or preposterous, which, running into each other, became blended in a confused mass of floating fancies.

At last he woke. He opened his eyes. It was perfectly dark.

* * * * *

Suddenly he realized just what he was. No business—no money—no earth—no foothold—nothing but a naked soul.

Hiram lay breathing with slow respirations. Even his piety was not present to support him. The world was swept from under him.

Then came a stern sense—a patent conviction—of all he had counted on: nothing—nothing!

He turned over, and fell asleep again. But still refreshing slumber was denied him; still were the night visions terrifying.

At last these appeared to take a definite shape. Heaving, working, revolving, the chaotic mass assumed form and grew luminous.

All of a sudden, it changed to one great, bright, burning *eye*. Then *he* was the eye—all eye—nothing but eye! What sights were presented! The eye was gifted with a wonderful vision. It could discern true from false—real from counterfeit—what was genuine from sham and pretence.

More than this. The *eye*—which was Hiram—could discriminate between what men considered valuable and available and important, and also good and essential, and by all means to be secured: I say, the *eye* had the power to distinguish between these, and what was in truth and in very deed good and just and right, and truly to be desired and sought after.

How things changed places!

Some shrank into littleness and ut-

ter insignificance, which formerly had large proportions and a towering importance; others, which before seemed puny and of little worth, grew grandly into magnitude, and power, and might.

At a great distance could be observed the halitations of the children of men. They appeared like objects seen through an inverted telescope—far off and exceedingly diminished.

On the shore of the sea, Hiram Meeker was discovered.

He looked no larger than a man's thumb. He had fenced off a portion of the sands, so that no one except himself (and many attempted) could have access thereto. He was engaged transporting these sands in the most careful manner, one by one, into a large warehouse, for better security, as it would seem.

What is wonderful in all this is, that Hiram, the whole time, thought it gold he was storing, whereas the *eye* could perceive it to be sand only—glittering sand.

At length the vision faded away. Hiram started up in a mortal agony. The effort woke him, and he gazed wildly around. It was not yet light. Weary and exhausted by what he had passed through, he soon fell asleep, and this time slumbered peacefully.

When he opened his eyes, the sun was shining cheerfully into his room. The whole aspect of things was changed. The old scenes were shifted into place, the old machinery set in motion—Hiram was himself again!

CHAPTER VIII.

Burnsville!

I hope the reader is willing to revisit this charming spot. For I confess that I myself feel impelled to do so. Indeed, I sometimes regret following the fortunes of Hiram Meeker to New York. Far more agreeable would it have been to have continued the story of Joel Burns, and showed what a good man may achieve, notwithstanding the workings of the 'ancient leaven,' and the

divers contests which spring up daily within and around him.

But my task once undertaken, I did not feel at liberty to leave it.

I propose, therefore, only a brief visit to the place which the reader may recollect was commenced by Joel Burns in his youth, when his love for Ellen Bellows lent to his already energetic spirit a tenfold force and vigor and perseverance.

The twenty-five years which have told with such effect on New York, have also produced great changes and great improvements in Burnsville. It was a thriving village when we last knew it. Now it is a large town. The higher portion is covered with fine buildings. Churches, hotels, academies, and various institutions for which New England is remarkable, seem specially to flourish here.

There are some old landmarks which I am sure we shall recognize—Joel Burns's house, for example, and the little brick 'office' from which Hiram sallied one morning before daylight to take the stage for New York, to attack Joslin the paper dealer.

The improvements have been astonishing. Beautiful trees skirt the principal streets, and form an arch above. Everywhere you behold displayed signs of admirable taste.

Below, in the valley, is the railroad; and opposite the 'paper mill' has been erected one of the finest 'stations' in the State. Here has sprung up a large manufacturing place, rivalling in size and business importance the 'ridge,' as we used to call it, but leaving the latter free from the noise and bustle of the mills and factories and machinery of our now famous 'Slab City.'

* * * * *

Dr. Egerton married Sarah Burns, as you have long since guessed. He is one of the few men of talent who has no ambition to quit his happy home to adventure in a large city. He is celebrated far and near, but nothing can draw him away from the spot where a

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youth he came to watch over a young girl whose life was trembling in the balance.

And Sarah, think you she is not repaid for her fidelity to her father? By it she escaped the grasp of Hiram Meeker, and is now—she has been for years—a loving, trustful, joyous wife.

Happy Sarah Burns! I commenced this narrative by recounting an *unhappy* incident in your life. How grateful is the task of recording your triumph over the greatest danger which can threaten a maiden—the danger of *loving unworthily*!

Joel Burns! I confess that, of all at Burnsville, it is in you my feelings of interest centre—you, whose romantic fidelity to your wife's memory has thrown a charm over your whole existence. It is a great treasure—is it not?—a heart so true, so loyal, so pure and faithful, that not one, no, not one of all the young and fair and good and fascinating from out this world's fair creation can divert it for a moment, or change its even, constant, ever-loving pulsations. Such a heart you possess, Joel Burns!

Joel Burns was 'mated' as well as 'married;' and when his wife died, he did not really lose her. In spirit she attended him wherever he went—always near him—more actually present, Joel used sometimes to think, than she ever was before.

How could he wish to marry again, when his wife was all the time by his side—an ever-present, ever-abiding comfort and consolation?

I say, herein lay the charm and the glory of Joel's life. His influence on his place, after it grew beyond the proportions of a village, and became one of the largest towns in the State, was just as great as when it had but a dozen buildings.

Joel did not permit the desire to accumulate to become a passion. On the contrary, he diffused his wealth—not by direct gifts in charity, but by afford-

ing everybody around him opportunity to get on and prosper, just exactly as if the world was common to all, and as if all should be allowed a fair chance to live in it!

You have no idea how the attempt to practise this principle enriched the life and nature of Joel Burns.

[There are two Spirits—towering, gigantic Genii—who attend on man: one the Absorbing, the other the Imparting, Spirit. Both are active, energetic, untiring. The former, if it gains access to the soul, commences at once to narrow and impoverish it; while the latter enlarges and makes the soul rich. Herein is explained the old enigma which a dying man is said to have uttered:

‘What I kept, I’ve not;
What I gave, I’ve got.’]

I have remarked that Burnsville was one of the largest towns in the State. This was not only the case, but the immense manufactories in ‘Slab City’ made it much more prominent than any other, and brought it into more direct communication with New York.

Hiram Meeker heard, from time to time, of all that Joel was doing. In fact, impelled by a strong impulse, he took pains to ascertain what progress he made from year to year. But Hiram could not, with all his penetration, fathom a nature like that of Joel. It was always a puzzle to him. For it was not given to a man, who had all his life harbored the wicked Demon *Absorption*, to understand the excellency and happiness of such a life.

But he watched Burnsville. Indeed, he was tempted to make some heavy investments there when the railroad was constructed—of which event, as the leading capitalist of the country, he had the earliest information. He abandoned the idea, however, for he shrank from coming in contact with his old employer.

So Joel Burns lived on his noble, God-given existence.

But, reader, if you think I am en-

deavoring to depict a faultless person, you are much mistaken. Faultless is lifeless, when applied to human beings. It is in the contest with our faults that the glory of our humanity shines forth. It is this which binds our race together in one great brotherhood. Pray, tell me what we could do with a faultless man or woman. What have we in common with any such person? What sympathy have we with either, or either with us?

Joel Burns was constitutionally ardent and energetic, not to say impetuous. With such characteristics are always strong attending imperfections. He had his share of these. But his motives were honest, his principles right, his intents true; and I declare I think it to be a real felicity and blessing to observe the faults of such a man, and witness how he encounters and battles with, and conquers them—or if for a moment overcome, to behold his genuine regret and contrition.

I will pursue this no further. I have some work to do in the metropolis. If I linger at Burnsville, I shall be quite unfitted for it—I shall, indeed.

* * * * *

Joel—Joel Burns—farewell!

Ellen Bellows—Ellen Burns—don’t you see that Joel has remembered your dying injunction, and has tried to ‘live right?’ Yes, you do. It was for this that you have never forsaken him.

* * * * *

Sarah Egerton smiles on me as I pass out of the gate. A group of children, half grown, and full grown, give me joyous greeting; and the Doctor waves his hand from his carriage, as he drives along on his errands of mercy and benevolence.

* * * * *

I must make haste. There is no stage to wait five minutes for me. The time table is a despot.

The train approaches. It has stopped. It is off again, and I am in it.

Burnsville, pleasant Burnsville, adieu!

CHAPTER IX.

The *dénouement* happened in this way:

There was to be a large party at Mrs. Caruthers's, a married daughter of Mrs. Bennett. The Bennetts and the Meekers, by the way, always kept up their intimacy. Mr. Bennett is dead. He died the year he was seventy, leaving a large fortune. The widow lives in the old house, and the children are married, and are bringing out *their* children now.

I say, Mrs. Caruthers was to give a large party. Mrs. Meeker, who invariably attended her daughter, could not go. Belle must not go alone. She arranged, so she said, to drive early in the evening to Mrs. Caruthers's, and to stay there all night.

For two or three weeks previous, Belle, under the inspiration of Signor Barbone, who now exercised a complete control over her, had been making, quietly but very efficiently, her arrangements for quitting her father's roof.

By degrees, and with an amazing display of secretiveness, she managed to convey out of the house all that she might require for a considerable absence.

Her jewels were not lost sight of, nor anything else of value. The Signor had provided proper receptacles for all these articles—indeed, had greatly aided the young lady in the selection of what to take. More than this—Signor Barbone (*proh pudor!*) had suggested that she should fortify herself with such sums of money as she might be able to get together without exciting suspicion.

Strange as you may think, Belle was possessed of so little delicacy, that she actually entered into the spirit of the enterprise—regarding the affair as a capital joke, enabling her to hold out against papa should he prove obstinate, as he might for a few days (it could only be for a few days), and inclined to be severe.

What with all her jewels, including some recent expensive purchases, made

for the first time in her life without payment on the spot (this also at the suggestion of the Signor), and with sums quietly got together for several weeks, including some considerable amounts coaxed from her father on various pretences, and a pretty large sum borrowed over night from mamma—I say, with all this, the 'happy pair' were pretty well fortified for their first campaign.

The trying moment arrived.

Mrs. Caruthers, of course, knew nothing of Belle's tale to her mother, that she was to pass the night at her house. She simply expected Belle to grace her party.

Quite early in the day the young lady ordered a handsome ball dress placed in a box, and directed it to be taken to her dressmaker, to receive some trifling alterations before evening. She would call in good season there, so she told her mother, and order it sent to Mrs. Caruthers's.

Then, waiting for Mrs. Meeker, to take her morning drive, she went to her room and hurried on a travelling dress.

She was going down stairs, when Harriet's nurse opened the door of her young mistress's apartment, and asked her to step a moment into the room.

Belle turned with all the composure she could muster; she curbed her impatience, and looked amiable.

'Oh, are you going out, Belle?'

'Yes, dear; you know I am to be early at Mrs. Caruthers's. Mamma can't go with me—so I am to stay all night.'

'Why, you have on your travelling dress!'

'It looks odd, doesn't it?—I have sent my ball dress to Laroche, to be altered a little; and I have to call there now, and I want her to see me in this. Do you know, I don't think she has fitted me well at all?'

'It seems to me quite perfect.'

'Hatty, dear, did you want me?'

This she said still standing, as if in haste to go.

'Oh, no. I thought you were going into the parlor, and I was about to ask you to sit with me a little while. I have something to say to you about Gus. I want you to talk to papa. You know papa will listen to *you*. Tell him—never mind, dear, to-morrow will do as well—I hope you will have a pleasant evening.'

'Thank you, dear. Good-by.'

She turned and opened the door.

By a sort of instinctive tenderness not denied to any human creature, Belle paused and looked back, and, hesitating a moment, returned; going to where her sister was reclining, she kissed her affectionately, without speaking one word.

Harriet's eyes suffused; she was quite unused to such a demonstration.

'My darling sister,' she whispered.

Belle was already out of the room. She bounded down the staircase, passed hastily through the hall, and was soon walking rapidly along the street.

One hour from that time she was on her way to New Jersey.

A clergyman had been provided in that State to perform the marriage ceremony.

When the six o'clock New York train for Philadelphia passed through Newark, it received on board Mr. and Mrs. Filippo Barbone, who were just starting on their wedding excursion.

It was the commencement of the honeymoon.

* * * * *

No wonder, the next day, that Belle is late. We who are in the secret will not be astonished; neither does Mrs. Meeker think it at all strange that Belle should not return in the morning after the excitement of a grand evening display such as Mrs. Caruthers will be sure to have.

The day wears on. As the dinner hour approaches, Mrs. Meeker decides to send the carriage for her.

The coachman soon drives up before Mrs. Caruthers's; and the footman, descending, announces simply that he has

called for Miss Belle. The answer which is brought to him is, that Miss Belle is not in the house. He returns and reports accordingly.

Although this little incident is very annoying to Mrs. Meeker, still she has no other idea than that Belle has stopped to make some call or do some shopping on her way home.

Had she considered a moment, she would have perceived how unreasonable was such a supposition. But, as Mrs. Meeker could not have the slightest suspicion of the truth, she was forced to imagine something.

In the midst of her perplexity, Hiram entered. He was so accustomed, and especially of late, to his daughter's greeting at the door, that he missed these affectionate tokens of her presence when he entered the house.

'Where is Belle?' he said, as he came into the parlor.

'Belle has not returned yet from Mrs. Caruthers's. It is rather strange. I have just sent the carriage for her. Wakeman brings back word that she is not there.'

'Wakeman is an idiot!' exclaimed Hiram, with a degree of temper so unusual, that Mrs. Meeker started—"an idiot! I dare say he did not make his message intelligible."

Now, 'Wakeman' was Mrs. Meeker's private servant—a family servant, she was pleased to say; thereby meaning, not that he had been in the employ of her father, honest Thorn the plumber, nor yet in the service of her mother, the "poor relation," but that in fact he was her servant before she was married, and had remained *par excellence* her servant ever since.

She therefore rose in arms at once, in vindication of her favorite, and was about to work herself into one of her customary manifestations, which Hiram was evidently in no state of mind to bear, when there was suddenly a ring at the door. An instant's parley, and the servant entered, bearing a note to Mr. Meeker.

The superscription was in Belle's handwriting.

A 'terrible sagacity' informed Hiram's heart of something dreadful about to shock it. He tore open the envelope with fierceness, and read as follows:

'DEAR PAPA: Don't be angry with me. I was married yesterday to Filippo Barbone. I married him because I love him, and could never love any one else. I knew you would not consent, but I could not live without him. Forgive your little girl, dear papa, and write me to come back to you with my dear Filippo. Oh, I know you will like *him*. Send to me at the Gresham House, Philadelphia. I shall be in agony till I hear from you. Love to dear mamma and Harriet. If I only had your forgiveness, how happy I should be, dear, dear papa!

'Your little

BELLE.'

[This letter, mainly the production of the Signor, was prepared and put into the hands of his accomplice before the runaways set off, with directions to watch for Hiram's entrance into his house, and deliver immediately after.]

Never before did Hiram Meeker give way to such an exhibition of rage.

He glared fiercely about him, as if endeavoring to find some person on whom to vent it.

There was no one but his wife, who stood directly before him, her angry reply in favor of 'Wakeman' having been cut short by the entrance of the servant with the note.

As Hiram's glance fell on her, a sudden suspicion seized him that she was in some way privy to the affair. In an instant he had grasped her arm, and, shaking her with all his might, he exclaimed: 'Wretch!—monster!—she-devil!—limb of Satan!'

The affair was seriously enough certainly, but it had a ludicrous aspect. There was Arabella, without having the slightest idea of what could cause such a violent outbreak, tossed about like a whirligig by the usually calm, sedate, and self-possessed Hiram, who seemed suddenly transported into a very demon.

Portions of her headdress began to come down. A pair of side curls dropped—a first-rate shot, a sportsman would say—the effect of a double shake and a sudden fetch-up. Next a profusion of hair from the back of the head tumbled off. Teeth began to chatter, and various portions of the structure in which she was encased, to give way.

All this time, Arabella was vainly endeavoring to give utterance to various exclamations, but she could only gasp out some unintelligible sound, while her eyes flashed fire and her cheeks burned with rage.

At last Hiram was exhausted, and with exhaustion came some little thought of what he had been doing. He relinquished his hold of his wife, picked up the note which he had dropped on the floor, put it into her hands, and quit the room.

Hiram stood a moment in the hall, quite overcome by the revulsion that succeeded the storm. Then he slowly mounted the stairs, and proceeded to the room of his invalid child.

Harriet was so struck with the change in her father's countenance, that she started up and exclaimed:

'Why, papa, what is the matter?'

'We are disgraced, my child!' said Hiram, in a hollow voice.

'How? What do you mean?'

'Your sister has run away with a low, vile swindler. My curse rest on her forever!'

'Oh, not so—say not so!' replied Harriet, imploringly.

'Tell me, my child,' said Hiram, mournfully, while he seated himself by her side and took her hand—'tell your father truly, did you know anything about this?'

'No, papa. I do not even now know what you mean.'

Quite calmly Hiram told his daughter what had occurred. The travelling dress, and Belle's last kiss, flashed on her mind. She repeated the circumstance.

'And you know nothing of this Filippo Barbone?' said Hiram, forcing himself with difficulty to pronounce the name.

'Nothing.'

'And your mother?' continued he, slowly, and in a tone which terrified his child.

'Oh, I am sure she knew nothing about it, perfectly sure. I know she did not wish Belle to go to Mrs. Caruthers's, because she could not go with her; and even after Belle made the arrangement to stay all night, mamma did not seem to be at all satisfied.'

Hiram was convinced, and the want of an object on which to wreak his anger now served to exhaust it.

He leaned his face upon the side of his daughter's couch, and groaned.

Harriet put her hand gently upon his cheek. 'Papa,' she said, timidly, 'may I tell you what to do?'

Hiram raised his head. His face was very haggard, but he made no reply.

'Send for Belle to come back, and her husband too, and let us make them happy,' said Harriet, almost abruptly.

'Never! My curse is on her! She is no longer my child—I disinherit her!'

'Give her my portion, then—I shall not require it.'

Hiram started—a new idea had struck him. It was as if somehow he had received a new accession of wealth by the surrender of Harriet's share. A strange confusion of ideas, certainly; but the thought grew on him, as we shall see by-and-by. Now, however, it gave place to the dominant feeling.

Harriet, encouraged by his silence, broke in again: 'Won't you, papa?' she whispered.

Hiram turned and looked at her angrily, but was compelled to lower his countenance before his daughter's earnest, truthful, heavenly gaze.

He started up and went back to the parlor. He began to feel ashamed of his violence toward his wife, and was

anxious to dispose of the matter as soon as possible.

To return to Arabella.

As soon as her husband had left her, she proceeded to read the note he placed in her hands. That accomplished, she took the precaution to ring the bell several times with great energy; and, having disposed of the little articles which lay scattered on the floor, she threw herself on the sofa, in violent hysterics.

When Hiram entered, these were at once renewed. Her husband understood this phase of her constitution; and, directing the maid servants to remove their mistress to her own room, he ordered dinner to be served.

I will do him the justice to say he ate little or nothing.

Two or three times the waiter observed that his master put his hand to his head and then to his heart, as if endeavoring to tranquillize himself.

After dinner, he mounted his horse, and rode several miles. When he returned, one would not have known, to look at him, that anything unusual had happened.

* * * * *

During the next week Hiram was occupied in making his will. A new and important idea seemed to have possession of him.

* * * * *

From that period he never permitted his daughter's name to be mentioned, and would receive no communication from her.

Arabella's hysterics continued, at intervals for several days. Her husband, in view of his violence toward her, was very considerate, but the affair was never alluded to by either.

Arabella, perhaps, felt that she deserved some punishment for tolerating the 'Count in disguise;' and Hiram never got over a certain feeling of mortification when he thought of the scene in the parlor.

Here we leave all the parties for the present.

THE MECHANICAL TENDENCY IN MODERN SOCIETY.

THERE is no greater absurdity than the attempt to demonstrate anything from historical evidence, or to frame from it an argument whose cogency shall even approach to a demonstration. Granting the hypothesis that like causes will always produce like effects, we find ourselves unable to show that the cases are exactly, or even proximately, the same. History is not a record of every circumstance, but of those only that were deemed worthy of perpetuation; and even were all circumstances known to us, we must receive them as seen through the opinions of the historian, while the present is as it seems to us; so two cases, while appearing to agree, may in reality be very unlike. And, in addition to this, so many are the events that precede any given effect, that it is impossible to determine which is the cause, and which only the circumstance attending that cause. So, while our literature is flooded with so many 'demonstrations from history,' many a philosopher finds himself in the situation of the sage who demonstrated that 'Tenterton steeple' was the 'cause of Godwin Sands.'

From this it has arisen that practical men have come to despise not only all reasonings from history, but social science altogether, deeming it a pleasant tissue of thoughts that may amuse a leisure hour, but nothing of practical importance. On most subjects this is unfortunately true, but sometimes in the state of a nation there are indications, repeated again and again, showing the existence of a cause which, unless counteracted, will eventually produce certain disastrous effects. Though seen and pointed out by many wise men, still the existence of the cause cannot be logically proved, nor the time of its effect mathematically calculated. Such were the terrible premonitions which foretold the French Revolution, and such are the signs showing over and over again the existence of a mechanical tendency in our own social state. Very seldom, almost never, do we have mathematical certainty as the ground of our action, but the greater part of our lives is directed by moral or probable evidence; and though most of our reasoning on this subject must be derived from history or social science, we deem it worthy of the same treatment that is given to other questions. If the probabilities be not as great, let it pass with other schemes and theories, but if those probabilities be great enough to make it of practical and vital importance, then let it become an element in every man's consideration.

There is a great deal of possible confusion in this word *mechanical*. To most readers it would bring the idea of invention, the increasing number of cotton mills and iron foundries, of steamships and power presses, and such progress would be considered in the highest degree praiseworthy; but the sense in which we use the word is somewhat more general. A machine differs from a man in this respect: the former acts without intelligence and without volition, in accordance with certain laws impressed upon it from without; while a man chooses his own end by his own volition, in the light of his own intelligence, and in the same manner decides upon the means for obtaining that end. A mechanical condition would therefore be one wherein an individual acts without intelligence or volition, according to certain laws or habits coming to him from others; a mechanical state of society, one wherein the government moves on according to the will of one or more men, without thought, love, or even at-

tention from the mass of the people, content only with their acquiescence. On the other hand, a rational condition, both of society and of the individual, would be that in which the thought, will, and love of the individual gave strength and life to every act.

The question whether our social state is becoming mechanical, losing personal thought and volition, is of great and vital importance, on account of the terrible major premise that lies beneath. For prove but once that this is the fact, and there comes upon us the great general truth: 'The nation that is growing mechanical is hastening toward its destruction.' The proof of this assertion is written everywhere in history. The limits of this article render it impossible that a tithe of the proof should be brought forward in its support, and therefore only the most general truths can be laid down for the reader to verify from his own historical knowledge. No fact is more indisputable than that every preceding civilization has had its birth, progress, and death, differing only in length from the life of a mortal man; and in the state of each one, in proportion as this mechanical tendency increased, in that proportion their national life departed.

The first period in every nation has been that called the heroic or golden age. Whether this was, in reality, or only in poetic dream, the best age, depends upon another question: What is the true aim in the life of men and nations? If it be but to live comfortably and without confusion, then the architecture and laws of later times are a proof of progress; but if the great end be to develop the whole man, and live a brave, thoughtful, truthful life, with or without tumult, then is the first the golden age; for, entering on a new mode of life, undirected by habits of thought or action from his ancestors, each man makes use of his personal thought in finding out, and volition in choosing, his method of life. No history has recorded the internal state of

such a nation, but only the fact that it has always been successful in preserving its liberties against invasion.

The next is the age of leaders, when individual thought has so far departed that they begin to look to others, not yet as governors, but directors. This, to a superficial view the noblest age, marks the beginning of a decline. Its great power of invasion, as under Pericles or Caesar, comes from the fact that, while strength enough is left to carry out the details, there is not enough of independence in thought to mar the unity in the plan of its leader. Its brilliant literature springs from division of labor; life has become so complex that each man cannot comprehend it all—so one takes the department of thought, another of action. The man of thought tries to bring back that courage and virtue which he sees are departing, by singing beautiful songs in their praise; while the man of action, feeling their waning power in himself, makes up, by repeating these praises, the lack of a heroic life.

The next is the mechanical age of society, when life has so outgrown the mind that the man cannot attend to both his own affairs and the state, which latter, therefore, he gladly yields to others. This is the age of standing armies, hired to protect a people too careless to protect themselves. This is the age of tyrants, as the lesser Cæsars or Philip of Macedon. This is the age which ushers in the last period of the nation, a mechanical state of the individual, when thought has so departed that the man is not able to attend even to his own life, and, like a passive machine, the state is impelled and directed in even the least things by one tyranny from without. It is hardly necessary to add that Alexander in Greece, Elagabalus in Rome, Louis XVI in France, were followed by a destruction as certain as the fact that God meant the earth to be inhabited by men and not machines.

Having shown the grave consequence

that lies beneath it, we come now to the all-important consideration, whether our own social state has this mechanical tendency. The preceding sketch not only shows the truth which we have deduced from it, that this tendency is a prelude to a nation's death, but it also points out another, namely, that civilization contains within itself certain causes which finally work its destruction. We may, by a diligent study, find out these causes, such as increase of outward knowledge, division of labor, a complexity of outward relations, and a consequent hurried life that leaves no time for thought; but a careful analysis of all these reduces them to one great cause—an undue attention to physical prosperity. This cause existed among ancient nations in sufficient force to bring about their destruction, but it possessed not a tithe of the universality and strength which it holds among the modern, for, whereas it was once individual, it is now national, pervading every part of the social state.

Before the world was thickly settled and the nations established, it was held that the power of a nation consisted in the extent of its dominions, so that while the individual strove for wealth in agriculture, manufactures, or commerce, the state despised such low pursuits, and turned its attention to increase of territory. But when, after the fall of Rome, it was found that the earth was too fully peopled and national power too well established for such means of strength, attention was turned to another source of power in the cultivation of a people's own resources and increase of its wealth. Wealth is obtained by the addition of mental power to physical products, increasing their value for supplying the wants of man. So that attention to physical comfort and prosperity which was despised by the brave nations of antiquity, is now the leading object of government: treaties are made, wars are declared, rebellions break out, not

on account of national glory or right, but in consideration of cotton manufacture, facilities of commerce, or freedom of trade. Nations as well as men are absorbed in the same great pursuit, adding mind to matter for production of wealth.

From this undue attention to physical prosperity spring certain subordinate causes, which, upon examination, are found to be the exact *differentia* of modern times. The characteristics which distinguish our age from all others are the very ones which have been found so destructive to preëxistent civilizations. The first characteristic of this kind is the abundance of outward knowledge. In the pursuit of wealth, the ocean, the desert, the isles of the sea have been ransacked for commodities to gratify the desires of man, and, in order that nature may be pliable for the same purpose in the hands of the artisan, its laws have been studied with the greatest success; the bowels of the earth, the depths of the air, the prison of the arctic seas, have all been subject to the same strict scrutiny in this design.

The knowledge thus obtained comes pouring in by lightning and steam, and is scattered over the world within the reach of the poorest by means of the printing press. The man of to-day is a citizen of the world; he seems to be ubiquitous. It is as though he had a thousand eyes and ears, and, alas! only one mind. Thought has two conditions: first, knowledge, as food and stimulus; second, time for distributing and digesting that knowledge. But the first is so superabundantly fulfilled that it entirely obliterates the second. Knowledge comes pouring in from all quarters so rapidly, that the man can hardly receive, much less arrange and think out, the enormous mass of facts daily accumulating upon him. The boasted age of printing presses and newspapers, of penny magazines, and penny cyclopædias, is not necessarily the age of thought. There is a world-

wide difference between knowledge and wisdom: the one consists of facts as they are, the other of facts as they may be; the one sees events, the other relations. Any school girl could state facts to-day about the world and the universe, which would make old Socrates stare in astonishment, and yet he lived a life to which hers is the dream of the day-moth. Besides the quantity of the knowledge, its quality is also objectionable, in that it is wholly objective. The old injunction of the oracle, *Γνῶθι σεαυτὸν*, was never more effectually ignored; the man knows the affairs of Europe, Asia, and Africa, the currents of the air and the tides of the sea, but he does not know himself. In so far as man was made to be, not a mere cyclopædia of facts, but a rational creature, living a life of usefulness and self-development in the light of his own free thought, so far his existence is a failure. What a man is and what he can be is swallowed up in the idea of what he can do.

The next great characteristic of modern times, springing from this same undue attention to outward comfort, is division of labor. This is to some extent incident to all civilizations. The savage may be able to supply his own food and raiment, and provide for all his needs independently of other men; but as physical wants multiply and the means for their gratification increase in proportion, from the growing complexity of existence a refuge is found in division of labor. Each man chooses a part only of the world's work, receiving as the reward of his industry the fruits of others' labor. But this, though found to some extent among all civilized peoples, is the most striking feature of modern society. Wants have so multiplied, and commodities brought to such perfection, that one must not only choose some part of the great work, but must give his whole time and mind to a small portion of that part, if he would compete with others.

The great part of mankind are destined to manual labor, and to these the only chance for intelligence and mental vigor is to understand the work in all its details and relations—how the different parts may be perfected, how they act upon each other—how the world without influences the man's pursuit, and the relations that his work bears to the employment of others. But work has been divided and subdivided, until the workingman despairs of comprehending even a part of it, and so wears away his mind and life in rounding the head of a pin or perfecting the point of a needle. The master workmen, men who thoroughly understood their profession, have now disappeared. Work is done by machinery, while men are only employed, as a little more delicate and flexible, until new inventions shall supply their place; then to the poor blunted mind, useless to mankind and himself, there is no refuge but the poorhouse. Is it possible, then, that wood and iron are as good, nay better, than body and soul—that the wondrous human mind, with all its possibilities of cunning device and nice adaptation, is worth nothing—that the soul, the immortal soul, with all its possibilities of love and faith, which might give to the hand the strength of gods and to the mind the wisdom of angels—that this is worth less than cogs and levers? There is a great mistake somewhere in the world, by which society, in its haste to obtain the power of inanimate nature, is losing the greater power of the human soul; gaining the mechanical, losing the dynamical. We, in America, cannot yet see the effect of all this, for our boundless forests and prairies afford room for escape; but the crowded poorhouses and overflowing jails of England show what the effect will be when this room for expansion is filled.

The thinking man may find compensation for division of labor in thoroughly mastering the field he has chosen; not a loss, but a contraction of thought

will be the result; but to the working-man division of labor is mental death. The ancients might call these masses the *ignobile vulgus*, the French nobles might sneer at them as *sans-culottes*, we may deride them as the 'common herd,' all attempting to ignore their existence in history or politics; but it will be all in vain—for in the end it is the people that rule, be the government of the surface what it may. Either they will raise their rulers by their intelligent freedom, or drag the brilliant crowd down with them to destruction in spite of theory or law. Not only in mad sedition and revolution, but always, the masses govern.

The next great characteristic of the age is the increased complexity of outward relations, while the inner mental power does not increase in the same ratio. The former causes had a mechanical tendency in that they lessened the mental strength, for all volition must have its foundation in thought; but this has the same tendency, inasmuch as it increases the objects of thought beyond the power of the mind to satisfy the demand. If any intelligent man should stop in the midst of his life, and consider the relations by which he is surrounded, and for the satisfying of which he is responsible, he will shrink amazed from their enormous complexity: demands from the state for support and thoughtful fidelity, demands from his fellow men for love and charity, children demanding education and training, his own nature demanding cultivation and development, and, last of all, or rather first of all, his God demanding thoughtful love and service. When he proceeds to consider how he may best satisfy all these, there pours in upon him knowledge unbounded, schemes, theories, and methods innumerable, so that he retreats at last in despair and returns to his business—so he calls it, as though to make money were all that a man was sent into the world for, as though his children, his country, his fellow man, were not all

his business. The outer world seems to have risen to overwhelm him, and the reason of it lies in this same great cause of undue attention to outward prosperity.

In the pursuit of wealth, men have aggregated themselves into towns and cities, whose area is measured by square miles, and their population by hundreds of thousands or millions; the mind meanwhile, instead of increasing in proportion to the demands thus made upon it, has rather diminished in power. Added to this, each man finds his own private affairs in the same state. The social barrier of birth is either gone or fast departing, and each man recognizes wealth as the only way to power; but the concentrated attention of men and nations in this direction has so complicated its pursuit that he must give his whole mind and heart to this alone, if he would hope to succeed in it, or even comprehend it. While these two worlds, the objective and the thinking subjective, have thus grown so enormously out of proportion, the world has found a remedy again in division of labor. The different relations, which are the unalienable obligations of every man, have been parcelled out among all, and each takes but one as his vocation, leaving all the rest to the vicarious performance of others. Politicians care for the state, teachers for the children, charitable societies for each man's neighbor, and preachers fulfil his duty to God.

The first mistake in the world's action is this. In this partition, thoughts and actions have become separated, the world is filled and the individual confounded by new religions, methods of education, theories of government, propounded by those *par excellence* called the thinking men, while the men who work have no time for thought. Wisdom is theory proved by experience, but here, alas! the reasoning man and the practical man are separated, so that we are farther than ever from the living truth.

'Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.'

Behind this first mistake, that one man can do the thinking for another, the great error in the world's reasoning on this subject is this, that one man can perform another's duties at all. The duty is his, the responsibility is his, and none can perform the one or assume the other. Granting that he may supply the thought or mechanical; the dynamical, the love and soul power which would make that logic effectual, can come only from each individual himself.

The duty which each man owes to his children is education and training. Schools and teachers may supply schemes of education, improved methods of study, and instil some facts or even ideas into the mind; but that which vivifies the intellect and brings out every power in its fullest development is the motive of love; and it was meant that the filial affection of the child toward its parent should be the life of its opening mind. The mere logic of religion, Sunday schools and teachers, may supply one day out of seven; but to animate that logic and make it a practical thing, a faith instead of a belief, it must be made concrete and living in the loving life of home. In this case no one does the duty or assumes the responsibility of the parent.

Our duty to our fellow men is not charity as we use the word—a bill dropped into the contribution box, or a subscription to a charitable society; but *χάρις*, in the old meaning of love and help. Poverty springs from two causes—improvidence, a lack of the *savoir-faire* in the affairs of life, or overwhelming circumstances, which have broken the spirit of the man and made him sit down discouraged and despairing. In either case, money is no remedy. If the man be improvident, it only helps the evil for a moment,

and the want soon returns: what the man needs is instruction and care from those better versed in the art of living. And in the second case, to give money is no avail, but rather an evil; for instead of thus recognizing his degradation, the man needs encouragement, the enthusiasm of a strong and successful heart, giving life and light to him who thus sits in darkness. This demands the time and careful thought of every man, or the duty is left undone. Charitable institutions are well enough: the only error is in supposing that they can assume the responsibility of the individual. 'This ye ought to have done, and not to have left the other undone.'

Our country cannot be left to politicians, for its first great demand is the careful thought of every man in the direction of its affairs; and this, no single man or class of men can supply. The action of Government should be conditioned by the needs of the people, and these can be known only by the people themselves. It is for every man, therefore, to keep an earnest and heedful eye to his own needs and the wants of those about him, if the *vox populi* would be *vox Dei*, the utterance of God's truth; otherwise the opinion of the people will be the voice of demagogues, which is as far as possible from the voice of God. Another need is that of continual watchfulness, lest the country be defrauded, or its rulers become corrupt. No class of men can be appointed as watchmen, lest they also go in the same way; but it is the unalienable duty of the whole people. When the emergency of defence arises, no man can really perform his duty by the payment of money or the providing of a substitute; for that which makes a country strong is not armies or cannon, but life. The Moors held Grenada, in the midst of Spain, for years, the Swiss have remained amid the storms of Europe for centuries, a Rome of huts went out to conquer the world, while a Rome of palaces is doomed to invasion and death. Every nation has money

enough, if it have only patriotism and its attendant courage. Even if war has become mechanical and men fight at a distance, so that the courage of a hand to hand conflict is of no avail, it finally comes to the same result; a nation needs not cannon or armies, but men whose hands are strong and whose minds are quick because of the love in their hearts. No man performs his duty unless he sends a substitute of equal bravery and patriotism to that which he should himself possess, and then he must do the substitute's duty by going in his place. Politicians and hired soldiery can neither govern nor protect a country: it needs the people themselves as individuals.

In religion, no man pretends to say that a class of men can perform the duty which each man owes to God, and the person who should say such a thing would be considered in jest or partially deranged. Yet it is so tacitly held, and practically believed. As the man sits in his cushioned seat on the Lord's day, and looks up at the stately edifice which he has helped to build, and hears the eloquent words of the preacher whom he in part pays, he has a comfortable feeling that his work is done. To be sure, no man can love God without knowing Him, and none can know Him well without a careful and intelligent study of His works in creation and revelation; but the man himself has no time for this, he has something else to do, and if he but hire another to dig out these truths, and present them to him, as it were ready made, of a Sunday, he considers that it is enough. The preacher performs the thinking and the architect the acting of man's duty to God. So the world goes on; religion is merely logical, mechanical, a kind of 'greatest amount of happiness' affair, a lubricant to make the wheels of society move on smoothly, instead of being from the soul, dynamical, giving love and life to the world.

This mechanical tendency has also an element which makes it worse than

any corresponding state in former times, for these at least contained a faith which was positive, while ours is utterly negative; theirs sprang from want of mental power, ours from want of time. When in times past a people felt the power of thought going from them, and became conscious of their inability to solve the great riddle of life which was perplexing them, they chose the best remedy for what was irremediable, and turned to wiser men than they for direction and help. From thence sprang faith, reverence, hero worship, which stands next in rank to independent thought. But we, having no time to attend to these things, have yet no faith in those to whom they are entrusted, and no hope of their successful issue; we but shrug our shoulders at the thought, say, 'I cannot attend to it,' and let it go. So *laissez aller* is the cry of the age, a dead negation of thought and volition.

By proving the existence of the causes that produce it, we have shown the presence of a mechanical tendency in our social state; the same thing may be done in another way, by proving the existence of effects that flow from it. The truest index of a people's condition is found in the meaning which they attach to certain words. A history of the word *virtus*, manhood, is a history of the social condition of the Roman people. If, then, we find that the conceptions which we attach to such words as God, man, and society are mechanical, then society must have such a tendency, for these words lie at the foundation of all government, all social movements, and all individual actions.

First, the meaning of the word God. We, as a people, neither deny nor pretend to deny, in words, the existence of a Being, infinite in power and wisdom, who governs the universe according to his will; yet practically we have ignored His existence, and deified the laws of nature instead, given up the idea of a free volition, worshipping a

mechanical necessity of cause and effect. The cause of this dates back to Bacon's 'Novum Organum,' the introduction of the Inductive Philosophy. He laid down the principle that nature must be interrogated if she would be understood, that from a careful study of the effects we must deduce the cause, instead of presuming the cause, and explaining the effects on this hypothesis.

This form of study and the study itself are well enough when confined to their right proportion; but desire for wealth, in its endeavor to adapt nature to the wants of man, has forced the study out of its proportion, and deduced from it an untruth. In proving the being of a God from nature alone, we get only the idea of power joined to a dead necessity of laws; and it must be in the study of the human soul, with its personality and volition, that we shall get the other ideas, which, joined to that of power, prove to us the being of a personal God. Nature has been studied and analyzed and searched with all the social and individual power of the age, while the science of mind and soul has stood still; and so it is that men no longer believe there is any God but cause and effect; not the nation which is right is successful, but 'God is always on the side which has the most cannon;' not the just man, but the shrewd man, will succeed; not God but rain and sunshine, will bring forth the harvest.

Give us back the time when men fought hand to hand in ordeal of battle, or bared their feet to walk over burning ploughshares in their firm trust that God would defend the right; give them back with all their superstitions and darkness, if with them we may receive again the lost knowledge of a God who is 'Our Father,' a God who loves and protects His children. If there is anywhere on the earth a soul that trusts and prays, then must the world be wrong in its belief. A law is a rule of conduct, a law of nature is a

rule of God's conduct, and though we have abstracted the personality and freedom, they are none the less there. There is also a mitigated form of this atheism as follows: many believe in a personal God, yet conceive Him to be fettered by his own laws; as if He had made the machine of the universe, wound it up, and could now only stand helplessly aside to see it go. Prayer is of no avail to such a God; thus the first need of the soul is left unsatisfied, and man stands in the universe alone. Herein is their error: because He has always acted in this manner, they reason that He always will, and then go farther and think He always must; not seeing how He stands behind and moves the law. When the hammer in the piano-forte rises, the wire will sound; but there is one who sits unseen at the key board and controls the wires of the hammer. When the lightning bolt falls, the tree is shattered; but God holds the lightning in His hands.

Succeeding a mechanical idea of God, we have a similar idea of man. The fundamental question of human nature is that of free will or necessity. The history of philosophy is but a history of the conflict of these two ideas: in the life of the individual also, the same great question arises, whether he can be what he will, or will be what he must. From this come all those articles on 'Nature and Circumstances,' 'Genius and Labor,' with which college magazines are filled—endeavors of the young mind to solve this most vital problem. Modern society has declared itself on the side of necessity: while acknowledging man preëminently free in his relations to others, it yet considers him as the bonds slave of motives. When God is the mere bondsmaster of necessity, and his religion only the means of the greatest amount of happiness, surely his creature must be in the same slavery. There are three great motives that sway men—love for themselves, love to others, and love to God. The first of these is measurable,

the others immeasurable. In the first, given a greater means of happiness, ten thousand dollars instead of nine thousand, and the action follows in that direction as a matter of necessity. But love of children, patriotism, benevolence, love of God rise above this logical and mechanical, to the region of free and incalculable volition.

Society, ignoring any such thing as soul, has declared that only the measurable and necessary remains in man. Thence has arisen the science of averages, pretending to foretell with mathematical certainty what a man must do under given circumstances. Thence also has arisen this maxim, so often quoted as final in all such questions, 'Every man has his price.' Perhaps there is some ground too for this opinion. We have before shown how, by division of labor, affection and volition have been abstracted from life, while only a formal performance of duties by others remains, and it would be strange if, under such *régime*, these parts of the human nature should not become shrunken. But the soul is not wholly gone yet; the world is mistaken—a little is left which cannot be measured by dollars and cents, enough of benevolence yet to make tolerable, enough of faith and love in the hearts of a few holy men to keep the world from corruption.

Society was called by the Great Master a brotherhood. Even in heathen times men were held by ties of kindred and country; now they acknowledge practically no bond but that of interest. The word that is continually in our mouths is 'framework of society,' 'social mechanism,' as though it were impelled by a force from without, instead of being a living and vital thing, moved and governed by its own vital forces. 'Law of averages,' 'honesty is the best policy,' 'law of supply and demand,' are supposed to be the forces that drive the affair, while any such power as love or faith is ignored. But as with individuals, so with society.

The world is not so bad as it declares itself to be. Enough of patriotism is still left to affect the gold market at times, enough of faith to keep alive the effete aristocracy of Europe, enough of courage and honor to rally around and bravely uphold a tattered flag in a battle for constitutional freedom.

Although we have shown the existence of a mechanical tendency, yet our labor is incomplete and practically useless unless we have shown how it may be retarded or wholly counterbalanced. Some countervailing element there must be, as is evident from the fact that, while the causes that produce this tendency exist in modern society in tenfold greater power than they ever had in ancient life, yet their operation has been, by far, less rapid. Greece and Rome existed barely a thousand years, while Anglo-Saxon civilization has already flourished much longer than that, and as yet shows no signs of immediate decay.

The retarding cause is war. This does not strike at the root of the matter and eradicate the love of physical prosperity, but only retards the movement, by awaking men to see that their interests are inseparable from those of the state. In the midst of war they see that one cannot perform the duty of another, that hired soldiery cannot protect a state, but their own hearts and arms must be enlisted unless they would be buried in its ruins. It wakes up the dormant dynamical powers of courage and heroism, and checks for a moment the selfish individualism that was taking the life from the nation.

This only retards, it does not counterbalance or neutralize this tendency. War was common to ancient and modern times alike; but that cause which has so long held our society from ruin, and on which we base our hope of an indestructible civilization, is the Christian religion. This strikes at the root of the matter, being antagonistic not only to the one simple cause, but to each of the subordinate causes that

are derived from it. Disproportionate attention to outward prosperity springs from the idea that the happiness of men and nations is inseparable from wealth. Directly opposed to this is the teaching of religion, that happiness and strength come from performing truly the duties of life. The first derivative cause which we found under this was an accumulation of facts which overburden the mind and destroy its power. Religion has little to do with outward facts, it taxes but little the receptive power; it has to do rather with changing knowledge into wisdom, applying the few vital facts to the life. This knowledge, we have found, is objective, ignoring the *ἑνὸς σεαυτὸν*; but religious thought is intensely subjective; all other things it esteems as of no avail, except those that relate to the outward condition and tendency of the individual. Know thyself in relation to man and God—this it continually demands. No man can be religious without thought—continual, earnest thought, perceiving and defining duties; therefore, wherever religion comes, even the mind that was sunken in weakness is raised to renewed life. It is in this way that religion counterbalances the influence of division of labor. While this takes away the last incentive to thought on the part of the workman, degrading him to a cunning but expensive machine, religion gives to him a new spring of thought, vivifies his blunted mind by the power of transformed affections, and makes him again a man.

The next derivative was lack of time, taking affection and volition from life by dividing the duties of the individual among others. In immediate antagonism to this, religion declares that the individual stands alone in his duties and responsibilities before God. It recognizes no institution of charity or social partition, but reiterates the command, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,' which includes everything.

Religion is opposed to this tendency, not only in its causes, but in its effects. It brings back to us the idea of a personal God. It makes no mention of nature, but simply says: 'The heavens declare the glory of God,' 'He sendeth his rain on the just and the unjust.' No laws of nature are spoken of as conditioning the action of God, but He sees the sparrow's fall and provides for it; He hears and answers the prayer of His children. It declares man to be more than a slave driven by motives, with every action necessitated; it declares him a creature of free volition, whose action can neither be calculated nor controlled. It declares him possessed of powers of love and hate, which defy mathematics; a being above all price, to whom honesty may be more than 'the best policy,' even the loving obedience of a child to a loving Father. It declares society to be no mere framework tied together by interest, but a brotherhood, like a living soul, having a common Father, Saviour, and Home. In place of supply and demand, policy, interest, it enunciates but one word, *love*.

It would be worse than useless if we had come so far in reasoning, and obtained no practical result, which might be embodied in each man's action. We have shown the existence of this tendency, and the powers that are antagonistic to it. We cannot prove the result, for there is no analogy in any preceding case which history affords; we cannot calculate the strength of the opposing powers, for the issue lies in man's volition, which is above mathematics. Yet practically, the result, as far as regards us individually, is as valuable as though this were possible. The result depends upon the world's decision, and each man is responsible for his part of that decision, whether he will give his heart to outward or inward prosperity. If he would have his children, to unnumbered generations, rise up to bless the age in which he lived, and him who lived therein; if

he would do what he can to make his country's civilization perpetual, and his own life truly happy, let him give up all thought of *laissez faire*, 'it will last my time,' and begin to lead an earnest, thoughtful life, sacrificing, if need be, something of outward prosperity for the sake of fulfilling his duty in love and action to his fellow men and to God.

AN INDIAN LOVE-SONG.

From his ambush in thy shadowy eyes young Love an arrow shot,
When beneath thy father's wigwam my youthful brain grew hot.
My heart is all a-quiver, but hear me while I sing ;
Oh let me be thy beau, and I will never snap the string !
Then clad in noiseless moccasons the feet of the years shall fall ;
For I will cherish thee, my love, till Time shall scalp us all.

Not with the glittering wampum have I come thy smiles to woo ;
But I offer a cabin passage down life's river in my canoe ;
And to beguile the voyage, if thou wilt come aboard,
Till sunset fire the waters the fire-water shall be poured.
While clad in noiseless moccasons the feet of the years shall fall ;
And I will cherish thee, my love, till Time shall scalp us all.

Though my pipe of peace thy cruelty has shattered, stem and bowl,
A thousand thongs from thy dear hide are knotted round my soul.
From every murderous tomahawk my dove shall shielded be ;
And if famine stare us in the face, I'll jerk my heart for thee.
So, clad in noiseless moccasons the feet of the years shall fall ;
And I will cherish thee, my love, till Time shall scalp us all.

LITERARY NOTICES.

POEMS FROM THE INNER LIFE. By LIZZIE DOTEN. Boston: Wm. White & Co., 'Banner of Light' Office, 158 Washington street. New York: A. J. Davis, 274 Canal street.

THIS book was written from what is called 'the plane of spiritual experience' of which we, being neither clairvoyant, clairaudient, nor clairsentient, know positively nothing.' Miss Doten says: 'I claim both a general and particular inspiration. I know that many sincere and earnest souls will decide, in the integrity of their well-trained intellects, that my claim to an intercourse with the invisible world is an extravagant assumption, and has no foundation in truth. I cannot conscientiously deny that in the mysteries of my inner life I have been acted upon decidedly and directly by disembodied intelligences, and this sometimes by an inspiration characteristic of the individual, or by a psychological influence similar to that whereby mind acts upon mind in the body. Many of the poems were given by direct spirit influence before public audiences. For many of them I could not obtain the authorship, but for such as I could the names are given.'

Strange statements truly, and yet we see no reason to doubt that Miss Doten fully believes them to be simple records of facts known to herself. We do not doubt her truth and good faith; but we confess ourselves puzzled with the contradictory and inconsequent phenomena of modern spiritualism. These developments never bring any accession to our knowledge. In addition to the curious circumstances attending the creation of these poems, many of them are very beautiful. In those purporting to have been dictated by the spirit of Poe, the similarity of style is quite remarkable. His alliterations, his frequent assonances and rhymes, his chiming and ever-musical rhythms are wonderfully well reproduced. But has he learned nothing new to tell us in those 'supernal spheres'? Has he struck upon no new path in those weird regions, grasped no fresh and startling thought to weave into

the perfect music of his lines? Nay, has he learned no new tunes, chimes, or rhythms 'where the angels' feet make music over all the starry floor'? Could he not lift for us the veil of Isis? The 'inspiration' from Shakspeare we regard as a total failure. He who never repeated himself on earth, comes to us who love him, after his long residence in heaven, and travesties his own matchless dramas by weak quotations from them, as if he had been cogitating only his own words through the new scenes of glory which had opened before him. Our great Shakspeare has grown none in the passing centuries—comes from the empyrean to gabble like a dotard of the visions of his youth? We quote from the poem:

'Man learns in this Valhalla of his soul
To love, nor ever finds 'Love's Labor Lost'
No two-faced Falstaff proffers double suit;
No Desdemona mourns Iago's art;
And every Romeo finds his Juliet.'

Trust us, fair and gifted Miss Doten, the spirit who sang this into your soul was not Shakspeare, nor, unless we are much mistaken, even one of his acquaintances.

FAITH AND FANCY. By JOHN SAVAGE, Author of 'Sibyl, a Tragedy.' New York: James B. Kirker, 599 Broadway. Washington, D. C.: Philip & Solomon.

We are glad to welcome this little volume of poems, some of which were published anonymously, and received general praise from critics and readers. They are vigorous, patriotic, rhythmical, and many of them are marked with imaginative power. The 'Muster of the North' is a bold and striking poem.

LIFE OF EDWARD LIVINGSTON. By CHARLES HAVENS HUNT. With an Introduction by GEORGE BANCROFT. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 443 and 445 Broadway.

MR. HUNT has had great advantages in the preparation of this interesting life, the only surviving members of Mr. Livingston's imme-

diate family having placed in his hands the whole mass of papers left by him at his death. The work has a double interest. As a man, Mr. Livingston claims our sympathies from his domestic virtues, his unvarying sweetness of demeanor, his high ability and culture; as jurist and statesman, he is closely related to the great epochs of our country. It fell to his lot, after our acquisition of Louisiana, to adjust the old municipal laws derived from France and Spain, to the new condition of the connection with America. 'The code which he prepared at the instance of the State of Louisiana,' says Mr. Bancroft, 'is in its simplicity, completeness, and humanity at once an impersonation of the man and an exposition of the American Constitution. If it has never been adopted as a whole, it has proved an unfailing fountain of reforms, suggested by its principles.' Mr. Livingston will live historically with such men as Bacon, Montesquieu, Beccaria, and Bentham. His great work in its final form was styled 'A System of Penal Law,' and was divided into 'A Code of Crimes and Punishments,' 'A Code of Procedure,' 'A Code of Evidence,' and 'A Code of Reform and Prison Discipline,' besides 'A Book of Definitions.' This work is marked by great unity of design, by the shunning of legal ambiguity, by the preventing rather than avenging crime, and by bringing 'mercy to season justice.'

Space fails to follow Mr. Livingston through his congressional career, his social and domestic life, his many and pleasant relations with General Jackson, George M. Dallas, and most of the leading men of his own times. We close this short notice with a quotation from Charles J. Ingersoll: 'A purer, sweeter, or superior spirit seldom has departed. He belonged to a peerage of which there are very few members.' We doubt not this important record will obtain a wide recognition.

RAMBLES AMONG WORDS: their Poetry, History, and Wisdom. By WILLIAM SWINTON. Revised Edition. New York: Dion Thomas, 142 Nassau street.

We are glad to welcome a new edition of this interesting book. Some fifteen hundred illustrations of the Poetry, History, and Wisdom of Words are presented to the reader in these pages, the greater number of which have never before been etymologically ana-

lyzed. Mr. Swinton's classifications are ingenious and suggestive. We have 'The Work of the Senses,' 'The Idealism of Words,' 'Fossil Poetries,' 'Fossil Histories,' 'Words of Abuse,' 'Growth of Words,' 'Verbal Ethics,' 'English in America,' &c. Our author says: 'In the growth of Words all the activities of the mind conspire. Language is the mirror of the living inward consciousness. Language is concrete metaphysical. What rays does it let in on the mind's subtle workings! There is more of what there is of essential in metaphysics—more of the structural action of the human mind, in Words, than in the concerted introspection of all the psychologists.' And very skilfully has Mr. Swinton elicited the pregnant meanings, the rich coloring, the 'concrete metaphysics,' the terrors, delights, and wonders of words. Thoughtlessly enough we use them, but they are coins of matchless worth, stamped with the history and marked by the complicated powers of the being in the fire of whose soul they are fused. Truthfulness of derivation, history, erudition, poetry, and imagination meet in the charming pages before us, and enthrall the interest. We recommend the work not only to the student, but to all readers of intelligence. Those already familiar with the subject will find much rare and original matter; while those to whom it is new will be astonished and startled with the unsuspected resources of the magical regions through which 'Rambles among Words' will conduct them.

THE VAGABONDS. By J. T. TROWBRIDGE. With Illustrations by F. O. C. DARLEY. New York: James G. Gregory, 46 Walker street.

MOST of the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* will remember 'The Vagabonds'—a poem remarkable for its truth and pathos. Darley has caught the spirit of the 'two travellers'—indeed, the expression of love and pity in the face of the dog is almost human. If we but read this poem aright, a moral lies in every verse, teaching us compassion for erring humanity, and mercy to the dumb creatures whom no sin or degradation can alienate from their loyal affections. We thank Darley for these exquisite and tender illustrations. They are worthy of his fame. May they save our poor four-footed 'Rogers' many a kick, and elicit a deeper sympathy for earth's unfortunate vagabonds!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE METROPOLITAN FAIR IN AID OF THE UNITED STATES SANITARY COM- MISSION.

BELIEVING it to be the duty of all public and private citizens, of all journals and publications, to do whatsoever may be in their power to aid the Metropolitan Fair in the effort to sustain the Sanitary Commission in its important functions, we propose devoting to this purpose the pages of our Editor's Table.

Fort Sumter fell on the 15th of April, 1861; on the 16th, the President's proclamation calling out seventy-five thousand troops to suppress an armed rebellion was issued. The effect was electric, startling the loyal States into sudden activity. Men rushed to arms, and women thronged together to devise means to alleviate suffering likely soon to occur among the brave fellows speeding to face death in behalf of their country. Surgeons and physicians were invited to meet with them and instruct them how to make lint, prepare bandages, and educate nurses.

About fifty ladies met during this juncture at the New York Infirmary for women, April 25th, 1861, and a committee was appointed to organize the benevolence of our women into a Central Association. A meeting was called in the Cooper Institute, April 29th, attended by the largest assembly of ladies ever drawn together before. It was presided over by D. D. Field, Esq.* Rev. Dr. Bellows explained the object of the meeting, and an eloquent address was made by Vice-President Hamlin. Dr. Crawford, since Brigadier-General Crawford, who had been at Fort Sumter, followed him. Drs. Wood, Mott, Stevens, etc., urged the merits of the enterprise. Articles of organization were

brought in, which, under the name of the Women's Central Association of Relief, united the women of New York in a society whose objects were to collect and distribute authentic information with regard to the wants of the army; to establish a recognized union with the New York Medical Association for the supply of lint, bandages, etc.; to solicit the aid of all local associations; and to take measures for training and securing a supply of nurses against any possible demand of war. Dr. Mott was appointed President of the Association; Rev. Dr. Bellows, Vice-President; G. F. Allen, Esq., Secretary; and Howard Potter, of Brown Brothers & Co., Treasurer.

Wise questions were put to the Chief Medical Purveyor of the U. S. Army by the Association, to which kind and patient verbal answers were returned. But it was evident that he regarded its solicitude as exaggerated, and its proffer of aid as almost superfluous, believing the Medical Department was fully aroused to its duties, and able to meet them. There can be no doubt that this opinion was perfectly honest, loyal, and faithful. But the women still believed that something might be done for the objects of their solicitude. A committee, consisting of Dr. W. H. Van Buren, Dr. Eliaba Harris, Dr. Jacob Harsen, and Rev. Dr. Bellows, etc., was appointed to visit Washington, and confer with the medical authorities and the War Department in regard to the whole subject of volunteer aid to the army. The committee came to the conclusion, after some weeks' observation in and about Washington, that neither the Government, the War Department, the Bureau, the army, nor the people understood the gigantic nature of the business entered upon, or were half-prepared to meet the necessities which must in a few weeks or months fall crushingly upon them. Such facts convinced them of the

* For most of these facts, see Article on the Sanitary Commission in the *North American Review* for January, 1864.

necessity of a much more extensive system than had been contemplated at the period of their organization, and thus the idea of a Sanitary Commission, with an office and resident staff at Washington, presented itself to them as alone able to meet the views of the Central Association and the emergencies of the case. The ordering of a Sanitary Commission *without rights or powers* was finally granted, the *duties* being enough to satisfy the most active. The order for the Commission was issued by the Secretary of War June 9th, and approved by the President June 13th, 1861. Women feel that our soldiers belong to the *nation*, and thus local, and personal prejudices have yielded to the truly *federal* principles of the Sanitary Commission. They are withdrawn from local politics, and have felt the assault upon the life of the nation in its true national aspect. They have been the first to appreciate and understand the all-embracing duties of the Sanitary Commission. With Milwaukee, Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Louisville, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, New York, Brooklyn, New Haven, Hartford, Providence, Boston, Portland, and Concord for centres, there are at least 15,000 Soldiers' Aid Societies, all under the control of women, employed in supplying, through the Sanitary Commission, the wants of the sick and wounded in the great Federal Army. The skill and business energies of the women managing the vast operations of the chief centres of supply unfold a new and glowing page in the history of the capacities of the sex.

Why does the Sanitary Commission need so much money? Because the present machinery of the Commission, supported by the Central Treasury cannot be kept in motion without large expenditures; and large as the cost is, the results for good are almost infinitely larger. The Sanitary distributes the supplies sent, embraces Sanitary Inspection by medical men of general hospitals, Sanitary Inspection by medical men of camps and field hospitals, Special Relief with all its agencies and in all its various departments, and the Hospital Directory with its register and its 500,000 names. Every dollar expended meets some real want, or helps to save a life. Do the people wish this agency in behalf of the soldiers in tent, hospital, and on the battle field—at the East—West—South, to cease? or is it their will to con-

tinue it in its largeness of plan, its scientific exactness, its ability to do all that the friends at home would themselves desire to do for our soldiers? Our generous and loyal people have given their entire confidence to the Sanitary Commission—they have decided that it shall not die for lack of material aid, estimating beyond all money and all price the lives and health of the brave men now in the field for the defence of the country, and grateful that they may repose in the certitude that every cent contributed will be used in the surest manner to effect the results required. To aid in sustaining this beneficent institution, New York is about to inaugurate a great Metropolitan Fair. She asks in the sacred name of freedom and humanity that her children come together with the works of their hands, the results of their enterprise, the achievements of their talents, the bloom of their genius, to do her honor in a Great Exhibition of Art, Industry, Commerce, all devoted to the cause of human progress. She begs of her children to do the work which is given them to do, with a spirit of love and patriotism, remembering no private griefs, no unworthy animosities; remembering only the bleeding sons of the Republic, who threw themselves, in their youth and strength, into the yawning gulf which opened before them, hoping that, propitiated by such a sacrifice, it might close again—willing to die, or live maimed and suffering, that a happy, peaceful and united people might again possess the fairest land which God has given to mankind. Chicago, Cincinnati, and Boston have already done nobly in this direction, and New York should contribute in proportion to her means and advantages. The Atlantic seaboard should make great exertions, seeing that more than one half of the money received by the Commission has been contributed from the shores of the Pacific—California having sent more than five hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

The Managers of the Fair invite all Merchants, Manufacturers, and Artisans to contribute of their wares to its stores, giving such goods as they make or deal in—such goods as are made profitable to them by the prosperity of the country which our soldiers are fighting to maintain.

Painters and Sculptors, who have done so much for the honor of their country, all

who are connected with the Fine Arts, either as creators, as dealers, or possessors of Art Treasures, are asked to send their contributions for *exhibition or sale*.

Farmers are invited to bring to the Fair gifts from their barns, stalls, dairies, and poultry yards.

Publishers and Booksellers are confidently looked to for aid. A *Second-hand Book Stall* will be attached to this Department, to which contributions are asked from the shelves of those who are cumbered with duplicate copies, or who have books which they no longer use. Connected with this Department will be a table for the exposition and sale of valuable Autographs.

On the Musicians, Musical Instrument Makers, and Music Dealers, the Managers confidently rely for a worthy representation of the beautiful art of which they are ministers, by the giving of Musical Performances and of instruments and music for sale.

The Managers and Artists of the various Theatres are invited to set apart one evening during the Fair, the performances on which shall be for the benefit of the fund.

It is hoped that the Public Schools and Public Institutions of a benevolent character may contribute in some fitting manner to the Fair.

It is also hoped, from the well-known patriotism of the Fire Department and the Police, that they will bear an honorable and conspicuous part in this life-preserving and humane undertaking.

A Department of Arms and Trophies will be established, to which not only arms and flags captured in the present war, but all articles of this kind having a historic or intrinsic interest, will be acceptable contributions, either for sale or exhibition.

An Old Curiosity Shop will afford all who have interesting relics of the past in their possession an opportunity to enable others to share the pleasure of examining them. Valuable contributions have been already received in this department. Let it be clearly stated whether articles of this kind are for sale or only for exhibition.

A Newspaper will be published daily, which, in addition to the latest telegraphic news, will contain short and piquant articles upon the incidents of the day, and especially of the Fair.

A Post Office will also be established.

A Restaurant will be under the charge of an accomplished public caterer.

It is intended that, so far as practicable, each city in the State desiring that its contributions shall be kept together, shall have a separate space set apart for them, and that each of these cities shall be represented in the General Committee of Management.

A certain number of each Executive Committee will be at its Office—the Ladies at No. 2 Great Jones street, the Gentlemen at No. 842 Broadway—every day, from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.

Contributions are to be sent to the Receiving Depot, No. 2 Great Jones street, where they will be credited to their givers, and their receipt acknowledged by the proper committee.

It is particularly requested that each contribution be plainly marked with the name of the contributor, for exposition during the Fair, and that each article be accompanied by a memorandum of its value.

REGULATIONS.

1. Every application by note for contributions shall be upon paper bearing the symbol of the Fair, and signed in writing by a member of the Executive Committee; and every member of a special committee shall be provided with a similar certificate of authority.

2. It is earnestly requested that all contributions in money be sent to the Treasurer, to whose order all checks should be made payable.

3. At the Fair, every article shall be sold at its current value, when that is determinable.

4. In all raffles, the number of tickets sold shall not exceed the original valuation of the articles raffled for.

5. No person shall be importuned to buy articles or tickets for raffles.

6. In every department, a cashier shall be appointed to receive money and make change.

7. No punch shall be sold.

OFFICERS.

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 " DAVID LANE, *Vice-President*.
 " A. V. STOUT, *Second Vice-President*.
 " ELLEN R. STRONG, *Treasurer*.
 " JOHN SHERWOOD, *Secretary*.
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Executive Committee.

Office, No. 2 Great Jones street.

Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts.	Mrs. Gordon Buck.
" Francis Lieber.	" Ogden Hoffman.
" Wm. H. Van Buren.	" Josiah S. Colgate.
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Executive Committee.

Office, No. 842 Broadway.

Mr. George Griswold Gray, <i>Chairman.</i>
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" Henry Chauncy.	" Edward Matthews.
" Charles A. Bristed.	" S. B. Jones.

We have deemed it best thus to gather together from all available sources all the information we could glean from the circulars, etc., of the Metropolitan Fair, with the names of its officers, and the addresses of the Executive Committees, that we might give all possible information to our widely spread circle of readers. We give, from the excellent article in the January number of the *North American Review* already quoted, a vivid description of scenes occurring in the great Northwest, upon a similar occasion.

'In Chicago, for instance, the Branch has lately held a fair of colossal proportions, to which the whole Northwest was invited to send supplies, and to come in mass! On the 26th of October last, when it opened, a procession of three miles in length, composed of wagon loads of supplies, and of people in various ways interested, paraded through the streets of Chicago; the stores being closed,

and the day given up to patriotic sympathies. For fourteen days the fair lasted, and every day brought reinforcements of supplies, and of people and purchasers. The country people, from hundreds of miles about, sent in upon the railroads all the various products of their farms, mills, and hands. Those who had nothing else sent the poultry from their barnyards; the ox or bull or calf from the stall; the title deed of a few acres of land; so many bushels of grain, or potatoes, or onions. Loads of hay, even, were sent in from ten or a dozen miles out, and sold at once in the hay market. On the roads entering the city were seen rickety and lumbering wagons, made of poles, loaded with a mixed freight,—a few cabbages, a bundle of socks, a coop of tame ducks, a few barrels of turnips, a pot of butter, and a bag of beans,—with the proud and humane farmer driving the team, his wife behind in charge of the baby, while two or three little children contended with the boxes and barrels and bundles for room to sit or lie. Such were the evidences of devotion and self-sacrificing zeal the Northwestern farmers gave, as, in their long trains of wagons, they trundled into Chicago, from twenty and thirty miles' distance, and unloaded their contents at the doors of the Northwestern Fair, for the benefit of the United States Sanitary Commission. The mechanics and artisans of the towns and cities were not behind the farmers. Each manufacturer sent his best piano, plough, threshing machine, or sewing machine. Every form of agricultural implement, and every product of mechanical skill, was represented. From the watchmaker's jewelry to horse shoes and harness; from lace, cloth, cotton, and linen, to iron and steel; from wooden and waxen and earthen ware to butter and cheese, bacon and beef;—nothing came amiss, and nothing failed to come, and the ordering of all this was in the hands of women. They fed in the restaurant, under 'the Fair,' at fifty cents a meal, 1,500 mouths a day, for a fortnight, from food furnished, cooked, and served by the women of Chicago; and so orderly and convenient, so practical and wise were the arrangements, that, day by day, they had just what they had ordered and what they counted on, always enough, and never too much. They divided the houses of the town, and levied on No. 16 A street, for five turkeys, on Monday; No. 37 B street, for 12 apple pies, on Tuesday; No. 49 C street, for forty pounds of roast beef, on Wednesday; No. 23 D street was to furnish so much pepper on Thursday; No. 33 E street, so much salt on Friday. In short, every preparation was made in advance, at the least inconvenience possible to the people, to distribute in the most equal manner the welcome burden of feeding the visitors at the fair, at the expense of the good people of Chicago, but for the pecuniary benefit of the Sanitary Commission. Hun-

dreds of lovely young girls, in simple uniforms, took their places as waiters behind the vast array of tables, and everybody was as well served as at a first-class hotel, at a less expense to himself, and with a great profit to the fair. Fifty thousand dollars, it is said, will be the least net return of this gigantic fair to the treasury of the Branch at Chicago.'

We cannot believe that there is the least necessity to urge upon our generous people the absolute *duty* of contributing largely to the support of the Sanitary Commission, the strong and helpful angel of our bloody battle fields. Our sick soldiers, burning with fever, shivering with the debility of disease, with pallid faces and emaciated frames, ask from us that its healing dews shall still be suffered to descend upon them. Stricken down upon the battle field in the full bloom of manly vigor, lying festering in their ghastly wounds among the dead and dying, exposed to the dews of night, the broiling fervors of the midday sun, we may hear them implore us that the ambulances of the Sanitary may be allowed to aid in bringing them shelter, aid, strength to live, or patience to die. Bleeding stumps of manly limbs are piteously held forth to us that surgeons may be supplied for amputation, that balls buried in the flesh or lodged in the bone may be extracted by hands skillful in the use of knife and probe. Let these brave fellows feel that the arms of the men and women of this country are clasped around them in sustaining love. Ah, have we not all dear ones in this grand army? answer me, fair and true daughters of our soil.

'The subtle sense, the faith intense, of woman's heart and brain,
Give her a prophet's power to see, to suffer,
and maintain.'

Let us not stop to measure what is prudent for us to give, but let us give freely, promptly, as we would do if we saw before us the suffering victims of this holy war! Every dollar may save a life, every penny a pang. O God! shall we stop to count pence with our stricken brave *dying* and bleeding before us? Every gift, however small, from a loyal soul, will be greeted, every good giver welcomed. Let us listen to the most sublime of all music, the great heart-throbs of a free people chiming together in the vigorous rhythm of the Divine charities. Let our nation comprehend from within the march of its vast destinies, its true and ever-growing force in the love and self-sacrifice of its children. Let the benediction of our American Evangel, 'All men are born free and equal,' sound on until all voices swell in the grand diapason of everywhere harmonious and united Humanity, for this is the strength of man and the true meaning of our Union.

'From the vine-land, from the Rhine-land,
From the Shannon, from the Scheldt,
From the ancient homes of genius,
From the sainted home of Celt,
From Italy, from Hungary,
All as brothers join and come,
To the sinew-bearing bugle
And the foot-propelling drum:
Too glad beneath the starry flag to die, and
keep secure
The Liberty they dreamed of by the Danube,
Elbe, and Suir.'

Let us at least prove ourselves worthy of the century in which we live, and show the astonished world how a free people honors, guards, cares for, and shelters its suffering heroes.

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SIR CHARLES LYELL ON THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.*

WHEN Thomas Chalmers, sixty years ago, lecturing at St. Andrews, ventured to announce his conviction that 'the writings of Moses do not fix the antiquity of the globe,' he startled and alarmed, to no small degree, the orthodoxy of the day. It was a statement far in advance of the religious thinking of the time. That massive breadth and comprehensiveness of intellect which soon placed him, *facile princeps*, at the head of the clergy of Scotland, joined with a candor, and ingenuous honesty, which made him admired and beloved by all, could not fail to perceive, and would not hesitate to acknowledge, the force of the evidence then for some time slowly but steadily and surely accumulating from the investigations and discoveries of geological science, which has forced back the origin of the earth to a vast and undated antiquity. But nothing could have been farther from the imagination of the great majority of evangelical, unscientific clergymen of his day. They held that the writings

of Moses fixed the antiquity of the globe as surely as they fixed anything else. And it required no little boldness in the lecturer to announce a doctrine which was likely to raise about his ears the hue and cry of heresy. But fortunately for the rising Boanerges of the Scottish pulpit, whatever questions might arise in philology and criticism as to the meaning of the writings of Moses, the evidence adduced in behalf of the fact of the earth's antiquity was of such a nature that it could not be resisted, and he not only escaped a prosecution for heresy, but lived to see the doctrine he had broached almost universally accepted by the religious world.

If now some divine of acknowledged power and position in any branch of the Christian Church were to put forth the statement that 'the writings of Moses do not fix the antiquity of man,' he would startle the ear of orthodoxy quite as much, but no more than did Chalmers in the early years of the present century. And if he would fare more hardly than the Scottish divine, and fall under the ban of church censure, which is not unlikely, it would be because the evidence for the fact is still inchoate and resistible by the force of established

* THE GEOLOGICAL EVIDENCES OF THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN, with Remarks on Theories of the Origin of Species by Variation. By SIR CHARLES LYELL, F. R. S., Author of 'Principles of Geology,' 'Elements of Geology,' etc., etc. Illustrated by woodcuts. Philadelphia: George W. Childs, 623 and 630 Chestnut street. 1863.

opinion. But it is quite within the range of possible things that before the close of the present century two things may happen: first, that the evidence for a high antiquity of the human race may accumulate to such an extent as to carry with it involuntarily the consent of mankind; and second, that the sacred writings may be found to adjust themselves as easily to this new finding in the sphere of induction, as they have already done, in the general mind of the Church, to the doctrine of the great age of the earth. The two statements are indeed very much akin in several respects. They both traverse the accepted meaning of the sacred writings at the time of their announcement. Both are considered, when first promulged, as irreconcilable with the plain teaching and consequent inspiration of the Scriptures. Both rest solely, as to their evidence, in the sphere of inductive science, and are determinable wholly by the finding of facts accumulated and compared by the processes of inductive reasoning. And both, if thus established, are destined to be accepted by the general mind of the age, without actual harm to the real interests of civilization and religion. No *fact*, which is a fact and not an illusion, can do harm to any of the vital interests of mankind. No truth can stand in hopeless antagonism to any other truth. To suppose otherwise would be to resolve the moral government of God into a hopeless enigma, or enthrone a perpetual and hostile dualism, resigning the universe to the rival and contending sway of Ormuzd and Ahri-man.

Before proceeding to the merits of Sir Charles Lyell's discussion, we wish to glance at some preliminary matters touching the great debate now pending between science and theology. We wish to review the posture and temper of the parties; and particularly to refer to the tone and spirit of the religious press and the pulpit, respecting the alleged discoveries and claims of science,

and their bearing upon the religious opinion of the time.

Moreover, in passing, the present writer begs permission to say that he speaks from the orthodox side of this question; he hails from the orthodox camp; he wears the clerical vesture of the Scottish worthies; and is affiliated theologically with Knox and Chalmers, with Edwards and Alexander, with the *New York Observer* and the *Princeton Review*. This much we beg to say, that what follows in these pages may be fully understood.

No one who has been attending to the subject with any degree of interest can have failed to observe that science, in her investigations upon the grand and momentous themes which have absorbed her attention in these latter years, has exhibited, and does still exhibit, a steady and well-defined purpose, and has pursued it with a singularly calm, sober, unimpassioned, yet resolute temper. Its posture is firm, steady, self-poised, conscious of rectitude, and anticipative of veritable and valuable results. Its spirit, though eager, is quiet; though enthusiastic, is cautious; though ardent, is sceptical; though flushed with success, is trained to the discipline of disappointment. Its object is to interrogate nature. It stands at the shrine and awaits the response of the oracle. It would fain interpret and make intelligible the wondrous hieroglyphics of this universe, and specially the mystic characters traced by the long-revolving ages upon the stony tablets of this planet Earth. It has in the first instance no creed to support, no dogmas to verify, no meaning to foist upon nature; its sole and single query is, What does nature teach? What is fact? What is truth? What has occurred in the past annals of this planet? What is the actual and true history of its bygone ages, and of the dwellers therein? These are its questions, addressed to nature by such methods as experience has taught will reach her ear, and it does not hesitate

to take nature's answer. It does not shrink, and quake, and grow pale lest the response should overturn some ancient notion. It does not dread to hear the response, lest morals or religion should be thereby imperilled. It boldly and resolutely takes the teaching of nature, whatever it may be. Its conviction is that truth never can be anything else than truth; that fact can never be anything else than fact; and that no two truths or two facts in God's universe can be in hopeless and irreconcilable contradiction.

In this spirit the genuine sons of science have exhibited, what has seemed to some, a heartless indifference whether their discoveries or theories harmonized with the Scriptures or not, or affected the received opinions of Christendom on subjects pertaining to religion or morals. They have been sublimely unconcerned as to results in any such direction. They have investigated, examined, compared, collated, with long-continued and patient toil, to gather from the buried past the actual story of its departed cycles; they have not been troubled lest they should impinge on the creeds of the religious world, or compel important modifications in the lectures of learned Professors. This was no care of theirs. They discovered facts, they did not make them.

Now with all due respect for the opinions and feelings of religious people, we hesitate not to affirm that this spirit is the only true one in scientific men. Conceding, as we must, the supremacy of facts in their own sphere, and granting that, as mundane and human affairs now stand, the evidence of the senses, purged from fraud and illusion, must be held to be conclusive, we cheerfully award to scientific men the largest liberty to pursue their inquiries in matters of fact, utterly regardless of the havoc which may be thereby wrought among the traditional beliefs of men. In no other way can science be true to herself. She is the child of induction. She can acknowl-

edge no authority but what has been enthroned by inductive reasoning; and were she to adjust her conclusions, and garble her facts, to suit the faiths, beliefs, prejudices, or traditions of men, she would thereby falsify her inmost life, and stultify herself before the world. And in this connection we may premise that we regard as worthy of all commendation the straightforward and unembarrassed manner in which Sir Charles Lyell pursues his inquiries into the geological evidences of the antiquity of man. He could not have been unaware that he was striking a ponderous blow at one of the main traditions of Christendom; nay, that if successful in establishing his conclusions, he must revolutionize, to a large extent, the religious thinking of the civilization amid which he moves; and yet he moves steadily and quietly forward, calm as Marius amid the ruins of Carthage, not stopping to consider what Biblical men will do with his facts; never more than touching upon their religious bearings; intent only on ascertaining what the facts are, and what they teach. This, we say, is the spirit and temper of the true philosopher—this betokens the genuine son of science. As well might we demand of Watt, or Fulton, or Davy, or Brewster, or Faraday, in pursuing their inquiries into the nature and laws of steam, electricity, galvanism, or light, to be careful that their discoveries impinge not on the teachings of religion or the creed of orthodoxy, as to demand of Lyell to investigate the antiquity of man in humble deference to the well-established belief of the whole Christian world that he has no such antiquity. Not a bitter thing is said in the whole book against any traditional belief; the Scriptures are scarcely more than alluded to; he seems scarcely conscious that he is attempting to establish conclusions at variance with the cherished creeds of vast multitudes of men. To some this may seem the callousness of infidelity; to us it seems

the sublime composure of science. To him, the fact in the case is everything; and he is content to leave it to work its own results.

What now, on the other hand, have been the spirit and temper of the religious press and the pulpit touching the progress of science, and especially its encroachments upon the ancient landmarks of traditional belief? We are sorry to be compelled to say that, with some honorable exceptions, the spirit manifested by religious journals and clergymen generally, has not been worthy of unqualified admiration. In many instances they have shown a dogged determination to hear nothing on the subject. Assuming, with absolute confidence, not only that the Scriptures are what the Church claims them to be, but that their interpretation of them is infallible, they have affected to ignore all the findings of science, and to treat them, in their bearing on Biblical interpretation, as profane intermeddling with divine things. They seem to imagine that their safety consists in not seeing danger, like the ostrich hiding its head in the sand, and supposing that thereby its whole body is protected. In other instances, while professing a willingness to hear—to seek truth—to not be afraid of the light—to boast of science even as the handmaid of religion—they have shown a disposition to decry the alleged discoveries of science, to ridicule its supposed facts, to make light of a whole concatenation of evidence, to prate of the uncertainties and vacillations of science, to sneer at ‘sciolists,’ or ‘mere men of science,’ to warn against the ‘babblings of science’ and ‘philosophy falsely so called,’ and meantime they have betrayed a nervous sensitiveness with regard to certain alleged discoveries and facts coming to the popular ear. They affect to sneer at the ‘wise week’ of the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and to turn the proceedings of that body into ridicule, by caricaturing the importance

attached to some minor organ of the human or animal frame, in the determination of specific identity or difference. While absolutely ignorant of the true state of the case as it stands in the scientific world, they thunder from the pulpit in the ears of their people—a position where they are safe from reply—crudities and monstrosities of science at which the humblest member of the aforesaid Association would smile. In other instances, with a most unfortunate or misguided zeal, they would fain compel Christian faith to override and traverse all those great laws of evidence which regulate human belief in other matters. They do not dispute the facts of science when clearly established—they will concede to them an existence as facts in their own sphere—but they hold the Scriptures, as being inspired and infallible, to be transcendent and paramount, and not to be affected by any possible combination of facts. That is to say, if the Scriptures teach the unity of the race, or the universality of the deluge, or the modern origin of man—and if they understand them to teach these things, they do teach them for them—they hold that no amount of evidence which science may adduce can be of any avail, even though it might amount to absolute certainty, did not the Scriptures stand in the way. You may believe the facts of science, if you choose, but the Scriptures must be believed to the contrary notwithstanding. If science does not agree with the Scriptures, so much the worse for science—that is its own affair. This is the sentiment, distinctly uttered not long since by a learned American Professor. Consistently with this view, they maintain that the Scriptures are to be held as an *authority* in scientific matters; that science must order its conclusions in accordance with them; and that any facts are to be distrusted which conflict with the declarations of the Bible. They would thus place the Scriptures and nature in a posture of antagonism; and require Christian faith

to trample upon and triumph over the evidence of the senses, as it is required to triumph over the world, the flesh, and the devil. What must be thought of an otherwise educated body of men who would willingly reduce the faith of the Christian world to such a posture as that?

Furthermore, in the general spirit and temper of the religious press with reference to science and scientific men, there is much to criticize and condemn. It is often snappish, petulant, ill-humored, unfair, and sometimes malicious in the extreme. Such opprobrious terms as infidelity, irreligion, rationalizing tendencies, naturalism, contempt for the Scriptures, etc., are freely used. Scientific men are called infidel pretenders, and are charged with a secret conspiracy to overthrow the faith of the Christian world. A respectable religious weekly paper in this country, in noticing Sir Charles Lyell's work, while carefully withholding from its readers the slightest notion of the array of evidence adduced in the book, is prompt to inform them that the learned author shows his want of respect for the Word of God. Another, in noticing the account of the last hours of Mr. Buckle, is almost ready to exult in the fact that in the wreck and prostration of his great powers he whined out piteously: 'I am going mad!' and intimates that his mental sufferings are to be attributed to the judicial visitation of God, inflicted as a punishment for the employment of those powers in the service of infidelity. An able, though generally absurd quarterly journal, in reviewing Hugh Miller's 'Testimony of the Rocks,' finds in some of his gorgeous speculations premonitions of that mental aberration which ended his life, and does not hesitate to attribute the final catastrophe to the overworking of his powers in the service of pretentious and unsanctified science. Noble and true-hearted son of the Church though he was, and though laboring with herculean strength to set the Bible and

science in harmony, he has not escaped the envenomed shafts of a portion of the religious press. By some he has been openly branded as a traitor in the camp.

Now this unseemly heat and this unbecoming spirit and temper may be cloaked under a zeal for religion. It may be said that we are to 'contend earnestly for the faith.' We answer, verily, but never with the weapons of malice and wickedness. This mode of treating science, if persisted in, must end only in chagrin and defeat to the parties employing it, for the simple reason that it does violence to reason, nature, and all the laws of man's being. Science cannot be turned aside in her strenuous and ever-successful progress by any such impediments thrown in her way. The clear, calm, cogent facts and inferences of the philosopher cannot be met successfully by the half-suppressed shriek of the mere Biblicist. And it must be at once perceived that any such treatment of science, any such half-concealed fear of the progress of science, any such unfair and spiteful bearing toward scientific men, argues a secret distrust of the system or doctrine which is assumed to be held and professedly defended. These petulant and much disturbed editors and divines must be really afraid that the ground is being undermined beneath their feet. If a man *really believes* the inspiration and infallibility of the Scriptures, he may feel perfectly at ease as to any facts present or past in the wide universe. But if he is not so sure of them, and wishes, for some personal or interested motive, to believe them, he will be easily disturbed by anything which seems to militate against them. If the Scriptures are true, they can never be shown to be false—if they are not true, we ought not to wish to believe them.

The spirit and temper above indicated are wholly out of harmony with the general spirit of Protestant Christianity. It has ever been the boast of Protestantism that it seeks the light, that

it seeks discussion, that it asserts the right of private judgment, that it courts investigation, and is willing to expose all its claims to the broad light of day. It claims to be an everlasting protest against priestly tyranny, and monkish authority, and abject spiritual servitude in the laity. Strange, if in this new phase of its history it should fail to be true to itself!

After the Christian world came generally to accept the statement of Chalmers that the writings of Moses do not fix the antiquity of the world, and before science had begun to moot seriously the questions of the unity of the race, the universality of the Noabian deluge, and the antiquity of man, it was the custom of clergymen generally to reëcho the true Protestant strain. They claimed science. They expected much of her. They wished full and free discussion in order that still stronger ramparts might be erected around the citadel of their faith. Why should the tone be changed now? In the year 1840, the Rev. Albert Barnes, of Philadelphia, who has long occupied a highly respectable and influential position among the clerical body in this country, in an address on the 'Progress and Tendencies of Science,' delivered before the literary societies of one of the colleges of Pennsylvania, gave utterance to the following noble sentiments:

'It has cost much to overcome this'—that is, the panic fears of Christian people at the amazing progress and discoveries of science—'and to restore confidence to the Christian world that the researches of science will never permanently clash with the doctrines of revelation. But the Christian world has come to that; and science is to receive no more obstruction henceforth from any alarm that its discoveries will contravene the revealed truth of God. No future Galileo is to be imprisoned because he can look farther into the works of nature than other men; and the point which we have gained now, is that no obstruction is to be thrown in the way of science by any dread that

any scientific truth will infringe on any theological system. The great truth has gone forth at last, not to be recalled, that the astronomer may point his glass to the heavens as long and as patiently as he pleases, without apprehending opposition from the Christian world; the chemist may subject all objects to the action of the crucible and the blow-pipe, 'with none to molest him or make him afraid;' the geologist may penetrate to any part of the earth—may dig as deep as he pleases, and no one may be alarmed.'

This exhibits true Christian courage and confidence, and has the genuine Protestant ring. It is based, however, on the supposition that no possible conflict can arise between science and his understanding of the Scriptures, and it is doubtful whether the same equanimity could be maintained even in the author's mind if the 'progress and tendencies of science' should take an unexpected direction. Thus, in the same address, he says:

'One fact is remarkable. The geologist proves that the world has stood many thousands of years, and we cannot deny it. He points to fossil remains, and tells us of orders of animals that lived many years before the Mosaic period of the creation of man. The Bible tells us that MAN was created about six thousand years ago. Now, the material fact is, that amid all the fossil remains of the geologist, and all the records of past times, there is no proof that *man* has lived longer than that period; but there is abundant proof to the contrary. Amid all on which the geologist relies to demonstrate the existence of animals prior to the Mosaic account of the creation, he has not presented us with *one human bone*, or with one indication of the existence of man.'

This is one of the facts, among others, upon which 'the friends of science and revelation have equal cause to congratulate themselves and each other.' But what if the fact should change? What if not only one, but many fossil human bones should be found? How is a divine, who has already said that the *Bible teaches* the modern origin of man,

to avoid panic fears? Science is cumulative in its evidences, and it is somewhat hazardous to undertake to say, at any point, that the *ultima thule* of discovery has been reached.

We reiterate now, in the conclusion of these preliminary matters, the sentiment of Mr. Barnes that science must be free and untrammelled. No matter what discoveries may be made, what traditions overturned, what faiths unsettled, science must have a free rein and an open course. It must be so; unless we return to mediæval darkness and despotism. Science, to be science at all, must establish its conclusions by its own methods, and its methods must be intact and supreme, no matter what facts they force upon the belief of mankind. It cannot accept any extraneous authority. It cannot admit any foregone conclusions. It cannot accept the statements, for instance, of the first chapter of Genesis as astronomical, meteorological, geological, or ethnological *facts*, as the able but absurd Review before referred to would insist. It must verify its own facts. It cannot heed the caveat of any number or body of clergymen, or orthodox weekly newspapers, who might come forward and say, respecting the unity of the race, or the antiquity of man: 'Gentlemen, that question is settled. It is put beyond the purview of your science. An absolute and infallible authority has determined it. To moot it is profane.' Any such attempt would be both preposterous and useless. The age will defend the freedom of science; and let all reasonable and right-thinking men take comfort in the conviction that in the long run the conclusions reached will be right, in accordance with fact, in accordance with truth, and that no permanent interest of religion or morals can suffer.

But we beg pardon for holding the reader so long by the button, while Sir Charles Lyell and his book have been kept in the background. These thoughts have been upon our mind for

many months, and we have felt impelled to give utterance to them here.

The publication of this work we regard as an eventful matter in the history of modern thought. The time could not have been far distant when what we may call the geological history of man on this planet, must have come before the popular mind; and it is certainly a matter of congratulation that one of the most venerable, indefatigable, cautious, and successful investigators of modern times has undertaken the task of giving to the public a full and labored *résumé* of the evidence which has accumulated on the subject. Not unfrequently are the bigotry and prejudice of well-meaning religious people intensified by the imprudent zeal of the Hotspurs of science. True science can always afford to bide its time, and make haste slowly.

Respecting the work itself, we begin by saying that the theme proposed is a perfectly legitimate one for science. It is entirely pertinent to science to undertake to search for the hidden traces of man's former history, if there be any. It is no dreamland or cloudland which it proposes to explore. It is no Quixotic adventure which it has gotten up to astonish and alarm the vulgar. If our human ancestors have lived fifty or one hundred thousand years longer on this planet than was generally supposed, it is quite likely they have left some traces behind them. And if so, it is perfectly legitimate for science to gather, collate, and interpret those traces. And from what we know of her past achievements, we may assure ourselves that if man has had such a pre-historic existence, science will most undoubtedly prove it. She has proved beyond all sane contradiction the great age of the earth. She has proved in like manner the vast extent of the universe in space. She has proved the existence of manifold forms of animal life on this planet for countless ages before the incoming of man, according to the popular chronology. She has proved, approximately,

the order and succession of animal life as it arose, and the forms it assumed as the long cycles of ages rolled on. All these were legitimate themes for science; and all of them were opposed to the popular belief at the time—as much so as is the antiquity of man now. And further, we say that the mere suspicion that any such thing may be—the mere surmise of any such fact—the merest inkling which scientific men may get of a secret yet hidden beneath the veil, and waiting to be revealed—is a sufficient justification of those *tentative* efforts of science which often result in the attainment of some grand discovery. Let no timid religionist charge upon scientific men that they are conspiring with malice prepense to undermine the popular creeds and overthrow the Bible. This is sheer nonsense. They follow where nature beckons them. If man has had a high antiquity on this earth, science will find it out and prove it beyond a doubt. If he has not had such antiquity, science will discover that too, and prove it. All we have to do is to let science have her way.

Another remark which we make here, is respecting the power which a *single fact* may have in this investigation. It is not often that great questions in history, or social polity, or jurisprudence are determined by a single fact. The great results of history, economics, and law are effected by the converging power of many facts. So also in science. Its great results are determined by the accumulated power of multitudinous facts. Its final categories are fixed by abundant certainties and manifold inductions. And yet it may sometimes occur that a single fact may be of such a nature that there is no escaping the conclusion which it forces upon the mind. It may concentrate in itself all the elements of certainty usually obtained from many sources. It may be determinative in its very nature, and admit of scepticism only at the expense of rationality. A single human grave, with its entombed skeleton, discovered

in some uninhabited waste, where it was never known the foot of man had trod, would prove conclusively that human footsteps had once trod there. The discovery of a single weapon of the quality and temper of the Damascus blade amid the ruins of a buried city, would prove as fully as would the discovery of a thousand that the people of that age of the world understood the methods of working steel. One canoe found moored to the bank of the Delaware, the Schuylkill, or the Susquehanna, when the white man began to penetrate this continent, would have been sufficient to prove that the aborigines understood, to that extent, the art of navigation. So in science, one fossil of a different species from any found heretofore in a certain deposit is sufficient to add another to the forms of life represented by that deposit. One fossil found lower in the geological scale than life was supposed to have begun on this planet, is sufficient to prove that it had a still earlier beginning. So with regard to contemporary forms of life, one fact may be sufficient to warrant or compel a conclusion. Hugh Miller cites the instance of fossil dung being found as proving to the anti-geologists that these fossils were once real living creatures, and not mere freaks of nature. The instance might not be thought conclusive, for if the Author of nature saw fit to amuse himself by making the semblances of huge iguanodons, elephants, and hippopotami, in the solid rocks, it might readily be supposed that He would extend His amusement to the making of fossil dung.* But now, if in the fossil entrails of the cave hyena the bones of a hare should be found, it would prove conclusively to any but

* If any one is disposed to doubt that the doctrine that fossil forms are direct creations, and were never living animals at all, is held by any respectable person, we refer them to a book entitled '*Cosmogony, or the Mysteries of Creation*,' by Thomas A. Davies, and published by Rudd & Carleton, of New York, of no longer ago than 1857.

an anti-geologist, that the hare lived contemporaneously with the hyena.

These remarks are not thrown in by way of apology for the paucity of facts adduced by Sir Charles Lyell to prove the antiquity of man, but merely to illustrate the force which it is possible, in certain circumstances, for a single fact to have. Thus, for instance, the Scotch fir is not now, nor ever has been in historic times, a native of the Danish isles, yet it has been indigenous there in the human period, for Steenstrup has taken out with his own hands a flint implement from beneath one of the buried trunks of that species in the Danish peat bogs. Again, if an implement of human workmanship is found in close proximity to the leg of a bear, or the horn of a reindeer, of extinct species, in an ancient cavern, and all covered by a floor of stalagmite, we see not how the conclusion is to be avoided that they were introduced into the cave before the stalagmite was formed; and in that case the inference that they were contemporaneous, or nearly so, may well be left to take care of itself. The attempt has been made to treat with levity the whole subject of the antiquity of man because of the numerical meagreness of the facts adduced in support of it. But as to this, it need only be observed that as a new theme for investigation, its facts must necessarily be meagre, as must be the facts of any science in its inchoate condition, and that they are steadily growing in volume, so that it is not safe to venture a final verdict against it on that score. The facts in support of the globular form of the earth, or the Copernican theory of the heavens, or the great age of the earth, were at one time meagre—they are not so now. Sir Charles Lyell is a pioneer explorer in a new and mysterious realm: the time may come when, amid the abundance of the treasure gathered from it, the scanty hoard which he opens to his reader may seem meagre enough.

Nevertheless, Sir Charles Lyell is fully

a believer in the doctrine of the high antiquity of man. His book is not merely a debating-club discussion of the pros and cons, the probabilities for and against the doctrine, but rather the earnest pleading of the advocate fully persuaded that the truth is on his side. Not that it displays any forensic heat;—it is calm, cautious, dispassionate; but it has the air of one governed by conviction, and he often assumes the entire truth of his conclusions with the quiet *nonchalance* of a man seemingly unconscious that what he regards as matters of established certainty will be viewed by the great majority of his fellow beings as startling novelties.

The main stream of the geological evidence of the antiquity of man tends to one point, viz., *that man coexisted with the extinct animals*. There are collateral branches of proof, but this is the main channel. The remains of man and of man's works and the remains of extinct races of animals lie side by side, and claim from the geologist the same meed of antiquity. This is the burden of the book before us. We offer the reader a brief outline of this evidence. In doing so, we will follow the order of Sir Charles Lyell's work, and merely state the leading facts which geological investigations have brought to light.

In the Danish islands there are deposits of peat from ten to thirty feet thick, formed in the hollows or depressions of the northern drift or boulder formation. These beds of peat have been examined to the bottom, and they reveal the history of vegetation in those localities, and the contemporaneous history of human progress. Beginning at the top, the explorer finds the first layers to contain principally the trunks of the beech tree, along with implements and tools of wood and iron. Below these is a deposit of oak trunks, with implements mainly of bronze. Farther down still he finds the trunks of the *Pinus sylvestris*, or Scotch fir, together with implements of stone.

This clearly indicates that in the lapse of centuries the pine was supplanted by the oak, and the oak by the beech, and that man advanced contemporaneously from the knowledge and use of stone implements to those of bronze and iron. Now the known fact is that in the time of the Romans, as now, the Danish isles were covered by magnificent beech forests, and that eighteen centuries have done little or nothing toward changing the character of the vegetation. How many centuries must have elapsed to enable the oak to supplant the pine, and the beech to supplant the oak, can only be vaguely conjectured. Yet the evidence is clear that man lived in those old pine forests—leaving his implements of stone behind him, as he did his tools of bronze and iron in the succeeding periods. Along the coast of Denmark, also, are found shell mounds mixed with flint knives, hatchets, etc., but never any tools of bronze or iron, showing that the rude hunters and fishers who fed on the oyster, cockle, and other mollusks, lived in the period of the Scotch fir, or, as it has been called, the 'age of stone.'

In many of the Swiss lakes are found ancient piles driven into the bottom, on which were once erected huts or villages, the lacustrine abodes of man. This use of them is proved by the abundance of flint implements and fragments of rude pottery, together with bones of animals, which have been dredged up from among the piles. The implements found belong to the 'age of stone,' or the period of the Scotch fir in Denmark, and the bones of animals are all, with one exception, those of living species.

Passing over the fossil human remains and works of art of the 'recent' period, as found in the delta and alluvial plain of the Nile, in the ancient mounds of the valley of the Ohio, in the mounds of Santos in Brazil, in the delta of the Mississippi, in which, at the depth of sixteen feet from the sur-

face, under four buried forests, superimposed one upon the other, was found, a few years ago, a human skeleton, estimated by Dr. B. Dowler to have been buried at least fifty thousand years—in the coral reefs of Florida, in which fossil human remains were found, estimated by Professor Agassiz to have an antiquity of ten thousand years—in the recent deposits of seas and lakes, in the central district of Scotland, which bears clear traces of an upheaval since the human period, and in the raised beaches of Norway and Sweden—passing over these for want of space for minute detail, we go back to the post-pliocene period, and find the bones of man and works of art in juxtaposition with the fossil remains of extinct mammalia.

In the cavern of Bize, in the south of France, and in the caves of Engis, Engihoul, Chokier, and Goffontaine, near Liège, human bones and teeth, together with fragments of rude pottery, have been found enveloped in the same mud and breccia, and cemented by stalagmite, in which are found also the land shells of living species and the bones of mammalia, some of extinct, and others of recent species. The chemical condition of all the bones was found to be the same. Quite a full account is given of the researches of MM. Journal and Christol in the Bize cavern, and of Dr. Schmerling in the Liège caverns, and every effort made, apparently, by the author, to weigh candidly and honestly the evidence for and against the contemporaneous existence and deposition of the human and mammalian remains. And while he admits that at one time he was strongly inclined to suspect that they were not coeval,* yet he has been compelled by subsequent evidence, especially in view of the fact that he has had convincing proofs in later years that the remains of the mammoth and many other extinct species, very common in caves, occur also in undisturbed alluvium, imbedded in such a manner with works of art as to

* *Principles of Geology*, 9th ed., p. 740.

leave no room for doubt that man and the extinct animals coexisted, to reconsider his former opinion, and to assign to the proofs derived from caves of the high antiquity of man a much more positive and emphatic character.

In chapter fifth we have a minute and interesting account of such fossil human skulls and skeletons as have been found in caves and ancient tumuli, and a careful endeavor made to estimate their approximate age. In 1857, in a cave situated in that part of the valley of the Düssel, near Düsseldorf, which is called the Neanderthal, a skull and skeleton were found, buried beneath five feet of loam, which were pronounced by Professor Huxley and others to be clearly human, though indicating small cerebral development and uncommon strength of corporeal frame. In the Engis caves, near Liège, portions of six or seven human skeletons were found, imbedded in the same matrix with the remains of the elephant, rhinoceros, bear, hyena, and other extinct quadrupeds. In an ancient tumulus near Borrelly, in Denmark, a human skull was discovered which was adjudged by its surroundings to belong to the 'stone period' of Denmark, or the era of the Scotch fir. The careful anatomical examination and comparison to which these skulls have been subjected, have led to important discussions, not only as to their age, but also as to their relation to existing races.

Next comes an extended account of the flint implements and other works of art, found so abundantly in juxtaposition with the bones of extinct mammalia, in various localities—in a cave at Brixham, near Torquay, in Devonshire; in the alluvium of the Thames valley; in the gravel of the valley of the Ouse, near Bedford; in a fresh-water deposit at Hoxne in Suffolk; in the valley of the Lach at Icklingham; in a cavern in Somersetshire; in the caves of Gomer in Glamorganshire, in South Wales; and especially in the gravel beds of Abbeville and Amiens, in

France, and various localities of the valley of the Somme. As to these flint implements, they are chiefly knives, hatchets, and instruments of that sort, and they have been found in such large numbers, and such diverse localities, and so uniformly in close proximity with the remains of the same species of extinct mammalia, that the evidence derived from them is, to say the least, of a very weighty character, and in the opinion of Sir Charles Lyell clearly establishes the fact that *Elephas primigenius*, *Elephas antiquus*, *Rhinoceros tichorhinus*, *Ursus spelæus*, and other extinct species of the post-pliocene alluvium, coexisted with man.

Attempts have been made to throw doubt upon these implements, first upon their nature, and next upon their genuineness; but we think no one who weighs the evidence candidly and carefully, can award to these doubts the merit of respectability. That they are works of art and not native forms, is, we think, as fully established as human observation can establish anything; and though frauds have been recently detected, it would be no more absurd to attribute the whole phenomena of fossil remains to fraudulent manufacture, than to refer to the same source the whole series of flint implements. In many cases the flint tools were taken out of their position by the hands of scientific men themselves, and in others the excavations were made under their immediate supervision. M. Gandry, in giving an account of his researches at St. Acheul, in 1859, to the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, says: 'The great point was not to leave the workmen for a single instant.'

But the most remarkable, not to say startling revelations of the whole book, are those pertaining to the discovery of an ancient place of sepulture at Avignac, in the south of France. Here we seem to be brought, as it were, face to face with the denizens of the departed ages, and to have them start up from their ancient tombs to tell the

story of their death and sepulture. We enter this old burial place with feelings of more strange and solemn awe than we could have in threading the catacombs of Rome. An obscure village at the foot of the Pyrenees reveals in its precincts a more astounding history than all the monuments and mausoleums of the 'eternal' city.

In the year 1852, a laborer named Bonnemaïson, employed in repairing roads, observed that rabbits, when hotly pursued by the sportsman, ran into a hole which they had burrowed in a talus of small fragments of limestone and earthy matter lodged in a depression on the face of a steep escarpment of nummulitic limestone which forms the bank of a small brook near the town of Auvignac. On reaching as far into the opening as the length of his arm, he drew out to his surprise one of the long bones of the human skeleton; and his curiosity being excited, and having a suspicion that the hole communicated with a subterranean cavity, he commenced digging a trench through the middle of the talus, and in a few hours found himself opposite a heavy slab of rock, placed vertically against the entrance. Having removed this, he discovered on the other side of it an arched cavity, seven or eight feet in its greatest height, ten in width, and seven in horizontal depth. It was almost filled with bones, among which were two entire skulls, which he recognized at once as human. The people of Auvignac flocked in astonishment to the spot, and Dr. Amiel, the mayor, having first ascertained as a medical man and anatomist that the relics contained the bones of seventeen human skeletons of both sexes and all ages, ordered them all to be reinterred in the parish cemetery.

In 1860, M. Lartet, a distinguished French savan, examined thoroughly the remaining contents of the cavern and its surroundings and approaches. He found, on removing the talus which filled up the depression on the face of the rock, a level terrace leading to the

mouth of the cave. On this terrace was a layer of charcoal and ashes, eight inches thick, containing fragments of broken, burnt, and gnawed bones of *extinct and recent mammalia*, in all some nineteen species, and some seventy or eighty individuals. Also in the same deposit were hearthstones, and works of art, flint knives, projectiles, sling-stones, and chips. Many of the bones of the extinct herbivora were streaked, as if the flesh had been scraped off them by a flint instrument, and others were split open, as if for the purpose of extracting the marrow. Inside the grotto were two or three feet of made earth mixed with human and a few animal bones of extinct and recent species. None of them, however, burnt or gnawed; and numerous small flat plates of a white shelly substance made of some species of cockle, perforated in the middle as if for the purpose of being strung into a bracelet; also some mementos and memorials of the chase and the sepulture. Did no opposing traditions stand in the way, we are quite sure the evidence elicited from this examination would at once fix its character as a burial place, of an antiquity coeval with the existence of the great extinct mammalia of the post-pliocene period. It, however, contains some features of special interest. In the words of Sir Charles Lyell:

'The Auvignac cave adds no new species to the list of extinct quadrupeds, which we have elsewhere, and by independent evidence, ascertained to have once flourished contemporaneously with man. But if the fossil memorials have been correctly interpreted—if we have here before us at the northern base of the Pyrenees a sepulchral vault with skeletons of human beings, consigned by friends and relatives to their last resting place—if we have also at the portal of the tomb the relics of funeral feasts, and within it indications of viands destined for the use of the departed on their way to the land of spirits; while among the funeral gifts are weapons wherewith in other fields to chase the gigantic deer, the cave lion, the cave bear, and woolly rhino-

ceros—we have at last succeeded in tracing back the sacred rites of burial, and, more interesting still, a belief in a future state, to times long anterior to those of history and tradition. Rude and superstitious as may have been the savage of that remote era, he still deserved, by cherishing the hopes of a hereafter, the epithet of 'noble,' which Dryden gave to what he seems to have pictured to himself as the primitive condition of our race:

'As Nature first made man,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.'

The remainder of the book, so far as it relates to the evidences of man's antiquity, is mainly occupied with the consideration of the glacial period, in its relation to the indications of man's first appearance in Europe. It bears evidence throughout of the hand of a master. The gigantic phenomena and wonderful agencies of that marvellous period in geological history—its vast icefields and glaciers, with their movements, drifts, and denudations—its coast ice and glacial lakes and rivers—the risings and sinkings of level of islands and continents, are all considered and discussed in a thoroughly intelligent and scholarly manner. And here, also, amid the debris of this far-distant and inhospitable era, has man left the traces of his existence, as indubitably, according to Sir Charles Lyell, as the great icebergs themselves. Not only is it proven that man coexisted with the extinct animals, but also that he coexisted with the extinct glaciers. We have not space, however, to follow out in detail this evidence.

The last five chapters of the book are devoted to the discussion of certain subjects of vital interest and great moment just now in the scientific world—the theories of progression, development, transmutation, and variation of species. It seems, however, to be the intention of the author to give us, not so much his own views as a general *résumé* or outline of the tendencies and conclusions of the scientific world upon these subjects. This he does with his

usual fullness, candor, and impartiality; and the reader at the same time gathers from him that he is strongly inclined to accept the doctrine of the origin of species by 'variation and natural selection,' and to accord vast periods of time for the workings of that law of development and transmutation which he believes to pervade all mundane affairs. Considerable space is devoted to the consideration of man's place in nature, and especially to the discussions arising out of the comparison of the human and simian brain; and while the author fully admits the vast gulf placed between man and the animal creation below him—a gulf which science cannot bridge—by virtue of the moral and religious nature of man, yet he pointedly protests against confounding distinct orders of ideas, and insists that man as a physical being is clearly of the same order as the gorilla and ape; and he does not shrink from accepting the possibility that they all may have sprung by successive stages or 'leaps' from the same primordial form. His concluding words are, that 'so far from having a materialistic tendency, the supposed introduction into the earth at successive periods of life—sensation, instinct, the intelligence of the higher mammalia, bordering on reason—and lastly the improvable reason of man himself, presents us with a picture of the ever-increasing dominion of mind over matter.'

To our mind one thing is certain. The whole scientific world is drifting slowly, but steadily and surely, to the verification and acceptance—with certain and in some cases important modifications—of the development hypothesis of Maillet, Lamarck, La Place, Owen, and the author of the 'Vestiges'*

* Professor Louis Agassiz, the most patient, learned, and acute investigator of embryology now living, finds in that science (upon which, in truth, rests the final settlement of the so-called development theory) 'no single fact to justify the assumption that the laws of development, now known to be so precise and definite for every animal, have ever been less so, or have

of Creation.' The movement reminds one of the motion of one of the great Greenland glaciers, so slow, quiet, almost imperceptible, yet inexorable as fate—heedless of all obstacles. As in the case of all great, genuine revolutionary or formative ideas, it is curious to watch the incidents of its career—to note the alarm, indignation, scorn, and holy horror occasioned by its first announcement—to observe these subsid-

ever been allowed to run into each other. The philosopher's stone is no more to be found in the organic than the inorganic world; and we shall seek as vainly to transform the lower animal types into the higher ones by any of our theories, as did the alchemists of old to change the baser metals into gold.' He also says: 'To me the fact that the embryonic form of the highest vertebrate recalls in its earlier stages the first representatives of its type in geological times and its lowest representatives at the present day, speaks only of an ideal relation, existing, not in the things themselves, but in the mind that made them. It is true that the naturalist is sometimes startled at these transient resemblances of the young among the higher animals in one type to the adult condition of the lower animals in the same type; but it is also true that he finds each one of the primary divisions of the animal kingdom bound to its own norm of development, which is absolutely distinct from that of all others; it is also true that, while he perceives correspondences between the early phases of the higher animals and the mature state of the lower ones he never sees any one of them diverge in the slightest degree from its own structural character—never sees the lower rise by a shade beyond the level which is permanent for the group to which it belongs—never sees the higher ones stop short of their final aim, either in the mode or the extent of their transformation.' He likewise ('Methods of Study in Natural History,' page 140) discusses the matter of breeds as bearing upon diversities of species in a manner to justify his conclusion, that: 'The influence of man upon animals is, in other words, the influence of *mind* upon them; and yet the ordinary mode of argument upon this subject is, that, because the intelligence of man has been able to produce certain varieties in domesticated animals, therefore physical causes have produced all the diversity existing among wild ones. Surely, the sounder logic would be to infer that, because our finite intelligence may cause the original pattern to vary by some slight shades of difference, therefore a superior intelligence must have established all the boundless diversity of which our boasted varieties are but the faintest echo. It is the most intelligent farmer who has the greatest success in improving his breeds; and if the animals he has so fostered are left to themselves without that intelligent care, they return to their normal condition. So with plants. . . .'—*Ed. Con.*

ing gradually into patient endurance and permissive sufferance, and these again giving place to a certain curiosity and wakeful interest, culminating at last in downright advocacy and championship.

We are inclined to think that great injustice has been done the development theory in the name of morals and religion. There has been no end to the railing against it on the part of clergymen, Biblical interpreters, theological Professors, and orthodox editors. It was held to put infinite dishonor upon the Creator, not only to suppose that He should take many millions of years to make a world, but that He should employ the same lengthened period to make man, instead of speaking him into existence by a word. It was held to put infinite dishonor upon the Scriptures to suppose that they should be understood in any but the most literal sense. And it was held to put infinite dishonor upon man to suppose that he was kith and kin with the monkey—bone of the bone and flesh of the flesh of the unreasoning quadrupeds, over which in his god-like royalty he was to sway his imperial sceptre—and this, too, by a class of teachers who could never have enough of thundering in the ears of men their degradation, their lost, debased, insensate, and damnable condition, worse than that of beasts or devils.

Now, with all deference, we beg to say that this development theory does not strike us as so fraught with dishonor, either to the powers in heaven or the beings upon earth. It has for many years impressed us with its grandeur as an intellectual conception. We doubt whether anything so grand has dawned upon the mind of modern civilization since the days of Sir Isaac Newton. And we cannot see what dishonor it can work to either God or man—especially if it be proved to be true. We regard it, so far as there is truth in it, as one of those great germinant seed-thoughts, which at long intervals are

dropped into the soil of the human mind; and though the mind of the age, in its first impulses of joy, may play wild gambols with it, it is destined in the end to mould and control the thinking of the civilized world. But apart from its truth or falsity, in whole or in part, regarded simply as an *intellection*, it strikes us as one of the grandest of modern times. Spreading itself over almost illimitable space, grasping back through almost illimitable time, claiming for itself the boundless multiplicity of type, and form, and life, and law of the organic world, and unfolding to the wondering gaze the vast prophetic possibilities of the future, it possesses all the attributes of grandeur, magnificence, sublimity, and mystery. If it is a phantasm, it is more gorgeous than the most splendid creations of poetry. If it is a mirage, it is more beautiful than any that ever bewildered the vision of enchanted traveller. If it is an *ignis fatuus*, it is more potent than any ever raised by the spell of the sorcerer. But whether phantasm, mirage, *ignis fatuus*, or sober but grand reality, will assuredly be found out by science before another half century. And the ultimate finding of science, whatever it may be, must and will be believed.

It is, of course, not to be expected that the evidence thus adduced by Sir Charles Lyell in behalf of the antiquity of man, will be accepted as conclusive by the religious and thinking world in general without a thorough sifting and an earnest struggle. It is too novel and revolutionary in its tendencies. And indeed it ought to be subjected to the severest ordeal of fact and reason. It is in this way alone that the golden grains of truth are separated from the dross of crude conjecture and hasty generalization. We are not prepared ourselves to say that the evidence itself is final and conclusive. We have sketched it for the purpose of giving the distinguished author a full hearing, and affording the reader an opportunity to judge for himself. We await the

logical sequences of time, knowing full well that the laws which regulate the progress of science are as stable and infallible as the laws which control the motions of the solar and planetary systems. One thing, however, we may be excused for saying: All the attempts we have seen to parry the force of this evidence, and to account for the acknowledged phenomena and facts within the schedule of the received chronology, strike us as singularly and painfully feeble. One suggestion is that the bodies of the extinct mammalia may have been preserved in ice until the recent period, and their bones deposited contemporaneously with those of modern species and man. Another is that the geologists may be vastly mistaken as to the date of the extinction of species, and that in fact the mastodon, mammoth, and other species found in juxtaposition with human remains and works of art, have probably survived until a very recent period. Without entering into detail on these points, we would venture the prediction that when weighed in the balance they will be found utterly wanting. One type of discussion will survive, if it survive at all, as a most curious fossil of the layers of modern thought. It is that represented by the book referred to in a note on a former page, by Mr. Davies. Believing that all mineral fossils were never living animals at all, but the types simply of animals that were to be, stamped instantaneously upon the rocks as prophetic symbols of a work of creation to be afterward accomplished, he is prepared to hear without surprise that man should some day be found as a fossil. We refer to it as a most curious mental product. If it is not unanswerable, we presume it will at least remain unanswered.

What now, in conclusion, is to be the effect of this new development of science on the received and traditional thinking of the time? What readjustments will be necessary in case the doctrine of the antiquity of man comes

by and by to take its place, in the creed of science, alongside of the doctrine of the great age of the earth? Can it be made to harmonize with what is now known as orthodox and evangelical Christianity?

That it cannot be made to harmonize with that sort of orthodoxy which asserts that 'the Bible teaches' that man began to exist upon the earth about six thousand years ago, we need hardly aver. Eminent theologians may say, 'if science does not agree with the Scriptures, so much the worse for science,' but we opine that the minds which will be able to stand upon this platform in the face of overwhelming evidence will be few and far between. But it must be remembered that the Scriptures have adjusted themselves, in the popular and orthodox mind, to several things which were once considered opposed to their teachings. The Copernican theory of the solar system was once regarded and treated as a palpable and dangerous heresy; yet now-a-days the boldest literalist would not venture to insist that the Bible teaches a system opposed to that. Within living memory, it is well known that the doctrine of the recent creation of the earth was regarded as indubitably a part of the teaching of the first chapter of Genesis, yet it is now fully conceded in high orthodox quarters that the opposite doctrine does no violence to the letter or spirit of the Mosaic writings. Here the adjustment has been of the interpretation to the fact. It is up to this time largely believed that the Bible teaches the doctrine of a general deluge, yet Hugh Miller could advocate, with all the elegance of his superb intellect, and all the power of his unanswerable science, the opposite doctrine of a partial or limited deluge, without being outlawed for heresy in the Free Church of Scotland. It is now held almost universally that the doctrine of the unity of the race is essential to Christianity; and we, for ourselves, cannot see that it is otherwise than

essential to a properly organic Christianity, and yet we begin to see a blinking in certain quarters toward the opposite view;—and we may mention that the curious book of Mr. Davies before mentioned, which is written in the special interest of the most literal orthodoxy, advocating the doctrine of immediate creation in six literal days, and other equally indigestible matters, insists on the doctrine of *diversity of origin* in the human race, because it is taught in the Scriptures! And he does not fail to find proof texts. He rightly avers that several important assumptions are needed in order to extract the doctrine of unity from the Mosaic record.

We have not adduced these instances of the variations of orthodoxy for the purpose of intimating that the Bible is a nose of wax, which can be twisted into any shape without injury—that it is a book which can be made to mean anything or nothing, as the circumstances of the case may require—but that it has a vital elasticity and power of adjustment to all veritable findings of the human mind in every sphere; as indeed it must have, if it is in any important respect such a communication to mankind as it is claimed to be. Whatever may be said of the infallibility of the Scriptures, it is certain that interpretation is not infallible—a distinction that is not always kept in mind by those zealous defenders of the faith who are ready to make the inspiration of the Scriptures stand or fall with a given interpretation of a particular passage.

But can the doctrine of man's antiquity be made to harmonize with the essentials of Christianity and the inspiration of the Scriptures? If Christianity be a religion for man, as the present writer believes, we answer emphatically in the affirmative. Not the smallest feature that is essential to make Christianity a religion for man, if it be such, will be imperilled by this or any other well-established doctrine

of science. But precisely how much modification of existing opinion, how much sepulture of traditionary relics, how much clearing away of rubbish will be indispensable, it is now not easy to say. It is certain that it must be conceded that we have as yet attained to no infallible chronology. And it is equally certain that a larger amount of allegory must be infused into the first chapters of Genesis than would have been digestible by the theologians of the last generation, if we would ever have theology and science stand upon the same plane. The question in the child's catechism, '*Who was the first man?*' will by and by be easier asked than answered. If, moreover, the narrative in Genesis refers to some imaginary being supposed to have existed upon the earth about six thousand years ago, it seems clear that this being cannot be regarded as the 'federal head' of the human race, from whom 'all mankind have descended by ordinary generation.' And we strongly suspect that a very large amount of theological machinery will need to be readjusted; and amid many pangs and with much

tribulation will not a few canons of orthodoxy pass away to the region of fossil forms.

In conclusion, we take leave of this work of Sir Charles Lyell with the conviction that however obnoxious it may be to orthodox editors and superannuated doctors of divinity, it is destined to stimulate greatly scientific inquiry and active thought. It is impossible that when such a mine has been sprung, and promises to yield such tangible results, it should suddenly cease to work, because the note of alarm is raised by affrighted theologians. We predict for science in this department a rich and rapid progress of discovery. And we are profoundly gratified that the subject has been broken to the popular mind in such a cautious and unexceptionable manner as to the tone and spirit of the work—the author holding with philosophic steadfastness to the subject matter in hand, and, in the true scientific spirit, eschewing all side issues, and exhibiting throughout a candor, impartiality, and honesty, worthy the well-earned fame of this Nestor of geologists.

ÆNONE :

A TALE OF SLAVE LIFE IN ROME.

CHAPTER III.

THE thoughts of Ænone followed her into sleep, and colored her dreams with pleasant memories of the past; and when the morning sun, pouring its beams through the window, awakened her, there was a momentary struggle before she could throw off the fancies of the night and realize that she was no longer in her cottage home. But distinct perception soon returned as she glanced around her and recognized the paintings which adorned her chamber,

and the marble goddess still holding forth a welcoming hand, as though in greeting for the return of another day.

Throwing open the window, she sat down for a moment to enjoy the soft breeze, which, laden with perfume, came gambolling fresh from the Alban Hills. The window at which she placed herself looked out upon a central courtyard, formed by the intersection of the main body of the palace at right angles with the two wings. This court was paved from one side to the other with

marble flags of different shades, excepting in the middle, where played the fountain—a circular basin of water, upon a rock, in the centre of which two bronze satyrs struggled for a tortoise, from whose mouth the supplying stream poured forth. From the end of each wing of the palace the line of the sides was continued by a straight stone wall of considerable height, leading across the whole breadth of the Cælian Hill to the slope of its farther side, and enclosing an area thickly planted with such flowers, shrubbery, and trees as the taste of the period considered most essential to a well-appointed garden.

For the moment the central court was almost deserted, the only appearance of life being a little Nubian slave, who sat upon the edge of the fountain, and lazily played with a tame stork. But all at once *Ænone* heard mingled voices, and distinguished among them the tones of her husband—deeper than the others, and marked with that quicker and more decided accent acquired by a long course of undisputed authority. At first the sounds seemed stationary, as though the speakers were tarrying in one place for discussion; but in a moment they approached nearer, and the disputants stood in full sight upon a balcony which ran around the interior wall of the palace and overhung the sides of the court.

Foremost and tallest of the group stood *Sergius Vanno*, recognizable at once by his athletic and graceful figure, reflective face, commanding eye, bright with intelligence, and his agreeable, refined, and attractive presence, as the leading spirit of the group. At his side leaned the poet *Emilius*, whose weak and slender figure and mild, girlish expression would hardly appear to sustain the reputation he enjoyed of devoting half his time to the invention and elaboration of new forms of profligacy, and thereby carrying his exploits into realms of vice hitherto undiscovered even in that age of unbridled in-

dulgence. Behind these stood three others—a captain of the pretorian guard, a tribune of the law, and a comedian of the school of *Plantus*—each probably carrying the palm of excellence in his especial calling, and all of them doubtless endowed with superior capacities as boon companions in a night-long revel. They had evidently but just left the banqueting hall, and bore indications of having passed a somewhat unquiet night, though in different degrees; for while the captain and comedian still staggered confusedly and displayed haggard faces and disordered dresses, the superior tact, constitutional strength, or recuperative powers of the others enabled them to maintain such a demeanor of proper sobriety, that but for a slight flush and the companionship in which they were placed, their late excesses might have passed unnoticed.

‘It was the choice of all the slaves, both male and female, I tell you,’ said the comedian, evidently resuming an unfinished dispute. ‘The choice of all the slaves, *Sergius*.’

‘Hear you now this man!’ exclaimed *Sergius*, turning toward his friend *Emilius* with a quiet smile. ‘Thrice already have I told him the truth of the matter, and still he persists; well knowing that, if now he can scarcely sustain himself from falling over into the area below, he certainly could not, three hours ago, have been able to tell what play he made, or whether he made any play at all. Nay, *Bassus*, it was only of the male slaves that I spoke.’

‘Yet listen to me,’ insisted the comedian, placing his hand upon the other’s shoulder and leaning heavily upon him. ‘You do not deny that we gamed?’

‘Of a surety I do not.’

‘Nor that I won money of you?’

‘Ten sesteria. I acknowledge it.’

‘Nay, twenty sesteria, was it not?’

‘Twenty sesteria be it, then. What matters the amount, when I paid you upon the moment, and you now have

the sum, whatever it may be, in your own purse ?'

'True, true,' rejoined the other, nodding his head with an air of sage gravity; 'whatever it was, of a certainty I now have it. And then, Sergius, you offered against the ten—no, the twenty sestertia—to play the choice of all your new slaves.'

'Of my new male slaves, certainly.'

'No, of the slaves both male and female. I will tell you how it is that I so especially recollect. It was because I had heard from our lawgiver here about the beautiful Samian girl you have borne home among your share of the spoils. You did not think, perhaps, that I knew of her; but when I offered to throw the dice, I held her in my mind. And then, when I had won, and told you that I would select her, you said—'

'Exactly what I had said to you before, that you could take your choice from the male slaves,' interrupted the other impatiently. 'And I have brought you directly hither to make your selection, for fear that when you became sober you would forget the matter altogether, and thereby cheat yourself out of a fairly won prize. Am I not right, comrades? Was not the play as I have stated it?'

'Neither more nor less,' the poet answered; and the tribune and the prætorian captain spoke to the same effect. The comedian still looked unconvinced, and, for the moment, gazed inquiringly from one to the other, in the hope that some newer recollection would come to the mind of either of them and lead to a recantation. But in that desire he was disappointed, and at last he reluctantly gave up the contest, not daring to protract it longer for fear of provoking a quarrel, and thereby being thrust out of the society to which he was aware his social talents, counteracting his low birth and calling, were his sole passport. And after all, though he had too carelessly made his wager, he

had won twenty sestertia and a male slave, and that was something.

'Well, be it so,' he assented, with a sigh. 'A male slave, since you say it. I had supposed I had spoken more particularly, but it seems that my poor brain was careless and at fault. Only bring the slaves hither quickly, that I may choose and go home, for I must play Castorex this morning, and this head of mine seems likely to split.'

'Let it split, then,' retorted Sergius with a laugh. 'It may save our cracking it some day with a goblet. Ho, there, Drumo!'

He was not obliged to call a second time, for, at the first ring of his voice, the obedient armor bearer emerged from one of the lower entrances into the court. He also, as well as his master, had been convivially celebrating his return, and now bore the evidences of his frolic in a sad combination of inflamed features, tangled hair, and disordered clothing.

'What ho, master?' he cried, stretching his huge limbs in a yawn and looking up. 'Am I wanted?'

'You have been drinking,' said Sergius; 'go to the fountain basin there and cleanse yourself. If there were fish in it, I would feel half inclined to cast you in to feed them. After that, come back to me.'

The giant grinned, knowing that his master placed too high a value upon him ever to make a dinner of him for the carp, though he might now and then inflict a stripe or two in anger upon his broad shoulders. Then kneeling down at the fountain, he quickly splashed the water into his face and eyes, ran one finger from his forehead to the crown of his head in order to part his disordered locks, pulled away a loose straw from behind his neck, gave his tumbled tunic one jerk to straighten it, and, with the air of a person who had made an elaborate toilet, and could afford to be well satisfied with the result, presented himself for inspection.

'So! Were my new slaves sent in last night?'

The armor bearer nodded.

'The whole allotment?'

'I suppose so, master. Fifty there should have been, the lictor said, when he brought them, but one had died, and they had thrown him into the Tiber to the fishes. Ho, ho, master, we shall all go one day to feed the fishes or the dogs or the worms, both you and I alike.'

'Silence, you hound!' said Sergius, more by way of habit than because he really minded a familiarity to which he had gradually grown accustomed.

'The others came a little before midnight, and I locked them up below,' the Gaul added, pointing to a low range of buildings at the foot of the garden. 'They are a well-looking lot, master, but among them all you will not find one to take my place; so, for this time, I am safe, and can yet say and do what I please. Ho, ho! And here is the list of them which the messenger brought.'

'Never mind the list. It is doubtless all correct,' said Sergius, waving the papyrus aside. 'Go, now, and bring the slaves hither.'

The man nodded, and taking a large key from a nail over his head, disappeared down the garden walk, and in a few moments returned, driving before him the whole body of captives which had fallen to the share of his master. As he had reported, they were of good quality, the best of the prisoners of war having naturally been reserved for the commander of the expedition. The men were mostly stout and athletic, while the women were of healthy and properly agreeable appearance. Of the whole number there were none who seemed to be at all sickly or ill favored; while the only one who exhibited any signs of deformity was a dwarf, whose withered and twisted figure imparted to him that peculiar grotesque and ape-like appearance which, at that period, was certain to commend him to the

taste of wealthy purchasers, and render him of more value than a man of correct proportions. Moreover, as a general thing, the captives seemed more cheerful than they had been the day before, having had the advantage of several hours' rest and of better food than had fallen to their lot at any time during the journey. There were a few who manifested sorrow at having been separated from relatives or friends with whom they had succeeded in travelling to the very gates of the city; and some others, as yet unbroken to misfortune, maintained a rebellious and intractable demeanor. But the majority had already made up their minds that slavery was henceforth their inevitable fate, and that their highest future happiness must be looked for in its alleviation rather than in its abolition; and they now appeared to take pleasure in the thought that their fortune had led them to a wealthy household, where they would probably experience kind treatment and have easy tasks allotted to them.

Now, having reached the paved court, the captives rested and awaited the inspection of their owner—some sitting upon the marble border of the fountain, some standing by in groups, and through a sort of sympathy holding each others' hands, as though that would give protection. A few gazed moodily upon the ground; and one or two, oppressed with sorrow or nervous apprehension, quietly wept. But the greater portion, impressed with a dim consciousness that their future lot might depend upon their present conduct and appearance, endeavored to assume an air of pleased satisfaction, and thereby possibly win the favorable notice of the group which stood surveying them from the balcony, or at the least the friendly compassion of the older slaves of the household, who began to pour forth from the different doors upon the ground floor of the palace, and join unbidden in the inspection. Most of these, in the early days of their captivi-

ty, had stood up in the centre of similar gaping and curious crowds, and now in their turn they sated their curiosity upon the new comers. A few, remembering their own sorrows of those former times, seemed compassionate; others manifested careless indifference; some wondered whether enough of the present reinforcement would be retained to materially lighten their own labors; and others, who had been known to fail in attention to their peculiar departments of industry, trembled lest their places might now be supplied by the new comers, and themselves be again driven off to market. Whatever their thoughts and feelings, however, no one ventured to approach too near or speak aloud, excepting the armor bearer, who, as the privileged slave of the household as well as the marshal of the occasion, moved hither and thither among the captives, encouraging some with rude jokes, shoving others back or forward into suitable positions, and generally endeavoring to set forth the merits of the whole mass in as favorable a light as possible.

'Now stand forward where the noble imperator and his friends can see you,' was his command to a well-featured, strong-limbed Rhodian. 'Do you think to better your lot by slinking out of sight among the women, and so perhaps be sent off unnoticed to the market, and there be purchased for hard labor in the quarry pits? Who knows but that if my master sees you, he may make a gladiator of you; and then you can fight before emperors and consuls.'

'What care I for your master?' retorted the man. 'Let him give me back my wife and my child, whom I yesterday had, and who now are gone.' The armor bearer shrugged his shoulders.

'Is that all?' he said. 'Wives are plenty in this city of Rome. When I first came from Gaul, I too had a wife, and, like you, lost her. What then? I suppose that she is happy, wherever she may be; and I—I have not allowed

myself to be lonely since. But neither did I let myself slink behind, when I stood in the market; but I pressed forward and struck upon my chest, and called to the highborn and the rich to look upon me, and see how a man could be made, and what he could be good for. And here am I now, a slave, indeed—that cannot be helped—but for all that, a ruler over the other slaves, and my master's favorite and companion. By the immortal gods! there is more manliness in yonder dwarf, with his open face, than in you, with your whimpering and your tears. I will call him forward to teach you a lesson how to act.'

At the first beck the dwarf pressed forward with a smile, alternately stretching up to make the most of his diminutive proportions, and then bowing low to crave the good will of the spectators. His appearance brought him instant commendation; and more particularly did the prætorian captain break forth into expressions of appreciation.

'A proper dwarf! a most excellent dwarf! Smaller and more ugly by a quarter than one which I have known to be sold for forty sestertia! And see, Bassus, how he bows and rubs his hands and shows his teeth at yourself. He has perhaps been the buffoon in a Grecian theatre, and in you now recognizes a brother in the art. Take him, therefore, for your choice. At the very least, he will be of value to carry your bag of plays before you, and he may even help you act.'

The comedian forced a sickly smile upon his features, not daring to quarrel with his companion, yet not inexpressible to the sneering tone with which he was addressed. He had, at the first, been struck with the dwarf, and half inclined to choose him. But now the mocking speech deterred him.

'You are disposed to be merry,' he said; 'nor do you reason well. It is not an ape that an actor wants to carry his plays. There are enough such to listen to them. I will leave the dwarf, therefore, for you to purchase. Per-

haps, after all, there may be a place found for him somewhere in your own household. I will make another selection for myself.'

And descending from the piazza, he moved in among the captives for the purpose of entering upon a more careful inspection. Eager as he was at all times to make the best of a bargain, he was the more especially anxious now; for the contemptuous tones of his companions rankled in his heart, and he felt that the more he evinced a capacity to benefit himself, the more he would be likely to disappoint them. Passing deliberately about the slaves, therefore, he scrutinized each face and form before him with the most exact attention; carefully lifting the eyelid of one, and examining the teeth of another—now pressing his knuckles into an expanded chest, then twisting a muscular arm—causing some to stoop, and others to bend back—and generally practising all those arts and expedients which a professional slave dealer would employ to guard himself against imposition. Nor was it until the lapse of many minutes that he settled upon his prize.

'I will take this man,' he said, dragging the Rhodian forth by the shoulder. 'He shall be my slave.'

'It is well; take him,' responded Sergius, in his most courtly tone. And for the moment or two, during which his companions yet tarried, he maintained a demeanor so studied and controlled that it would have required a keen glance to detect in his face his bitter sense of disappointment at the selection which the comedian had made.

CHAPTER IV.

As Sergius turned and entered the house, those who had seen him saluted as the favorite of the emperor and the idol of the crowd, and thence had believed unbounded happiness must be his never-varying lot, would have been astonished to know how many things there were which rankled painfully in

his heart, and, for the moment, made him discontented and fretful.

Thoroughly jealous in respect to his military fame, he was suspicious that the cheers of the crowd upon his ovation had been elicited more by the perfection of the pageantry than by a proper appreciation of his own merits; while it was certain that the Senate, though meeting him with the customary congratulations, had delivered them with more form than enthusiasm. And though the emperor had given audience, he had bestowed no new honors upon him. To these disappointments was added the unhappy, self-accusing consciousness of having failed in duty to his own dignity, by having passed the night in wild revelry and among companions, many of whom were beneath him in every quality except their talent for ribald jesting and buffoonery. Moreover, though reputed wealthy, he was at present pressed for money, and had added to his embarrassments by losing at the gaming table during the past night more than he could well afford to part with; while, to add to all other vexations, the comedian Bassus had not only increased the loss by selecting the most valuable slave, but had performed the action in a cool and calculating manner, which was particularly exasperating.

'The low buffoon!' Sergius muttered to himself. 'Who would have thought that, half drunken as he was, he would have had the wit to select a slave worth double the sum which had been staked against him, and one whom I had obtained with such trouble, and for my own purposes? Can it be that he pretended his intoxication the more easily to outwit me? I had no fear, but believed that he would be sure to select some slim youth who could be taught to play the flute before him or act as cup-bearer. What demon put it into his head so suddenly to look for bone and muscle rather than for girlish graces?'

This last suspicion of having been made the victim of artful dissimulation

added fuel to his vexation, more especially as, turning his head and glancing into the courtyard, he saw the comedian slipping through a side passage, and the Rhodian obediently following at his heels. This filled up the measure of Sergius's wrath. To his excited fancy the actor bore upon his face an insultingly satisfied smirk of triumph, while the Rhodian appeared larger and stronger than ever. With an exclamation of unavailing anger, Sergius pushed open the door, and stood in the presence of his wife.

It was into the dining hall that he had plunged. Upon a small table was placed the wine and bread and fruits which formed the customary morning meal among the richer Romans; and beside the table stood Ænone, in an attitude in which hope and fear and surprise and disappointment were equally blended.

Clad in the manner which she knew had always best pleased his fancy, wearing the adornments which, as his gifts, he would most naturally prefer to see upon her, with her curling locks parted as in former days he had liked her to dress them, even striving to impart to her features the peculiar radiant expression which, in other times, had most won his heart—she had impatiently awaited his approach, with a vague fear whispering poisonous surmises to her soul, but yet with a joyful and hopeful assurance of good predominating over all. As soon as these friends of his had departed—she had said to herself—he would no longer delay coming to her. He would meet her with extended arms and the same joyous welcome as of old. He would utter kind and pleasant words expressive of his happiness, and would fold her to his heart. There would she nestle and forget her foolish fears and suspicions of the past night, and would only remember that she was loved. As, however, she now saw the frown upon his face, her heart and courage failed her; and in proportion as she

had previously fortified her mind with hopeful confidence, a terrible reaction of apprehension overcame her. Could it be that the angry look was for her, and that it could be justified by any word that she had ever spoken or any duty that she had neglected? With one hand lightly resting upon the table, her right foot thrown forward in impulsive readiness to spring into his extended arms, but her whole form drooping and shrinking with dismay, her face pale, and the smile which she had called upon it now faintly and painfully flickering in a deathlike manner about her whitened lips, as it glided from her control and began to give place to an utter and undisguised fear, she stood awaiting his first word or action.

'Ha, Ænone!'

'My lord—'

Then remembering what was due to her upon their first meeting, he smoothed the frown from off his face, held out his arms, and tenderly embraced her, uttering kind and loving words. It was the same gesture with which he had parted from her when, six months before, the state had called upon him to arouse from the ease and tranquillity of his wedded life and do new service upon the field. Those were the same gentle and affectionate words which he had been wont to utter. And yet to her quickened apprehension, urged on by some secret instinct, it seemed as though the soul of the tender greeting was gone, leaving but the mere form behind. Could it be that during those few months of absence he had learned to think less dearly of her? At the thought, the last faint gleams of the flickering smile died away from her face; while he, unobservant of her distress, and still goaded by the remembrance of his losses, released her from his embrace and threw himself heavily down upon the nearest lounge.

'I am thirsty,' he said. 'Give me some drink.'

She poured some wine into a goblet,

and timidly presented it to his lips. The liquid, cooled with snow from the mountains, was refreshing to his palate, and he drank it to the last drop. As he parted with the goblet—rather tossing it away than setting it down—he noticed how she stood before him with whitened face and frightened features, and with the attitude of a shrinking slave rather than of a wife joyous to be of service. His heart smote him for his negligent greeting, and he rose up from the lounge and placed his arm about her.

‘Not with you, *Ænone*, am I vexed,’ he said, partly comprehending the cause of her emotion. And drawing her nearer, he commenced toying with her waving locks, telling her how for months he had been longing to meet her, and how her looks more than ever delighted him, and otherwise uttering such pleasant and reassuring words as soonest came into his mind. As she began to perceive that it was not for any fault of hers that he had displayed anger, her face gradually lost its expression of dread. But still she could not fail to notice that the words which he spoke were not such as are commonly prompted by a true and unpremeditated affection; but were rather the labored and soulless result of a mere good-natured desire to make atonement for a neglect, and were uttered in all the careless spirit with which one tries to soothe an improperly aggrieved child; and the old smile but feebly played upon her features, struggle with it as earnestly as she would.

‘Nay, not at your sweet face is my anger excited, *Ænone*,’ he said; ‘but at that scurvy dog, Bassus. He should himself be a slave and the companion of slaves, were his true station meted out to him.’

‘He with whom you passed the night?’ suggested *Ænone*.

‘Ay, he was one of us,’ Sergius answered, taking a position nearer the table, and commencing to pick off a crumb of bread as the incentive to a

more extended repast. ‘He was with us, as there always will be some rude and unmannerly intruder in every company; but there were also others, the associates of *Emilius*. There was *Sotus*, the Egyptian, a learned astronomer, and *Cyope*, the renowned Greek dramatist, and *Spoletius*, who is now writing a history of the empire, and, if what he says is true, has already brought his work down to the time of the Emperor *Nero*—’

‘And will carry it on until he reaches the present day! And will then, in their proper place, tell about your achievements, my lord!’ exclaimed *Ænone*, a flush of expectation glowing upon her face, as she thought that here were her conjectures of the preceding evening about to be realized.

‘Ay!’ responded *Sergius*; ‘I presume that he will speak of me and of what you dignify as my achievements, foolishly fond child; and therefore it was meet that I should not neglect the opportunity of being in his presence, in order that he might speak well of me rather than the reverse. Otherwise, you well know that I would have preferred to let revelling have the go-by, and to have come at once to gather you to my heart. But we men, whom the world calls celebrated, must be watchful, and learn to resign pleasure to duty, and guard our fame, or else it may go out like a wasted lamp, and leave it in the darkness of oblivion. We cannot spare our time to give free scope to our love, as though we were poor and unknown.’

Ænone reproached herself for her suspicions. Surely she had done wrong in distrusting him for the coldness of his greeting. He may have meant nothing but love and kindness, and have been weighed down by cares and anxieties which she could not comprehend. Had he not said that something had made him angry? He, the great emperor, to have been ruffled by the conduct of a low comedian, whose company his interest obliged him to toler-

ate! She would yet be patient and wait.

'And not only Spoletius, the historian, but also others, poets and philosophers, whose good will it is proper to secure, and whose conversation would be improving to the gods themselves,' continued Sergius, almost blushing as he remembered how little philosophy had been spoken during the past night, excepting that shallow doctrine which inculcates full enjoyment of the passing pleasure of the world, lest death might come and too suddenly end them; and how little poetry had been recited, except as roared forth in the form of bacchanalian choruses. 'And even this Bassus it were worth my while to condescend to, lest the notion might seize him to satirize me upon the public stage. And it was to conciliate him that I lost to him twenty sestertia and a well-favored slave. May it not be that I paid too high a price for his friendship, and hence have a right to be angry?'

'But let my lord reflect that he has many slaves—more than he well can find use for; and that, therefore, one less may not be of great consequence to him.'

'Nay, but such a slave!' responded Sergius; 'tall, almost, as my armor bearer, and strong as an elephant! A man who was worth to me all those others, thrice over, for the use to which I could have put him. The rest will doubtless be of good account in their way. Some of them will go and dig in my quarries, and a few will be exposed in the market, and will bring their proper price. But this Rhodian—listen! You know that in a few weeks the new amphitheatre of our emperor will be opened with grand spectacles lasting many days. At my audience with him last evening he spoke thereupon, and of the wild beasts he had sent for to give dignity to the occasion; but of this anon. You know that for months all Rome has been preparing for that time?'

Ænone nodded assent. Even had she desired, she could not have remained ignorant that the great colossus of all amphitheatres was approaching completion, since, from her window, she could look down the Appian Way and watch every stone being laid, while, in all societies, the magnitude and magnificence of the approaching games were the theme of universal conversation.

'Well,' continued Sergius, 'months ago—I hardly remember how many—I wagered with the proconsul Sardesus that I would furnish for the games the superior gladiator of the two. Fifteen purses of a hundred sestertia each; a large sum, but the larger the better, since I had my armor bearer in my mind, and felt certain to win. But since then I have become attached to this Drumo. The dog has twice saved my life, and hence has become too precious to be risked; for though he would most likely win the day, yet a chance thrust might destroy him at the end. I therefore looked around for a substitute, and found him—this Rhodian slave. Day after day I marked him in the opposite ranks, fighting against us, and I gave orders to capture him alive. Twice we thought we had secured him; and as often did he break away, killing many of our men. But at last the commander of one of my cohorts obtained possession of his wife and five children, and sent him word that each day, until he delivered himself up, one of them should be put to death.'

'Surely that thing was not done?' exclaimed Ænone, horror struck.

'As I live, it was not ordered by me, nor did I learn of the scheme until it was too late to arrest it,' responded Sergius; 'else would I have forbidden it. But what would you expect? War has its practices, and mercy is not exactly one of them. And cruelties will happen, do what we may. Whatever transpired, therefore, was the work of the commander of my first cohort, to

whom I had given directions to take the man alive, and who knew that it must be done, and without troubling me about the process. Perhaps you do not care to hear the rest ?

'Go on,' said Ænone, shuddering with a sickening apprehension of what was to come.

'Well, the first day his oldest child was slain, and the body sent to him; and the next day the second one slain, and in like manner sent to him; and so on until but his wife and one child were left. Then he came in and gave himself up.'

'And this brave man—fighting for his country—you have made a slave of!' exclaimed Ænone, impetuously. 'He has been stripped of his family one by one, and now you would place him in the arena, to be the victim of wild beasts, or at the best, of other slaves!'

'What else would you wish? The man is of a warlike nature; and it were better for him to bravely contend for his life in the presence of the emperor himself, than ignominiously to wear it out in the base labor of the quarries. And I will tell you what I meant to have done. I know where are his wife and remaining child, with whom he yesterday entered Rome; and if in the amphitheatre he had won the victory for me, I would have restored them to him and given him his freedom besides. But all that is past now. In the heat of the moment I forgot him, and suffered this drunken dog, Bassus, to take his choice; and he has had too good an eye for what is valuable not to select the Rhodian. Strange, indeed, that I should have been so careless. But throughout all, I never dreamed that his taste would lead him to do more than choose some slight-built boy, who could assist him in his trade. Once, indeed, I feared for the moment that he would select a misa, and take a rarely precious dwarf, whom, both for his appearance and for his knowledge of armor, I had reserved as a gift for your father; and when that danger was

past, I breathed freer, not calculating upon any further mischance.'

Ænone remained silent. Ready as she was at all times to give her utmost sympathy to her husband for the slightest annoyance which he might experience, it seemed to her now that his complaining was puerile and unjust, so utterly had the sense of his disappointment been swallowed up, in her thoughts, by the real and tragic woe of the Rhodian captive. Finding day after day his dead children laid at his very door—then separated rudely from all who were left—and in the end brought chained into the arena, and obliged to fight to the death for the pleasure of his conquerors, and perhaps against his own countrymen: why should such things be? Ænone was no nerveless creature to faint at the sight of blood. The education of all Romans of that day was adapted to a far different result, and she could look with enjoyment upon the contests of wild beasts, or even view without disapprobation the struggles of gladiators trained to their work as to a profession, and, of their own free will and with full knowledge, taking its risks upon themselves. And yet, for all that, she could not but feel that every hour there were being enacted around her, and as a part of the daily workings of the social system, abuses of power, which, like the present, nothing could justify; and she wondered whether it would last forever, or whether, on the contrary, the outraged gods would not some day arise and pour down upon this imperial Rome the vengeance due to the oppressed.

Sergius partially read her thoughts, and set himself to work to reverse their current and turn it into a more cheerful channel. Drawing his seat closer to her, he began to speak to her of more pleasant topics, telling of the enlivening incidents of his campaign, rehearsing the exploits of those about him, and dwelling upon the few occasions in which, by some unusual departure

from martial customs, mercy had been shown to the weak and helpless, and captives who were not fit for slaves had not been crucified. The gift of fascination was one of his distinguishing traits; and when he chose, he could charm, with his winning speech, the most obdurate and unloving. Therefore, as he now softly whispered these narrations into *Ænone's* ears, mingling gentle words of endearment with them, it was not long before she began to yield to the pleasant influence, and was almost ready to believe that she had judged rashly, and that everything upon earth was not so very wrong. Why, after all, should she presume to criticize matters which did not arouse the discontent of the wisest of men? And if the gods felt really outraged, why did they let their thunders sleep so long? At the least, it was not the duty of herself, a weak girl, to strive to right the world. Her only domain must be her lord's heart—her only rule of life, his will.

Leaning upon his shoulder, and looking up into his face as she listened, she thought upon the old times, when she had first met him, and how he had then,

as now, so successfully exerted his powers of charming; that it had seemed as though no mere earthly love could be good enough reward for him. Could it be that in her distrust she had been the victim of a momentary delusion, and that he would always exert himself hereafter, as now, to please her? Might it not be, after all, that this great happiness, with its tender whisperings and caresses, would ever continue unbroken, as in past times?

'But, aha!' he suddenly exclaimed, in the tone of one newly awakened to the existence of a fact whose comparative unimportance had led to its forgetfulness by him. 'Let not my own losses make me indifferent to your pleasure, love, for I have not been so. For you, and you alone, I have reserved a gift fit for the palace of the *Cæsars*.'

'A gift, my lord? And for me?'

'Yes; but ask me no questions now. You shall see it to-morrow. A few hours only of mystery and waiting must yet elapse before I will bring it to you. Until then you can enjoy a woman's pleasure and nurse your greedy curiosity—hopeless of solving the enigma until I myself choose to give the clew.'

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S DREAM.

'One more Unfortunate.'

ALONE in a garret where cobwebs hang thick
 Over walls that display the bare mortar and brick,
 Whose windows look down on the roofs of back sheds,
 From a height that would dizzy the coolest of heads,
 A young author sits by a rickety stand,
 In a broken-backed chair, with a pen in his hand,
 And patiently toils ere the sunlight shall fade
 To black the last quire of a ream of 'white laid.'
 The shadows have deepened that hang on the wall;
 But the *Finis* is written, the pen is let fall;
 And, glad of a respite from labors complete,
 His hands and his head press the last written sheet.

Sleep comes not alone ; for the goddess of dreams
 Is accustomed to visit this blacker of reams.
 Like the man that sits under a monster balloon,
 And soars o'er the earth halfway up to the moon,
 Now stepping at once into Fancy's fair car,
 He sails from the dusky old garret afar ;
 And, leaving the world with its practical crowds,
 Such visions as these meet his gaze in the clouds :

THE DREAM.

Forty large editions
 Of the 'thrilling tale ;'
 Forty thousand dollars,
 Net proceeds of sale.

Forty smiling critics
 Lavishing their praise ;
 Forty famous florists
 Bidding for the bays.

Forty thousand maidens
 Sitting up at night,
 Poring o'er the volume
 With intense delight.

Forty thousand letters
 From the country sent,
 Blurred by frequent teardrops,
 Filled with sentiment.

Forty scheming mothers
 Anxious for a match ;
 Forty blushing daughters,
 Each a glorious catch.

Forty generations
 Reverence his name ;
 Forty future ages
 Fortify his fame.

THE REALITY.

Forty dunning letters
 Coming every day ;
 Forty cents for washing,
 Which he cannot pay.

Forty jokes malicious
 Cracked by forty wags ;
 Forty pert young misses
 Sneering at his rags.

Forty old companions
 Wondering at his mood ;
 Forty friends officious
 Preaching fortitude.

Forty days of sadness ;
 Forty nights of sorrow ;
 Forty dark forebodings
 Hanging o'er the morrow.

Forty hempen inches
 Borrowed from a friend ;
 Rafter at the upper,
 Neck at lower, end.

Forty earthy spadefuls
 On the green hillside ;
 Forty lines of 'local,'
 Telling how he died.

THE GREAT LAKES TO ST. PAUL.

TOWARD the close of July, 1860, our party gathered at Canandaigua, that beautiful piece of Swiss overland scenery, transported to Western New York. Its Indian name, signifying 'the chosen place,' was not inapt for our meeting ground.

By the 31st of July we were at Cleveland, Ohio, over the Buffalo and Lake Shore Railway and New York Central. It was a beautiful day's ride, the most of the way skirting the lake, whose broad expanse gleamed in the sunshine, and bore many a sail and propeller to the great havens of its commerce. The railway borders fine towns and farms, formed by the dense settlement of the oak openings and groves of the Western Reserve of Ohio, which was purchased from the Holland Land Company, by a company from Connecticut, of whom General Cleveland, who names the present city, was the agent.

Cleveland city, with about forty thousand population, lies on Lake Erie, at the mouth of the Cuyahoga River, which forms its harbor. It is well built, chiefly of the light graystone of the vicinity, upon a declivity shaded with trees, among which the buckeye hickory abounds, has many fine dwellings, and presents a fair front to the lake view.

On the evening of the 31st July we embarked on the North Star for Superior City. She is of first class, eleven hundred and six tons, and bore an immense freight from the East to the remote peninsula, in exchange for its precious minerals. The entire sail from Cleveland to Superior is nine hundred and sixty-four miles.

As these boats are the only means of commerce and intercourse for the dwellers on the upper lakes above Detroit, very frequent are their stops and calls, taking and leaving much freight, con-

suming much time on their way. However, our voyage was speedy: we arrived at our distant terminus, Superior City, very early on the morning of the 5th of August, making the running time about seventy-five hours.

Leaving Ohio, one of the earliest settled States of the Western Valley, and organized sixty years since, our course from Cleveland stretched northwesterly across the wide lake, passing the island scene of Perry's splendid triumph, and thence northerly, by its river, to Detroit, a sail of one hundred and twenty miles, arriving early on the 1st of August.

The city lies extended along its beautiful river, at one extremity guarded by its old fort, and at the other are the extensive copper-smelting furnaces, where the ore from the Superior mines, brought by the steamers, flows in liquid copper. It is comparatively an ancient town, settled as early as 1701 as a French frontier post; and some of its land titles, always protected at each national change, with some of its old families, derive their origin from these early French pioneers.

Our afternoon sail was up Detroit River and the St. Clair, threading our way among its many verdant islands and rich shores graced with numerous pretty villages. At 9 P. M. we reached Port Huron and its Canadian opposite neighbor, Sarnia. At this point is the southern outlet of Lake Huron, distant seventy-three miles from Detroit. Sarnia is also the western depot of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, while Windsor, facing Detroit, terminates the Canadian Great Western. From Sarnia, passing old Fort Gratiot, over to Port Huron, the railway ferry boat, propelled by the current only, transfers its passengers to the cars of the Grand Trunk line, on Michigan soil, and by a short

branch intersects the Michigan Central Railroad, a few miles west of Detroit. For over twelve hundred miles this iron road, fitly named the Grand Trunk, transports our Western products. Entering Lake Huron, with its innumerable islands and almost wilderness shores, our sail through it, of two hundred and seventy-five miles in all, brought us early, on the 2d of August, off Saginaw and Thunder Bays, its western arms, with Presque Isle, the Great Manitoulin Island, bearing north by east; and by noon, we reached Point de Tour, at the outlet of St. Mary's River, three hundred miles from Detroit, lying opposite to Drummond's Island.

Point de Tour has but a solitary dwelling, from whose roof rises the light tower. Its inmates are said to have preferred this solitude to the crowded refinement of a New England city. Shortly after, and still coasting the western side, we stopped at Church's Landing, where an enterprising New Englander has built his log houses in the forest, amid the Indians, and drives an active commerce in *raspberry jam*. His trade has prospered, and he had just completed a new and handsome dwelling. Fourteen miles farther brought us to Saut Sainte Marie, or the rapids of the eastern outlet of Lake Superior.

Lake Huron is at an average height of five hundred and seventy-five feet above the sea level, and one hundred feet in depth below Lake Superior, with a length in direct line of two hundred and seventy-five miles, from Port Huron to Saut Sainte Marie. Georgian Bay, to the east of the Great Manitoulin Island, is its broad eastern expansion; while, on the west, the Straits of Mackinaw open into the vast expanse of Lake Michigan, extending a length of four hundred and forty-six miles to Chicago. The borders of Lake Huron are sparsely peopled. The primitive forest bends over the lake's clear waters, and surrounds the log cabin or infant settle-

ment with the wigwam and canoe of the Indian half breeds, who are still fishing and hunting round the graves of their ancestors—once the fiercest of all the warrior races that scarce forty years ago as sovereigns roamed its wilds.

The majestic solitudes of these lakes first received the white man in 1679, when the discoverers La Salle and Hennepin, in the vessel of sixty tons, which they had built with their Indians at Cayuga Creek, sailed up Niagara River, Lakes Erie, St. Clair, and Huron, to Mackinaw, and thence through Lake Michigan to the mouth of Green Bay. Entering Lake Erie on the 7th of August, 1691, they arrived at Green Bay on the 2d of September following, encountering many storms and cautiously seeking their untried way. After gathering a rich cargo of furs, the vessel, in charge of the pilot and five men, started to return, and was heard of no more. She doubtless perished with her crew in a gale on Lake Huron. She carried seven cannon, was well manned and armed, adorned with carved griffin and eagle heads, and bore the banner and religion of France amid all the border tribes.

Surely the voyage of Columbus, discovering Hispaniola, while sailing before and obeying the trade winds, did not surpass in real adventure this simple expedition of those half-warrior pioneer voyageurs, Fathers Hennepin and La Salle. The memory of their visit is yet immortal in the local names given by them and still cherished; while the influence of France still lingers at Detroit and many other prominent points in this wide region, once the empire of Louis XIV.

We reached the Saut Sainte Marie about 4 P. M. of the 2d of August. Here the River St. Mary, or the eastern outlet of Lake Superior, after a wide course of fifty miles, gathers the multitude of its waters into a narrow channel of less than a mile in width and length, of swift and impassable rapids.

The grand Ship Canal, with its stone banks of about eighty feet width and three locks, transports the largest tonnage around these rapids. This great work was completed in 1857 by the contractors, Erastus Corning, of New York, Fairbanks, and others, for a contract price of seven hundred and fifty thousand acres of land, chiefly mineral, in the State of Michigan. During our steamer's canal passage of about two hours, we were interested by the picturesque scenery, untenanted save by the wigwam and the bark canoe. As usual, upon the arrival of the steamer, the long canoe, steadily held by a single boy and paddle, in a current swift as the Niagara, shoots out into the Saut, while the Indian, standing erect in the canoe, poising his harpoon and scrap net, strikes or swoops in the large and delicious white fish, assured of a capacious basketful and more, before the steamer leaves the canal.

And thus we floated onward to the bosom of great Superior.

Our course was along the St. Mary outlet, northwesterly toward White Fish Point, on the main south shore, projecting far out into the lake. We were hence carried miles away from sight of the famed-pictured rocks or of any land. Tending southerly and still westward, we steamed on over the dark waters, during a serene night, until daylight showed us the beautiful town of Marquette. Scarce seven years old, the fruit of the iron mining in its vicinity, it spreads its neat white cottages around the crescent of its bay and river on an amphitheatre of hills. The rail train destined to Bai de Noc, on Green Bay, and finished to Marquette Mines, in all some eighteen miles, was starting upon our arrival. Marquette, though so young, a mere group of cottages, fronting a wilderness, from its rich mines of the best iron, has become at once a scene of industry and large outlay of capital; while the beauty of its position and its unrivalled climate,

surpassing all others on Lake Superior, have already made it the most attractive summer resort, as well for the pleasure traveller as the pulmonary invalid. Its climate, without the sea air, has a cool, silken softness, reminding one of Newport, Rhode Island. It is more equable and certain; the summer average is 66°, and the winter 41°; while the lake wind and evaporation secure it from the rapid changes of the sea shores.

Marquette is the lake port and entrepot of the short range of iron mountains which adjoin their sisters, known as the Porcupine Mountains, in whose depths lies the famous copper ore, not unmixed with silver and other precious deposits. This great mountain fortress extends from Marquette to Montreal River, beyond Ontonagon, the western boundary of the State of Michigan, in a line of about twelve to eighteen miles south of the lake, and often approaches two thousand feet in height, lifting its forest sides in constant view for more than two hundred miles. Leaving Marquette and the iron range at 7 A. M., on the 3d of August, we sailed for Portage, the first harbor in the copper mountains, arriving about noon.

Portage is a shallow bay or mouth of the river of the same name, on the east shore of Keewaiwonah Promontory, or, as it is commonly called, Keweenaw Point. The mines and town of Portage lie at the mountains, about sixteen miles inland. A few huts were the only signs of settlement at the bay. Tugs landed the freight and passengers, and we soon left the wooded bank for the broad expanse of the lake, turning the head of the promontory, and at 5 P. M. reaching Copper Harbor on its northwest shore. Here we lay till morning. The village is small, at the base of a lower range of mineral mountains, spurs of the main chain.

The Clarke Copper Mine is within two miles of the wharf. This mine, like many others, has had many owners. It had just gone through the experiments

of a French company, which expended its capital, as alleged, in building fine roads, bridges, and residences for its agents, while the mining had scarcely reached one hundred and twenty feet deep, and then employed only six Frenchmen as its miners, whose ore product was little over three per cent. of copper. In other hands, perhaps, it may now yield a better reward.

We were much amused with the description given by these Frenchmen of the mishaps of their ill-directed enterprise. Persistent as Chinese, resembling many others of the French nation in their ignorance of our country, language, or customs, they had passed through many droll blunders, which rendered their narrative highly entertaining.

Copper Harbor, although so small, only then claiming about seventy legal voters in the entire township, including the mines, was promised the unusual treat of a political address that evening, as duly placarded, from a gentleman, who was then candidate for Governor of Michigan, and came in our boat. The apathy and indifference of the free and enlightened electors of Copper Harbor were remarkable. A small, dingy room, adjoining the only store, was the destined arena; and therein, dimly lighted by some tallow candles, long sat the candidate—alone: a rejected Timon, whose reflections were never published. The only interest taken in the meeting (that came under my notice) was an anxious inquiry by the owner of the building for his rent and expense of candles, etc., payment of which was alleged to have been refused by the candidate.

Singularly happy Copper Harbor! your contented equanimity is unruffled by all the stormy strife of politicians.

Its lake front is graced by a fort, now and long since a water-cure establishment. All these Western forts, erected many years ago, seem not intended for offence, but rather as stockades or blockhouses of shelter from the In-

dians. They are arranged as extensive tenements within, pierced for musketry, and only in some cases with terraces for cannon. These frontier forts, long the dwelling of the hunter or his family in the wilderness, were guarded by the company of troops who protected the settlers and maintained the sovereignty of our flag and nation over these remote wilds. They are always placed in the most eligible and commanding positions, and seem as if by design to have secured the settlement of these points, which in all cases have become the thronged cities or favorite towns of the ever-growing West. Thus, in Europe, the ancient Roman fortified camps on their frontiers founded Cologne, Chester, Vienna, Milan, Verona, and other cities, once their military outposts against barbarism.

About 7 A. M. of the 4th August, we left Copper Harbor on our course, and soon reached Eagle River. This is another copper-mining settlement, straggling along its poor harbor, somewhat larger than Copper Harbor, and more picturesque. Landing a few of our company, we sailed to Ontonagon, the largest of these copper-mine towns (perhaps two thousand in population), and situated upon a sand reach at the mouth of its river, which leads to the Great Minnesota Mine, eighteen miles distant.

Early in the clear morning of the 5th of August, we were moving up Allouez Bay. Sounding slowly over its bar, and passing Minnesota Point and Island, between the mouths of the Rivers St. Louis and Nemadji, we arrived at Superior City, our destined haven.

Superior City, by its pretentious name, great distance, and our expectations, had risen to much importance in our imagination, but the actual scene presented a wide contrast. A large town—or metropolis—on a poor harbor, without interior resources or communications, had been hastily projected. It is called the head of ocean navigation, and the terminus of many pro-

posed but as yet imaginary railroads. While the titles to all the land are still in litigation, the wilderness shades its streets, and, saving the rare arrival of the Indian mail carrier on snow shoes, during six months of intense cold, they are isolated from all humanity. Its grand prospectus, some five years before, had drawn there about three thousand people; and soon afterward, starved and disappointed, nearly all, save perhaps five hundred, had deserted. About two miles of streets, planked from the mud, with frame dwellings, had been constructed, and they had already attained the first municipal blessing—*taxes*—to the total of \$45,000, payable by this feeble remnant of a settlement, mainly of abandoned dwellings. Should the railroads so frequently surveyed and designed to terminate here be really built, Superior City may see, to some extent, in future years, somewhat of that prosperity which its projectors, blinded by their hopes, had thought already realized.

Few positions are more picturesque. In front, the shores of Portland and Minnesota rise in beautiful grandeur, and the bay and harbor, although imperfect, are richly wooded and very graceful; while, all the way thither, from La Pointe, the lake's waters, lying among the mountains, shadowed by their heavy foliage, remind one much of the scenery of the Lower Danube. This *ghost of a city* had not much left of interest, and we passed our day in arranging for the journey across the country southward to St. Paul.

And here we found ourselves really *pioneers*. No road or transport was alleged to exist. We persevered. Indians and trappers beset us with their projects of tracking and portage by the St. Croix and other rivers, requiring a camp life with strange companions of nearly a month to accomplish the distance of only one hundred and sixty-three miles, equivalent to that of Albany from New York. A military road direct through the wilderness had

been often surveyed, and once cut through, of about eighty feet width, to near Sunrise City, fifty miles from St. Paul; at which point the dense forest spreads into oak openings and beautiful prairies. This single cutting, long overgrown in lofty pines, with the frequent surveys and contracts, from the year 1852 to 1857, had cost the United States Government, for this distance of about one hundred and twelve miles, \$150,000; and no actual road had ever yet been made. Fortunately for our enterprise, we met a gentleman who had just groped through safely on horseback. We were reassured, and engaged the only available wagon and team—a small, frail affair, devoid of cover, seats, or springs; and, with ample provisions, perched upon our luggage, we rolled out of Superior City that evening, and, passing its significantly large cemetery, we at once entered the forest. These woods are chiefly of pine, cedar, tamarack, or hemlock, gigantic in size, a dreary solitude, unvisited by any bird or game, save an occasional hawk or owl. They are but the southern outposts of that forest army which begirds Hudson's Bay, and spreads its gloomy barrier of the same trees around the dominions of the Ice King, while it is the only forest to be met with in all the Mississippi Valley.

The width of about eighty feet—that theoretical road for which the United States had paid so often and so well—was seen between the mightiest sentinel trees; but in the midst had sprung up a fresh growth, often nearly one hundred feet high, surrounded by huge stumps, and heavy undergrowth of the renewing forest, varied with hopeless mudholes and swamps, and only at intervals of about twenty miles was there any habitation.

Such was the *great military road*. Perhaps its progress equalled the actual wants of this region; for population had not yet crowded any of the forest borders. It was then by the adjoining townships, under State laws, feebly

commencing to be really made as a road; and frequently we halted at the camps of these hardy sons of toil. Our first twenty-one miles to Twin Lakes, at the best speed, with good horses, occupied eight hours, three of which, in the middle of the night, were passed under deluging rain accompanied by thunder and lightning of the most appalling grandeur, thumping in the shelterless wagon over stumps and bog-holes through the dreary woods.

Twin Lakes—or the isthmus between two small lakes, in the depths of the forest—is a solitary log house and stable. Its proprietor and our landlord for the night's shelter was, I believe, named John Smith. With his family he had lived there, keeping this *hotel* for some years, owning *several lots* in the paper *City of Twin Lakes*, rich in the anticipated tide of gain to flow from the crowded thoroughfare of the great military road.

Happy man! we were the first party *on wheels* that had yet essayed the road. Perhaps his posterity, by patience, may win their reward.

Our rain deluge, with sheeted lightning and pealing thunder, was ceaseless throughout the night. Its echoes amid the forest solitudes were awful; and our fitful sleep was varied by the rain dripping between the logs of our shelter.

However, morning came at last, bright, clear, and calm; and early we resumed our wagon and way-picking among the familiar logs and stumps, contesting as for life with legions of mosquitoes, sandflies, etc. And thus we made thirty miles farther (halting at a camp for dinner) to the *City of Chengwatana*, which is so named on the large and beautiful map thereof, prepared in New York. It is laid out in Broadways, Fifth Avenues, Lydig Avenue, and, I believe, Daly Square, so named from J. Daly, of New York, with parks, colleges, etc., etc., adequate for a million of inhabitants. This fine imaginary picture proved unavailing to

sell the land. It still remains a swamp bordering Snake River, in the bosom of the wilderness; and its entire population was only one German and his family—really indefinite in number of children—and two log houses, between which he vibrated at pleasure.

Our arrival was in another violent rain, lasting far into the night; but we considered ourselves, by this time, road and water proof. On the river shore, by the red glare of the fire light a wigwam and some Indians were visible; and frequently we heard their rifle shots. To our surprise, in the morning, instead of deer, they brought in a large basket of lake trout, each pierced through the head with a bullet when approaching the fire light.

Morning found us early on our hard way to the famed *City of Fortuna*, whose picture displayed a similar origin and imagination, and its reality was even more doleful.

Fortuna City, on Kettle River, in the woods, contained three log cabins, and no inhabitants. A boy came hither, perhaps from Superior, the day before, to meet our party. After repelling some furious charges of the mosquito cavalry, who displayed their vigor after long starving, we gave up the contest, and attempted sleep.

To our log cabin had come that day several engineers, who formed a surveying party for another railroad project, passing through this forest from St. Paul, whence they had started a month before with an ample wagon train. The Indians had murdered the drivers and captured the wagons with their entire property; and in their destitution they sought this only shelter. We took them forward with us into St. Paul, and were greatly indebted for their intelligent society and kind attentions.

Fortuna City had one peculiar interest to us; it was the *last halt* and lodging in the forest. Our next day's ride—if such it may be called—brought us to the oak openings at Folsom's, a

clearing on the southern skirt of this wilderness, and shortly after to Sunrise City.

Our forest journey to-day was varied by the utter collapse of the wagon in a vain charge upon an obstinate stump; and perforce we walked for miles, till reaching a camp of the road workers on the farther bank of Grindstone River, we joyfully forded and found shelter from the noontide heat and mosquitoes; while the German sutler, who alone remained, busied himself in his primitive *al fresco* cookery, which we enjoyed, and then, exchanging to another wagon, hastened on to our destination.

The oak openings—those grand park-like expanses and rolls of land, with stately groups of giant oaks—far surpassing all culture of man, set out by the Creator on such a noble forest background, never looked more majestic and beautiful. They were vocal with singing birds, and filled with life; at their foot thronged the grouse or prairie chicken, darting through the high flowering grasses (richer than all garden flowers) in such numbers that but a few feet from our wheels we shot them in great abundance.

Sunrise City—a village but of yesterday (public lands, for sale by proclamation, adjoining)—is beautifully placed on Sunrise River, and might have then contained about five hundred inhabitants, whose neat white cottages and pleasant streets, bordering a romantic river and bridge, made a picture not unlike the scenery of Warwickshire, England.

We reached here—fifty miles still north of St. Paul—to pass the first night of our ride in a comfortable dwelling.

Many a fine farm, just cleared and broken, attracted us here, and hence along the prairie road into St. Paul, where we arrived at the close of the following day, which proved to be, as we kept no calendar, Thursday, the 9th of August.

Our drive this last day led past nu-

merous linked lakes, with their borders of the tall Minnesota rice grass in flower, the home of the canvas back, pelican, and swan. Passing through the village of Little Canada, we rode on to Minnehaha Prairie along its gentle, verdant slope, and lapse of shining waters of Twelve Lakes, graced with the names of Como, Garda, etc., and adorned with many a pretty boat and sail. A few miles further brought us to the upper terrace of beautiful St. Paul.

As pioneers of this wilderness route, we met with marked attention from all, and passed some agreeable days at St. Paul, Fort Snelling, Minneapolis, St. Anthony, and their numerous points of interest. Our homeward route was by the Mississippi River to Prairie du Chien, where old Fort Crawford, then a mere tenement, commands the confluence of the Wisconsin River with the Father of Waters. This sail of three hundred miles consumed forty-eight hours.

The river banks recede and advance in lake-like expanses along its winding course, and their richly wooded heights, crowned with red sandstone, resemble the ruined Rhine castles. The sail through Lake Pepin, and between the States of Minnesota, Iowa, and Wisconsin, was varied by frequent and thriving towns and villages.

From Prairie du Chien—a picture of straggling despair—by the Milwaukee and Prairie du Chien Railroad, and the Northwestern Railroad, two hundred and twenty-two miles, we reached Chicago, and passed through a crowd of beautiful towns, in a State scarce a generation since reclaimed from the Indians. Familiar railroads transported us from Chicago to Detroit, Niagara, Albany, and New York.

Our whole distance of travel in three weeks was thirty-four hundred and forty-one miles. It was brief, but spiced with adventure, and over a field of vast interest, present and future.

Our beautiful country, made one and indivisible by the great and good Author of its existence, through its mighty

natural features, has, among its chief grandeurs, this water system of the great northern lakes, the frontier of the ever-progressive and patriotic West and North. In dimensions, sublimity, and beauty, by the consent of all, it is without parallel on earth.

A volume of the purest fresh water is gathered in Lake Superior, without visible, adequate supply, to a depth of one thousand feet, with a length of near five hundred miles, and average breadth of one hundred and sixty miles, on a bottom lifted six hundred feet above sea level.

This incalculable mass of water moves its limpid wave through the Saut Sainte Marie into its twin seas, Lakes Michigan and Huron, then by St. Clair and Detroit Rivers is poured through Lake Erie, ever gradually descending, till, at great Niagara, 'The Thunder of the Waters,' it tosses in fury along its rapids, leaps the cataract in glory, at a rate of one hundred millions of tons of water the hour, and then sweeps away into Lake Ontario, to form that northern Mississippi, the River St. Lawrence, which, for over one thousand miles, holds on its ever increasing and widening current, in majesty to the broad Atlantic. By the canals at the Falls and Saut Sainte Marie, direct and continuous ship and steam navigation for sea-going vessels from the Atlantic to Superior City, the extreme Northwest, or Chicago on the Southwest, over three thousand miles through the heart of the continent, is open, while the American coast line along these great waters, exceeds thirty-two hundred miles. Complete in itself, the source of life, health, fine climate, fertility, wealth, and countless blessings to all its shores and valleys, it is divided by lofty barriers from all the other chief water systems of the United States. The Mississippi rises in the highlands of Minnesota at Lake Itasca, more than one hundred miles west of Lake Superior, and gathers in its course all the rivers of its valley. Still loftier moun-

tains separate the sources of the Hudson and Connecticut, and the other rivers of the Atlantic slope.

Blessed with soil and climate unsurpassed, and a Government the nearest to perfection, this region, watered by a mighty inland ocean, is already the chief granary of the world, as well as its great mineral store, although its railway system is not yet extended to its utmost limits; and beyond Michigan it is scarce thirty years since the Americans gained a settlement in its borders.

The greatness of ancient Europe, Asia, and Africa gathered along the shores and harbors of the Mediterranean; all beyond was barbarism, bound to the sovereigns of the Midland Sea only by terror of arms. Even to this day, the laws and literature of those master nations are yet dominant in all the learning and social polity of Europe. This great northern water system is geographically the Mediterranean of the North American continent, and Minnesota, the actual centre, is its *omphalos*.

The geographical centre of North America in the heart of Minnesota is also the pinnacle of its watershed—the central source of the majestic rivers whose vast basins determine the physical contour, climates, products, commerce, industry, and political destiny of two-fifths of the whole continent.

With such a theatre for development, the future of this great area, in near grasp, surpasses conception. Egypt, with its endless renown, dwindles into insignificance in comparison. The paramount supremacy of any nation depends wholly on its utility to the rest of mankind.

The warrior nation yields in turn to a stronger foe, while all alike are willing tributaries to the natural arbiter of commerce and source of food supply. Wars, by the laws of Providence, attend the convulsions of national change and growth; but all alike ever welcome the white-winged doves of commerce as the ministers and messengers of national glory and prosperity.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN TAXATION.

THERE have been few more striking circumstances connected with the transcendent changes which have taken place in this country during the past three years than the steady verification, amid every change, of those great principles of political economy which, during the past half century, have been the practical guides of European legislation. In fact, under the pressure of war we are slowly coming to realize our fellowship with the communities of the Old World in the laws of social change. Step by step the nation is now passing through all the changes in its internal and domestic condition that took place in Great Britain in the wars with Napoleon. Struck with the novelty and apparent anomalies of our condition, we have been inclined to feel that it was without parallels in history. But in that period of English history which beheld a suspension of specie payment protracted twenty years, an enormous expansion of the currency—the appreciation of gold—a rise in prices unparalleled in any country—a wild spirit of speculation—and, with all, an appearance of astonishing prosperity in the midst of a most exhausting war, we see the reflection of our own condition, and find the lessons by which we should be governed. We have now, for the first time, become a people conscious of taxation. It is clear that the burdens of the future must be still greater than anything we have yet borne in the past. The questions as to the best modes of taxation have already begun to call forth the anxious deliberation of the nation. The question is asked by some if we have not already reached that limit where taxation ceases to be a contribution from the surplus of society, and beyond which it will become a draught on the vital, productive energies of the country. It cannot be un-

profitable, at such a time, to examine the history of English taxation in the great periods of similar trial through which that nation has passed.

The great rebellion marks the era of the adoption of a regular system of taxation in Great Britain. 'From a period of immemorial antiquity,' says Macaulay, 'it had been the practice of every English Government to contract debts; what the Revolution introduced was the practice of honestly paying them.'

The change is significant of the triumph of the people. It was found, on the breaking out of the rebellion, that not even an army of Puritans could be sustained without money. The plan of weekly assessments was at first adopted. It was unequal and frequently oppressive. In 1648 it was proposed, in the republican Parliament, to place a tax on the manufacture of beer and cider. The proposition was not at first favorably received. That solemn body had no objection to checking the abominations of beer drinking, but it hesitated to inaugurate a species of taxation which seemed to infringe upon some of the most cherished rights of Englishmen. After much discussion the bill was carried, though with the express declaration that it was compelled by the necessities of the state, and should not be renewed. The tax was soon found too convenient to be dispensed with. In spite of the good resolutions of Parliament, the act was again and again renewed. As the necessities of the state increased, the list of articles was enlarged, and the rate of duty gradually augmented. Thus the excise was introduced to the English people, and thus, almost before they had ceased to look upon it as an intruder, it had acquired a foothold in the budget, from which it has never

since been possible to shake it. The burden of the excise at this period, however, was not oppressive. During the Commonwealth and the reign of Charles II. a tax, which has since produced to the state an annual income of \$90,000,000, did not probably average more than £500,000. It gives us a singular picture of the simplicity of that period that even this small sum made up one third of the whole royal revenue for the year. The other two thirds were drawn in about equal proportions from the customs and crown lands.

We now approach one of the most important eras in the financial history of England. The nation was yet unaccustomed to taxation, and was weighed down by no national debt. In the Revolution of 1688, and the events that grew immediately out of it, we find, however, the origin of nearly every species of tax now in use in Great Britain. In the same agitated period we find also the beginning of the national debt. Louis XIV. espoused the cause of James, and England entered upon a war with France. In a conflict with the greatest monarchy of Europe, the Government soon found itself forced to adopt a scale of national expenditure which the preceding generation would not have conceived possible. At once, as in a night, a harvest of strange taxes sprang up on every hand. The list of excisable articles was increased. The tax on houses and windows, that had been so unpopular in the preceding reign, was again introduced, and a new appraisement was made of all the real estate in the kingdom. A degenerate age might take exceptions to some of the other taxes now instituted. An act was passed placing a tax upon bachelors and widowers, fixing, at the same time, 'certain rules and duties on marriages, births, and burials, for the term of five years, for the carrying on the war against France with vigor.' Men were not even permitted to enjoy the subtle luxury derived from having

a title attached to the name without taxation. Persons of the present day, wishing to know the relative value of the titles, will be interested in the following law, passed at this time :

Every person bearing the title of esquire, or reputed, or owning, or writing himself such, shall pay .	£5
Every gentleman, or reputed gentleman, or owning himself such, shall pay	£1

These, however, were by no means the most burdensome forms of taxation. A man would willingly pay for the distinction of writing himself an esquire, who would grumble with dissatisfaction at the duty on his salt. But to meet the increasing expense of the state, and 'carrying on the war with vigor in France and Ireland' (the propitiating clause with which nearly all the acts of taxation of the period close), the most minute articles, both of necessity and luxury, were required to bear a portion of the common burden. The nation bore its unaccustomed load with singular patience. A license duty on hackney coaches, imposed in 1693, called forth, however, opposition from an unexpected quarter. The outraged wives of the hackmen assembled, and, to express their indignation at the tax, mobbed the offending members of Parliament on their way from the House. It should be mentioned, as showing the intrepidity of that body, or, more probably, the great necessities of the state, that the tax remained unchanged. In spite of all these taxes, the greatest difficulty was experienced in procuring funds to carry on the war. A general lack of confidence in the stability of the Government prevented men from taking up readily the loans which the Government was forced to call for. Various expedients were adopted to attract the cupidity of capitalists. Among these the most successful was the custom of receiving loans upon tontines. This was a species of annuity. Twenty or thirty persons united in the purchase from Govern-

ment of an annuity upon the joint lives of their whole number. At the death of each his share went to those who remained, and was distributed equally among them. The final survivor took the whole annuity. No inducements, however, were sufficient to overcome the popular distrust. The national debt had already begun to accumulate. Exchequer bills sold on the street at forty per cent. discount; while, at the same time, a wild spirit of speculation and adventure, such as is too apt to be produced by the unnatural excitements of a state of war, had seized upon the popular mind, and threatened, in its reaction, to bring the whole nation to ruin.

It was at this time of excitement and danger that the National Bank was established. It was not at first favorably received. But the effect of its steady influence soon began to be felt in the whole financial condition of the state. It even checked for a time the frenzied spirit of stock jobbing, which was absorbing the strength of the nation, and with which a few years later, when the whole country ran wild with the South Sea Bubble, it was so nearly involved in a mortal struggle. Under the influence of the Bank, the business of the nation gradually acquired an evenness and stability which was unknown to any former age.

But while the establishment of this National Bank supplied the Government with a ready and economical method of procuring funds, it did not do away with the necessity of taxes. A new form of taxation was now furnished by the Dutch. This small and ingenious people, in the defence of their liberty, had been early forced into extraordinary expenditures, and were in advance of every other nation in the perfection of their system of taxation. The English Parliament had, in the preceding age, borrowed from them the excise. They now took from the same source the idea of stamp duties. This species of tax had been invented in a

competition for a prize offered by the Dutch Government for the discovery of a new form of tax, which should press lightly on the people, and, at the same time, produce a large revenue to the state. Stamps were introduced in England in the year 1698. The nation was now in possession of the four most important methods of taxation: customs, excise, licenses, and stamps. The first had existed in the island from a period of immemorial antiquity. The second was introduced by the Great Rebellion. The third and fourth came in with the wars attendant upon the accession of William and Mary.

Of these different forms it may be said, that the second is most obnoxious to the people, and the third most unequal. We should add, perhaps, to this list the land tax, which, founded on the new assessment made by William, became from this time a regular source of revenue. In this period, we see, was laid the foundation of the whole system of taxation now in use in this country and in Great Britain. The hundred years that followed produced no new species of tax. The five forms which we have mentioned, however, were diligently cultivated. In the nine years which immediately followed the accession of William and Mary, about forty distinct acts of taxation were passed by Parliament. Still it was impossible for a nation counting less than six million inhabitants to pay the expenses of a vast and protracted war by immediate taxation. In 1697 a debt existed of about one hundred million dollars. This is the foundation of that national debt which, with trifling exceptions, has been constantly increasing for more than two centuries, and which now occupies a position of influence not second to that of the throne itself. The importance of the Bank increased with the growth of the debt, and the effects of their combined influence appeared on every hand. They were the national pledges for the stability of the Government.

Every fresh rumor of preparation on the part of the exiled Stuarts to enter England, filled the people with alarm for the safety of the Bank. And when, in 1745, Charles Edward landed in Scotland, and made his romantic advance into the kingdom, an enormous run was begun on the Bank. It was prevented from doing harm only by the patriotism of the London merchants. In this brief rebellion the people realized the important financial interest which each citizen had acquired in the permanency of the existing Government and the stability of the reigning house.

At first Parliament had proceeded in the imposition of its taxes on the principle that a tax, to be equitable and easy, should be distributed over a great variety of articles. It was argued that a man would pay a small duty on a large number of things with less inconvenience and consciousness of burden than if the same tax was levied upon a few prominent articles. The pettiness of the tax would keep him in a kind of deception as to the total amount he was paying, which not even the frequency with which he was called upon to pay it would entirely remove. This theory, together with a condition of state in which the wants of Government were constantly increasing, produced, in the time of William and Mary, a constant multiplication of petty taxes. In the early part of the following reign many of these were consolidated in separate funds, which were designated to pay specific parts of the national debt.

But the number of articles subject to taxation was not reduced. The restlessness of the people under the numerous exactions of the excise soon, however, suggested the necessity of a change. Government now passed to one of those extremes which were only too common in an age when political economy had not yet risen into a science, and legislation was only an art of shifts and expedients. In 1786

a tax of five dollars upon the gallon was imposed on all English-made spirits, with a corresponding protective tariff on those of foreign manufacture. The result of this extraordinary tax proved the folly of its originators. It failed as a source of revenue, and, so far from removing these articles beyond the reach of the poor, which had been one of the designs of the bill, it was estimated that the business of smuggling was so stimulated by the enormous bounty offered upon its labors, that the amount of spirits consumed in the kingdom during the existence of this tax was not sensibly diminished. After a short trial the tax was removed.

The work of reducing the list of excisable articles was nevertheless begun, and from this time it went slowly, and, except as interrupted by extraordinary demands upon the state, steadily forward. Stamps, however, were governed by a different law. Its inoffensiveness, the economy of its mode of collection, together with its ready availability, caused this species of tax to be brought into more and more extensive use. In fact, a constant increase of taxation in some form had become necessary in order to meet the increasing expenses of the state. After the close of the war in 1697, strong efforts were made to pay off the national debt, the rising greatness of which filled all classes with alarm. No corresponding efforts since have been rewarded with similar results. In the brief period of peace that followed, the national debt was reduced one fifth. Four expensive wars, following each other in rapid succession, overwhelmed the petty labors of the sinking fund, put an end to the work of diminution, and left the nation, at the beginning of the war with her colonies in this country, oppressed with a debt of \$600,000,000. It came out from this struggle with \$500,000,000 added to the burden of the state. This point of time may be fixed as the close of the second epoch. A new class of

changes now begin, which have had, if possible, a greater influence on the financial condition of England, as it exists at the present, than those we have already described.

In 1793, notwithstanding its enormous debt, the country boldly entered upon its great conflict with France. It is impossible to look without admiration upon the obstinate energy displayed by the English nation during this conflict, which lasted, with slight intermissions, for more than twenty years, and by which the annual tax was quadrupled, and the national debt increased beyond a chance of final extinction. In the astonishing revolution which it wrought in the financial condition of the state, as well as in much of the social phenomena with which it was accompanied, this conflict strongly resembles that in which the States of the North are engaged against the South. The first effects of the war appeared in the tax system.

Great changes had taken place in Great Britain since the time of the introduction of a regular system of taxation in 1688. Land was no longer the most important source of income to the citizen. Profits from other sources had sprung up. Commerce had discovered the riches of the Eastern trade, and manufactures, stimulated by new inventions, had begun to assume an importance and exert an influence which already threatened to revolutionize the whole condition of society. Unconsciously to itself, the nation had reached a point where any large increase in the demands of the state must produce a new species of taxation. The war with France supplied the impulse required. In 1797, Government attempted to meet the extraordinary expenses of the year by tripling the tax on houses and windows, etc. The experiment failed. It was found that these taxes, which had been the 'towers of strength' of a preceding generation, could no longer be relied on in the changed circumstances that had been brought about by time.

It was in many respects one of the darkest periods in English history. The Austrian armies, exhausted by repeated defeats, hoped only to be able to defend themselves if attacked. Spain and the Netherlands had joined themselves to France. Against the power of Napoleon England stood up alone. At this critical juncture, a mutiny broke out in the English navy. The whole fleet in the channel refused to do duty. The fleet at the Nore, catching the spirit of revolt, also raised the red flag. The doctrines of the French Revolution were sedulously scattered throughout the kingdom, and in several counties of Ireland actual uprisings had taken place. Added to these were financial difficulties. The enormous outlays demanded for the prosecution of the war were very naturally weakening the public confidence in the final ability of the Government to pay the extravagant sums it was obliged to borrow. Under the influence of the distrust thus engendered stocks fell. Three per cents., which had sold at 98, went down to 53. Many of the loans effected by the Government at this time and during the war were made with a discount of forty per cent. on the nominal value of the stock. Gold was scarce, and rapidly rising. The pressure on the Bank for redemption was greater than it had been since the rebellion of 1745, and threatened, unless corrective measures were at once adopted, to bring that institution to actual bankruptcy.

The undaunted courage and resolution of the Government, in the midst of this accumulation of difficulties, saved the country. The writ of habeas corpus was suspended. By an admirable mingling of firmness and conciliation the mutiny was quelled in the navy without serious consequences resulting to the state. To meet the financial difficulties, an act was passed by Parliament permitting the Bank to suspend specie payment—thus delivering the country, for a period of more

than twenty years, over to a wholly inconvertible paper currency. From these strong measures the enemies of the country anticipated the most disastrous results. They were, however, doomed to disappointment. Even Napoleon at length grew weary of prophesying the bankruptcy of a nation which every year, from this time, gave more and more effective proofs of the stability of its finances. It was the singular fortune of Great Britain to have at the head of its finances, at this juncture, a man, who in a different sphere, exhibited a spirit scarcely less bold, indomitable, and comprehensive than that of the First Consul himself. This man was Mr. Pitt. The finances of Great Britain, even at the present day, bear witness to the extraordinary changes instituted by this statesman. The tax on houses, windows, etc., had failed. In 1798, Mr. Pitt, with a characteristic fertility of invention, brought forward a bill laying a tax on incomes. By this bill, which is the foundation of all those that have since followed, no tax was imposed on incomes that were less than \$300; on incomes above this sum a small tax was laid, which gradually increased until it became one tenth of all incomes over \$1,000. The income tax was designed by Mr. Pitt to be simply a war tax. According to his plan the interest upon the national debt, which he kept funded as far as possible, was to be provided for solely from the indirect taxes, leaving the direct tax to meet the extraordinary expenses of the war. The most original feature of the financial system instituted by this statesman, however, was the sinking fund. To prevent the rapid accumulation of the national debt, Mr. Pitt, even before the breaking out of the war with France, had obtained from Parliament permission to set aside six million dollars, with an addition, afterward made, of one per cent. of all the loans made by Government, as a fund to be expended in the purchase of Government stock. The rapid growth of

this fund from the constant compounding of interest would, he declared, be sufficient, ultimately, to consume the entire debt of the state. The result seemed to justify his prediction. Constantly in the market, the sinking fund saved the state, by its timely purchases many times during the war, from the disastrous depreciation to which the public stock was liable at every unfavorable turn of the conflict. In 1815, so enormous had been the financial transactions of the state that this fund amounted to about \$75,000,000.

In 1803 the income tax was discontinued; and, in the following year, was renewed under the name of the property tax. The expenses of the state continued to rise, and it became necessary that this tax should be largely increased. During the last ten years of the war the property tax required ten per cent. of all the incomes of the kingdom—with a few exceptions—to be paid into the national treasury every year. Never before had such a burden been laid on Englishmen. All classes groaned under the exactions of a tax every penny of which they were made conscious of by direct collection. In comparison with the property tax all other burdens seemed easy. It is now clear, however, that the nation could never have passed successfully through the great struggle in which it was engaged without the assistance of the tax upon incomes. It stood next in order of productiveness to the excise. In the year 1815 the property tax produced seventy-five millions of dollars. Still the people remembered with pleasure that the word of Parliament had been given that it should not continue longer than the return of peace. The time was eagerly looked forward to when that promise should be redeemed. Early in 1816 the question of the continuance of the tax came up before Parliament. A strong party, impressed with the importance of diminishing the national debt, advocated its continuance. Every night, for two months,

the subject was anxiously discussed. The motion for its abolition was at last carried. The vast crowd which had assembled without the Parliament House to await the result, caught the sound of cheering in the chamber, and, receiving it as a signal of success, rent the air with shouts of joy. The enthusiasm spread with the news. Bells were rung as for a great victory, and bonfires in all parts of the kingdom proclaimed the joy of the nation at its release from what was regarded the most oppressive burden of the war. Twenty-five years later the income tax was again revived.

The national debt at the close of the war with France amounted to a little more than \$424,000,000,000. Of this, \$300,000,000,000 had been added by the war. During the last years of the contest the annual expenditures of the state were \$585,000,000. The population of the island was at this time 13,400,000, from which \$360,000,000 was annually collected in taxes. It is important to notice the condition of the people during this epoch. For nearly twenty years the country had been under the uncontrolled influence of a paper currency. It had been a period of remarkable prosperity, coupled with unparalleled changes. And here we find many points of resemblance with the present condition of our own country. The rapidly expanding currency, the enormous demands of the war, and the spirit of speculation engendered by the sharp alternations of hope and fear, and the extraordinary fluctuations of the markets had stimulated in every branch of business a preternatural activity. Manufactures, which the beginning of the war had found just rising into prominence, rapidly developed in an age of financial profusion. No such progress had ever been made in a corresponding period. Exports were doubled. The shipping rose from one to two and a half million tons. The whole nation exhibited the singular spectacle of a country constantly ad-

vancing in wealth and prosperity in the midst of one of the most exhaustive wars that the world has ever seen.

To this, however, there was apparently, at least, one exception. Prices rose steadily from the beginning of the war. This was true not merely of unimportant articles, or those which, by the exercise of a more severe economy, could be in part dispensed with. The cost of the necessities of life doubled. Wheat rose from forty-nine shillings per quarter in 1797 to one hundred and forty shillings in 1812; while the beef which was sold in Smithfield market, at the beginning of the war, at three shillings per stone, constantly advanced in price, until the same quantity in 1814 could only be bought for six shillings. Malt, coal, wages—everything rose proportionately. Few questions have been the subject of more discussion than the cause of this remarkable rise of prices. Two diverse explanations have been given, each put forth by men whose habits of thought and opportunities for observation qualify them to speak on the subject with authority. One large party attribute the rise of prices that took place at this period, entirely to the influence of the suspension of specie payment by the Bank, which, as they say, flooded the country with an inflated and depreciated paper currency, and thus necessitated a corresponding rise in the price of the articles given in exchange for it. So strongly does this reasoning commend itself to the minds of those familiar with the first principles of political economy, that it has been very generally accepted. And it is worthy of notice that these are almost the only arguments which can be heard in explanation of the similar rise of prices now going on in this country. A more subtle but very important class of influences were brought to notice by another party, under the able leadership of Mr. Tooke. By these the rise of prices is, to a large degree, attributed to the excited spirit of speculation pro-

duced by the war, which, as they show, twice during this period brought the country to the brink of ruin. In favor of this explanation it may be further said that the fall of prices began immediately on the close of the war, and at no time was greater than in 1817, two years before the resumption of specie payment by the Bank. In 1819 the Bank of England resumed the payment of specie. Gold, which had been at one time at a premium of twenty-five per cent., now fell rapidly, and in 1821 was again at par.

It is difficult to say which has exerted the largest influence on the finances of Great Britain—the Revolution of 1688, or the wars with France in the beginning of this century. The first gave to England its system of taxation, but the last developed the capabilities of that system, and adapted it to the wants of a growing and commercial people.

The nation came out of its long conflict with taxes pressing upon nearly every important branch of industry. In the sixteen years that followed the war with France, taxes to the amount of nearly \$200,000,000, were taken off from the country. These changes gave opportunities for many important reforms. While the national debt was slowly reduced, the tax system underwent great changes. Many taxes which had checked the growth of important branches of business were entirely removed. Efforts were made to reduce the excise, which was always an unpopular form of taxation. In carrying forward these changes, it was found that one really productive tax might be made to take the place of a large number of small duties which pressed with peculiar severity upon the people. Government now turned longingly to that 'splendid source of revenue,' as it was aptly called, which it had so reluctantly relinquished in 1816. In 1842, Sir Robert Peel suddenly brought forward a plan for a new tax upon incomes. It was at once adopted. This

income tax differed, however, in many important particulars, from the one which the Government had been compelled to make use of in the wars with France. By it incomes under \$750 were exempt. A discrimination of very great importance was also made, which has been the occasion since for much refined discussion, and is founded in sound reason, but which has hitherto been wholly overlooked in the legislation in this country. A discrimination was made between salaries and the incomes divided from realized capital. Taxable incomes, partaking of the nature of a salary, and upon which a tax would have the character of a duty on capital, were required by the provisions of this new act to pay only one half as much as those incomes which arose from, and would be therefore added to, wealth already acquired.

The income, or property tax, as it is now called, completes the system of taxation which is now relied upon to supply the varying but always enormous wants of Great Britain. Through these various sources during the past year the English Government has collected an income of three hundred and fifty million dollars—about the same it obtained through the same channels from a population of thirteen million inhabitants in the closing years of the war with Napoleon. With the same system of taxation, our own Government has, during the past year, obtained an income of one hundred and eleven million dollars. If we examine particularly the sources of the English revenue at these two epochs, and compare them with the corresponding branches of taxation with us, we find that in the year closing in 1815, the receipts from customs amounted to about fifty-six million dollars—a sum, it will be noticed, considerably less than that drawn from the same source in this country for the past year, but only about half the amount derived from customs in Great Britain in the year ending September, 1863. From the property tax was obtained

about seventy-five million dollars—the modified form of this tax now in use in Great Britain produces about fifty million dollars per annum. Either of these sums is probably much larger than it would be advisable to attempt to produce by a direct tax in this country. Stamps, in 1815, yielded an income of thirty million dollars. During the past year this simple and productive source of revenue produced in Great Britain forty-five million dollars. It seems probable that this species of tax might be extended in this country much farther than it now is, without oppression to the people, and with a handsome increase of the revenue.

But the excise has ever been the most productive fountain of revenue in Great Britain. The income from this tax in that country, during the year ending September, 1863, was eighty-four million dollars. In the year 1815, when, on account of the smaller population, the other sources of revenue were less productive than at the present day, the excise yielded an income of not less than a hundred and thirty-five million dollars. It is worthy of notice that, of this income, the tax upon the various forms of spirituous liquors supplied a large element. English spirits, which, in the experiment of 1786, it had been found could not carry a tax of five dollars per gallon, it was now found easily bore the more moderate but still large tax of ten shillings

sixpence sterling. Aside from this tax was the duty on beer, cider, and malt, the last of which alone yielded an income of thirteen million dollars annually.

We have lingered on these details, which to many will be dry and uninteresting, because they supply a kind of guide to the changes which must ultimately take place in the tax laws of this country, and because, further, they furnish an answer to all those objections which periodically disturb the minds of the timid and doubtfully patriotic in our midst. But these lessons we must leave the reader to extract for himself. We close simply with saying that, while excessive and indiscriminating taxation is always a curse, yet taxation, properly imposed, although severe and long continued, may be far from disadvantageous. We have seen the English people slowly arising, through two centuries, from a nation comparatively free from taxation and without a national debt, to one bearing an annual tax of three hundred and fifty million dollars, and holding absorbed in its midst a national debt of nearly four thousand million dollars. We have seen it during this period constantly advancing in prosperity and greatness—the national debt adding stability to the Government, and taxation giving caution and stability to the transactions of private life.

A P H O R I S M S .

NO. I.

ONE of the most sublime of all facts beneath that of the Divine Being, appears in the existence of an immortal soul. There it stands—once for all, once forever. The earth might be wasted away, at the rate of a single grain in a century, without passing the

very infancy of our spirit's life. How insignificant, in the comparison, a world like our own, in all its temporal aspects. What the future duration of the earth may be, we have no means of knowing; but if less than endless, it is of little moment in the presence of the least capacious human soul.

THE LOVE LUCIFER.

CHAPTER II.

I FIND myself writing upon matters connected, at least, with religion, with the thought of saying something useful—of presenting a valuable experience, if not a valuable congeries of new ideas. Most readers deeply interested in religion are, by this time, demanding that I show my colors—present my creed; otherwise they will shut themselves up from my influence. As I write, church bells are ringing. I know that many of those who now assemble to hang with a deathly solemnity upon the lips of preachers—while death, hell, heaven, eternity, atonement are the themes—will say: 'He treats lightly the most serious matters: he treads with dancing pumps on holy ground.' Now I claim to be, above all things, an earnest, solemn person. Yet do I verily believe that there is a humorous side to all subjects, that is not ignored by even the loftiest beings; and that, in a restricted sense, it may be said of all well-balanced persons, as a philosopher has said of children: 'Because they are in innocence, therefore they are in peace; and because they are in peace, therefore all things are with them full of mirth.' It must be admitted, however, that if the 'orthodox' creed is wholly correct, we find in the Puritans and their existing imitators the only consistent Christians. In view of the inevitable damnation of a majority of the race, they set their faces against all mirth; would eat no pleasant bread, and wear no beautiful raiment. I followed them to the letter, till, the 'naked eye' not being wholly blinded, nor the ear deafened by theologic din, I saw that nature, in all her guises and voices, was firmly opposed to all such gloomy dogmas.

In a word, then, as to creed, I find no satisfactory platform save that of the

broadest eclecticism. The motto of the old Greek, 'Know that good is in all,' is mine. I am aware that the danger accruing from this style of creed is, that one often gets, in the effort at impartiality, into the meshes of pantheism; and then your list of gods many and lords many comprises all the chief divinities, from Brahm and Buddh to Thor; you priding yourself the while upon the consideration shown for 'local prejudices' by your not putting Christ at the end of the list. But, after life-long investigation, I am not ashamed to say, in the words, though not in the spirit of Emperor Julian, 'Gallilean, thou hast conquered;' with Augustine, 'Let my soul calm itself in Thee; I say, let the great sea of my soul, that swell-eth with waves, calm itself in Thee;' with De Staël, 'Inconcevable énigme de la vie; que la passion, ni la douleur, ni le génie ne peuvent découvrir, vous revelerez-vous à la prière;' with practical Napoleon, 'I know men, and Jesus Christ was not a man;' with a Chevalier Bunsen and a Beecher, 'Jesus Christ is my God, without any ifs or buts.' I can assent more decidedly than does Teuflesdröck, in the 'Everlasting Nay,' to the doctrine of regeneration. I narrow the whole matter down to these plain facts: Of all religions, Christianity is best calculated to elevate man's nature; and of all Christians, they reach the highest spiritual condition who regard Christ as utterly divine.

On this other matter that enters so largely into my narrative—the conjugality of disembodied spirits—I cannot forbear some further discourse before proceeding historically. The absurd idea is still prevalent that there is no sex in heaven. Those who retain this notion, despite the revelations of science concerning the universality of sex

throughout creation, cannot reason very candidly. When we find in the earth positives but no negatives, light but no heat, strength but no beauty, action but no passivity, wisdom but no love, intellection but no intuition, reflection but no perception, science but no religion, then, at last, may we expect to see in the heavens men but no women.

Take the conjugal element from human creatures, and you have Hamlet without the ghost. Excepting, perhaps, the religious, it is the most powerful, prominent, exacting part of our nature. In 'man's unregenerate state,' at least, the love story is the most interesting book, marriage the most interesting ceremony, true lovers' dalliance the most interesting sight. For the beloved, one relinquishes all else—performs the greatest prodigies. Marriage is the subject most thought of, most talked about. Around it cluster all the other events of life. Rejoice, then, O 'romantic' youth and maiden, now in the days of thy youth; for this fitting romance—so soon interrupted by care and grief, by shop and kitchen and nursery, by butcher, baker, tailor, milliner, and cordwainer—is about the most genuine experience you will have in this world. Therefore, say I, cultivate romance. Devour a goodly number of the healthier novels. Weep and laugh over them—believing every word. Amadis de Gaul, even, is a better model than Gradgrind. Adore each the other sex—positively worship! Both *are* worshipful (in the 'abstract').

What healthy-minded person loves not to behold the eye-sparkle of pure admiration between young man and maid? 'They worship, truly, they know not what.' In bowing down to their ideal, they bow to the *real* human—the purified man or woman of the better land. The recluse is ever the true prophet and seer, in this as in still higher matters. Your modest-eyed student, stealing glances of unfeigned admiration at ordinary maidens, is not

such a simpleton as some suppose. His seclusion has cleared his vision. He sees on through the eons—sees things as they will or may be—regards the objects of his adoration as he will in the angelhood. Why will so many decry this admiration?—when they see that, not till the youth passes the purely romantic age—fourteen to sixteen or eighteen—and begins to have commonplace thoughts of the other sex, does mischief arise.

The idea of eternal conjugality should lighten all faces with hope, and should have a most conservative influence in society. Those who are not very well matched, and yet are conscious that the very highest earthly bliss comes of a right mating, are not content to pass through this life without enjoying this bliss, if they suppose that it appertains solely to earth. So, many of them break bounds and bonds. Let these but accept the idea that conjugality is one of the chief features of the heavenly life, and they can settle down steadily to the apparent duties of this sphere, content with 'peace on earth,' since now they feel sure of rapture in heaven—a rapture, too, mind you, of a kind with which they are somewhat acquainted. It is all very well to anticipate the fact which 'eye hath not seen,' etc. But men need the prospect of an eternal joy they know of, as much as they needed that awe-inspiring Jehovah should outwork in love-inspiring Christ. In view of this, among other joys set before him, the extra-earnest worker, in public or private, can more easily deprive himself of that amount of social intercourse with the other sex which he craves. Such can suffice themselves with occasional glances of the complementary portion of mankind; and as they hurriedly pass seraphic faces in the street, they wave the hand of the spirit after them, saying: 'I prithee, O thou wonder, art human or no?' 'O you sweet beautiful! 'the king's business requires haste. Providence has set our lives so far apart we cannot

hear each other speak.' But you will be a woman, and I will be a man, forever. In paradise, I will read wonderful things in those and other such eyes, and wonder at you forever. *Vale! vale!*'

There is a poet claiming to be of the supernal life—especially of the supernal conjugal—who has written 'epics' and 'lyrics,' of which I must honestly say, as Emerson, I believe, once honestly said of some of the writings of Swedenborg: 'I read them with an unction and an afflatus quite indescribable.' They lift one to the empyrean like nothing else I know of outside the Bible. There is such a saintly purity; such a wondrous, rich, mellow joyousness; such bounding elasticity of spirit; such an evidently irresistible gush of song in the heart; such broad catholicity of religion, that, to some, it seems impossible that they could have been written anywhere but under the perpetual midsummer skies of paradise. It may show poor taste, but to me, in those regions of the upper ether wherein Tennyson, Mrs. Browning, and Shelley grow wing-weary, he soars on strong, free pinion. His 'imaginings,' if such they are, of immortal life, as much surpass in plausibility and naturalness those of Milton, Dante, and Virgil, as the acting of a first-class theatre surpasses that seen in the old monkish 'mysteries.' This writer, T. L. Harris, has won much recognition in both hemispheres; would win much more if he appeared simply as a poet, and did not claim a seer faculty, making many positive statements that cannot be verified. He certainly comes up to Aristotle's standard, where he says: 'The object of the poet is not to treat the True as it really happened, but as it should have happened.'

And now the story. I left myself indulging in reveries concerning the expected sight of my invisible charmer. The appointed hour came. I was quite excited. I knew that the land was already full of people who claimed to see the sights of the other world as

spirits see them, and fully expected to have my clairvoyant faculty opened. But I saw no 'sudden Ianthé'; and to this day have never seen even a kobold, a wraith, or a 'döppelgänger! This was doubtless fortunate; for I was nearly driven into lunacy by the things I heard before I reached the end of this 'youthful adventure.' I should have gone 'clean daft' if the bugaboo had been permitted to show me the sights they presently promised.

Soon came again my collocutor with explanations.

'You were in such a state of excitement that the united efforts of more than forty of your spirit friends were utterly unavailing for the opening of your sight. We, too, became so excited that we lost all control of ourselves, and could only weep to hear your mournful appeals followed by your surrender of all claims upon me.' . . . 'Do not think that I could ever hope to bask beneath the sunahine of your smile after having intentionally deceived you.'

Then followed much similar feminine beguilement; the faculty for which seems to be rather increased by the Jordan bath.

It began to be a noticeable fact that their magnetic power over me was such that they could cast me down to the borders of despair, and raise me thence to rapture at will. Thus a few moments of such ordinary blandishments as the following were the only apparent means of raising my usually slow-moving spirits from a very low to a very high pitch. I was complaining of the waste of paper, in writing words of letters three or four inches high; did not think any law, even a law of nature, justified the imposition of such an expenditure upon a spouse in a separate sphere. 'She' promised to tone down the expressions of attachment until she could talk as largely as she pleased; and to some further suggestions, replied:

'Really, you are quite impertinent,

considering the short time we have been married.'

Slightly singular as it may seem to those who think that this narration is all gammon, I had gone through the usual course of acquaintanceship with this airy nothing; was first distant and reserved; then slightly thawed, though still horrified at the thought of having all my thoughts read; and finally, after I felt that the invisible eyes had read, in my memory, every page of my history, was perfectly familiar and at ease in the presence this finite searcher of hearts.

I find, next in order, the following:

'So you wish me to *prove* that we were married, do you? Well, when you become a denizen of this higher, but none the less practical sphere, you may read, if you please, where, with wonder and strange emotion, I read, in the heavenly records of marriages.' [It was dated about the time of my birth.] 'Your banter is not so agreeable as your tenderness.' 'You are incorrigible. It will take me many a long age to bring you to a due sense of my importance,' etc. 'Some of my friends are beside themselves with mirth, at my vain attempts at taming a spirit so rude.' Then came another promise of opened vision. 'A truly solemn scene is at hand. Spend the interval in prayer.'

But again there was something wrong about the spiritual zinc or acid, and the electrical machinery would not work. The fair or foul deceiver (who knows?) came up very solemn after this failure.

'Though all men forsake thee,' said Peter, 'yet will not I forsake thee.' So now, when the highest spirits of heaven have fled in terror and dismay, your poor darling will not forsake you. Well might I sit, like Job's friends, seven days, ay, seventy times seven, in silent contemplation of him who—wo is me!—fears that I am but another Delilah, commissioned by his enemies

to betray him into their hands. What can I say? what do? Oh that I had never seen the glorious light of the sun or the pure myriads of my happy home, rather than I should have beheld that sight last night. How can I explain the fact that he, whom I, at least, believe to be heaven's most supreme (string of adjectives) favorite, is sitting here with his unutterable but unrepining sorrow looking forth from his . . . eyes.'

Just here I caught a glimpse of my divinity, and turning in wrath and scorn to my Titania, said, mockingly:

'While I thine *amiable* cheeks do coy!'

To this she replies: 'Do not heap additional reproaches upon me, by any such awfully ludicrous quotations.' 'So you think that your Delilah is striving to gain time by all these pious and otherwise interesting remarks?' 'Nay, do not with loathing cast me from you as an unholy and hateful thing! for then, oh, what I should then do or be, I cannot, dare not even think.' 'Again you see my woman's heart cannot suppress its emotions toward one who still hopes that he has been talking with ———; and who says that, for him to be convinced of this, is to be convinced that she who has been talking with him has not intentionally deceived him.'

She then wrought upon my feelings by portraying her sufferings, until, in my maudlin condition, I was casting about to find how I should help her; just as you sometimes see a drunken tramp striving to pull his drunken pal out of a ditch.

'So, most self-forgetful, you begin to think that you ought to help me bear my burden; as you have planned sitting there, with your little friend encircling you in her so warm embrace. But why should I inform you of such fact, as this last, until you are convinced that all you have heard is not the wily utterance of seducing and

hellish spirits? Try not to entertain such awful suspicions. As to the cause of these lamentable failures, I can only suppose that the Lord wishes to make us, who wrongly prophesied, sensible of our inability to foretell future events.'

Then came some bungled Scriptures about my 'mission,' which roused my ire. My taunts drew forth this response:

'Why do you love to ridicule my tenderness, and speak so awfully to one who has no other human source of perfect happiness?'

The day following, the solemn dodge was again resorted to. I began to feel a sort of awe creeping over me. My affectionate friend thereupon wrote:

'What a change a few minutes have wrought in you. Yes! yes! the morning light is breaking. The fiery trial is complete. As I write there rests upon your now placid brow a glorious and marvellously beautiful crown. The cup is drained. 'To him that sat in the valley and shadow of death light has sprung up.' And now awe seizeth me: for there standeth, as yet a long way off, one whose form is like to that of the Son of Man. In a very little while, now, the great event must inevitably occur. He who stands upon the holy mount prepares to open your sight, and give you your commission. How can we see him face to face and live! Let not a passing suspicion of further delay disturb you. Already you begin to feel the influence of his approach. Well may you heave a sigh—as one who experiences a sudden and unlooked-for relief. In less than ten minutes the Lord will appear to you. So make ready, in solemn meditation and prayer, for the most solemn event of your or any other man's life is at hand.'

'If the vision tarry, wait for it,' is the only scripture that seems applicable to my visions: for still they came not. Yet some very serious and substantial experiences now fell to my lot, which shall be the theme of another chapter.

CHAPTER III.

As manager of this exhibition, I would request the orchestra to play something gloomy and grand, during the remainder of the performance; something weird, mysterious; something in which you can hear the sighing of the wind through the pines of the Hartz Mountains or the Black Forest. A passage from a *Faust* opera or *Der Freischütz* might meet the case; for it began to be intimated to me, now that I was sufficiently clairaudient to be able to dispense almost entirely with the pencil, that his Satanic Majesty was no indifferent spectator of the preparation of the man who was about to interfere so signally with his plans and pursuits. Thereupon there began to steal over me for the first time,

'A sense of something dreadful, something near.'

However it was managed, from this moment till the end of this phase of life I am narrating, I had an almost constant sense of the presence of 'genii of the pit,' of vast intelligence, cruel as ever Satan was imagined, relentless as fate, cold as Dante's ice hells could make them. At first, some influence led me to review the traditional history and prospects of my supposed distinguished visitor, at some length. I discussed the state of his case with no little unction, though shaking in my boots, and in momentary expectation of being gobbled up, body and soul, and whisked off in sulphurous smoke, with only a sulphur-burnt hole in the carpet to mark the spot where I saw the last of earth.

Presently my inseparable companion broke in with:

'He hears you! he hears you! and never may it be my lot again to look upon—' . . . 'There he is again, glaring with inexpressible rage upon the comparatively insignificant man who just now so plainly revealed to him 'the true state of the case.' I am almost afraid to look upon that awful

visage. 'The state of the case is it?' he exclaims. 'We will see what is the state.'—

There is a break here in the manuscript, which is resumed thus: 'You have conquered! frantic with rage he has fled, never, I trust, to return.'

How will I remember what happened during that awful pause? It was spent, I suppose, in a hand-to-hand conflict with the Prince of Darkness; the agreeableness of which was not enhanced by my vivid recollection of the 'bit of a discooshin' between Christian and Apollyon depicted in the old family Pilgrim's Progress. We are truly 'the stuff that dreams are made of.' What mattered it to me, on that bland summer afternoon, since I was of this opinion, whether it was Beelzebub himself or some departed 'blazing tinman,' with a suit of his majesty's old clothes on, while himself, all snug at home,

'Sat in his easy chair,
Drinking his sulphur tea.'

That was certainly one of the most awful moments of my life, in which I felt the first dreadful rush of this invisible tiger. It seemed as if he swooped toward me to annihilate me in a moment; but was restrained by a higher power. His coming was like the rush of a fifteen-inch shell past one's head.

As soon as I saw that the first onset did not destroy me, I gathered strength to face the monster; for a tongue combat seemed all that was permitted him. He put me through my theological paces at an awful rate—using the Socratic dialectic—growing out questions in the tones of a cathedral organ, that made me shiver. Oh that I could remember that fearful catechism! It would make a tract for which the Tom Paine Association would pay a high price. He drove me—partly, I suppose, by magnetic force—step by step, from my cherished religious opinions. My reasons for believing in the cardinal doctrines of Christianity seemed to burn like straw before his fiery rhetoric, and

to turn to dust beneath the ponderous blows of his iron logic. He pushed me away from all I had esteemed reliable in the universe, till I seemed to stand on the verge of creation. There I hung with the strength of terror. Then I found poet Campbell true to nature, where he speaks of hope standing intact 'mid Nature's funeral pyre.' I insisted upon 'hoping,' in spite of all his fiery hail.

After he had beaten down all my defences, he began to jeer at me with fierce sneers and goblin laughter that froze my blood. 'So I was the contemptible manikin who dared to entertain the idea of equality with him—the Star of the Morning—one breath of whose nostrils would wither me into nonentity. So I presumed to stand up and face him, who had, in his time, scattered the hosts of heaven! If it were not for those cursed, white-livered things (angels) that stood in the way, he would swoop down and destroy me in an instant.'

Having found and maintained foothold for several minutes on the rock of hope, I began to consider how weak things had of erst confounded the things that were mighty, and soon the wirepullers behind the scenes (whoever they were) had me smiting him hip and thigh. I 'began in weakness, but ended in power.' At first a few muttered remonstrances, but finally whole Ironsides broadsides, with the result above named. The words of my antagonist, during this encounter, rang through my brain with awful distinctness. For a day or two I had been communicating partly with the pencil, and partly by clairaudience, eked out by writing in the air with my forefinger. But this demon, or demon *pro tem.*, needed not to write his words: his 'trumpet gave no uncertain sound.'

The thoughtful reader will perceive what a strong point my magnetizers gained by this scene. After disappointing me so many times, they could not, with all their power over me, have kept

me from throwing the whole thing overboard, without resorting to some such *coup d'état*. Being, doubtless, on better terms with the infernal than with the supernal regions, these denizens of the Intermediate Limbo (we will suppose that my strange guests were mostly of this sort of nondescripts) had perhaps induced some *bona fide* demon to act the part of the king of them all, 'for this night only.' It certainly was an immense success.' I, to be sure, had not received the expected commission: but had I not fought the great red dragon, and, like another St. George, pinned him to the earth, through supernatural aid? Here was a substantial success. I write this merrily enough now; but was not often merry then—was indeed acting great, real tragedy.

I was not long to enjoy this triumph. The word came: 'Again he comes!' Then I had another long, hard fight; but this time was not pushed so near the wall. I was then told by my spiritual adviser and Circe of the unbounded admiration expressed for me by those who had listened to this 'ever-memorable' disputation.

The attempt to craze me, or—putting the best face on it—to show me *how spiritists are generally crazed*, now began in downright earnest. All that night, despite my entreaties to be permitted to sleep, I was kept awake, and busied with a variety of 'extremely important' business. I am naturally a solid, regular sleeper, and do not prosper upon Napoleon or Humboldt portions of repose; but now could only suit my persecutors by rising on one elbow in bed, and 'wrestling' for the salvation of my next neighbor. They sedulously poured into my mind all manner of apocrypha concerning this gentleman's shortcomings—about the necessity of praying for and at him, and about the effects of my efforts, i. e., bringing a streak of celestial light upon him—until I was almost ready to wish that he might be —, rather than that I should have any such unreasonable work to

perform in his behalf. But they kept me at it, straight through the night and a large portion of the next day; and finally induced me to go, much against my will, to reveal to him some of my experiences, and to endeavor to force from him an acknowledgment that what I had heard about him was true.

The attempt to cause at least a temporary aberration of my intellect now becomes very plain in the manuscript. Every idea is uttered in the most exciting manner. All statements and prognostications about my neighbor having proved false (he was amazed at my procedure), the invisible busybodies boiled over thus:

'He has lied! he has lied to you! and if you would preserve your reason, go and read the papers to him. He had schooled himself to show no emotion, and you showed enough to excite his worst, most hideous fears. So go, for Heaven's sake! He quailed once, and only once, before your not sufficiently steady gaze. Woe! woe! woe! Now what shall be done?' . . . [Evidently trying to get up a teapot tempest.] 'Do not strive to unravel this mystery in that fiercely keen way, or this evil spirit will have to give place to a more expert deceiver. God will certainly do something soon to set these matters straight, or I shall cease to be!' [She had said annihilation was possible!] 'Your father wishes to speak to you.'

A fatherly spirit it was truly—was for driving me mad offhand, but over-shot the mark.

'Son, this is awful! I can only say to you, be calm and cool, for you will need to be both to get free from this snare of Satan, so well conceived. Better go to supper now (for appearance sake): after that, pray for help. When you took away those books [after reading extracts to the neighbor], the whole crew of devils,' etc., etc.

This exciting language 'brought me up with a round turn.' I saw at once

the object of the person who was talking with me. So I brought the affair to a full stop, as far as the use of my hand was concerned. I simply added, on that leaf—speaking now for myself:

‘I will hear no further. This part of my discipline is finished.’

But I was forced to hear, whether I wrote or not. I had come to this wisdom too late. I fully believe that, as far as my ability to prevent the catastrophe was concerned, I was then and there a possessed person—a *slave of spirits*—as utterly bound to do the will of my magnetizers as ever a ‘subject’ was. Though I cannot be persuaded that all these beings from whom unseen I had heard so much, were ‘only evil continually,’ no ‘harmonialist’ can persuade me that those who now began to play with me, as a cat plays with a mouse, were other than evil. In all imaginable ways, they strove to show me how utterly I had lost self-command and self-control. (I am esteemed obstinate by nature.)

What is very singular, I now lost sight of my ‘prima donna.’ It would seem natural that a Delilah would, at least, have come with a jeering ‘The Philistines be upon thee, Samson.’ But no, not till this great tribulation was over did I hear from ‘her.’

That evening and night were spent, mostly, in showing me that I was no longer my own master. There was not, however, that continuous hell-blast upon me that so scorched my soul on the following afternoon. The cats were tossing me in their velvet paws—only occasionally protruding a sharp claw as a reminder, until they could feel surer of their victim. They would say to me: ‘Now we will exalt you to heaven;’ and up I went, higher, higher, higher into the empyrean, until I heard the music of the spheres, and all things were ablaze with light and glory. Again they would say: ‘Now go down into hell;’ and the scene changed as suddenly as do those of a ten-cent pan-

orama, when a midnight storm at sea or a volcanic eruption is about to be rolled in view: I went down *ad imis*—‘down to the bottom of the sea—the earth with her bars was around me forever.’ Blank horror and anguish seized me. Hope fled to its impregnable corner of my heart, till the calamity was overpast. A hushed agony was upon me, as before I had known its boundless bliss. And thus variously I fared through all that second night of sleeplessness. They probably sent me up and down this scale of sensation twenty times during eight hours. This night I was not at all sleepy. A few more such would have finished the business; and there would have been ‘another awful effect of the spiritual delusion’ to chronicle. The honest verdict of the first century would have been: ‘Another possessed of devils or devil-crazed.’ The wretches well knew that insomnia is an excellent preparation for insanity.

Toward morning a new scheme was invented. Some ostensible good friend informed me, in a business-like way, that the work of the morrow for me—the new Saul of Tarsus—was to set out for a certain town in Vermont, where I should find my Ananias; who ‘would show me what things I should do.’ So the faithful slave of the genii prepared to obey. I packed a carpet bag, and went early to the residence of a medical friend, who had been dabbling in the same arcana. I gave him a sketch of what I had experienced; yet, for some reason, did not start for Vermont, but remained with him all the morning. My invisible monitors sent me out into the street several times, to find people who could not be found. (Anything to keep up their influence.)

Toward noon the fact came plainly to me that an effort was being made to disturb, if not destroy, my reason. I began to find my ideas becoming incoherent in spite of hugest effort. I called my friend, and said to him, through set teeth, but as coolly as possible:

'I find myself to be thoroughly and utterly a magnetic subject, an abject subject of mischievous spirits. They are striving to derange my faculties. I am exceedingly alarmed to find that they are trying, with much success, to render my ideas incoherent. It is only by a very great effort of will that I am enabled to speak these words distinctly to you. As far as my private power of resistance is concerned, I am gone. Do exert your powerful magnetism; perhaps you can drive them off.'

He was much distressed, and exerted himself mightily (he was a professed electrician), combining will power with that ancient agent, prayer, to exorcise the evil influence. But his efforts were useless, as the vagabonds well knew, before they brought me there on exhibition. They had not spent the week in vain. I had sold myself to them as squarely as fools ever did in German legend.

When dinner was announced, the doctor wished me to accompany him. I refused, and he left me, to take a hasty meal. Finding, when he was gone, that I was growing worse, I went into the street, determined that if I was to be crazed, I would not sit there and let him watch the operation. I walked on, vowing that I would not turn toward home until my faculties were restored; and execrating *my folly in permitting the enslavement!* On, on I rushed, my head all ablaze with 'od' that had no business there, and praying as I never had prayed before. I took the Gowanus road toward Greenwood. Perhaps it was some defunct rogue there interred, who was leading me on to 'rave among the tombs.'

Arrived at a spot where a little tree-capped promontory overhangs the beach, I turned aside, beneath the projection, and sat down on a log—like Jonah under the gourd—and, gazing out on the rippling waves of the bay, desired that death or relief might come. I was determined to sit there until God or Satan made good his claim upon

me. Suddenly relief came. The fierce onset upon my intellect ceased. I was made whole. I 'leaped and walked.' The means of my relief I never knew.

But my lesson was not complete. I had but just informed my medical friend of my deliverance (he had scoured the neighborhood, and informed several of the cause of his fears), when there were mutterings and growlings of another approaching storm. The messengers of Satan sent to baffle me gave me to understand that they had not abandoned their prey, but were sure of it yet. They poured the wrath of hell upon my defenceless head that afternoon. I have not, hitherto, attempted to offer much direct proof to the uninitiated that my experiences, in this connection, were other than hallucination. That which now occurred is, as it seems to me, in the nature of such proof. Here was I thoroughly alarmed for my safety, and extremely anxious to get rid of my tormentors. Yet, not for a single moment now, could I close my mental ears to their horrid clangor of threats and imprecations: for, throwing off all restraint, they flooded me with Billingsgate. They cursed and damned me, and all persons, things, and ideas esteemed by me, in the most approved style. Indeed, the swearing exceeded anything I ever heard on the Mississippi and Alabama river boats, when forced, for lack of room, to sleep on the floor of the saloon, almost under the feet of the chivalry, during their midnight gambling carousals.

The mode of speech is not easily described. Sometimes the words came slowly and distinctly. Again there would be merely thought-panorama presented. A complete statement or view of things can be flashed into the mind in an instant. Therefore the language of spirits is of vastly greater compass than that of men. These immortal blackguards could vomit more oaths and other blasphemy in five minutes, than a mortal one could in an hour. If it is difficult to translate from

one earth-language into another, how much harder must it be to bring the ideas of an inner sphere into outward forms of expression !

They told me that it was their intention to open my clairvoyant faculty now with a vengeance. For, having fairly accomplished it, they would worry me to death or madness by the continual sight and hearing of all that hell could show or conjure up. I only wish that a few of those Sadducees who philosophize all this sort of thing into moonshine, could be, for a while, as sore beset as I was on that eventful day ! It would need but a few minutes' parley with these 'fierce Ephesian beasts' to induce them to repeat the language of an older sceptic, who returned from the dead to the friend who had discussed immortality with him, and who exclaimed, as he passed from sight :

'Michael ! Michael ! *vera sunt illa* !'

The scheme of the diabolians seemed so feasible that I was greatly perplexed. They had shown themselves able to keep me awake the two preceding nights ; and I knew that, if permitted, they could accomplish their purpose in that way alone. How much, then, would the perpetual sight of fiery flying dragons, horned satyrs, and other hideous half-human creatures, tearing around, with mouths agape to take me in—while other lost souls flitted about as flying serpents, bats, and owls—hasten the evil work. I thought over all the horrible forms portrayed in the Catholic purgatory pictures, and described by delirium tremens subjects, until I was a thousand times more anxious to have the eyes of my spirit kept shut, than I ever had been to have them opened.

I tried to exorcise the foe by reading the Bible ; but this only increased their jeering at the '— fool,' whom they had worked hard to get, had got, and meant to keep, in spite of 'hell, book, and candle.' Truly 'their mouths were full of cursing and bitterness.'

Did space permit, and were it not that the printing of oaths, which has become so fashionable even in respectable periodicals, is hurtful to morals, I could fill pages with their jeers, taunts, blasphemies, threats, and execrations.

I left my private room, and went among the household, in hopes that, amid busy outer scenes, the hold of the invisible tigers would be loosed. But then, while conversing on commonplace subjects, I realized more fully than ever upon what a *fearful precipice* the heedless spiritist is ever sporting. For, clearer, more distinct, came threats, curses, goblin laughter ; and 'Fool ! dolt !' was the cry.

'Simpleton, etc., think you that the company of women and children will save you, when the mightiest spirits (angels they call themselves) cannot now rend you from our grasp ? As soon as we choose, we will tear your silly soul out of your carcase ; and then we will make a veritable Lucifer of you. '*Lucifer !* LUCIFER ! star of the morning ! how art thou fallen, and become as one of us !' Ha ! ha ! ha ! yes ! yes ! you must go with us. We fancy you. For a callow priest, you have a deal of music in you. Would-be Samson, you must grind in our prison house and sport in our temple ; the pillars whereof you can never cause to tremble.'

They said that I was a 'coward—dared not face a set of shadows, figments of the brain, empty nothings.' I saw that 'vain was the help of man ;' and, retiring to my room, had an awful season of worse than 'temptation combats.'

Then came the last scene in the tragic part of my unromantic experience. One of the artful dodgers, having transformed himself into an angel of light (in my hearing, not in my sight), informed me, at about eight o'clock in the evening, that, though my destruction appeared imminent, there was one way of escape left. My own prayers were useless : but if I would get down

on my knees, and repeat a confession and supplication at his dictation, it might avail. Enslaved as I was, I of course complied; and then underwent a humiliation that, even in my horrified state, was very bitter. I had always, in my most puritanical days, kicked at the doctrine that we are all such abominable, hell-deserving, *self-degraded* creatures, responsible for our own ruin, that it is the wonder of creation that God would give our souls any least chance of heaven. I had always felt with Tennyson:

‘Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
Thou madest man, and Thou art *just*.’

But now I was forced to change all this; and for once I uttered a perfectly orthodox prayer. Slow and distinct came the words, which I must perforce repeat as slowly, though every one was a bitter pill. I was made to say that I was entirely mistaken in supposing myself a Christian (in the ‘evangelical’ sense); that I had been a fool, a braggart, a sort of impostor; that my life had been one series of shams and follies; that I had disgraced my religious profession, etc., etc., *ad nauseam*, winding up with the abject declaration that I deserved to go straight to ‘the city of Dis, and the three-headed dog;’ and that if I was spared, it would be ‘a miracle of mercy.’

The higher powers must have thought that I had swallowed enough of this hell-broth; for, at this juncture, the dictation and compulsion suddenly ceased. I stood upon my feet, no longer a slave. It seemed as if some grand, calm Ithuriel had touched with his spear-point the venomous toad that sat by my ear, or the wily serpent that ‘held me (enchanted) with his glittering eye.’ From that moment to this, I have not been, for an instant, seriously annoyed by invisible disturbers of the peace.

A sweet quiet came over me; I went to bed and slept soundly. The next day I determined to complete the exorcism by walking a dozen miles into the country, to visit a relation. The only trace of the fearful scenes through which I had passed, consisted in the fact that my head was still all ablaze with the foul, gross magnetic fluids of my tormentors; and was so hot that I found it agreeable to walk with my hat off. I was two days getting rid of the heat.

Though I had no more sulphur tea to drink, I was not yet weaned from the invisible milk and water. I was at once informed, by ‘respectable appearing’ spirits, that my trials had appeared necessary, because I had thrown myself open to promiscuous communication with the other world—a thing peculiarly dangerous in my case; and that I could now see the propriety of never again surrendering my manhood, my individuality, and my common sense to any brigand in or out of the body. I was also told that it never had been intended to use me for any important mediumistic purpose, except so far as my experience might be useful. So I gradually let the thing drop. Regarding the new light as scientific rather than religious, I long since pigeon-holed it among my sciences. I sardonically tell total Sadducees that I have placed it among the *exact* sciences.

I am sorry that I am unable to enlighten the novel-reading reader further concerning the ‘prima donna;’ but that is a delicate subject under existing circumstances. So presenting, herewith, the bright and sulphurous end of the Lucifer Match under the nose of a discerning public, I will watch the upcurling and dilating of nostrils. As I pen these last lines, the live body looking over my shoulder smiles scornfully.

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN LIFE AND SCENERY.

III.—MOUNTAIN WAYS.

'Lucy D—,' said Aunt Sarah Grundy, 'I really cannot conceive what you and Elsie find to entertain you in the desolate, out-of-the-way places where you are in the habit of wasting your summers. Why can you not be content with the ordinary highways, where people travel comfortably in good boats and rail cars? Why must you leave tolerably convenient hotels, regular meals, and agreeable, proper people, to bury yourself in some mountain fastness, where the inns are poor, the food plain, and the people—well! such as are totally unfit associates for two well-bred young women?'

'O auntie! auntie! we thought you called yourself a democrat!' said Elsie.

'Politically, my dear, but not socially,' was the reply.

'And a Christian!' added Lucy D—.

'I see,' continued Mrs. Grundy, 'that, by raising other issues, you hope to escape an explanation of the mystery to which I have referred.'

'A mystery indeed!' replied Lucy D—. 'The mystery of nature, of creation, of the communion of the creature with the infinitely bountiful Creator. Have you never wandered away from the beaten track, from tiresome dinners, with mercenary waiters and elaborate courses, from yawning, *blasé* men, and over-dressed, artificial, weakly women, and, resting upon some quiet hillside, suffered the glories of external nature to fill your soul as you drained the cup of beauty, until sunrises and sunsets, storm clouds and morning mists, broad bands of light and darksome shadows, steep mountains and curving valleys, hurrying brooks and tidal oceans, dusky pine forests and tremulous bluebells, dreamily floated

before the vision, soothing care and the petty wounds inflicted by the human denizens of this nether world? I love my kind, I share their faults and follies, I pity their sorrows, and would do my utmost to succor or to soothe; but I do not understand them as I do the woods: their faces I readily forget, but never the forms of mountain crag, of noble tree, or of first spring wild flower. Among men I may be misunderstood, disliked perhaps, or, more generally, simply ignored and overlooked; but among the hills I fear no harsh, no indifferent word: each treasure of beauty breathes to me of One who knows my every heart-beat, One whom I can love without fear of wound, or disenchantment. The mountain clefts have no unkind words, no fault-finding, no ridicule, no rash judgments for the sons of men. They offer clear springs, fresh fruits, and festal flowers, peace and rest and pure joy!'

'Really, Lucy,' said Aunt Sarah, 'I am not sure your rhapsody has made the mystery any plainer than before. May I not, in my turn, ask if your feelings are quite Christian? Are you not afraid you entertain a species of repulsion toward your fellow men?'

'Aunt Sarah, I nearly always feel more for them than they for me. Perhaps they hurt my vanity by overwhelming me with the sense of my own insignificance. Be that as it may, their everlasting wrangling among themselves is more than I can endure. When people begin to quarrel, even to disagree warmly, the blood rushes to my brain, and I long for a cool breeze from some piny height, a mossy seat by some calm lake, that mirrors only the blue of heaven, the measured flow of falling waters, the rustle of leaves, the hum of bees, or the song of birds.'

'You are not strong, and have grown nervous, I fear,' said Aunt Sarah. 'I can remember when you greatly enjoyed a good discussion, and never shrank from an encounter of opinions.'

'I was young then,' replied Lucy; 'I am older now, and have less confidence in my argumentative powers. I love truth as well, but doubt my capacity to lift her veil, the willingness of mortals to seek her humbly, or the certainty of their yielding to conviction, even were she bodily, in unclouded radiance, to stand before them. I hope I may always have courage sufficient to support my honest convictions, but I must confess the effort has become a painful one, and I instinctively fly all wrangling as I would the plague.'

'Do you then desire to lead an isolated life?' asked Mrs. Grundy.

'By no means,' replied Lucy. 'Duty and affection both bind me to active service in the ranks of the world, and, to return to the subject of a retired country sojourn, the freedom from *gêne*, the absence of hurry, the *confidentiality* of nature, lead us in a week to a better comprehension and appreciation of the few persons surrounding us than could be obtained in years of ordinary city acquaintance. Bricks and mortar and cut stones tend to the revelation of but few secrets, but the evening twilight, the crescent moon, the morning dawn, the forest shade, and the noonday repose are persuasive openers of hearts and weavers of sympathy. A walk with Elsie is far more to me than a solitary ramble. Then, too, the country population frequently exhibit an originality and individuality of development more often missed than found in the assimilating atmosphere of cities.'

'I should weary in a week of such a dull, sentimentalizing mode of existence,' said Aunt Sarah, with a significant shrug of her prettily drooping shoulders.

'Sentimentalizing!' cried Lucy; 'nothing can be more healthfully real, more conducive to strength and will to

work, when the last red leaf has fallen, and the gray November clouds remind one that Paradise is not yet gained, and that a world of toil and strife and passion has a claim upon each mortal's earnest labor. Also, the comic side of life is by no means wanting among the hills, and many an innocent laugh is to be enjoyed with, not at, one's fellow creatures. Humor I love dearly; satire is simply hateful—filled with pain. I can always see the victim (if he only knew!) writhing and blenching beneath the bitter glances and blasting words of fiendish tormentors.'

'Yes, indeed,' said Elsie, 'many a merry evening have we spent laughing over the day's adventures. The singular coincidences and strange incongruities of American life are nowhere more strikingly exhibited than among the hills and lakes bordering the great thoroughfares of travel. Do you remember, Lucy, the transit of our friends, the foreign professor and the artist, from the Catskill Mountain House to the head of the Kauterskill Falls?'

'Can I ever forget it?'

'What transit was that, Lucy?' asked Mrs. Grundy.

'You know, Aunt Sarah, that midway up the Clove, nestled against the side of the South Mountain, is Brockett's, and two miles up the ravine, at the head of the Kauterskill Falls, stands the Laurel House, where we passed a portion of last summer. Two miles farther east is the steep brink of the Pine Orchard, crowned by the White colonnade of the Mountain House. Early one morning, a much-esteemed friend, one of our best artists, left Brockett's, and, climbing the ravine, passed our house on his way to the North Mountain, whence a sketch was desired. We had had nearly four weeks of continued rain, the brooks were full, the falls magnificent, the roads in some parts under water, and every pathway a running stream. We were daily expecting the arrival from abroad of a gentleman whom I had

never seen, but who was well known to, and highly regarded by, sundry members of our family. He had written to announce his coming, but we had failed to receive his letter, and, consequently, when he, on the afternoon of the day already mentioned, arrived at the Mountain House, he found no one waiting to receive him, and no carriage to convey him to his final destination. No vehicle was to be obtained at the great caravansary, and he was vainly endeavoring to have at least a note despatched to our address, when the artist, who had meantime finished his sketch and descended the North Mountain on his way home, entered the office. He was weary from a toilsome walk under heavy trappings, but hearing a fellow mortal in distress, and partially learning the cause, his habitual kindness of heart induced him to say to the stranger that he was about to walk over to the Laurel House, and would lead the way, if he chose to follow. The professor, despairing of his ability to make any more comfortable arrangement, accepted the offer, and prepared to follow his guide.

Our foreign visitor was a tall, athletic man, with a noble forehead and piercing black eyes. His attire was irreproachably neat, his patent-leather boots rather thin for so rough a walk, especially as he was just then much out of health, and he carried a heavy basket of fruit, which he had kindly brought from a tropical clime to give pleasure to his friends. He added to a generous and affectionate disposition profound learning in languages, science, and philosophy, and was a devoted patriot and lover of liberty. He had, however, landed in New York during the terrible riots of last summer, and had hence imbibed no very exalted idea of the orderliness of our population. He was of course totally unaware of the frank confidence placed by man in his brother man among our Northern mountains.

When the outside door was reached,

the artist paused to gather together his pointed staff, sketching box, and other traps. These implements were evidently not familiar objects in the professor's experience, as he supposed they might be part of the gear of a peddler, and hence conceived a certain distrust of his guide. The artist was tall and handsome, with a vigorous frame, a long, waving beard, a slouched hat, and garments rather the worse for much exposure to the suns, winds, and rains of a summer spent in the open air. One who did not examine the clear eyes raying the essence of truth, and the high-cut features bearing the unmistakable impress of manly honor, might perhaps have erred with the stranger, and have supposed it possible that 'the man' (as the professor invariably called his guide when he related the adventure) might be a brigand intent upon luring travellers into byways for sinister purposes. This idea was strengthened by the character of the pathway chosen by the artist as the shortest route between the two hotels. It passed through a dense forest, and was ankle deep in water. Fallen trunks lay across its sinuous track, and no sound save a twittering bird or crackling branch broke the silence of the rugged, lonely way. The active guide strode on from stone to stone, returning short answers to his companion, whose doubts began to take the form of questions as to 'the man's' knowledge of the road, and the certainty of finding the Laurel House at the end of this will-o'-the-wisp journey. Weariness from a long day's walk and work, and the dawning perception of the stranger's suspicions, were not calculated to induce a very bland frame of mind or tone of manner, and the replies received confirmed the professor's determination to keep a watchful eye upon his leader. He fell behind a few paces, and prepared his only weapon, a strong penknife, in case the enemy should suddenly turn upon him, meantime consoling himself that, should matters culmi-

nate in a hand-to-hand fight, he was rather the stouter and heavier man of the two. The thin boots had soon been saturated with water, the basket of fruit grew heavier and heavier, and the way seemed interminable. The guide, now fully awake to the absurdity of the situation, and perhaps as much provoked as amused, strode rapidly on, and, at a fork in the pathway, momentarily struck into a wrong route. He was forced to retrace a few paces, and the stranger's dismay was now complete—the way was surely lost, and a night in the damp wood the least evil to be anticipated.

'A wide meadow was soon after reached, but no sign of human habitation greeted the longing eyes of the expectant traveller. Another band of woodland was entered, and a deserted charcoal hut for a moment cheered the heart and then dashed the hopes of our weary friend. The woodland crossed, an open field and a cheery farmhouse broke upon his view. Suffering the artist to hasten on, he eagerly bent his steps to the farmhouse door, and there inquired concerning the way to the Laurel House. He was in fact rather surprised to learn that he was on the direct route, and now not far away. Narrowly escaping the fangs of a cross dog, he hurried on, and overtook the now thoroughly amused artist before the latter reached the long-expected Laurel House. That goal won, the two gentlemen entered the office, and, as the rest of the family were out walking, the professor sent to me the note already prepared at the Mountain House. Not knowing that he had himself brought it, I went into the bar room, where the first person I saw was the artist. I gave him as usual a cordial greeting, noticing his travel-stained appearance as bearing honorable evidence to a good day's work, and said I had come to order a carriage for a foreign friend just arrived at the other hotel. The artist asked a question or two, then said he presumed he had

brought over the very gentleman, and, with a quizzical expression, offered to introduce me. The professor meantime had been watching the interview with some surprise. He recognized me from my resemblance to other members of my family known to him, and wondered to see 'the man' so high in my esteem. He afterward remarked that he had thought it strange that when he invited 'the man' to a joint punch at the bar counter, the stranger should have drawn forth a two shilling note, and insisted upon paying the whole scot. Night was rapidly approaching, and the artist hastened down the glen while the summer twilight might serve to illuminate the somewhat intricate way.

'Bursts of laughter greeted the comical recital of the adventure as good-naturedly given by the professor. The only drawback upon our mirth was the fear lest wet feet and over fatigue might perhaps have increased his malady.'

'You see now,' said Aunt Sarah, with an ominous shake of the head, 'if you will go to such forlorn, wild places, what may be expected to happen. Had I been in your friend's place, I should never have forgiven you for causing me such an uncomfortable, and, in one sense, dangerous walk.'

'Oh yes, you would,' cried Elsie; 'the remembrance would have added a zest to the monotony of your every-day life, you would never willingly have resigned.'

'I presume, then, Elsie, you also have had adventures?'

'Have I not?' replied Elsie; 'from the young Southerner who informed me he would like the mountains very much if the roads were not so terribly up and down, to the infuriated bull that took especial offence at my white umbrella, and came charging toward me, with flashing eyeballs, horns tearing up the sod, and hoofs threatening a leap over a low stone wall, the only barrier dividing us.'

'I suppose you call that pleasure,

too!' said Aunt Sarah. 'Well, I must confess I am more mystified than ever.'

'I presume, Aunt Sarah, you could as little appreciate the attractions to be found in a walk of over twenty miles in ten hours?'

'Very well for men, my dear Elsie, but I think such excursions scarcely fitting for ladies, especially for young and pretty ones. One of Lucy's wild-geese chases, I doubt not! However, I am quite ready to listen to your experience.'

'One morning, at nine o'clock, Lucy and I left the Laurel House, intending to visit the valley of the East Kill, a fine trout stream that rises near the North Mountain, and flows into the Schoharie. The first three miles being well-known ground, we preferred to drive, but left the little carriage on the stony road to East Jewett, soon after that road branches from the main Clove stage route. The day was magnificent, and the view from the fir-garlanded sides of the Parker Mountain novel and bewitching. The North and South Mountains, Round Top, the jagged peaks bounding the Plattekill Clove, the narrow cleft of the Stony Clove, and the terraced slope of Clum's Hill swept across the horizon bathed in a soft September shimmer. A few birds were still piping, golden rods and purple asters lighted up the wayside, and luscious blackberries, large as Lawtons, hung in great clusters, from which no mortal hand had as yet plucked a single berry. There they grew all for us and the birds, and you may be sure we enjoyed this feast so lavishly spread in the wilderness. The crown of the hill passed, we left the lovely view behind, and began the descent into the valley of the East Kill. The forest growth was here dense and of various species, and the road, although solitary, apparently well worn. An ominous rustling among the trees was the only sound we heard until we again reached the open country, where a market cart, driven by a woman, assured us of some

near habitation. A long, broken valley lies between the hills bordering the Schoharie, and the river range, and contains the settlements of East Jewett, Big Hollow, and Windham Centre. Near the first-named place (a scattered collection of farmhouses), we struck the East Kill, and began to follow it up toward its source. It is a clear, rapid stream, and we did not wonder the trout still loved to linger in its cool waters. On a rustic bridge we sat down and ate our simple lunch of gingerbread, crackers, plums, and almonds. The sun was in the meridian, and counselled return, but curiosity led us on to further explorations.

'The winding road crossed and recrossed the stream. It was bordered by lofty summits, and led through many a clearing and past many a farmhouse. At one of these we met a man hiving swarms of bees. He lived below, and told us we were eight miles from Cairo, a town near the eastern foot of the Catskills. The friendly mistress of the cottage informed us that the pass at the summit was only three miles distant, and we hence concluded to return home by descending the eastern slope of the mountains, crossing the lower portion of the intervening spur, and reascending by the Mountain House road. Mountain miles are proverbial for their length, and so we found them, as we wandered on until civilization and the last good piece of road was left behind at a large steam sawmill. Our way now skirted the near hills, and passed through an upland bog of apparently interminable width. Fortunately, the last few weeks had been comparatively dry, and hence it was possible to make one's way by springing from clump to clump of rank grass, or more frequently from hurdle to hurdle, as long stretches of half-decayed branches covered the partially hidden quagmire. The air had become close, the sun hot; a dense, low growth of wood shut in the devious way; desolation and neglect marked the

environs, and we were by no means sure we were on the right road. Even Lucy began to doubt the prudence and final success of the expedition. A very suspicious circumstance was the fact that this road, by which we expected to cross the mountain top, had lately made very little of an ascent.

At length a fresh, cool breeze began to fan our cheeks, such a breeze as is never felt except upon mountain heights, and steep piles of rock rose upon our left. The road had shortly before become hard and dry, and, as it now commenced to descend, we could not doubt the summit of the pass was reached. Fine trees, however, so closely hemmed us in that we could see nothing beyond, and not until we were some distance down, did we come to an opening whence the lower country was visible, with the Berkshire hills, the river, the city of Hudson directly opposite, and Kiskatom Round Top lying to our right. We exchanged glances, for we knew something of the distance signified by this situation of landmarks. However, there was nothing to be done except to press on, which we did, down a road at first enchanting, but finally detestable, where it had been neglected, and had become the rocky bed of a stream then dry. We could fancy it in the spring, at the melting of the snows, with the wild water dashing down the steep pathway, and the white foam gleaming and glittering, as a newly risen Undine, in the sight of the astonished, far-off beholders.

'Lovely vistas over the rolling lands beneath, and up to the mountains we were leaving behind, charmed away fatigue, and made the way like fairyland. Near the first cottage we again sat down to rest and consider our route. We hoped to find some near wood road leading over the wide base of the North Mountain into the Mountain House road; but never a wood road was to be seen. On and on we walked, descending lower and lower into the val-

ley, and coming nearer and nearer to Kiskatom Round Top. At a turn in the way we asked a party of carpenters working on a house, if this was the right route to the Mountain House tollgate. Some laughed, all stared, and one answered, 'Yea.' On and on we plodded along a dusty highway, till we reached a house by a brook, with ducks and geese, a garden filled with autumn flowers, and a pleasant old lady sitting near the door. She also opened her eyes at our question, and said the distance to the tollgate was eight miles. Eight miles to the gate, three thence up the steep mountain, and then again two to the Laurel House! This, added to the many miles we had already walked, and the lateness of the hour, was indeed alarming. She added, we might obtain fuller information at a red farmhouse to be found some distance on. Again we walked and walked, passing through a wild region, Kiskatom Round Top continually most provokingly near, the road evidently leading due east, and sinking lower and lower toward the river. At the end of two or three miles we reached the red farmhouse, and were glad to rest in a neat sitting room, with a cheerful woman and two bright, handsome children. The harvest work being nearly done, the husband was absent on a day's hunt, but the aged father was soon called in to give us the desired information. The distance to the tollgate was only two miles, and while the boy made ready the team to take us over, the honest, intelligent farmer gave us a few sketches from his life history. His daughter wished him to don his better coat, but he replied that he had never been able to think that clothes could make or unmake a gentleman. He also observed that early adversity had been the greatest boon he had ever received, as, had he never failed in his city trading projects, he never would have come to the country, or have enjoyed his present health and happiness. He was a good patriot, and

eagerly asked the latest news of the war. He had also pleasant reminiscences to relate of a Carolina Senator, who, with his family, had one summer beneath his roof sought health and strength under the shadow of the Catskills.

'A lively lad and fleet team soon placed us at the gate, which the stage from the boat was just passing. The little rest and drive had greatly invigorated us, and we bravely pushed on to the summit, outstripping the heavy coach, and reaching the top of the mountain just as the red rays of the setting sun were flushing the hills with crimson. The hour was too late to risk the dark path through the wood, and we continued upon the main highway, making but one deviation down a stony road, and over Spruce Creek, until we reached the Laurel House, where the

twilight was still lingering, and where we found our friends a little anxious.'

'I do not wonder,' said Aunt Sarah. 'Such vagaries are enough to keep a whole household in a chronic state of anxiety. And I really cannot see what you had gained!'

'I have only given you a simple statement of the facts,' replied Elsie; 'to know our feelings by the way, the delight we experienced, all we learned, including geography and topography, and the life and health we drank in at every step, you must take that very same walk.'

'More inscrutable mysteries!' returned Aunt Sarah.

'Yes,' said Lucy D——, 'inscrutable, and yet subtly vivifying as the breath of their Author, the Great Architect of this glorious universe.'

OUR GOVERNMENT AND THE BLACKS.

ALL thoughtful minds are profoundly conscious that the problems of war are not the last and most important to be solved in our national affairs. It is clear enough that this great convulsion must end; and end, too, in the total extinction of that stupendous system of iniquity in the interests of which it was projected. President Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation throughout rebellion, and the recent order to enlist the slaves throughout the Border States in military service to the Government, emancipating all thus enlisted, whether slaves of loyal or disloyal masters, with the certainty that there is to be no cessation to the grand achievements of our arms short of the completest success, all conspire to assure us that the dreadful *disorder* hitherto consuming our national vitals is to pass finally away in the convulsive *disease* of its last throes, so distressing to us all. It being thus

certain that this consecrated crime is to be dismantled, dishonored, and abandoned forever, the question is forced upon us: 'What is to be done with the negroes?' Some four millions of human beings, doomed to remorseless servitude, denied the static force of social law, forbidden by positive law the rights of education, through which alone are attained the culture and refinement of real manhood—these are the 'freedmen' just emerging from the most insignificant nonage to the sublime personality of citizenship in a Government of the people. Such being practically their attitude, what are the real demands and needs in the case?

Reputed statesmen, journalists, public speakers, and politicians are all ready enough to determine the matter. 'Let them alone,' say they. 'They are needed where they are; and the respective wants of capital and labor will regu-

late the intercourse between these simple and uncultured people and the powerful and shrewd men who henceforth are to buy their service.' Such, in our humble opinion, is not the wisdom of sound, healthy statesmanship. Let us see.

We cannot get a complete handling of this matter without first determining the purpose and character of government as a principle; and we cannot determine this without a clear understanding of the laws of the human mind in its historic evolution. We must understand, then, that government is legitimately only an institution in the service of universal man. It is subjective, ministerial, instrumental always; *aiming only at the interests of the governed*; else it contains an element hostile to the Divine order that peacefully directs all movement, and must therefore be disturbed with a commotion that will either restore or destroy it.

We may not hereupon assume that government must necessarily assume only one form; for, being thus subservient to human use, to manly culture, to complete social state, it must infallibly assume forms precisely proportioned to the human conditions to which applied; hence, we must understand the laws of the human mind, which display its *varied* conditions in the course of its evolution from infancy to manhood, before we can have a clear, scientific conception of the principles, operations, and organic forms of human government. Let us, then, inquire briefly as to these laws.

Hereupon we find the mental conditions of the Grand Man—the human race at large—precisely analogous to those of the small man—the individual person. And by exhibiting the mental conditions with principles of government properly related, which rule in one sphere, we infallibly present the corresponding conditions and forms in the other sphere.

The human mind, then, is a three-

fold form, each fold having its own distinct character, in consequence of which it is broadly and very definitely individualized. Childhood, youthhood, and manhood, constitute this triple form. The slightest consideration will readily confirm one as to the propriety of this analysis; for, one cannot fail to see that the distinct characteristics of each are broad and marked, and therefore necessarily discriminate to any completeness of thought upon this subject. Childhood is a form of total inexperience and unlimited dependence. Youthhood is a form of growth from the helplessness of the child to the strength and completeness of the man; involving the trials of experimental endeavor, attended with the numerous buffs and rebuffs so surely the witness of vital efforts toward fullness. Manhood is the form of fullness, completeness, maturity. It is the form of luscious juices ultimated in the perfectly rounded and glowing fruitage; juices that pressed the tender bud into the thousand charms of floral beauty, and thence moulded and urged the growing form to its crowning excellence.

Childhood, therefore, is a form in which activities are commanded from without; as the parent commands the child, knowing that the child's best interests—the ultimate realization of true, manly freedom—are only to be realized through such arbitrary tutelage. Youthhood is a form of rational freedom, wherein the subject's moral freedom is stimulated under various forms of appeal in behalf of right doing. Here the careful parent keeps the reins firmly in hand, but still slackens them to allow the plunging steed to determine his own career; overjoyed if he choose rightly and make his course with vigor and safety; sad and anxious if forced to draw rein and urge anew the proper direction. It is evident that the subject's activities here are partly self-determined or free, and partly coerced or outwardly imposed.

Manhood is a form that repudiates all methods of external appliances, scales the bounds of parental dictation, and finds only life's fulness in a freedom all aglow with the soul's adoration. It knows no law but that of attraction; feels no impulse but that of love. Its activities are perfectly free or spontaneous. The human mind thus falling under this triple order of development, inevitably projects governmental forms strictly proportioned or related thereto. And this is true regarding any of its organized forms, from the individual to the human race at large: hence the infantile condition of a people or a nation demands a perfectly absolute, arbitrary, or commanding form of government; while the youthful condition demands a mixed form; wherein the ruled are partly free or self-determined, and partly subject or directed by the reigning authority; and the manly condition demands a system of pure self-government, wherein the law is written on the heart.

It must be borne in mind that government is solely instrumental or ministerial to human use; being designed to mould and fashion unfolding human powers to higher and still higher social conditions, tending all to that perfect ultimate wherein life and law are both spontaneous and exactly balanced, and nothing detrimental to the dearest interests of manhood can by possibility exist.

Government, then, of whatever kind, must always be administered with strict regard for the interests of the governed; and it is the endeavor to subvert and overcome this legitimate principle of government, through the mistaken selfishness of ruling powers, which attempt to administer in behalf of their own lusts and in violation of universal ends, which has kept and is keeping up now the convulsions that shake and try civil institutions to their utmost.

The theory or declaratory form of our Government stands out, boldly and distinctly, as that of the highest order.

In theory it is the form proportionate to full manhood; planting and fostering institutions tending to promote the free play of all that is great and glorious in human character. It does not thus far practically realize its theory, because, without regard to this incongruous system of inhumanity, which, by its very nature, can find no harmony nor peace in connection, nations themselves wear the human form, and must, therefore, realize the various states of infancy, youthfulness, and manhood—of germ, growth, and fruitage. This is true of whatever national form. Nationalities founded upon the principles of absolutism, embody and express the same laws and conditions. Their principle of supreme external authority is first a condition of germination, then of growth or labored effort toward maturity, and lastly of fruitage, in which the whole form is matured in perfectly organic completeness, manifesting despotism in government, in order or scientific proportions.

Our nation, then, has not realized its highest conditions, because it is as yet only germinal, or the national child-man; or, at best, is but the vigorous blade, or national youth-man; while the corn, fully ripe in the ear—the national man-man—is reserved unto the glory of the approaching future, whose rays already dawn upon us and illustrate the clouds, that have hitherto hung over us and darkened our way, with the power and great glory of the coming of the Son of Man.

Let us now try to draw nearer to the mark at which we principally aimed in projecting this article. We said that the 'let-them-alone' system, concerning the nation's 'freedmen,' is not the system of sound statesmanship. Why not? Because they are a people in a state of infantile weakness and inexperience; whom, from the irrepressible laws and conditions of the human mind, we *must* govern and control, either wisely and beneficently or otherwise. To unloose the chains that have bound them, and

set them adrift to contend and compete under our methods of individualism or isolated interests, is to doom them to conditions hardly to be preferred to those from which they are about to escape. This is certainly true with respect to a large majority. Witness the state of our weakest white laborers, particularly in all our large cities, and some few years back. See them by thousands and tens of thousands imploring for employment, and only too happy if they may find it at the most repulsive and unwholesome labor, sufficient to stay their famished frames and adjourn for a time the pangs of hunger and frosts. Driven in despairing hordes to beggary, prostitution, and crimes of every kind, how fearfully threatening are the neglected duties and obligations that confront us in their behalf! What, then, shall we say to those who propose to swell the frightful tide by turning loose millions more, weaker and more incompetent, it may be, besides being subject to the evils of the reigning prejudices against color? No, no; it must not be done. The Government must become the visible providence of these weak children. It must organize and direct their efforts and interests. It must, at least, organize them into industrial legions, and carefully direct all their educational interests. This work, too, must assume paternal form. Government is rightfully the foster parent of all its tender, weak, or by any means incompetent children; and unless it acknowledge and fulfil its functions as such, it is not Divinely administered, and stands accountable before Supreme Wisdom for all remissness. To meet all the demands, an especial commission must be established, and organized with a completeness that will meet all the educational and industrial needs of these dependent children. This commission must have a wise head and *tender heart*. It must be fully alive to the great issues involved, and must be healthy and vigorous in its extremities, where will come the immediate points

of contact with the great power it is to operate—the organized freedmen. The expense of this commission must not be a tax upon the Government, nor must Government derive any profit therefrom. Such an organized directory, with extremities all complete, may be amply paid from the freedmen's labors; at the same time, those labors being doubly remunerative to themselves, in consequence of the wise adjustment of the organized machinery of such a commission. For the weak and uneducated to be in complete subjection to the stronger and more cultivated is in strict accordance with the divinest order; only this relation must be that of dependence and providence, without a taint of selfishness. It must be humanitarian or beneficent in its aims, and not inhuman and malevolent, as is always the case when the weak are subjected to distinguish, aggrandize, and enrich those who subject them. That the freedmen may be organized and directed upon such humane and economical principles and according to the strictest method and order—an order amounting to definite science—will be practically demonstrated when the Government, in the full consciousness of its mission, calls to its aid competent men for this commission, and moves vigorously in the work. The principles of government which we have briefly suggested as the basis of movement in this matter, based upon the laws and consequently applying to the needs of the human mind, enable us infallibly to estimate the whole relations of Government and people. Our Government being in its theory the highest form—the form proportioned to manhood, or the human mind so matured as to have the intelligence to perceive and the virtue to execute the right—proceeds, of course, upon the declaration that '*all men are created free and equal*;' but in the only practical sense of free or self-government, which, in its very nature, can only rest upon the virtue and intelligence of its subjects, men

cannot be regarded as 'created' until they are made whole or complete in the crowning intelligence and virtue of the loftiest human attributes. But as government, of whatever kind, follows the laws of the human mind, is first a germ, then a growth, and then a fruitage—shoot, blade, and ear—our Government can only realize this greatness and perfection (unlimited intelligence and virtue) in its matured or organic state; when the declared principles of its form shall have become livingly combined or organized in institutions of unlimited excellence and power—institutions that will perpetually embody and express the exalted human force that inspired them. That our Government has thus far failed to exhibit such completeness, only argues that it has heretofore been in a formative condition—a condition of laborious trial, tuition, and growth, fitting it to realize ultimately its fullness, wherein it will stand related to previous conditions as the grand, symmetric beauty of the ear of grain stands related to its various formative states.

If now our Government is, as we fondly hope, approaching its third degree, its matured condition, with a race of dependent children emerging from the lowest condition, that of chattel slavery, it is plain enough what the relation of these people and the Government should be. They are simply minors, subjects of the Government, but not a part of the Government. The right of suffrage is not to be extended to them, because, from the nature and spirit of the Government, they are necessarily excluded from the *highest* prerogatives of citizenship. Their education and whole training are to proceed with a view to their becoming ultimately a function in the government.

If the principles thus stated amount to a *science* of government—and we unhesitatingly aver that they do—then it is clear enough that self-government—the highest form—does by no means necessitate, under all conditions, *uni-*

versal suffrage. In truth, its orderly development strictly forbids it. A government, founded and only healthily operated on virtue and intelligence, must apply itself studiously to develop these conditions in its subjects; thus, and only thus, may these subjects become a part of the governmental power in its full, harmonious development. Self-government must recognize the principle of universal suffrage, because it proceeds upon, and, in its ripest form, must come to that; but, as it is an operation or analytic before it is an ordered form or synthetic in its character, it will, while forming or growing, both restrict the rights of suffrage, and permit its subjects to a part in government when they are not fully qualified therefor. Our freedmen, then, are neither to be subjected contrary to the demands of their own highest good, nor are they to become an element in government in detriment to the public good. Hence they must not be controlled in *any form* of servitude to interested and selfish superiors, nor must they, by partaking of the elective franchise, become, at present, active participants in the government.

Our current national history must be regarded as singularly marked by beneficent Providential design. At the same time that a people hitherto despised and oppressed are emancipated from a dreadful thralldom, the conditions attending such emancipation are forcing upon the nation a system of industrial organization which we trust will not only prove effective in all that pertains to their future welfare, but will, at the same time, become the example of an organization that shall emancipate and enthrone labor everywhere and in all conditions. Seeing thus the light of day streaming in with unmarred radiance, dispelling every trace of darkness and gloom, we cannot but thank God for His wise dispensations, and with renewed hope and energy press onward toward the glowing east to greet the rising sun.

O U T O F P R I S O N .

FROM crowds that scorn the mounting wings,
The happy heights of souls serene,
I wander where the blackbird sings,
And over bubbling, shadowy springs,
The beech-leaves cluster, young and green.

I know the forest's changeful tongue
That talketh all the day with me :
I trill in every bobolink's song,
And every brooklet bears along
My greeting to the chainless sea !

The loud wind laughs, the low wind broods ;
There is no sorrow in the strain !
Of all the voices of the woods,
That haunt these houseless solitudes,
Not one has any tone of pain.

In merry round my days run free,
With slender thought for worldly things :
A little toil sufficeth me ;
I live the life of bird and bee,
Nor fret for what the morrow brings.

Nor care, nor age, nor grief have I,
Only a measureless content !
So time may creep, or time may fly ;
I reckon not how the years go by,
With Nature's youth forever blent.

They beckon me by day, by night,
The bodiless elves that round me play !
I soar and sail from height to height ;
No mortal, but a thing of light
As free from earthly clog as they.

But when my feet, unwilling, tread
The crowded walks of busy men,
Their walls that close above my head
Beat down my buoyant wings outspread,
And I am but a man again.

My pulses spurn the narrow bound !
The cold, hard glances give me pain !
I long for wild, unmeasured ground,
Free winds that wake the leaves to sound,
Low rustles of the summer rain !

My senses loathe their living death—
The coffined garb the city wears !
I draw through sighs my heavy breath,
And pine till lengths of wood and heath
Blow over me their endless airs !

LIES, AND HOW TO KILL THEM.

'I said, in my haste, all men are liars.'—KING DAVID.

'Ye said it in your *haste*, did ye, David? Hech, mon, were ye leevin now, ye might say it at your *leisure*.'—DOMINIE McPHEIL.

THE Dominie was right. It's a lying world. It does not improve with age either. The habit has become chronic, and the worst of all is, that the world has told some lies so often, that it actually now believes them itself. The wretched family propagates, too, at a terrible rate. Lies breed, like other vermin, rapidly, and they are not at all modest about intruding in any company.

I meet them in the gossiping circle, and I meet them in the courts of justice. I find lies in politics and lies in religion, lies in the pulpit, 'nail't wi' Scripture,' lies in the counting room railed with false entries, religious lies, told by Deacon Longface, for the advancement of what the Deacon calls 'the gospel,' and irreligious lies told by Bill Snooks, and clenched with an oath, lies in good books, and lies in bad ones, lies written, and printed in the newspapers, and lies whispered in the ear, and any number of lies sent by telegraph! And then, there's the walking lies, going about on two legs, saying what they do not believe, professing what they do not feel, the most scandalous sort of lies extant.

I meet them often, too, in 'the best society.' They are very impudent, you know. I suppose they force their presence on people. At all events, I know I find them in respectable company, and they seem quite at home there.

My friend Jones has just built what the newspapers call 'an elegant mansion.' I was invited to the house-warming. Mrs. Jones's set is very exclusive, and I was greatly complimented, of course. I went. Jones has taste. I noticed the plaster walls. Jones had them colored to marble. The wainscoting of the library was pine, but the pine lied itself into a passable walnut. The folding doors of the parlor were pine, too, when I came near. They pretended to be solid oak while I stood at the other end of the room. Jones had succumbed to the demands of his time, and had made his dwelling among lies. His 'elegant mansion' was a big, staring lie from top to bottom. From the plated door-knob to the grained railing round the garret stairs, he had 'made lies his refuge.' I was bewildered that evening. It was impossible to say what was real. Miss Seraphina Jones had a lovely color. Was it *done* like the folding doors? Mrs. Smythe had the whitest of teeth * when she smiled. Were they only a pretence at teeth? Mrs. Robinson had beautiful masses of that chestnut hair around her handsome neck. The bewildering 'mansion' of my friend made me half doubt even that splendid hair. Tom Harris's magnificent whiskers, I *know*, were not colored by fancy to that depth of darkness. At last I actually began to doubt the sincerity of every-

*Would the writer have Mrs. S. mumbling with
wordless jaws, - with ragged and ugly gums
labbering like an old witch?*

body present. Their warm expressions of delight with Jones's new house, their pleasure in each other's society, their earnest inquiries after each other's welfare, all began to affect me with a sense of unreality, owing to that masquerading 'mansion.' I began to think, in such a house, there might be more shams than the marbled plaster or the grained pine.

Jones's church is not better. I occupied a seat in his 'eligible pew' last Sunday. The lath and plaster walls pretended to be Caen stone. The cheap deal was all 'make-believe' oak. The brick pillars were 'blocked off,' and unblushingly claimed to be granite. As I entered, I observed that the pulpit stood under the arch of a recess, roofed with carved stone, with clustered columns rising on the sides and spreading into graceful arches overhead. As I walked up the broad aisle, the recess shifted strangely, and the clustered columns of 'carven stone' ran in and out, at hide and seek. At last the truth flashed on me. The chancel was only painted on the flat rear wall of the building! I don't know what the sermon was about. It doesn't matter. How *could* a man preach truth, framed in such a staring lie? I have no doubt he tried to, for, I believe, he is an excellent man; but what a place to put him, Sunday after Sunday, with that painted cheat behind him, mocking all he says!

But lies are venerable as well as respectable. There are old, gray lies that men half worship. The more toothless and drivelling, often the more venerable. They have imposed their solemn emptiness on men for generations. They have awed the souls of the fathers. They make the children tremble. Men chant their praises, call them great names, and tell each other the old scarecrows are better than any truths—they are so ancient, so venerable, you see; and all the old women, male and female, believe them.

Then, there are powerful lies. Think

on the wars men have fought for lies, on the millions of followers lies have had—how from their lofty seats they govern empires, convulse continents, and drive patient nations mad. Think on the money they have made, the mouths they have filled, the backs they have warmed, the houses they have built, the reputations they have created, the systems they have propped, the books they have sent out, the presses they have kept busy. Think of the Donation of Constantine, the Forged Decretals, the South Sea Scheme, the Mississippi Bubble, of Wild Cat Banks, and Joyce Heth! He is certainly a bold man who will rashly measure his strength with this mighty family.

As the world goes, the Father of Lies crowns himself and claims the sovereignty. 'All these things will I give thee'—riches, honor, power. It is the old Temptation of the Desert forever repeated. He lies when he makes the offer. They were never his to give. But it's a lying world. There are millions of us cheated. They take the old scoundrel at his word.

You and I, reader, do not, let us hope. We agree in believing that, under any circumstances, lies are not good; that, at all times, they are unsafe, unwholesome, and in every way bad, very bad; that, on the whole, it is not safe to trust them, or go with them. That is a good creed. It appears to me the only creed, on this subject, that will stand.

For this is, after all, a very solemn sort of life. It has a very serious ending. A great universe whirls away with its ebon-faced mysteries piled from central caves to highest heavens—a universe, with all its mysteries, of hardest reality and baldest truth. A man, looking up to the cold, clear, unswerving stars, out yonder in the wintry night, or down at the grave that lies, somewhere, for the digging across his path, must feel that a lie for him, knowing his place, knowing himself, that a lie for him is accursed.

We want the truth always—clear-eyed, sharp-cut, marble-faced truth. We want to know the facts and realities of our position, just as they are. The mariner sails away into the lonely sea. The mystery of the unfathomed deep sways miles down beneath his passing keel. The mystery of the overarching heavens swims far above with mazy constellation and revolving sphere. Between the mystery of the sky and the mystery of the sea he steers right on, in calm and tempest confident, in night and noonday secure. For he there, on the trackless wastes that girdle in the great wide world, alone with the silence of Nature and God, *knows* the facts of his position, the realities of his place. The charts lie spread before him. Island, continent, lone sea-rock, hidden shoal, they are all mapped to his eye. The faithful needle points due north. The true sun rises where he always has. The faithful, changeless stars look down at midnight. The truth saves him, rocked in the arms of the wild sea. The reality holds him secure. Ask him, looking out, in the night watch, over the black sea and up to the inky deeps, and down to the dim-lighted compass before him, ask him his opinion of a *lie*! What his honest notion may be about a false light on yonder headland, a false latitude on his chart for this island or that shoal, a mistaken measurement of depth across this bay or through yonder straits! Ask him the nature and effects of a *lie* in the chart he sails by!

And we are all sailors. We want true charts. The false chart is our ruin. The false beacon on the headland is kindled by the fiends. It leads to death—a wreck-strewn sea, dashing white up the black cliffs, and bubbling cries, rising above the tempest's roar and the surges' boom, as, one by one, the swimmers sink to darkness through the foam!

Nay, for us, sailors over life's seas, sailors into eternity's dimness, the lie

wears its Father's likeness. And the liar, the man who makes a lie, or helps a lie to success, a lie of word or deed, a lying boast merely, or a bad, vile, lying system, is my enemy, your enemy, humanity's enemy. He has deserted God's army, has denied his human brotherhood so far, has gone over, soul and body, to Satan. He is God's enemy and man's thenceforward.

That, I say, is, I trust, our creed about lies and liars too. We know where the lie comes from. We know whither it tends. We have made up our minds that it, and all its belongings, were best swept clean away and pitched into the Big Fire. Blessed be the man, we say, who successfully kills lies! He is a man to be honored and loved, no matter how rough he is in the process. It is never very smooth business. It is not a thing that can be well done in gloves. Let us not quarrel with how the champion does it. The main end is to get the lies well choked somehow.

But the one great difficulty in the way of such a man is, that so many people believe in lies. My eager young friend, Philasthes, supposes that, if he can only expose this falsehood, show up this sham, or sound the emptiness of this piece of cant or pretence, he will do the state some service, that men will thank him and call him benefactor. He does the work, and lo! to his amazement, many excellent men count him their deadly enemy.

These good souls see what he sees, that lies, and shams, and cheats in business, in science, in politics, in religion, in social life, are often very successful and very powerful, and they come to *their* conclusion, which is not his by a great deal. He thinks the lie ought to be hated, with a hatred the more intense because of its success. They conclude that lies, in this world at least, are necessary. They have seen, with their own eyes, how powerful, venerable, or respectable lies are, and they act on their knowledge. They

take the lie into sleeping partnership—Quirk and Co.

There are men who do not believe plain truth can walk alone in this world. She needs a pair of lies for crutches! Men will actually write and print lies for the truth's sake. Men have piously written down and copyrighted lies (I have their books on my shelves) for the sake of religion! They have so little faith in God, they think they must wheedle Satan over on His side, or the truth and the right will fail. It is very easy to believe in God for the other world, but very hard to believe in Him for this. He will be omnipotent lord and master there, but here, now, in this bewildering world, in this confused and wretched time, where wrong seems so prosperous and lies so strong, is He omnipotent here? Hereaway, is not the Devil mightier? Can we get along without a little of his help?

Now lies can never end till this ends. While men think them necessary to truth, in business, in politics, in social order, even in religion, they will stand. People must be got to see that they are evil, that under no circumstances can they be anything else, that there can be no alliance between truth and falsehood, that the false thing must, in the end, be the corrupting thing, Satanic and vile utterly. They must know that, just so far as anything is incorporate with a lie, so far is it foul to the nostrils of all angels, and ought to be to the nostrils of all men.

Weave a lie into your social polity. It may prosper for a while, but soon or late your social polity runs mad. Take a lie into your business, as sleeping partner, try to live and prosper in that connection, and, some time, you and your business will go to the dogs together. Adopt a lie in your religion, make up your mind, piously as you think, to believe what you do not believe and cannot believe, attempt to sanctify falsehood and lie yourself into a faith, and your sham creed and your

lying religion will do you no good in this world or in the other.

Because a lie is a respectable lie, believed and patronized by respectable people, shall you respect it? Because some venerable sham has imposed its emptiness on a score of generations, shall we go on reverencing it, and pass the scarecrow and its trumpery trappings on for the reverence of our children? Shall we, for any cause, that is, turn liars ourselves, and use the tongues God gave us to speak honest truth and simple meaning with, to deceive, in small matter or great, one human brother of ours, and make him think Satan's black lie as good as the Lord's white truth?

It may be strong preaching, but how can one help it? Never yet did a true-hearted, clear-headed reformer set to work to clear away some old cankered sore of falsehood from a people's life that he did not meet with opposition. And never yet did that opposition come from those who loved the lie for the lie's sake or the bad for the bad's sake. It came from those who love Truth, but who could not trust her, who loved Good, but had no faith in its success, who wanted to see the right side triumph, but had no confidence in the right—who really believed, that is to say, that Satan was almighty and the Lord's cause could not prosper, in this world at least, without his help! The opposition came from those who would deal gently with respectable lies, not because they are lies, but because they are respectable; who trembled before powerful lies, not because they were lies, but because they were powerful; who, seeing shams and cheats so prosperous, so venerable, so strong, got the notion into their poor cowardly hearts that they are strongest, and wanted the reformer to come humbly, cap in hand, and ask them to let a little truth live, a little modest, humble, unaggressive truth—it will be very orderly, very quiet, very deferential, if they, the powerful, the venerable, the respectable lies

will let it stay here, in some corner, out of charity!

These are the men who, in all ages, have built barriers against heaven, the cowards, the faithless, the unbelieving. They dare not trust truth because it is truth, and good because it is good, leaving consequences with Him whose special business it is to take care of consequences. No, it is not love for the lie, but want of faith in the truth, that blocks the chariot wheels of the golden year.

For men do not love the lie after all. There's comfort in that. They do not like being cheated. They never get quite used to it, as, they say, eels do to skinning. They sometimes turn on the man, or the system, that tries it on them, in a very terrible and savage manner, with fury as of a mad lion, and take swift, fearful vengeance. The big, dumb heart of humanity, in the long run, can be trusted. It is often imposed upon, its blind trust shamefully abused. Scoundrels exist and prosper on its patience and credulity. But only for a time. There is a reckoning for all such deceptions, if need be, in blood and fire. The dull heart throbs, the dull eyes open, the great brain stirs in its sleep, and humanity, true to its origin, rises to crush the lie with its million arms of power. And earth-born Briareus, when his thousand hands turn to right his wrongs, is not delicate in their handling. The echoes of a French Revolution will ring for some generations yet.

The man who turns to combat error needs the assurance of the true instincts of his race, for he enters on a task that must seem hopeless often.

'Truth crushed to earth will rise again;'

so Mr. Bryant tells him, and he is much obliged to Mr. Bryant. But will not error do just the same? He killed a lie yesterday, and buried it decently. He finds it alive again and prosperous to-day. Cut a man's head off, and he dies. There's no help for it, unless he

is a St. Denis, and then he can only take a walk with his head in his hand. But, if he is not a St. Denis, he dies. That is the law. Cut the head off a lie, it does not die at all. It rather seems to enjoy the operation. You will meet it, like fifty St. Denises, on every morning walk, during your lifetime. They have a marvellous vitality. I meet lies every day that, to my certain knowledge, were put to death a hundred years ago, by master hands at the business, too. They ought, in decency at least, to look like pale ghosts 'revisiting the glimpses of the moon,' but they don't. They are smug, comfortable, and somewhat portly, as from good, solid living.

Now this is discouraging somewhat. But there is no good in shutting one's eyes to the fact. That is what I am going against. It is best to know that lies die hard. They will bear at least as many killings as a cat, and that's *nine*. Still, much depends upon the manner of the operation. How is it best performed? Knowledge is needed in all pursuits. There is a science undoubtedly in killing lies. If you wish to go into the business, and I trust most honest men do, you need to study it somewhat. Otherwise you will waste much effort, and get few results. It is not easy to kill one wolf with a stick, but, call science to your aid, and an ounce of strychnine, well administered, will do the business for a pack. Instead of going into a rough-and-tumble fight with some coarse, rude, vile lie, and mauling it to death by sheer force of muscle, it is better to use science and put it to death neatly, cleanly, and delicately, with unsoiled hands. Let us see if we can find the science of killing lies.

'The greater the lie the greater the truth.' Take that with you. A lie must, somewhere, have a truth to prop it. In the heart of every big successful lie you will find some reality. Of course you cannot build a house on *nothing*. A pyramid cannot be con-

structed in the air. Now a lie is *nothing*, the very definition of nothing. It is what *is not*. So, of course, no pure and simple lie exists. It always builds itself on some truth. It always roots itself into some fact. And there is the secret of its vitality. You batter the lie with your logic, but the blows rebound from the iron truth beneath. You assail it with the flashing darts of your rhetoric, the points fly harmless from the marble reality below. There is truth there somewhere. That is why your rhetoric and your logic fail. That, too, is why one so often sees that most bewildering and despairing sight, men clinging to a lie, honoring it, trusting it, defending it, in all sincerity, against all assailants. It is not the lie they defend, but the truth in the lie. What a relief it was when I first made that discovery! I was ready to think meanly of my kind, to distrust humanity's instincts for truth. The lookout was on despair. But, when I understood the nature of the lie, I learned to think better of my brethren, I learned to have more hope in their Maker. No, there is no building on nothing. Every lie has a substratum of truth. In fact, look closer, and is not a lie only a distorted truth?—a truth torn from its connections, its features twisted out of all symmetry, its outlines battered out of all shape?

A man tells a true story to-day, in the hearing of one who has this distorting power, an essentially untrue soul. He hears the same story to-morrow, the very same, but so deformed, so mangled, so patched, that it is, now, every inch a lie—the truth gone crazy. That is, a truth half told is a lie, a truth added to is a lie, a truth distorted is a lie, a truth with its due proportions changed is a lie. And a lie may always be defined as a lame, deformed, or crazy truth.

And it is the truth in the lie that gives it its power, that makes honest men so often accept, love, and help it. Their conscious design is to work for

the truth's sake. It is the truth in the lie that makes so many logic shafts, so many rhetoric arrows glance off, as from the hide of a rhinoceros.

And the bigger the lie the bigger also the truth. That is another bit of science. If Mrs. Tattle tells Mrs. Tittle a lie about Mrs. Jenkins, she knows very well Mrs. Tittle will not believe her unless her lie has some spice of fact to go on, unless it has *vraisemblance*, truth-likeness, an appearance of foundation at least. Mean little lies, like those she sets going, do not need much salt of truth to keep them from spoiling; still they require their due modicum, and they usually have it. As for instance, she says, with a long face, to Mrs. Tittle: 'Mrs. Jenkins, the widow Jenkins, you know, it's *awful*. She went over to Pinkins's last evening; I saw her go, and I do believe she stayed till twelve, and Mrs. Pinkins is away, you know. Isn't it terrible?' and she raises her eyes in pious horror at the depravity of the world, and of handsome young widows in particular. That is the *lie*. Now here is the *truth*. Mrs. Jenkins *did* go across the way to Pinkins's, because one of his little ones was suddenly taken with some baby ailment, and the poor fellow, in his wife's absence, was scared out of his few wits in consequence. He sent for the kind-hearted widow, and begged her help for Johnny. She came, nursed the young scamp like a mother, and returned at nine, with her conscience glowing under the performance of a kindly and neighborly act.

Now, without this much of truth, the amiable Mrs. Tattle would never have manufactured this particular lie. All liars understand the principle. They scarcely ever, until they become blind and stupid liars, invent a falsehood out of mere fancy. They pay tribute to humanity's instinct for truth so far as to tell as much of it as possible without ceasing to lie. They get in as great an amount of truth as convenient, to save their lie from swift, sure death.

But a rousing big lie!—not one of these small neighborhood affairs, that buzz about like wasps in every community—but a grand and magnificent lie, imposed on a nation, imposed maybe on half a world, must have a corresponding truth to make it prosper. It takes less salt to cure the small pig, more to cure the large hog. So, the greater the weight of dead lie, the greater the amount required of preserving truth.

Mohammed imposed a lie on half a continent. That lie has lived and, in some sort, prospered to this day. All sorts of babblement have been written and spoken about that wonderful fact. The truth is, Mohammed's great lie was founded on, and propagated with, an equally great truth, a truth amply sufficient to carry it. In the midst of abominable idolatry, of stupid polytheism, Mohammed proclaimed: 'There is no God but God!' His wild and foolish fictions were based on that grand, unalterable truth. That truth is big enough to bear up more lies than even he ventured to cover it with. The human heart leaped up to grasp the great fact that props the Universe—'God is!'—and, in its love for that, accepted also the falsehoods woven into its proclamation.

In all the universe the evil roots itself into the good. Evil never has an independent life. Like an idol, 'it is nothing in the world.' An evil nature is a good nature, only turned from its aim. Death exists only because there is life. Disease feeds on rosy health. Devils are, by nature, angels. The foulest fiend is only the loftiest seraph spoiled. The evil is always a parasite. All things were made 'very good.' An evil thing is only one of those good things corrupted. The lie, therefore, grows out of the truth. The clearest heaven's truth, half told, distorted, patched upon, is the vilest lie thenceforth.

Now, when one wants to kill lies successfully, he must remember all this.

He may turn, as many have done, to the work of proving Mohammedanism a cheat. He sees it is. He wants to get others to see it. He brings his logic artillery and the rifle brigades of his flashing rhetoric to the battle. But, let him not be surprised if his heavy shot is powdered, and his Minié bullets glance harmless, as from a Monitor's turret, for beneath lies the iron truth that 'God is God,' and that saves the lie that 'Mohammed is His prophet.' He is not to rush, like a madman, at the lie, and try to maul it to death by sheer force of arm and hand. There is a hard truth beneath it, and he will only lame his knuckles. Let him go at the thing scientifically. They say of slander, which is one kind of lie, that, if left alone, it will sting itself to death. It is so somewhat with all falsehood. One should pay less attention to the lie and more to the truth. And the best way to destroy the false is to teach simply the true, and leave the false no room to stand on.

It is possible to destroy one lie by another. They are cannibals, and eat each other. Voltaire tried to conquer the lie of a corrupt church by establishing the greater lie of the denial of any church. That is a very unfortunate process, and yet it is common enough. The best way is to set out the truth, plain, and simple, and whole, and so kill lies in flocks. Positive teaching will be found the most effective teaching. The man who takes up the business of combating error, may originate quite as many errors as he destroys. There are a hundred prominent examples. Negative teaching is barren business at best. Better show what is the truth than worry oneself to show what is *not* it.

For, as I have shown, all lies have some truth in them. That is why they kick, and struggle, and die so hard. Now, take the truth, tear away the lies patched about it, tell it all, and you have quenched that particular lie that worried you, do you not see? and every

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A weak and flimsy argument, establishing a dangerous precedent. For the same may be said of Christianity.

lie that roots itself in that given truth, or lives on its distortion. Declare your one truth convincingly, clearly, warmly as if you loved it, and the work is done. All that does not agree with that is, of course, false, without further breath wasted.

I might spend one day in proving that two and three are not four, another in proving that nine and six are not four, and so on *ad infinitum*. How much more sensible to prove that two and two *are* four, and so end the thing! How much simpler to show what is the truth than, laboriously, to expose the claims of a thousand pretenders that are *not* it! Here are five hundred John Smiths. They each pretend to be *our* John, the man we know and esteem so highly. I could set to work with infinite labor, and, by having commissions appointed all over the world to take evidence, and by employing a hundred or so of my friends the lawyers, I might, after a lifetime of investigation, prove the negative, that four hundred and ninety-nine of them are not John. But how much easier to walk out the real John at once, prove the positive, and let the rest pack! By proving that one truth, you see, I kill four hundred and ninety-nine lies—a good day's work that.

There is altogether too much of this negative style in all our defences of truth, too much attempt to destroy what is wrong, and too little to build what is right. And, after all, the business of the destructive, though many times very necessary and very useful, is not the highest style of work. You are never sure of your ground till, on the ruins of the towers of injustice and wrong, you erect the fortresses of justice and right.

The wise way is to let truth fight her own battles. She will render a good account of all her foes. Our humble duty is to stand by her, merely as seconds in the strife, to help her to her feet should she fall, to burnish her armor if the rust come to dim its bright-

ness or spoil the keenness of her weapon's edge, knowing that she, as with the sword of the cherubim, will scatter, at the last, the evil legions and their dark array, as the whirlwind scatters the chaff.

I have written of a war that, as far as this world is concerned, is endless. As long as the world exists lies will exist. Truths will always be half told, half learned, half understood. The man who girds himself to do battle with falsehood and wrong should understand that 'there is no discharge in this war.' It will last his life out. He must accept the inevitable condition of his place, and must be content to do his best, hopefully and bravely, in this world-work, though he surely know that it shall be said of him, as of those faithful ones who saw only in vision the coming Christ: 'These all died in hope, not having obtained the promise.' I have attempted here some hints for the truth-lover. I warn him, on the start, that his work is endless, his discouragements many and great. Often and often it will seem that the evil is omnipotent, the false all-conquering. Again and again his heart must sink in half despair before the world's triumphant wrongs, before its overwhelming lies. In many a dark time the heavens will seem brass and the earth iron, and the evil victorious over all. He must be prepared for this. There is no good in cheating men with false hopes. In a world that crowns its saviors with thorns, such things are, and it is just as well to know it.

But there are encouragements too. The conviction is perennial among men, that, on the whole, the false must go down. That is one strong encouragement. This is another, that, after all, men are truth-lovers. The true instincts of the race will give themselves voice some time, and when they speak they shake the world. On the whole, they are for the right thing and the true thing. All history, I believe, will bear them that testimony.

I do not believe it.

But the great encouragement is, that the Lord is King, that a true God owns creation, that He is on the side of truth, and armed against every lie. I think, between ourselves, that is encourage-

ment enough. The side that Jehovah is on is a pretty strong side, no matter who is on the other. In the long run it will be the safe side, and the successful side.

WAS HE SUCCESSFUL?

PART THE LAST.

'Do but grasp into the thick of human life! Every one *lives* it—to not many is it *known*; and seize it where you will, it is interesting.'—GORTON.

'SUCCESSFUL.—Terminating in accomplishing what is wished or intended.'—WEBSTER'S Dictionary.

CHAPTER X.

THE reader must imagine a lapse of five years.

Hiram Meeker sits by an open window of his front parlor. It is the first week in June; and, although early in the afternoon, the avenue is beginning to be thronged with the fashionable world.

Hiram sits, idly regarding the passers by. If you observe particularly, you will perceive that the chair in which he is sitting is of a peculiar construction. It is made so as to be wheeled from one point to another, without disturbing the occupant.

If you regard his countenance with a little more scrutiny, you will find it greatly changed. There is no longer that firm texture of the skin which indicates the vigor of health, and which shows that the muscles are under full control. One side of the face is a very little out of shape; not enough, however, to affect the appearance of the mouth, and probably not to interfere with articulation.

* * * * *

Reader, the 'evil days' have come to Hiram. They have come, but, as one might say, gently, without aggravating circumstances or attending misfortunes.

Still, the evil days *have* come. The 'years,' too, draw nigh when he shall have no pleasure in them.

It is a twelvemonth now since the fatal, long-dreaded *paralysis* came. The stroke was a mild one, but there it was. All that care, and forethought, and the best medical advice could accomplish, had been put in requisition, and not without effect; but the millionaire could not neglect his vast interests, nor fail to mature plans which his fertile brain originated.

The machine gave occasional token of the wear and tear to which it was subjected. Then Hiram would intermit his labor; would ride farther and sharper of a morning; would subject himself to an extra amount of friction. Presently the brain would work bravely on again, as of yore, just the same—exactly the same. Hiram could perceive no difference—none. Then would come another premonitory symptom, which would be followed by other extra rides and various new courses of treatment, till all worked well again. During these periods, Doctor Frank, under whose charge Hiram had at length placed himself, would urge on his brother the necessity of some relief from his self-imposed labors. But,

as I have intimated, the advice was heeded only while danger was apparent.

When the fearful visitor *did* appear, Hiram bitterly regretted tasking his brain so severely. He was now quite willing to obey every injunction and follow every suggestion of his physician.

To this is owing his present comfortable state and tolerable degree of health. But privately let me tell you that he is failing—not fast, but gradually, surely failing.

* * * * *

Let us return to the window.

Mrs. Meeker's carriage is at the door. In a few moments Arabella herself comes out and enters it, and drives away. Positively she does not appear in the least changed since we last saw her. In fact, her health was never so good as at present.

'She will outlive me,' mutters Hiram—she will outlive me, though she is more than two years older than I am. Let me see, from April to November is seven months. Yes, it is nearer three years than two. She will outlive me, though.

'I say, Williams!'

'Yes, sir.'

'Williams, have you heard how Mr. Hill is to-day? I am told he is not expected to live.'

'No more he wasn't sir; but I met his man this morning, at market, and he says as how Mr. Hill is very much better, sir, very much better.'

'Humph!'

'Williams, who was that young man I saw come to the door this morning?'

'I really couldn't say, sir—I didn't know of any, sir—oh, now I recollect, sir: it was a messenger from the Doctor, sir, with the new friction gloves.'

'Humph!—'

'You understand, Williams, if *that* young man ever comes near the house—you know who I mean—I say, you—you understand what I told you?'

'Oh, yes, sir—certainly, sir.'

'That will do, Williams.—Hill is getting better, is he?' pursues Hiram to himself. 'Let me see—Hill must be at least four years older than I. Yes, I recollect perfectly when he was at Joslin's, the time I came down from Burnsville. Why, I was a mere boy, then, and Hill—Hill was a young man of five-and-twenty. Yes, I recollect perfectly'—and Hiram smiled, as if his encounter with Joslin and his clerk was fresh in his mind. 'So Hill is better to-day,' he continued. 'He will outlive me too. Yet he is certainly four years older—four years older.'

* * * * *

There may be some of my readers who have taken sufficient interest in 'that scapegrace Hill' to wish to know something about him during these last thirty years.

I will say, therefore, that when Hiram jilted Emma Tenant, Hill took a perfect disgust toward him. He presently quit drinking and swearing, and married a pretty—indeed, a very charming—rosy-cheeked girl, whose only fault was, as he said, that she was foolish enough to love him. This girl was the daughter of his landlady, and not worth a penny—in money. Till Hiram's 'affair' with Emma Tenant, he had exercised sufficient influence over Hill to prevent his committing himself. That resulted in Hill's throwing off the yoke, and announcing his independence. Hill was no fool. The fact is, Hiram, to a certain extent, was in his power. The parties never quarrelled. But all accounts were closed between them the following season. I am constrained to add Hill continued in the liquor business, in which he amassed a pretty large fortune. He was afterward made President of the Globe Bank, one of the largest in the city, as all know, which office he continues to hold. He has proved a good husband, a kind father, and a useful member of society. The phrase is a stereotyped one, but it is true of Hill.

* * * * *

Leaving Hiram Meeker to pursue his soliloquy, I will endeavor to put the reader in possession of such facts as may be necessary for the better understanding of the narrative, and the present situation of affairs in Hiram's own house.

After the departure of Belle, I remarked that Hiram was busily engaged for more than a week in preparing his will. With the defection of his son and the elopement of his favorite daughter, Hiram's ideas took a new and distinctive turn.

He at one time had considerable pride in the idea of building up the family name in his children, 'even unto his children's children.' This he thought a laudable ambition, since he found the phrase in Scripture. But when Belle deserted him, and he found himself not only forsaken but duped, his feelings underwent an entire change.

When Harriet, in her anxiety to induce her father to bring back her sister, said, 'Give her my share—I shall not require it,' there was stirred in Hiram's heart the old demon of Calculation and Acquisitiveness. It seemed as if something had been saved to him by Harriet's untimely departure from the world. It is difficult fully to understand this, since, while he lived, certainly he would retain control of all his property; and after his death, what could it avail him? Nevertheless, I but recount the simple truth.

That night he conceived the idea of a magnificent disposition of his vast estate, to take place on his decease. Now he began to regard his afflictions in a providential light. These were chastenings, at present not joyous but grievous; but they would work out for him a more eternal weight of glory.

The consequence was, that by his will he founded three distinct public institutions, all bearing his name; and prepared, at the same time, minute directions how to carry his bequests into effect. These institutions were not what are called charitable, neither did

their establishment indicate a heart easily touched by human misfortune. They were calculated, however, to adorn and ornament the city, and to blazon forth *H. Meeker* to the world so long as they stood.

One thing threatened to interfere with Hiram's arrangements. His wife would have a right of dower in all his real estate, in case she survived him. This annoyed Hiram greatly.

He got along with the matter in a business way. Arabella herself was called in. Hiram announced, in general terms, what he proposed to do, and suggested that he was ready to leave her a sum certain, provided she would relinquish her rights in the real estate.

Under ordinary circumstances Arabella would have been indignant; but her thoughts were of her son, now a wanderer from his home. She was tolerably familiar with the laws which regulate property. She knew if she insisted on her dower, which she had a right to do, that however affluent she would be while she lived, she would have nothing to leave her child. She did not give Belle a thought.

After a good deal of haggling, it was agreed that Hiram should give her by his will three hundred thousand dollars (just about the sum, by the way, she brought her husband), together with the household furniture, plate, horses, carriages, and so forth, and the use of the house during her life.

This settled, Hiram was left free to follow out his ambitious plans for raising a monument to—himself.

These occupy him entirely. So much so, that he has no time to look forward to the great future which cannot now be very far off to him. Indeed, strange as one may think, although Hiram feels well assured of his title to the kingdom, he *thinks* very little about it; neither does the prospect give him the least satisfaction.

* * * * *

Meanwhile, where is Harriet? What

has become of Belle? How did Gus turn out?

Harriet survived longer than one would have imagined, considering the progress disease had made when we first became acquainted with her. While she lived, she could not fail to impart her influence—the influence of a gentle and a chastened spirit—over the whole household.

I have already intimated that there was a new tie between her and her mother—the worldly minded and fashionable Arabella. It was in the interest which both felt in Gus. It seemed to be the chief object of Harriet in living, to bring back her brother to his home, and to see him in the right path. The mother longed to bring about the same thing, but probably for very different reasons from those which actuated the dying girl. But here their sympathies met, and they could act in concert. Gus had always been sensibly alive to Harriet's regard for him. He loved her with real affection; and when, in a foreign land, he read her letters, fraught with the strongest expressions of love and sympathy, and filled with the most earnest appeals from his 'dying sister, whose every breath was a prayer for him,' it was impossible for his nature to resist.

In a few months, Gus had taken his resolution. He abhorred trade. His four years in college were not altogether lost on him. He felt quite sure that his father would never relent. He believed he discovered in himself a taste for the medical profession. So, after a short period, Gus established himself in a very quiet way in Paris, and became a very persevering and devoted student. His mother, of course, managed to keep him in funds; but his drafts on her were very moderate. His reformation seemed complete.

After devoting about eighteen months to the study of medicine abroad, he returned to New York. This was the season before Harriet died. He said he could not endure the idea of her

passing out of the world without his seeing her again, and telling her what was in his heart.

Hiram all this time remained, or professed to remain, profoundly ignorant of what was going on. He continued to speak of his 'reprobate son,' among his acquaintances in the church. The least attempt on Harriet's part to introduce the forbidden subject was met by the most stern repulse.

But Gus came back. He was obliged to enter his own home stealthily and in secret, where he deserved to be welcomed back in honor and with reward. But he came. What was the joy, the intense satisfaction of Harriet, to see him again! And Arabella—it was a strange sight indeed to see *her* give way to any real emotion.

Perhaps, before this, you have guessed that Doctor Frank has had something to do with Gus's return. He has had a great deal to do with it. Doctor Frank is an old man. He has no boys—living. He wants Gus to live with him. He will give him the benefit of his large experience, and Gus in return will relieve the doctor of much of the hard work which is constantly accumulating. This is Doctor Frank's plan. It has been carried out, and Gus is now 'the young doctor.' Bravo Gus! God bless you!

* * * * *

Poor Belle!

At the end of a single year, she was obliged to quit her husband. Quit her husband, did I say? I mean that her husband quitted her. After spending a few weeks in travelling, the two set off for Europe; and, going to Paris, they gave themselves up to the enjoyment of the gay scenes which this remarkable city affords.

'When the ocean shall be between us, papa will no longer hold out—I know he will not.'

So Belle said to her husband. But Belle was mistaken. Months passed, and destitution stared the couple in the face. Then the various articles of jew-

elry went, one by one—and then the crisis arrived.

When Signor Filippo Barbone became fully satisfied that his father-in-law was not to be turned from his resolution: when it became apparent that the mother was not to be influenced, he came to the conclusion that he had made a bad bargain, and resolved to escape as soon as possible from the consequences of it.

Belle, on her part, began to be disenchanted. Then all the elements of her imperious, passionate nature, broke out in the fiercest, most vehement, most vindictive manner. She heaped reproaches, taunts, and maledictions on the head of the signor, who bore them with more equanimity than would be supposed, but who determined not to have another such tempest. One night he decamped, taking with him the few remaining valuables the miserable girl possessed.

Belle had not communicated with Gus, or even permitted him to know her whereabouts. Now she wrote him a note, imploring him to come to her. He responded at once, and instantly made what arrangements he could for her comfort. After a season, and by the joint efforts of Gus and Harriet and Doctor Frank, Belle was enabled to go back to New York. Her father would not see her; her mother would not permit her to enter the house; but a small weekly stipend was allowed, to enable her to board in a respectable place, and to dress decently.

Her unfortunate marriage has had very little effect on her. She never was so handsome in her life. She enjoys exciting the sympathies of those by whom she is surrounded, including half-a-dozen gentlemen who are constantly dangling around her. A young lawyer, who was boarding at the same house, undertook to institute proceedings for a divorce against the absent signor. He was successful in his application, and Belle is now legally free. She will probably marry some man of

coarse taste, who will be attracted by her fine form and showy appearance, to say nothing of the effect of the prevalent belief that she will certainly be provided for 'on old Meeker's death.'

* * * * *

So much for the present situation of the Meeker family. While Arabella is taking her drive, I have had time to tell the reader thus much about it. The carriage is now approaching, and I must stop.

* * * * *

The shadows of evening begin to gather. Along the great artery of the city press the crowd. Their steps tend homeward.

Still Hiram sits by the window, but oblivious of the current which sweeps by.

His thoughts go back to Hampton. He is a clerk in the 'opposition store,' making love to Mary Jessup.

'What a pretty girl she used to be!—how much she always did for me—what pains she took to please me!' he mutters to himself.

* * * * *

Now he is thinking of Burnsville. His mind seems principally to dwell on what was formerly of secondary importance to him.

'Those Hawkins girls—they were good girls—very kind to me always—nice girls—handsome girls—both of them in love with me. The widow Hawkins, too

* * * * *

'Sarah Burns—she was a different sort from the rest. I don't think I ever cared so much about her—too independent—thought too much of herself. How quick she broke the engagement! I remember it was preparatory lecture—preparatory lecture

* * * * *

'Emma Tenant—*she* wasn't proud—Emma really loved me—I always knew she did'

He raised his eyes.

Was it through some species of attraction, as believers in odic force, and

other peculiar affinities, attribute to their influences, that he did so at that moment?

There was Emma Tenant—Mrs. Lawrence—passing in her carriage, surrounded by blooming, grown-up children.

Her attention, it seems, was directed for an instant to the window. Their gaze met.

No outward sign that they were ever acquainted was manifested. But there was, on both sides, a *recognition*, instantaneous and complete.

'Poor old man!' exclaimed Mrs. Lawrence, involuntarily.

'Who, mamma?'

'We have passed him now.' And no more was said.

'She loved me once,' was the soliloquy. 'That was a great while ago, too . . .'

Another carriage passed. A bow from a lady, accompanied by a pleasant smile. It is Miss Innis (Mrs. Leroy), driving out with *her* children. Though no longer young, she is still a most attractive and elegant woman.

'What a wife she would have made

me! I should not be in this state if I had her to look after me. She has a kind heart—always smiling, always happy.'

'Mr. Meeker!'

The shrill voice of Arabella is heard. Hiram groans in spirit.

'Don't you think you had better be wheeled to your room? You know I dine out to-day.'

'I prefer to sit here. Tell Williams to come to me.'

* * * * *

The shadows fall thicker and faster.

Still Hiram Meeker sits by the window.

Despite my real inclination, I have a morbid desire to linger by his side.

* * * * *

I hear the sharp ring of the prompter's bell! The curtain is about to fall. I *cannot* stay in the gloom alone with that man!—Good by to you, Hiram!

* * * * *

I breathe again—in the cheerful streets, surrounded by bustling, earnest, sympathizing humanity.

* * * * *

Reader, what think you? WAS HE SUCCESSFUL?



APHORISMS.

NO. II.

ONE may effect an *absolute insurance against all real evil* by the adoption of a single rule, i. e., *never to do anything against conscience*. This must be applied in our treatment of ourselves, in body and mind—especially the former; because there we are most apt to fail. It must be kept strictly toward the soul, in view of its endless welfare, and in all our relations to God and man. This, I admit, may not save us from the invasions of apparent ill; but from the entire *reality* of evil, the security thus

furnished is absolute. Conscience is the voice of God in the soul; and no one truly obeying this voice will meet with permanent harm. This rule, let us further observe, is most needed where it is least likely to be regarded, i. e., in circumstances where the voice of conscience is not so decided as in the case of temptations to palpable vice. Our danger is often greatest, where we have to resist only an obscure sense of right and wrong, in seeking the lower gratifications of life. So much the more scrupulous must we there be.

BENEDICT OF NURSIA AND THE ORDER OF THE BENEDICTINES.

BENEDICT of Nursia, the founder of the celebrated order which bears his name, gave to the Western monasticism a fixed and permanent form, and thus carried it far above the Eastern with its imperfect attempts at organization, and made it exceedingly profitable to the practical, and incidentally also to the literary interests of the Catholic Church. He holds, therefore, the dignity of patriarch of the Western monks. He has furnished a remarkable instance of the incalculable influence which a simple but judicious moral rule of life may exercise on many centuries.

Benedict was born of the illustrious house of Anicius at Nursia (now Norcia), in Umbria, about the year 480, at the time when the political and social state of Europe was distracted and dismembered, and literature, morals, and religion seemed to be doomed to irremediable ruin. He studied in Rome, but so early as his fifteenth year he fled from the corrupt society of his fellow students, and spent three years in seclusion in a dark, narrow, and almost inaccessible grotto at Subiaco.* A neighboring monk, Romanus, furnished him from time to time his scanty food, letting it down by a cord, with a little bell, the sound of which announced to him the loaf of bread. He there passed through the usual anchoritic battles with demons, and by prayer and ascetic exercise attained a rare power over nature. At one time, Pope Gregory tells us, the allurements of voluptuousness so strongly tempted his imagination that he was on the point of leaving his retreat in pursuit of a beautiful woman

of previous acquaintance; but summoning up his courage, he took off his vestment of skins, and rolled himself naked on thorns and briars near his cave, until the impure fire of sensual passion was forever extinguished. Seven centuries later, St. Francis of Assisi planted on that spiritual battle field two rose trees, which grew and survived the Benedictine thorns and briars. He gradually became known, and was at first taken for a wild beast by the surrounding shepherds, but afterward revered as a saint.

After this period of hermit life, he began his labors in behalf of the monastery proper. In that mountainous region he established, in succession, twelve cloisters, each with twelve monks and a superior, himself holding the oversight of all. The persecution of an unworthy priest caused him, however, to leave Subiaco, and retire to a wild but picturesque mountain district in the Neapolitan province upon the boundaries of Samnium and Campania. There he destroyed the remnants of idolatry, converted many of the pagan inhabitants to Christianity by his preaching and miracles, and in the year 529, under many difficulties, founded upon the ruins of a temple of Apollo the renowned cloister of *Monte Cassino*,*

* *Monasterium Cassinense*. It was destroyed, indeed, by the Lombards, as early as 583, as Benedict is said to have predicted it would be, but was rebuilt in 781, consecrated in 748, again destroyed by the Saracens in 857, rebuilt about 950, and more completely, after many other calamities, in 1640, consecrated for the third time by Benedict XIII in 1727, enriched and increased under the patronage of the emperors and popes, in modern times despoiled of its enormous income (which at the end of the sixteenth century was reckoned at 500,000 ducats), and has stood through all vicissitudes to this day. In the times of its splendor, when the abbot was first baron of the kingdom of Naples, and commanded over four hundred towns and villages, it numbered several hundred monks

* In Latin, *Sublaqueum*, or *Sublacum*, in the States of the Church, over thirty English miles (Butler says 'near forty,' Montalembert, 'fifty miles') east of Rome, on the Teverone. Butler describes the place as 'a barren, hideous chain of rocks, with a river and lake in the valley.'

the alma mater and capital of his order. Here he labored fourteen years till his death. Although never ordained to the priesthood, his life there was rather that of a missionary and apostle than of a solitary. He cultivated the soil, fed the poor, healed the sick, preached to the neighboring population, directed the young monks, who in increasing numbers flocked to him, and organized the monastic life upon a fixed method or rule, which he himself conscientiously observed. His power over the hearts and the veneration in which he was held is illustrated by the visit of Jotila, in 543, the barbarian king, the victor of the Romans and master of Italy, who threw himself on his face before the saint, accepted his reproof and exhortations, asked his blessing, and left a better man, but fell, after ten years' reign, as Benedict had predicted, in a great battle with the Græco-Roman army under Narses. Benedict died, after partaking of the holy communion, praying, in standing posture at the foot of the altar, on the 21st of March, 543, and was buried by the side of his sister, Scholastica, who had established a nunnery near Monte Cassino, and died a few weeks before him. They met only once a year on the side of the mountain for prayer and pious conversation. On the day of his departure two monks saw in a vision a shining pathway of stars leading from Monte Cassino to heaven, and heard a voice that said by this road Benedict, the well beloved of God, had ascended to heaven.*

His biographer, Pope Gregory I, in the second book of his *Dialogues*,

but in 1848 only twenty. It has a considerable library. Montalembert (*Monks of the West*, II. 19) calls Monte Cassino 'the most powerful and celebrated monastery in the Catholic universe; celebrated especially because there Benedict wrote his rule and formed the type which was to serve as a model to innumerable communities submitted to that sovereign code.' He also quotes the poetic description from Dante's *Paradiso*. Dom Luigi Testi published at Naples, in 1843, a full history of this convent, in three volumes.

* Gregory. *Dial.* II. 87.

ascribes to him miraculous prophecies and healings, and even a raising of the dead.* With reference to his want of secular culture and his spiritual knowledge, he calls him a learned ignorant and an unlettered sage.† At all events he possessed the genius of a lawgiver, and holds the first place among the founders of monastic orders, though his person and life are much less interesting than those of a Bernard of Clairvaux, a Francis of Assisi, and an Ignatius of Loyola.

The rule of St. Benedict, on which his fame rests, forms an epoch in the history of monasticism. In a short time it superseded all contemporary and older rules of the kind, and became the immortal code of the most illustrious branch of the monastic army, and the basis of the whole Roman Catholic cloister life.‡ It consists of a preface or *prologus*, and a series of moral, social, liturgical, and penal ordinances, in seventy-three chapters. It shows a true knowledge of human nature, the practical wisdom of Rome, and adaptation to Western customs; and

* Butler, in his *Lives of Saints*, compares Benedict even with Moses and Elijah. 'Being chosen by God, like another Moses, to conduct faithful souls into the true promised land, the kingdom of heaven, he was enriched with eminent supernatural gifts, even those of miracles and prophecy. He seemed, like another Eliseus, endowed by God with an extraordinary power, commanding all nature, and, like the ancient prophets, foreseeing future events. He often raised the sinking courage of his monks, and baffled the various artifices of the devil with the sign of the cross, rendered the heaviest stone light, in building his monastery, by a short prayer, and, in presence of a multitude of people, raised to life a novice who had been crushed by the fall of a wall at Monte Cassino.' Montalembert omits the more extraordinary miracles, except the deliverance of Placidus from the whirlpool, which he relates in the language of Boesnet, II. 15.

† 'Scienter nesciens, et sapienter indoctus.'

‡ The Catholic Church has recognized three other rules besides that of St. Benedict, viz.: 1. That of St. Basil, which is still retained by the Oriental monks; 2. That of St. Augustine, which is adopted by the regular canons, the order of the preaching brothers or Dominicans, and several military orders; 3. The rule of St. Francis of Assisi and his mendicant order, in the thirteenth century.

It combines simplicity with completeness, strictness with gentleness, humility with courage, and gives the whole cloister life, a fixed unity and compact organization, which, like the episcopate, possessed an unlimited versatility and power of expansion. It made every cloister an *ecclesiola in ecclesia*, reflecting the relation of the bishop to his charge, the monarchical principle of authority on the democratic basis of the equality of the brethren, though claiming a higher degree of perfection than could be realized in the great secular church. For the rude and undisciplined world of the Middle Age, the Benedictine rule furnished a wholesome course of training and a constant stimulus to the obedience, self-control, order, and industry which were indispensable to the regeneration and healthy growth of social life.*

The spirit of the rule may be judged from the following sentences of the *prologus*, which contains pious exhortations: 'Having thus,' he says, 'my brethren, asked of the Lord who shall dwell in His tabernacle, we have heard the precepts prescribed to such a one. If we fulfil these conditions we shall be heirs of the kingdom of heaven. Let us, then, prepare our hearts and bodies to fight under a holy obedience to these precepts; and if it is not always possible for nature to obey, let us ask the Lord that He would deign to give us the succor of His grace. Would we avoid the pains of hell and attain eternal life while there is still time, while we are still in this mortal body, and while the light of this life is bestowed upon us for that purpose, let us run and strive so as to reap an eternal reward. We must, then, form a

school of divine servitude, in which, we trust, nothing too heavy or rigorous will be established. But if, in conformity with right and justice, we should exercise a little severity for the amendment of vices or the preservation of charity, beware of fleeing under the impulse of terror from the way of salvation, which cannot but have a hard beginning. When man has walked for some time in obedience and faith, his heart will expand, and he will run with the unspeakable sweetness of love in the way of God's commandments. May He grant that, never straying from the instruction of the Master, and persevering in His doctrine in the monastery until death, we may share by patience in the sufferings of Christ, and be worthy to share together His kingdom.'

The leading provisions of this rule are as follows:

At the head of each society stands an abbot, who is elected by the monks, and with their consent appoints a provost (*propositus*), and, when the number of the brethren requires, deans over the several divisions (*decanie*), as assistants. He governs, in Christ's stead, by authority and example, and is to his cloister what the bishop is to his diocese. In the more weighty matters he takes the congregation of the brethren into consultation; in ordinary affairs, only the older members. The formal entrance into the cloister must be preceded by a probation or novitiate of one year (subsequently it was made three years), that no one might prematurely or rashly take the solemn step. If the novice repented his resolution, he could leave the cloister without hindrance; if he adhered to it, he was, at the close of his probation, subjected to an examination in presence of the abbot and the monks, and then, appealing to the saints, whose relics were in the cloister, he laid upon the altar of the chapel the irrevocable vow, written or at least subscribed by his own hand, and therewith cut off from himself forever all return to the world.

* Pope Gregory believed the rule of St. Benedict even to be directly inspired, and Bossuet (*Panegyric de Saint Benoît*), in evident exaggeration, calls it 'an epitome of Christianity, a learned and mysterious abridgment of all doctrines of the gospel, all the institutions of the holy fathers, and all the counsels of perfection.' Montalembert speaks in a similar strain of French declamatory eloquence.

From this important arrangement the cloister received its stability, and the whole monastic institution derived additional earnestness, solidity, and permanence.

The vow was threefold, comprising *stabilitas*, perpetual adherence to the monastic order; *conversio morum*, especially voluntary poverty and chastity, which were always regarded as the very essence of monastic piety under all its forms; and *obedientia coram Deo et sanctis ejus*, absolute obedience to the abbot, as the representative of God and Christ. This obedience is the cardinal virtue of a monk.*

The life of the cloister consisted of a judicious alternation of spiritual and bodily exercises. This is the great excellence of the rule of Benedict, who proceeded here upon the true principle that idleness is the mortal enemy of the soul and the workshop of the devil.† Seven hours were to be devoted to prayer, singing of psalms, and meditation; ‡ from two to three hours, especially on Sunday, to religious reading; and from six to seven hours to manual labor indoors or in the field, or, instead of this, to the training of children, who were committed to the cloister by their parents (*oblatis*). §

Here was a starting point for the afterward celebrated cloister schools,

* Cap. 5: 'Primus humilitatis gradus est obedientia sine mora. Hæc convenit illi, qui nihil sibi Christo carius aliquid existimant: propter servitium sanctum, quod professi sunt, seu propter metum gehennæ, vel gloriam vite eternæ, mox ut aliquid imperatum a majore fuerit, ac si divinitus impetur, moram pati audent in faciendo.'

† Cap. 48: 'Ociositas inimica est animæ; et ideo certis temporibus occupari debent fratres in labore manuum, certis iterum horis in lectione divina.'

‡ The *horæ canonicæ* are the *Nocturna vigilia, Matutina, Prima, Tertia, Sexta, Nona, Vespera*, and *Completorium*, and are taken (c. 16) from a literal interpretation of Ps. cxix. 164: 'Seven times a day do I praise thee,' and v. 63: 'At midnight I will rise to give thanks unto thee.' The Psalter was the liturgy and hymn book of the convent. It was so divided among the seven services of the day, that the whole Psalter should be chanted once a week.

§ Cap. 59: 'Si quis forte de nobilibus offert altum suum Deo in monasterio, si ipse puer mi-

and for that attention to literary pursuits which, though entirely foreign to the uneducated Benedict and his immediate successors, afterward became one of the chief ornaments of his order, and in many cloisters took the place of manual labor.

In other respects the mode of life was to be simple without extreme rigor, and confined to strictly necessary things. Clothing consisted of a tunic with a black cowl (whence the name *Black Friars*); the material to be determined by the climate and season. On the two weekly fast days, and from the middle of September to Easter, one meal was to suffice for the day. Each monk is allowed daily a pound of bread and pulse, and, according to the Italian custom, half a flagon (*hemina*) of wine; though he is advised to abstain from the wine, if he can do so without injury to his health. Flesh is permitted only to the weak and sick,* who were to be treated with special care. During the meal some edifying piece was read, and silence enjoined. The individual monk knows no personal property, not even his simple dress as such; and the fruits of his labor go into the common treasury. He should avoid all contact with the world as dangerous to the soul, and therefore every cloister should be so arranged as to be able to carry on even the arts and trades necessary for supplying its wants.† Hospitality and other works of love are especially commanded.

The penalties for transgression of the rule are, first, private admonition, then exclusion from the fellowship of prayer, nori vitæ est, parentes ejus faciant petitionem,' etc.

* Cap. 40: 'Carnium quadrupedum ab omnibus abstinetur comestio, præter omnino debiles et ægrotos.' Even birds are excluded, which were at that time only delicacies for princes and nobles, as Mabillon shows from the contemporary testimony of Gregory of Tours.

† Cap. 66: 'Monasterium, si possit fieri, ita debet construi, ut omnia necessaria, id est aqua, molendinum, hortus, pistrinum, vel artes diverse intra monasterium exercentur, ut non sit necessitas monachis vagandi foras, quia omnino non expedit animabus eorum.'

next exclusion from fraternal intercourse, and finally expulsion from the cloister, after which, however, restoration is possible, even to the third time.

Benedict had no presentiment of the vast historical importance which his rule, originally designed simply for the cloister of Monte Cassino, was destined to attain. He probably never aspired beyond the regeneration and salvation of his own soul and that of his brother monks, and all the talk of some later historians about his far-reaching plans of a political and social regeneration of Europe, and the preservation and promotion of literature and art, find no support whatever in his life or in his rule. But he humbly planted a seed which Providence blessed a hundred-fold. By his rule, he became, without his own will or knowledge, the founder of an order, which, until in the thirteenth century the Dominicans and Franciscans pressed it partially into the background, spread with great rapidity over the whole of Europe, maintained a clear supremacy, formed the model for all other monastic orders, and gave to the Catholic Church an imposing array of missionaries, authors, artists, bishops, archbishops, cardinals, and popes, as Gregory the Great and Gregory VII. In less than a century after the death of Benedict, the conquests of the barbarians in Italy, Gaul, and Spain were reconquered for civilization, and the vast territories of Great Britain, Germany, and Scandinavia incorporated into Christendom or opened to missionary labor; and in this progress of history the monastic institution regulated and organized by Benedict's rule bears an honorable share.

Benedict himself established a second cloister in the vicinity of Terracina, and two of his favorite disciples, Placidus and St. Maurus,* introduced the 'holy rule,' the one into Sicily, the other into France. Pope Gregory the Great, himself at one time a Benedictine

monk, enhanced its prestige, and converted the Anglo-Saxons to the Roman Christian faith by Benedictine monks. Gradually the rule found so general acceptance both in old and in new institutions, that, in the time of Charlemagne, it became a question, whether there were any monks at all who were not Benedictines. The order, it is true, has degenerated from time to time, through the increase of its wealth and the decay of its discipline, but its fostering care of religion, of humane studies, and of the general civilization of Europe, from the tilling of the soil to the noblest learning, has given it an honorable place in history and won immortal praise.

The patronage of learning, however, as we have already said, was not within the design of the founder or his rule. The joining of this to the cloister life is due, if we leave out of view the learned monk Jerome, to CASSIODORUS, who, in 538, retired from the honors and cares of high civil office in the Gothic monarchy of Italy,* to a monastery founded by himself at Vivarium† (Viviers), in Calabria, in Lower Italy. Here he spent nearly thirty years as monk and abbot, collected a large library, encouraged the monks to copy and to study the Holy Scriptures, the works of the church fathers, and even the ancient classica, and wrote for them several literary and theological text books, especially his

of a branch of the Benedictines, the celebrated Maurians in France (dating from 1618), who so highly distinguished themselves in the seventeenth and early part of the eighteenth centuries, by their thorough archaeological and historical researches, and their superior editions of the Fathers. The most eminent of the Maurians are D. (Dom, equivalent to Domnus, Sir) Menard, d'Achery, Godin, Mabillon, le Nourry, Martenay, Ruinart, Martene, Monthaucon, Massuet, Garnier, and de la Rue, and in our time Dom Pitra, editor of a valuable collection of patristic fragments, at the cloister of Solesmes.

* He was the last of the Roman consuls—an office which Justinian abolished—and was successively the minister of Odoacer, Theodoric, and Athalaric, who made him prefect of the pretorium.

† Or *Vicaria*, so called from the numerous *vicaria*, or fish ponds, in that region.

* This Maurus, the founder of the abbey of Glanfeuil (St. Maur sur Loire), is the patron saint

treatise *De institutione divinarum literarum*, a kind of elementary encyclopædia, which was the code of monastic education for many generations. Vivarium at one time almost rivalled Monte Cassino, and Cassiodorus* won the honorary title of the restorer of knowledge in the sixth century.

* Comp. Mabillon, *Ann. Bened.* l. v. c. 24, 37; *F. de Ste.-Marthe, Vie de Cassiodore*, 1684.

The Benedictines, already accustomed to regular work, soon followed this example. Thus, that very mode of life which in its founder, Anthony, despised all learning, became, in the course of its development, an asylum of culture in the rough and stormy times of the immigration and the crusades, and a conservator of the literary treasures of antiquity for the use of modern times.

HANNAH THURSTON.

PAUL. Well, Dorcas, now you have finished the book, what do you think of it?

DORCAS. I must confess, my expectations on the whole have been agreeably disappointed. From the criticisms I had read, both favorable and adverse, I was fully prepared to quarrel with it from beginning to end. I find in it much power and sustained interest. The descriptions of nature are admirable—fresh, unhackneyed, and vivid. Western New York, with its blue lakes, sloping hills, shining brooks, quiet woodlands, spring buds, autumn flowers, winding country roads, and laden grain fields, stands before one, clearly pictured. The characters, with their *isms*, seem like old acquaintances, and the seething, fermenting condition of American society is most accurately represented. There is pathos, too, in the story, and many will read it with moistened eyes.

PAUL. So far so good, but—?

DORCAS. But there runs through the entire work a vein of sentiment or philosophy, which wears a very suspicious resemblance to that of a certain school just now popular in France. I need not tell you, Uncle Paul, how distasteful to me is that school, nor how false I think the premises upon which it is

founded. I am convinced there is a difference in the mental and moral constitution of men and women. I will not bore you by any disquisition upon relative superiority or inferiority, but will simply give you a portion of my idea as I find it laid down by St. John Chrysostom: 'Do not confound *submission* with *slavery*,' says the golden-mouthed Greek. 'The woman obeys, but *remains free*; she is *equal* in honor. It is true that she is subject to her husband; and this is her punishment for having rendered herself guilty in the beginning. Mark it well: woman was not condemned to subjection at the time of her creation; when God made and presented her to her husband, He said nothing of domination; we hear nothing from the lips of Adam which supposes it. It was only after having violated her duty by leading him astray to whom she had been given as a support, that she heard these words: 'Thou shalt be under thy husband's power, and he shall have dominion over thee.''

Now, in the book under consideration, we are led to suppose that even the 'exceptional women' find submission and dependence, not only delightful, but absolute necessities of their being. They are only too happy to

succumb to the powerful magnetism attributed to men by reason alone of their manhood. (A doctrine too repulsive to admit of discussion.) I fancy that thinking, sensitive, and high-spirited women have not yet ceased to find submission and dependence a *punishment*. They may take up their cross cheerily, and wear it gracefully, but none the less do they feel it to be a cross. As for pecuniary dependence, so long as all goes smoothly and matters are so arranged that the wife is not obliged to ask the husband for funds, the power of custom and of legal provisions may be sufficient to prevent any disquietude; but after the first misunderstanding, the first unkind word, *his* money, as it passes through *her* hands, burns like coals of fire, and the bitterness of her heart, as she perhaps vainly longs for some means of employment by which to procure at least sufficient for her own personal expenses, would cause him a new and strange sensation, did she not deem it her *duty* to suppress all evidence, even the existence, of such self-assertion, and quietly shoulder this with the rest, as a portion of the burden to be borne through the valley of humiliation into which she has entered, and wherein, by reason of the especial power granted her of knowing and loving God, she usually finds herself Heaven's own missionary, the keeper and guide of souls. Now, do not misunderstand me, Uncle Paul; when I say that marriage is a valley of humiliation, I intend no reproach to men; I simply state a fact dependent upon the nature of things, and upon the primal sentence passed against the pride that, in spite of the prohibition of the Almighty, sought to know all things, 'to become as gods.' Meekness, humility, self-abnegation, affection, are the beautiful flowers that grow by the wayside; but the pathway is not the less thorny, and no good can be accomplished by denying or sugar-coating the fact.

PAUL. I do not doubt the correctness of your views, Dorcas; but your

rather vehement statement of them somewhat surprises me, as you yourself married of your own free will, and at an age when women, if ever, are supposed to know their own minds.

DORCAS. That my own marriage has been a happy one, and that my good husband has striven, by recognizing my womanly as well as individual idiosyncrasies, to render the yoke as light as it possibly can be, is the very circumstance that gives me a right to speak and offer my testimony against ideas which I think wholly unwarranted by the facts in the case. The views of modern philosophers, attacking the sanctity of Christian marriage, are to me perfectly abhorrent. Deprive marriage of its mystical, sacramental, penitential character, and it ceases to be the bulwark of a well-ordered society. I must again call upon St. John Chrysostom to speak for me. He says: 'Marriage is one of the most surprising mysteries, by reason of the sublime character which belongs to it, of representing the alliance of Jesus Christ with His Church. The necessary consequence of which is, that it should not be contracted lightly and through interested motives. No, marriage is no bargain; it is the union of the entire life.' This is what true marriage should be; but in so far as mankind fall below the lofty standards set before them, so far does actual marriage fail to reach its glorious ideal. Meantime, reverence for maidenhood is one of the strongest safeguards of the sanctity of wedded life, and no delusions of any school, whether romantic, sentimental, Mithetic, humanitarian, or Lutheranistic, should be permitted to obscure this reverence. Neither my own experience, nor that of the young maidens best known to me, teaches me that the idle hours of women are haunted by dreams of some human lover, who must be found to save them from despair. I cannot think that marriage is essential to, or even best for, the happiness of women. If we enter the nearest insti-

tution of Charity Sisters, Sisters of Mercy, or of the Poor, we cannot fail to remark the contrast between the healthful, cheery, unsollicitous countenances of the inmates, and the nervous, suffering, careworn faces of the wives and mothers in our midst. Both live in the conscientious performance of equally estimable duties, but the pleasing of a Heavenly Master would seem to be a mere peaceful and less wearing task than the gratification of an earthly lord. Let us hearken for a moment to an eloquent French theologian: 'Woman's nature, in some exceptional cases, rises to such a height of intellect and sensitiveness, that it ceases to be capable of accepting that subordination which constitutes the essence of Christian marriage. Think you there are not women athirst for the ideal; who are crushed by the commonplace of ordinary affections; who would go beyond that narrow circle traced round them by domestic cares? Give to such natures as good, kind, and conscientious a husband as you will, do you think he can ever satisfy the ardent longings of their mind and heart? Do you think they can find in the family the realization of the brilliant dream caressed by them from the earliest years of infancy? Do you not believe that they will constantly feel cruel disappointments, infinite tortures, and the deepest anguish?'

PAUL. But if such be a true statement of the case, what are these good ladies to do?

DORCAS. The world has always need of intellect and enthusiasm, and these, directed by the spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice, without which nothing good or great can be accomplished, will point the way to the fulfilment of whatever may be the especial vocation of the individual. The author above quoted continues: 'Some heroic virgins have played so wonderful a part that, by the sublimity of their devotion and the power of their intellect, they have occasionally eclipsed the re-

nowned of the most illustrious men. A St. Catherine of Siena was the light of doctors, the ambassadress of nations, the counsellor of popes, and the admiration of her age. A St. Rose of Viterbo, a charming and graceful child, became the intrepid buckler of Rome against the pretensions of the Ghibelline emperors. A St. Clara, by her ardent love for the poor and the Cross, was worthy of aiding the Seraph of Assisi in his admirable reform. A St. Theresa astonished the world by the grandeur of her character in the age of the Loyolas, the Xaviers, and the Francis Borgias.' To these few but striking instances we may add Joan of Arc, whose patriotism and valor saved her country from the dominion of the foreign invader, and, in our own day, Florence Nightingale and Miss Dix, together with hosts of courageous maidens, who in every Christian land yearly devote themselves to the service of suffering humanity. I should weary you, uncle, were I to pursue this subject into farther depths: suffice it to say that it is one which no man, however tender or talented, could ever exhaust, for there are chords in the feminine organization beyond his comprehension—strange chords, the resolution of which will be found only in that heaven where there shall be no marrying nor giving in marriage.

PAUL. You mentioned Joan of Arc: did you observe that the author of 'Hannah Thurston' notices the fact, that while she has been poetized by Schiller, Southey, and others, no woman has ever yet made her the theme of song?

DORCAS. I was no little surprised to find such a reproach issuing from the lips of one who must have known that no man had yet sung her in his verse who had not violated the truth of history and smirched the beauty of a noble character, devoted solely to her country and her God, by picturing her as enamored of some mortal lover. Shakspeare must here receive his share

of blame, although the national prejudices still existent in his age may offer some excuse. Voltaire is not to be mentioned, Schiller twaddles through a tissue of sheer inventions and impossible absurdities, and even Southey, who strives to be faithful to history, thinks he must invest her with a 'suppressed attachment' in order to render her sufficiently interesting to be the heroine of a poem. (Inconceivable and insane vanity, that imagines no woman can live her life through without laying her heart at the feet of one of the 'irresistibles'!) The historic character of Joan of Arc has been terribly maltreated and misrepresented by every

man who has attempted to portray it, with the single exception of the German historian, Guido Goerres, whose work, by the way, has been reverently done into English by two sister women.

PAUL. Well, and the final conclusion to all this?

DORCAS. The final conclusion is, that a large portion of even the worthier souls in this world, is drifting away into a sea of materialism, shrouded in rose-colored mists of poetry and sentiment, and it behooves every earnest friend of humanity to sound the alarm, and at least strive to give warning of the danger.

G L O R I O U S !

' For how can a man die better,
Than in facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers—
And the temples of his gods !'

MACAULAY'S Ballads of Ancient Rome.

ALONE—and widowed so early,
Aged only twenty-one—
Only so few of her years are past,
And yet her life is quite done !

Quite concluded her life is—
Nothing for hopes, or for fears ;
Nothing to think of, or look to see
But a barren desert of years !

Slender, lithe little figure—
Graceful and yielding form,
Never again to be held in the close
Clasp of a manly arm !

Oh the sweet oval face,
And the wonderful violet eyes !
No more to be sealed with true kisses,
And opened to love's paradise !

And oh the sunny, brown hair,
Which breaks into ripples and waves
O'er her sad brow—like the laughter
Of young children over graves !

Glorious !

Put it away under widow's weeds—
 Draw it as straight as you can ;
 Never again will the dear little head
 Be held to the heart of a man.

Dazed, she sits in the twilight
 Of the funeral-darkened room,
 Her whole soul gathered to listen—alas !
 For a voice that is stilled in the tomb.

Dear voice, now silent forever !
 God help her ! It seems a dream !
 She hopes, even now she may waken ;
 But see yonder cruel sunbeam.

How it wanders over the carpet—
 It lights up the distant room—
 It falls on his portrait—*his* portrait !—
 His face shines out in the gloom

As warmly and loving as ever ;—
 But, oh, there hangs under its frame
 The sword he has wielded so bravely—
 The blade that has lettered his name

On the tablets of Glory—erected
 O'er the bodies of thousands of slain ;
 Who have died to preserve the Republic !
 Our loss—but the nation's great gain.

Wring the small, white hands together—
 Clasp them close over the breast :—
 Prisoned heart, throbbing so wildly,
 Never again to know rest,

Can you not leap and be joyful,
 Knowing the nation is free !
 Gentle-eyed Peace is but waiting
 Sure of a welcome, to be.

Ask not for pæans of triumph
 From 'only a woman's' heart :
 Alas ! in the triumph of nations
 She hath but an humble part !

Hers to be patient, and suffer—
 While her soul goes out to the fray
 With the one who is dearer than heaven,
 To see him shot down by the way.

Anguished, for drops of cold water
That e'en to the vilest we give !
Mangled and crushed and insulted !
God ! can I write it, and live !

Fold the hands o'er the soft bosom
Baby hands never caressed—
Hush into patience the sweet lips
Never to man's to be pressed.

There on the altar of nations
She has given the soul out of her life :
Holocaust greater was never :
God help the poor, little wife !

THE ISLE OF SPRINGS.

CHAPTER V.

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

JAMAICA was discovered by Columbus himself, on the 8d of May, 1494, while prosecuting his second voyage. On his fourth and last voyage he was shipwrecked on its northern coast, and, through the cruel jealousy of the governor of Hispaniola, was detained there nearly a year before relief was sent. In the dearth of historical associations, I have sometimes pleased myself with gazing at the high summit of Cape Clear Hill, which is far and wide conspicuous along the northern shore, and reflecting that the eye of the great discoverer may have often rested upon it during his weary detention, endeavoring thus to raise present insignificance somewhat by linking it with the one illustrious name in the annals of the island.

Sevilla d'Oro, the first settlement of the Spaniards in Jamaica, was founded in 1509, near the place of Columbus's shipwreck. It soon became a splendid city. Traces of pavement are still discoverable two miles distant from the church and abbey around which the

town was built. In a few years, however, it disappeared as suddenly as it had arisen. Even the cause of its destruction is not certainly known. It is supposed, however, to have been a sudden irruption of the Indians. These were of the same voluptuous and gentle race which peopled the other Great Antilles, but, like them, might have been roused to temporary madness by the diabolical cruelties of the Spaniards. If so, their brief revenge availed them little, for by 1558, the sixty thousand Indians, who inhabited the island when discovered, had been extirpated, it is said, to the very last one. Near the seashore in the east of the island are some caves, in which mouldering bones of the unhappy aborigines are still found, who had taken refuge here, preferring to die of famine rather than to fall into the merciless hands of the Spaniards.

After the extirpation of the Indians, the labor of African slaves was introduced. Some sugar was raised, but the greater part of the island was devoted to the raising of cattle and swine. Besides the few whites and negroes need-

ed for this, and a small number at two or three seaports, the population was mainly gathered in the town of St. Jago de la Vega. This was built on the south side, a few miles from the sea, after the destruction of Sevilla d'Oro. At the time of the English conquest in 1655, during Cromwell's protectorate, the population consisted of twelve hundred whites and fifteen hundred negro slaves. They were summoned by the English admiral to take the oath of allegiance to England or to leave the island. But they declared that they could do neither; that they were born subjects of the King of Spain, and knew no other allegiance; and, on the other hand, that they were natives of Jamaica, and had neither friends nor kindred elsewhere. They implored him, therefore, not to exact an impossible oath, nor yet to turn them adrift in the wide world. But the misfortunes of Spanish Papists were a matter of little concern to English Puritans. They were expelled the island, but leaving their slaves in the mountain forests of the central ridge, they planted a seed which for generations bore bitter fruit to their cruel enemies. These slaves became the nucleus of those formidable Maroon communities which for generations were a terror to the island. Their masters, having conveyed their families across to Cuba, returned with a body of Spanish troops, hoping, in their turn, to expel the invaders. They intrenched themselves in a natural fastness that appeared impregnable, and an English messenger being sent to demand a surrender, the venerable governor, Don Arnoldo Sasi, it is said, ordered him to be shown around the fortification, that he might see that it was impossible to take it, and then dismissed him with a handsome present. But the English soldiers knew no such thing as an impregnable fortress; they soon stormed the height, and, as the Spaniards were fleeing along the cliffs, picked them off like so many crows. A few attendants hurried down

the aged governor to the sea, and conveyed him across to Cuba. And thus perished the tranquil and happy colony of St. Jago de la Vega. The victors took possession of the deserted town, which has finally become the seat of government. But they changed its Popish appellation of St. Jago de la Vega to the homely but unimpeachably Protestant name of Spanishtown, which it still bears in popular use, although officially it has resumed its former designation. There were two Roman Catholic churches in the town, each of which gave the name of its patron saint to the street on which it stood. But the Puritans would know them only as Whitechurch street and Redchurch street—names which, I believe, still remain, curious monuments of Puritan scrupulosity in that southern land. Spanishtown has increased in population to about five thousand, and in its palmy days of slaveholding prosperity exhibited doubtless much pomp of vice-regal splendor. But this has long fled, and its sandy streets are now almost as silent and sombre in the glittering sunshine as if traversed only by the ghosts of the Spanish colonists who dwelt here in peace until ruthlessly thrust forth by the English invader.

After the conquest, the island filled up with English, partly by voluntary emigration, and partly by a double deportation from home, first of refractory Cavaliers during Cromwell's protectorate, and partly of mutinous Puritans after the return of the Stuarts. These often renewed in the streets of Spanishtown the brawls of the mother country, and the exclamation, 'My king!' which the negroes are fond of using, is said to be a genuine relic of the time when it was the watchword of the outnumbered but courageous Cavaliers. Even after the Restoration, the Puritans were for a while in the ascendant in the island which the Puritan protector had wrested from the great foe of Protestantism; but gradually all traces of that hardy sect dis-

appeared from a land which an enervating climate and the rapidly advancing barbarism of slavery rendered far fitter for another sort of inhabitants, namely, the buccaneers. The buccaneers, it will be remembered, were not exactly pirates preying indiscriminately upon all. They were rather English corsairs, who took advantage of the long enmity between England and Spain to carry on, in time of peace and war alike, perpetual forays against the Spanish settlements and commerce of the West Indies. They were simply the jayhawkers and border ruffians of their day, and, with some traits of chivalry, differed probably as little from pirates as Quantrell and his fellow scoundrels differ from robbers. This villainous crew early resorted in great numbers to Jamaica, which became as good a base of operations against a power with which England was professedly at peace as Liverpool and Greenock are now against another power with which she is professedly at peace. Dr. Arnold, in one of his letters, says he imagines the British West Indies have never recovered from the taint of buccaneer blood. It is hard to say, for the universal corruption of morals and justice induced by slavery, existing in the overwhelming proportions which it had in the West Indies, renders it almost impossible to measure how far any subsidiary influence of evil may have helped to aggravate the mischief.

Jamaica, like the other colonies, soon received a constitution. Like her sisters on the continent, she opposed a spirited and successful resistance to the early encroachments of the crown. When our Revolution broke out, her Assembly passed resolutions declaring their entire concurrence in the principles set forth by the Congress, and gave as the reasons for not joining in our armed vindication of them, their insular position, and the peculiar nature of their population. Had geography permitted, Jamaica would doubtless have made one Slave State the more in

the original Union, and would have been one of the fiercest afterward in the secession. We may well believe that nothing but the knowledge that she would be crushed like an eggshell by the mighty power of England, hindered her in 1834 from heading her sister islands in a revolt against the impending abolition of slavery, and thus giving the world twenty-seven years earlier the spectacle of a great slaveholders' rebellion.

The history of Jamaica, otherwise so monotonous and devoid of interest, even to its own people, yet includes one awful event, the destruction of Port Royal by the earthquake of 1692. This city, built by the English soon after the conquest, on the tongue of land which encloses the present harbor of Kingston, soon became the most splendid city of the English in America. Its quays and warehouses, Macaulay says, were thought to rival those of Cheapside. This wealth and splendor were not wholly the fruit of lawful commerce, for Port Royal was the favored resort of the buccaneers. Their lawless forays against the Spanish filled it with wealth, and filled it also with voluptuous wickedness.

Tradition adds, perhaps to give emphasis to its doom, that just before the earthquake, a successful expedition had filled the city with booty, which loaded the warehouses, and even overflowed into the dwelling houses and verandas. But the stroke of judgment came, and a few shocks of an earthquake in a few seconds buried the greater part of the dissolute and splendid city beneath the waters of its own harbor. The decaying bodies that were thrown afterward on the shore produced a pestilence which swept off three thousand of those who had survived the earthquake. The sad remnant went over to the inside shore of the harbor, and built Kingston. A poor village of some twelve or fifteen hundred souls, adjoining the naval station, is now all that represents the once wealthy and wicked

city, the Sodom of the West, and smitten with a fate like that of Sodom.

The same earthquake which destroyed Port Royal, almost ruined the island. Whole plantations changed their places. The mountains were strangely torn and rent. In many parts the immense accumulation of earth fallen from the mountains choked up the course of the streams for twenty-four hours, and when at last they burst through way through, they bore down on their swollen floods thousands of trunks of trees, branchless and barkless, to the sea. The gorge of the Bocaguas, through which the Rio Cobre winds in a glorious succession of cascades and whirling pools, is said to have been entirely filled up, causing the waters to overspread the upland basin of St. Thomas-in-the-Vale with a lake, which lasted nine days before the waters tore loose from their confinement, and swept over the plains to the ocean. There was evidence of a slight subsidence over the whole island. The earthquake of 1692 is undoubtedly the most desolating convulsion of nature which has ever befallen any portion of the English race.

For generations after the destruction of Port Royal, it was affirmed that the spires and housetops of the sunken city could be discerned on a clear day through the waters of the harbor. Even now there is a floating belief that they may occasionally be dimly descried, though I have never been able to ascertain whether it is worthy of credit.

Since then, although there are often shocks of earthquake, sometimes several in a year, and though some have occurred quite destructive to property, there has been none to divide with that of 1692 its awful preëminence of desolation. It is true, we know not at what time such a one may come, and it has been truly said that 'this beautiful island may be regarded as a gorgeous carpet spread over the deeply charged mines of a volcano.' Hurricanes, though very much less frequent

than in the Windward Islands, have yet left their traces in the annals of Jamaica. Particularly noted are those of the 26th of August, 1712, of the 28th of August, 1723, and the series which, with the exception of two years, annually ravaged the island from 1780 to 1786 inclusive. It was in one of these that the town of Savanna-la-Mar was so completely overwhelmed by the sea, driven over it by the force of the wind, that when the flood rolled back to its home, not the slightest vestige of the place was discernible. In such a region the petition of the Litany, as it is here offered, 'From lightning, tempest, and earthquake, good Lord, deliver us,' falls on the stranger's ear with unwontedly solemn force.

The awful magnificence of these convulsions of nature is in strange contrast with the insignificance of the record of human actions in this island. Not that Jamaica was an insignificant member of the empire. Far from it. The teeming source of wealth, she was, on the contrary, during the whole of the eighteenth century, continually increasing in importance. Even dukes were glad to leave England to assume the princely state of a governor of Jamaica. Six hundred thousand African slaves were introduced during the last century, of which number something over half remained at the beginning of this. Human blood flowed in fertilizing streams over the island, and out of this ghastly compost rose an opulence so splendid as to silence for generations all inquiry into its origin or character. It secured its possessors not only easy access, but frequent intermarriages among the aristocracy of England, who thus in time came to be among the largest West Indian slaveholders. Jamaica was justly reckoned one of the brightest jewels in the British crown. But the brilliancy was merely that of wealth, and as the ownership of this was transferred more and more to Great Britain, the island itself at length came to be of little more independent account than an

outlying estate. Petty squabbles between the governors and the Assembly, occasional negro conspiracies, soon suppressed and cruelly punished, and the wearying contests with the remaining negroes, who, under the name of Maroons, long maintained a harassing warfare from their mountain fastnesses, and yielded at last to favorable terms, are almost all that fills the chronicles of the colony.

The island society, unrelieved by any eminence of genius or virtue, or by the stir of great public interests, presented little more than a dull monotony of sensuality and indolence, on a ground of inhumanity. It is no wonder that Zachary Macaulay, from his experience in Jamaica as the superintendent of an estate, formed in quiet sternness that resolution to devote his life to uprooting a social system whose presiding divinities he saw to be Mammon and Moloch, which he afterward so nobly fulfilled. The graces and virtues of private character that lent some relief to this dreary picture, I shall speak of hereafter.

One relief to the prevailing dullness of Jamaica life was found in a bar of first-rate talent. There was so much wealth passing from hand to hand, and so many disputed titles in the continual mutations of ownership among the estates under the reckless system of conducting them prevalent, that the disciples of the law found a rich harvest, and it was worth while for a first-rate man to settle in the island. It is thought that the lawyers of Jamaica used to receive not less than £500,000 annually. Whether this was reckoned in sterling money or in the island currency, I do not know, but probably the latter, equivalent to £300,000 sterling. Of men not lawyers, Bryant Edwards is the only one of the last century or the early part of this of any note whatever among those permanently settled in the island. His chief claim to distinction is found in his carefully prepared and judicious 'History of the

West Indies.' Beckford, the author of 'Vathek,' and Monk Lewis, christened Matthew, the patent ghost-story teller of half a century ago, and more honorably connected with the history of the island as a proprietor, whose inexperienced kindness toward his negroes had almost led to his prosecution, both resided in the island for a while. Jamaica had almost drawn to herself a name far more illustrious than any or all which had appeared in her annals—that of Robert Burns. It is known that he had already engaged his passage to the island, when the course of events turned him from it. He celebrates his expected departure in some verses more witty than moral, in which he addresses our islanders as follows :

'Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
And hap him in a cosy biel,
Ye'll find him aye a dainty chiel,
And fu' of glee;
He wadna wrang the very deil,
That's ower the sea.'

Poor fellow ! had he really gone, the admonition to 'Jamaica bodies' to 'use him weel,' would probably have been obeyed by making him drink himself to death ten or twelve years earlier than he did in Dumfries, and thus would one of earth's great, though stained names, have been lost in the inglorious darkness of a Jamaica book-keeper's short life, as many a young countryman of his, perhaps not less gifted than he, had perished before him.

Among the distinguished personages of Jamaica, I ought not to omit mention of the Duke of Manchester, governor soon after the beginning of this century, who was able to boast that no virtuous woman had crossed the threshold of the King's House in Spanish-town during his administration. So that if Jamaica has never had her *parc-aux-cerfs*, she can at least boast her Regent Orleans. There is small need of any special *parc-aux-cerfs* in a slaveholding country.*

* I take this anecdote on Mr. Underhill's authority.

In brief, except a certain interest attached to the struggles of the barbarous Maroons to maintain their wild freedom in the woods and mountains, the human history of Jamaica, from the English conquest in 1655 to the abolition of slavery in 1834, is little more than a monotonous blank.

She had a vigorous bar, a sumptuous church establishment, and boundless, though shifting wealth. But all these together, smitten as they were with the palsy of voluptuousness and oppression,

had not the power to bring forth one great name, to achieve one heroic deed, or on the other hand, to foster any growth of humble, diffused happiness. Her sin, plated with gold, dazzled the eyes and confounded the consciences of men, but, like the ornaments of a sepulchre, it only beautified outwardly what within was full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness.

Those events of her history which bear on the abolition of slavery will be specially noticed hereafter.



THE DEVELOPMENT OF AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE.

THE rule held, anciently, that a nation's architecture was the exponent of its national character, growing with and out of its social, civil, and religious peculiarities, and modified by climate, habit, and taste. In those early ages, the halcyon days of the art, men built with a purpose, built what they wanted in a natural and appropriate way, and—built successfully. So true was this, that to this day, most of their relics proclaim their own origin, just as fossils determine the relative positions of their enclosing strata, and history owes to architecture the solution of many of her hardest problems. The ancient Egyptians, for instance, gloried in the erection of the most magnificent tombs that their genius could produce, and, ruined as they are, we find that it is in their sepulchral monuments—the rock-wrought mausoleum and the stupendous pyramid—that their art-current found its readiest flow. Compare these with the light and graceful structures of the Moors, the cool, arcaded courts, and the tessellated pavements, the orange trees, and the fountains. 'But no comparison,' says Fergusson, 'is applicable to objects so totally different.

Each is a true representative of the feeling and character of the people by whom it was raised. The plaster Alhambra would be totally out of place and contemptible beside the great temple-palace of Karnak. No less would the granite works of Egypt be considered monuments of ill-directed labor if placed in the palace of the gay and luxurious Arab fatalist, to whom the present was everything, and with whom the enjoyment of the passing hour was all in all.'

Still another idea, grander than any aspiration of Saracen or Egyptian, we find, when Europe, slowly shaking off the lethargy of the Dark Ages, was developing the idea of religion. It was material, however, as well as spiritual. God was glorified, not only by repentance or holiness of life, but also by the devotion of hand and heart and fortune to His earthly temples and the jewelled shrines of His saints. All that impetus which is now given to religion itself, was turned into the channels of religious art. And yet, temporarily speaking, how grand were the results! Slowly but surely arose those vast and wonderful cathedrals, springing lightly

out of the quaintly gabled streets, with their richly wrought transepts and their pinnacled spires. Not trailing along the ground like the Greek temple or the Arab mosque—of the earth, earthy—but leading the soul heavenward with their upward flow of harmony. Vast Bibles of stone, bearing on lofty façade and on buttressed flank the sculptured details of Holy Writ—silent lessons, but not lost upon the rude though reverent men who dwelt within their shadow. It is sad to think that there can never be any more cathedrals. For they *grew* in those times: now they would have to be built.

But we are following a tangent. Our idea is, that architecture, to be good, must be appropriate—expressive of the spirit of the age. It should be an epitome of the nation's progress, an abstract of its guiding principles, condensed, as it were, and crystalized into an art. Of what use would a garment be, though ever so elaborate, if it did not fit? Just so our houses, which are but a broader kind of clothing, should be fitted to their purpose, or they will never yield us any pleasure.

Suppose that, in searching the ruins of ancient Greece, we found nothing but pusillanimous, sham imitations of Egyptian art. Would we not despise such a paltry method of making matter serve for mind—such a miserable makeshift to save the labor of invention? And yet it is this same servile imitation of classical and foreign models that is fettering the progress of art in America. Instead of honestly constructing what we want, and then decorating it with a style of ornament that should assist, explain, and intensify it, we go wandering off to the ends of the earth, building Grecian temples and Veronese palaces, some entire and some in slices, dreary, indefinite-looking objects, devoid of all constructive principles within, and ornamented with falsified gewgaws without, stuck on in the hope of hiding rather than helping out the flimsy design. Our 'national style' we

are sure can never be born of any such travesties. Borrowed architecture never fits well.

The fact is, we ignore the first great principle—the essence and *sine qua non* of the art—DECORATED CONSTRUCTION. By construction is meant that mechanical arrangement of parts which is best suited to convenience and most conducive to stability. It is what the French would call the *motif*, the end in view, while decoration is only the means. And the moment we lose sight of it, in our anxiety to make room for some pet ornament, that very ornament becomes an eyesore, and will persist in spoiling the design, for the simple reason that the end is sacrificed to the means. Set it down, then, at the start, that ornament must be dependent upon construction, and not construction upon ornament. The useful begets the beautiful, and the order cannot be reversed.

But before proceeding to what American architecture might be, we must, in all fairness, examine it as it is.

Our great cities, of course, claim our attention first, for these centres of wealth and intellect must necessarily be centres of art, and there, if at all, are we to discover our prospects for a national style. As a single example of what it has attained to so far, nothing can be better suited to our purpose than Broadway, New York, our best-known and most essentially American thoroughfare. But what to compare it to we know not. Neither history nor geography affords a parallel. It resembles neither the London Strand nor the Parisian Boulevard, nor is it like the Ludwig Strasse of Munich, nor the Grand Canal of Venice; and yet it has something or other in common with all of these. There is all the incongruity of the English thoroughfare and the brilliancy of the French, while the frequent succession of vast palatial structures allies it still closer to the last-named examples. Perhaps, after all, the Grand Canal—the silent highway of the City of the Sea—is more like it in

general effect than any other street in Europe. The one, it is true, is as straight as an airline, and the other nearly the shape of an S; the one a paved roadway, noisy with the rush of traffic, and, in the other, the water washing the very walls of palaces that are mournful and deserted—while, as regards style, there is scarcely a single specimen of the Venetian in this country.

But the resemblance is this: your prevailing impression from first to last is the absence of all general arrangement, and the independent elegance of each separate façade. Each tells the same story: it is the wealth and enterprise of the citizen, and not the munificence of the sovereign, that has added palace to palace, and made the dumb stones eloquent. Remembering, then, that it is private taste and influence that is to develop our art, we proceed to the analysis of the great thoroughfare in question.

Fancy yourself, patient reader, at one end of this street, so as to command its vista. What do you see? Architecture? Very little, we imagine. Save the buildings immediately at your right and left, all the others are seen in profile, a contingency never reckoned on by their builders. The decoration is all piled on the front, as elaborate a design, often, as Salladio ever dreamt of, but at the side, every cornice and stringpiece stops as short as if it had been sawn off, and the whole side is a flat blank piece of brickwork. This is greatly aggravated by the disparity in height, and the ponderous cornices. As to construction, the prevailing type is a flimsy pile of brick and timber, 'put up,' apparently, by mutual connivance of the contractor and the corner, and screened off from the street by a thin veneer of 'architecture.' Now there is a certain merit, *sui generis*, in a clever deception, but those in vogue here are too utterly transparent to claim even this. The telltale wall of brick cheats you out of the pleasure of

cheating yourself, no matter how charitably disposed.

Were it necessary to represent this street upon the stage, the decorator would simply have to paint his scenes upon the edges, and leave the side toward the audience bare. As you walk along you see a given building sideways for five minutes or more, but you cannot see it as it was meant to be seen—full in front—for as many seconds. We even know of churches in the cross streets, though near Broadway, whose square towers are stone-fronted after the usual fashion, but present nothing to the crowded thoroughfare but undressed walls of brick! Yea, a Christian church, in *flagrante delicto*.

It will be objected to this that there is no use in finishing the sides of city buildings, as they may afterward be hidden by others. This would do well enough if they were all of the same height; but they are not, and never can be. Indeed, a house is by many considered 'handsomer' than its neighbors, just so far forth as it overtops them. The builder would hardly think it a fair beat if the cornices corresponded. The successive erections on a row of vacant lots, usually illustrate this popular ambition. Some one secures the corner and builds his house. So far, so good. Presently number two comes along, and, to secure himself from invidious comparison, piles his house half a story higher than number one. But his triumph is short, for the third aspirant soon arrives, who, true to principle, takes another step in the ascending series. So it goes till the block is finished, the whole thing looking as if architecture was a sort of auction, in which the prize of success was awarded to the highest bidder.

It being one of our social necessities that our houses differ in size, we must pay some attention to their sides. Not giving them as decided a treatment as the front, but something compatible with a plain surface. And, above all,

the principal cornice and roof lines should be carried round on the sides, at least as far as they can be seen. In some rare instances, where this has been done, it is astonishing to note the improved appearance and *finish* that it gives.

Did you ever consider the superior elegance of a corner house? Yet it is not so much the position as the fact that the position is taken advantage of. Being finished on both sides, it gives to the mind the idea of thickness as well as length and breadth. It is, in short, a *solid*, while the affair next door, overtopping it perhaps a story or two, is merely a *superficies*.

But this is only a side thrust. Our 'commercial palaces' challenge the same criticism face to face. For the front, considered by itself even, is generally incomplete. A supposititious formula determines that the house must be in the Italian palace style, but the narrow lot forbidding an entire design, the builder, as he cannot put in all, puts in all he can, so that, instead of the house being a house, it is only a specimen slice of a palace. It has no particular beginning or middle or ending, and, with the long viscera of brickwork trailing off behind, it looks as if just wrenched out of the side of some Florentine or Genoese mansion. And, in very truth, is it not?

The common cause of these errors and incongruities is our self-abasement to a style which depends for its effect upon continuous uniformity of design, while, from the very nature of our society, our houses must be diverse in size and pretension. We are a social people, it is true, but our individualities are strongly marked, and our dwellings, while designed with reference to each other, should never be too uniform. How frightful those white-shuttered brick piles which monotonize the streets of Philadelphia! But to assert its individuality the house need not shoot up like a vein of trap rock through a stratum of conglomerate: an

American rises, not through the mass, but out of it.

Have you ever seen a street view of Bruges or Nuremberg, those fantastic old cities of mediæval Germany? You remember them, the tall gabled houses with projecting stories, the picturesque grouping of porch and gallery and oriel, the curious old bridges and the Gothic fountains, the grotesque carvings over the doorways, and the perfect population of dormer windows and turrets and lanterns. And did you not, *entre nous*, like it better than those stiff, formal views of the French and Italian cities? Was not the poetry more pleasing than the prose?

'Oh well,' you say, 'these turrets and gables and things look all very well in pictures, but they would never do for our streets: we must build in some regular style, you know.' The same old error again, the same servile imitation of a vague something or other, which we call classic. Do you think the old German burghers built in any regular style? Not a bit of it. They built just what they wanted, in the most natural and plain-spoken manner. If they wanted a porch over the door, or a bay window at a certain corner, or a turret to enjoy some favorite view—they made them, put them just where they were needed. Convenience was everything, and precedent nothing.

Is there not something about this individual originality, this perfect freedom of thought and expression, that might be adapted to express the American character? And if more pleasing, why cling to the effete and cumbrous tyrannies of a soulless classicism? Why crush out all symptoms of natural growth to make room for the unsightly exotic?

Nature herself has made the law that beauty is *variety*. Monotony, though magnificent, will become irksome, but variety is an unceasing delight. Versailles, with its formal avenues of shorn foliage, and its geometrical lawns and terraces, may please you

more at first sight than an English park, because the mind feels a sort of pride in being able to grasp such vast ideas at a glance. But you will find, upon a second or third visit, that the unnatural arrangement of the French pleasure grounds has something of staleness about it. Nature disdains such bondage. Louis XIV, it is said, grew weary of his splendid plaything, almost before it was finished. How different the English landscape garden, where graceful sweeps and irregular masses of foliage meet the eye with unlooked-for beauties at every turn! Well do we remember how, after a few days spent in viewing the grand dullness of the Bavarian capital, we looked wearily back to the delightful visit we made at Nuremberg, with its curious old streets and fountains:

‘Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song;
Memories haunt thy pointed gables like the rooks that round them throng.’

To claim the merit of variety for our streets is wrong, for they are not varied, but only incongruous. Their variety is rather that of an architectural museum than the result of any combination. We have styles enough, in all conscience, but none that will tolerate any other.

Against this may be urged the very argument with which we set out, that a nation's architecture should be the exponent of its national character, and as we are made up of every people and every class, that this heterogeneous *mélange* is our normal style. But mark the distinction: Although we are made up of so many diverse elements, yet the component parts are severally and mutually held in solution. Each so affects the mass as to give rise to a new element—not a mere union, but a result—not an addition, but a multiplication. But with the representative art, the materials have merely come in contact—nothing more. Our houses lack that social element which characterizes our people. Each is itself, and itself alone,

ruining the appearance of its neighbors, and ruined by them in turn. *Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo*, is the only law; while we are a chemical solution, our architecture is only a mechanical one.

How proceed, then, to develop our national style, that unborn something which a future age might refer to as American, just as we speak of Byzantine or Gothic? Are we waiting for somebody to invent it? We think, maybe, that it is to spring forth, ready made, like Minerva from the brain of Zeus. If this is our idea, we might as well give up at once and confess to the world our imbecility. Never, from Adam's day to this, did anybody ever invent a new architecture. It is purely a matter of genealogy. For just as we trace back a family line, can we trace the generations of art. Spite of its complications, many an offshoot can be followed up directly to the parent stock. Taking, for example, the mediæval architecture of Spain, the brilliant ‘Moresco,’ we find it to be a combination of the vigorous Gothic of the North with the beautiful though effeminate Saracenic—the exotic of the South. And of these latter, each is traceable, though by different lines, to the same great prototype, the Roman. For when Rome was divided, the Dome fell to the inheritance of the Eastern Empire, and the Basilica (which was only a Greek temple turned inside out) to the Western. The former, joined to the Arabian, and the latter to the Gothic, formed two great families, from the union of whose descendants sprang the Moresco. But even the Roman was a derivative style, leading us back successively through Greece, Assyria, and Egypt. Each step is visibly allied to the preceding, and yet how unlike the pyramid and the Spanish cathedral! Did history permit, all the styles that have ever existed could be traced in the same way; it is quite as easy to account for their diversities, as for those of the nations that produced them. Ham and Japheth were of the same

household, yet how different their descendants of to-day! As from one man sprang all people, so was there an original germ of architecture from which all successive styles have been derived.

The composite forms that have arisen since commerce and civilization have brought the ends of the world together, increase the complication. There have been marriages and intermarriages, some good matches and some bad ones, some with vigorous and some with sickly offspring, and some hybrids of such monstrous malformation as almost to make us fear that a new style can be invented. But the effect is impossible without the cause. Save the mysterious Pyramids, every structure extant acknowledges its ancestry. If physiologists are fond of claiming the history of the race as one of their own chapters, architecture has at least an equal claim.

But all this does not mean that we are mere passive agents in the matter. We are, in a great measure, the 'external influences' that modify art. The motion exists, but it devolves upon us to give direction.

We have already alluded to Venetian architecture as being parallel in origin and tendency to our own, and much can be gained, we believe, by a careful examination of what it accomplished. Not that we ought to copy, line for line, the doge's palace or the Casa d'Oro—the arabesque arcade, or the Gothic balcony—that would only be following the well-worn rut of imitation. We are not to study the result, but the cause. For the causes that produced the style in question were not unlike what we find at home to-day. A commercial republic, there was the same liberty of expression—the same preponderance of the individual over the national; and there, as here, are we attracted rather by the elegance of independent units than by any general unity of design.

But the growth of art in Venice (we ask special attention) was due to her

central situation, and the simultaneous influx of foreign elements. It was her commerce that made Venice great: her glory came and departed with it. Witnessing, as she did, the development of all the mediæval styles, she became—geographically and historically—the metropolis of architecture. 'The Greeks,' says Ruskin, 'gave the shaft, Rome gave the arch, the Arabs pointed and foliated the arch. . . . Opposite in their character and mission, alike in their magnificence of energy, they came from the North and from the South—the glacier torrent and the lava stream, they met and contended over the wreck of the Roman Empire; and the very centre of the struggle, the point of pause of both, the dead water of the opposite eddies, charged with embayed fragments of the Roman wreck, is Venice.'

'The ducal palace of Venice contains the three elements in exactly equal proportions, the Roman, Lombard, and Arab. It is the central building of the world.'

Truly, it was a glorious success that art achieved in the Italian republic. Whether the old precedents were violated or not, the result is unquestionably pleasing, and the pleasure-seeking tourist lingers there as long as the critic.

At this transition state, through which Venice passed so nobly, have we now arrived. We have collected our materials, and piled them up together, but just as all seems most propitious, *le mouvement s'arrête*, the materials will not coalesce. The brass and the silver, the iron and the gold, are all in the crucible, but there is no fusion, only a discordant clash.

Alas! there is no heat. We are not warmed, as yet, with any love for art. We are too much absorbed in the rapid accumulation of wealth, or the passing excitement of the hour, to attend to anything that is noble or honest or beautiful. And now that devastating war is sweeping through the land and

clogging the wheels of progress, we are learning terrible lessons; but, with experience for our teacher, learning them well. Where war prevails, civilization for the time must stand still. *Inter arma silent artes*. And so long as we consider art a marketable commodity, and consign it, like merchandise, to soulless builders, so long will it remain in hopeless embryo. Only by taking a personal interest in it can we hope to make it our own.

So much for what we have done. There is little to be proud of, and little, we hope, that will influence our future art. To which we now turn our attention.

To begin with, great public buildings will never form a distinguishing feature of American architecture. It is to be preëminently a domestic style. Herein shall we differ from the European nations, for in art, as in politics, the people are the rulers. It is discouraging, at first thought, to reflect that no such magnificent architectural combinations as those of the French capital can ever find place in an American city. They are grand, they are superb, these endless successions of palaces and gardens and triumphal arches, with groves and fountains all in perfect symmetry, and well-balanced vistas radiating in all directions; but they are the result of centuries of despotism—of the impoverishment of the many and the aggrandizement of the few. This, we hope, is not to be the fashion in America. It is true that the ground plan for the city of Washington exhibits a design analogous to the above, but we think it will be a long time before it exists elsewhere than on the map. The Greeks and Romans, we know, confined their efforts to public buildings, but that was their business. They served their Governments, but our Government serves us: the spirit of the age points in an opposite direction. Since we are so fond of the classic, why not have chariots for carriages, and triremes instead of gunboats and steamers?

Our real style will first appear in our residences and warehouses, in our banks and hotels and railroad depots. It sounds odd, but it is manifestly so to be. We are a commercial republic. Old European palaces and cathedrals are doubtless very grand, and—for those who need such things—most excellent models. But with us the private element already predominates; we only need to begin honestly, and the thing is half done.

Our national dread of Gothic, except it be for church purposes, should be done away with. The Gothic *principle*, we mean; the style we may follow or may not. But to be sincere and constructive, to build with a purpose, we must do as did the mediæval builders. In their hands, our daguerrean skylights and shot towers, our factory chimneys and signboards, would have become glorious objects, because useful objects. Their art did not confine itself to one day in seven; it permeated the commonest details of every-day life, because they were common. Hence they ennobled everything.

But the Romans, unfortunately, never had any shot towers, or hotels, or railroad depots, and so we think such things exceptions to the ordinary rules of architecture. But after all, perhaps, this is all the better for their future, as it leaves them comparatively untrammelled. In the matter of railroad depots, England has certainly stolen a march upon us, the large city stations in that rail-bound country being perfect Crystal Palaces in size and elegance, while those for the more rural places are often the most exquisite little villas, unapproachable in neatness and taste. In some parts of the Continent, the Swiss style has been pressed into this service with notable success.

In regard to fire-alarm towers, we rejoice to be able to make an exceptional remark. New York city has actually produced two or three of these of new and elegant shape, perfectly adapted to their purpose; and yet, so far as we

know, not copied from anything else. Those in Sixth and Third avenues have a grace of outline that is really elegant, and show what we can accomplish if we only build what we want in a natural and appropriate way.

Nothing, however, is to exert a vaster influence on our style than the hotel. This 'institution,' as we have it, is comparatively unknown in Europe; beyond all nations are we a travelling and hotel-building people. Our hotels have not grown up with the scant traffic of the post chaise or *diligence*; they overleaped that feeble infancy, and started at once with the railroad and steamboat. Large, luxurious, and well appointed, they are usually the prominent buildings in all our large cities.

But as yet it is only their size and social importance that distinguishes them, not their architecture. The recipe for a first-class city house is simple: a vast square front of white, with ninety-six or a hundred and forty-four windows, as the case may be, all alike, and all equidistant. The variety afforded by this arrangement is much the same as that of an uncut sheet of postage stamps. In such large masses, a single color—white especially—is always disagreeable, unless treated with some variety of form. Brick, with stone dressings, will almost invariably produce a finer front than stone alone. But, after all, the most desirable kind of variety is that which seeks to express exteriorly the inner arrangement of the building, by giving some degree of prominence to the principal rooms. As to interior, our hotels neglect a grand opportunity in making no capital of the central space they generally enclose. This, instead of being abandoned to cats and ash barrels, might be made the feature of the establishment. Fancy such a court roofed over with glass,* and surrounded with light arcades of ironwork forming a continuous balcony at each story, arrange a garden in the centre with a fountain,

* As in the Hotel du Louvre in Paris.

and give the whole a sort of oriental treatment, and what a really elegant effect could be produced! The main entrance in this case would be, not on the street, but on one of the sides of this inner court, while an arched carriage way, to connect with the street, would render vehicles accessible under cover. The arcades, connecting all parts of the house, would take the place of halls and corridors, besides forming delightful promenades. Some few hotels could be named, in our large cities, which seem to have the germ of this idea, but we know no instance of its complete development.

Still we have great hopes of the hotel, because it is the place of all others which it is to our interest to make look well. People go to the post office all the same, be it a barn or a parthenon, but they will go, other things being equal, to the best hotel. Here comes in the American principle of Competition, the keynote of all our enterprise. Competition is to do for us what the hope of earthly immortality did for the builders of the Pyramids, what the desire to glorify God did for the builders of the cathedrals. It is to be the soul of our art: what sort of a body it is to put on, we shall presently see. Even now it is safe to assume that no more such granite prisons as the 'Revere' or the 'Astor' will be built for hotels. Lightness, variety, and vivacity will more probably characterize this style.

The *shop front* is something that we must have in some shape or other, and, if fairly treated, it would become as decidedly American as business is. It is susceptible of great variety, but care must be taken that it harmonizes with the superstructure. How often we see massive structures of marble, five stories or more, supported on basements of plate glass, apparently; while the real supports are carefully concealed! The best method, so far tried, seems to be that in which the columns are made sufficiently prominent to show their object, and are surmounted by arches,

which give a good basis for what comes next above, while affording sufficient window space to the store front.

But we must make up our mind to part with those hideous signboards, which trail their loathsome length across our best buildings, regardless of console or capital or cornice. For the importance of the sign renders it constructive, and it has as much right to take part in the design as a door or a window. Instead of being pinned on like an afterthought, it should be built into the wall, panel fashion, and by a little taste in the selection of the style of letter, it might become one of the most striking features of the whole front. Color would be better for the letters than relief, being more economical and more easily altered.

Our warehouses and even our factories might become imposing objects if appropriately conceived, for is not labor ennobling? Anything that is worth doing, is worth doing well; and if any of our manufacturing towns are hideous, they are not necessarily so.* There is a certain grandeur about many such places, with their myriad chimneys and ponderous wheels and whirling engines, that deserves a corresponding grandeur of expression, and some of our Pennsylvania ironworks already afford splendid examples of this. We have seldom been more impressed by the grandeur of mechanical operations than on a recent night visit to one of the large rolling mills of Scranton. The whole interior, vast as a cathedral, was brilliantly lighted by the numerous operations in molten and red-hot iron that were everywhere in progress, and, with its gleaming furnaces, ranged on either hand down the long vista, and glowing here and there from the galleries, really made us feel prouder of

our race than did many a dim, dilapidated temple of the Old World.

As to churches, we cannot expect much, except that they will be tasteful and commodious audience rooms, commensurate with the importance of their congregations. The religion of to-day appeals to soul, and not to soul and sense. The world is older and better educated than in the cathedral era, and the apostles and prophets are read, not from sculptured doors or painted windows, but from the printed page and the winged word. Childhood, that cannot read, requires gaudily painted primers for its instruction and amusement, but the world is a grown man now; the press has superseded the cathedral, and if we imitate those structures in our churches, we should bear in mind that it was their size that gave them grandeur, and that they would be caricatures without it. We have heard our American church interiors spoken of somewhere as divisible into two classes—the charlotte-russe style and the molasses-candy style. This is not true, we hope; but there is too much truth in it, for it shows the influence of a too close imitation of European palaces and churches, and the hard shamming that has to be done to make this imitation apparent.

If our rural architecture has been more successful, it is because our better class of country houses are planned with reference to the landscapes they occupy. A rich level meadow with here and there a waving elm requires a different style of house from a fir-clad bluff on a river bank or a wild gorge in a mountain. No intelligent architect, we take it, would design a country house without an intimate acquaintance with the surroundings, and yet the same man, likely as not, would make you a sketch for the elevation of your house in town, without even looking to see what it was to adjoin on either side. Now this method may be correct, but it seems to us that, by first putting on paper the existing houses, say one or

* The great Bible-printing establishment at Oxford encloses a spacious courtyard, which is laid out as a garden. The foliage is agreeably disposed, and there are shrubby walks, flowers, vases, and parterres, all arranged in the best taste. Consider what a healthful influence this must have on the character of the workman.

two, on each side of the space to be built upon, the new front could be much better planned, and much of that unnecessary discord avoided which destroys so many of our best streets. This is what is done in painting and other arts, and why not in architecture? Particular situations require particular treatments. A front that would appear well on a narrow street, would be inappropriate on a broad avenue or a square. A corner, or the head of a street, are most responsible situations. A tall marble front, placed in a modest row of freestone, is hideous, and yet the unrelieved monotony of many such rows is quite as bad. A dome, unless at the top of a street or on some open space, is next to worthless. Who would ever notice Boston State House or the Baltimore Cathedral, but for their elevated and central positions?

We often find among the old masters elegant architectural paintings, street views, taken from the picturesque cities they lived in. We should like to find some one bold enough to paint a street view of Broadway or Washington street or Chestnut street.

It is a pity that our architects are unwilling to acknowledge the importance of the *buttress*. Concerning this feature, it is not easy to say whether beauty or utility is most apparent. It is the very idealization of strength, and hence its inherent elegance. Suppose Notre Dame or Milan Cathedral stripped of their double tiers of flying buttresses. Would you not say that their glory was gone—their beauty departed? And yet the old builders did not pile them up against their naves for mere beauty's sake. By no means. But they knew the immense weight of their vaulted roofs, and anticipated the outward thrust of the walls. That was the problem, and most fairly was it met. They counteracted the outward pressure from within by an inward pressure from without, and there was the buttress. But what if they had said, We are not going to spoil our

fine churches by sticking props all around them, and had resorted to concealed bedplates and invisible rods of iron, would their structures have been better or nobler or more enduring? Fortunately, they gave themselves no concern as to how they would look—for architecture was honest in those days—they simply built them, allowing decoration to come in afterward in its proper order; and thereupon the buttress became the distinguishing feature of Gothic art.

Perhaps this is the very reason why we so neglect it; but symptoms are already appearing which lead us to hope that gothophobia is on the decline, and not the least of them is the outcropping of something that would be a buttress if it dared to, but hides its real intention under a classic mask, and passes off as a pilaster or a panel border. But it has a guilty look, and the sooner it puts off its borrowed garments the better. Certainly the demand for it is immense. So long as we are a commercial people, vast warehouses, piled from cellar to roof with heavy merchandise, must abound in all our cities. And yet how utterly incompetent would many such buildings be to stand alone! So long, too, as we are a manufacturing people, must we have huge mills crowded full with heavy apparatus, vibrating machinery, and *human lives*. Have we forgotten Lawrence? Let us not wait for another such holocaust ere we learn wisdom. We can do without ornament, but we must have safety. A mere increase of dead weight is no remedy; there should be a well-studied mechanical disposition of material. If buttresses are applied to warehouses and factories with sole reference to their utility, elegance will grow upon them afterward as naturally as leaves grow upon trees.

Material must depend much upon locality, but iron is undoubtedly to hold an important place in our architecture. Already it is extensively used, but does not seem to command general

favor. The reason is that nearly everything that has been done with it so far is not iron architecture, but stone architecture done in iron. We do not let it speak its own language; the truss, the tie rod, and the girder are kept out of sight, while every possible display is made of consoles and cornices and Corinthian columns and balustrades, and all sorts of foreign expressions. No wonder that it is unable to give an account of itself with all these false witnessings. Stone houses should be made of stone, and if made of wood or iron or plaster, they are nothing but shams, unenduring and unsatisfactory.

Now architecture requires the least amount of material that is compatible with the greatest amount of strength. The forms of different materials must be varied to suit their texture, according as it is fibrous or crystalline, tough or brittle. Iron, of course, requires a peculiar treatment. At the risk of being charged with pedantry, we say that there have never been but two iron buildings, of any pretension, in this country—the Niagara Suspension Bridge and the Crystal Palace at New York. The first still speaks for itself; and of the latter, no one who saw it can forget what an exquisite structure it was, so light and airy and elegant, and yet so strong. It was but a bird cage, though, compared with its enormous prototype at Sydenham. That is unquestionably one of the wonders of the world; its internal *coup d'œil* is without a parallel. Fancy a broad level vista, a third of a mile long, flanked on either side by graceful groves of iron-work, and covered with a continuous crystal arch, a hundred feet above your head; line it with a profusion of tropical foliage and clambering vines, that grow as luxuriantly as in their native woods, and interspersed with statuary and vases gleaming everywhere through the rich masses of verdure, while here and there fountains of rare and exquisite design, rising from broad marble basins, relieve without lessening

the immense length—and you may have some faint idea of this peerless structure. ‘No material is used in it,’ says Fergusson, ‘which is not the best for its purpose, no constructive expedient employed which was not absolutely necessary, and it depends wholly for its effect on the arrangement of its parts and the display of its construction.’ It is in iron what Gothic is in stone.

Details, if fairly studied, would do much to nationalize our architecture. Why should we, in designing a capital or cornice, still cling to the classic acanthus or honeysuckle ornament, or even the English ivy, when we have such a fund of our own? The maize and the sugarcane, the potato blossom and the cotton boll afford so many mines of treasure, that it is surprising that they have not already been worked. In the architecture of the Central Park, however, a decided impetus has been given in this direction. The details of the grand terrace at the end of the Mall are as elaborate as those of a European cathedral, but they are all American—all our own.

Another excellent feature of our city houses is that little strip of garden in front, just within the sidewalk. For this, too, we think we have some claim of originality. At least it is not European, for in Berlin, Vienna, etc., some of the most palatial quarters are without so much as a sidewalk—the paving stones reaching from wall to wall. Such barrenness of arrangement cannot be relieved by any architecture, nor was there ever a building so good that it could not be improved by a setting of foliage. The power of mutual relief between art and nature is wonderful. To this is owing much of the effect of the celebrated ‘Place Napoleon,’ the court of the New Louvre at Paris. The contrast between the richly wrought façades of Caen stone and the foliage in the centre, is most grateful to the eye. Even the grand quadrangle of the Tuileries seems dismal after it, grand as are its ogre-roofed ‘pavilions’ and

triumphal arch, for it lacks the refreshing verdure. The eye wearies of the everlasting buff color. .

Not to overstep the subject, we will say just one word about the street plans of our cities. It is really shameful that these are not more studied. No one seems to think of adapting them to the surface of the ground, but everything must needs be graded flat, and rectangular blocks laid out thereon. Our Western cities, particularly, appear to crystallize in cubes—their monotony is painful. An occasional introduction of the curved street, so common in Britain, would be a delightful relief. The London 'Quadrant' is a superb example—the way in which the houses come into view, one by one, as you follow the curve, is not to be surpassed. But the chief secret of success in plotting a town is to seize upon the natural irregularities of the ground, and make them part and parcel of the design. The beauty of Edinburgh—the 'Scottish Athens,' as Dugald Stewart called it—is entirely owing to this. The new town is a 'wilderness of granite, magnificently dull,' and the old has barely enough of the picturesque to save it from being hideous. But there is a broad, natural ravine, dividing the two, which has been retained in its original shape, and being tastefully arranged with shrubbery and terraced walks, forms a fine park. Near one end of this the Castle Hill rises abruptly against the old town, while at the other end the view is 'closed by Calton Hill, with its classic monuments, and Arthur's Seat rising grandly beyond. Two or three bridges afford a level communication between the old town and the new, and Prince's street, the thoroughfare of the latter, forms a fine terrace along the northern edge of the ravine, passing midway the Scott monument, a superb spire of Gothic. This latter is perhaps the only commendable feature *per se* in the city—for the details of Edinburgh are notably poor, its pictorial effect arising solely from the

very happy manner in which they are grouped, amphitheatre-like, around the 'Gardens.'

Did such a vale lie in the track of one of our cities, we would consider it an unlucky blemish, to be filled up at once to the general level. It would be named in the contract as such-and-such 'sunken lots,' and as the Castle Rock was dugged down and dumped in, taxpayers would rejoice over the saved cartage. Having thus killed off Nature, we would put up squares of houses upon the dead level, while the local papers would comment upon the 'improvement of property.'

If we only had a Napoleon here, some think, his master mind might arrest this Vandalism, infuse some system into our rag-bag cities, and make each a Paris. But have we not Public Opinion, stronger than any despot? Let a little of this current, guided by taste, be turned into the channels of art, and the results will soon be forthcoming. We seem to be hampered, as yet, with a kind of feudal system of architecture; this will presently be done away with, for the American character is eclectic, and naturally selects and combines the best in art, as in politics and commerce. To combine English good sense without its heaviness, French vivacity without its hollowness, and the exuberance of German fancy without its inertia—to combine and reflect all these should be the mission of our architecture.

Neither is it too much to say that a genuine love for art may have its bearing on that part of us which is immortal. Not that any of these things will exist after this life, but as children are drilled by their teachers in many studies which have no practical bearing on their after life, so may we consider ourselves as only at boarding school with Nature while in this present temporary state; and if she has set us some lessons which do not appertain directly to our more exalted future, we should remember that this is her method of *discipline*. But she has done more; she has made

the very tasks delightful. Are not such studies more beneficial and satisfactory than the idleness and play which fill up so much of our lives?

No student can succeed, however, who tamely copies his neighbor's work. Let us hope, then, that our art will

soon drop its clumsy costume, and take to itself something natural and national; that it will become, as it should, the type of our Western civilization—a civilization that spreads itself, not by sword or sceptre or crozier, but by life and liberty and light.

JEFFERSON DAVIS AND REPUDIATION OF ARKANSAS BONDS.

LETTER NO. III. OF HON. ROBERT J. WALKER.

LONDON, 10 Half Moon Street, Piccadilly,
January 28th, 1864.

In two pamphlets, published by me last summer, Mr. Jefferson Davis was clearly convicted of sustaining the repudiation of the Union Bank bonds, and the Planters' Bank bonds of the State of Mississippi. These pamphlets were most extensively circulated throughout the United States, the United Kingdom, and upon the continent of Europe, and several confederate writers have since referred to them; but no attempt ever has been made, either by Mr. Davis himself, or by any of his agents or friends, to refute any one of the facts or deductions contained in those pamphlets. Indeed, the facts were founded upon authentic documents, official papers, and Mr. Davis's own two letters over his own signature, plainly and unequivocally sustaining the repudiation of Mississippi. It is true, in the case of the Union Bank bonds of Mississippi, that Mr. Davis justified their repudiation on the ground that the bonds of the State were unconstitutional. But the utter fallacy of this position was shown by two unanimous decisions of the highest judicial tribunal of the State of Mississippi, before whom this very question was brought directly for adjudication,

affirming the constitutionality and validity of these bonds. When it is recollected, also, that this was the Court designated by the Constitution and laws of Mississippi, as the tribunal to which the ultimate decision of this question was referred, the wretched character of this pretext must be at once perceived. Mr. Davis's two repudiating letters were published by him in the spring and summer of 1849, yet one of these decisions by the highest judicial tribunal of Mississippi, quoted by me, affirming the validity and constitutionality of these very bonds, was made in 1842, and again unanimously reaffirmed in 1853. But, still, Mr. Davis adhered to the same position. As to the Planters' Bank bonds, however, the repudiation of which was shown to have been justified by Mr. Davis, there never was even a pretext that they were illegal or unconstitutional. Nor is there any force in the suggestion, that these questions were decided before Mr. Davis came into public life. They were *continuous* questions, constantly discussed in the press and before legislative and judicial tribunals. And, we have seen, even as late as 1853, four years succeeding Mr. Davis's repudiating letters, the second decision was made by the highest judi-

cial tribunal of Mississippi, reaffirming the validity and constitutionality of these bonds.

But I will now cite another instance of the advocacy of repudiation by Mr. Jefferson Davis, still more flagitious than that of Mississippi. It was that of the State bonds of Arkansas, the validity and constitutionality of which never has been disputed. A brief history of this transaction is as follows: In 1880, James Smithson, an eminent and wealthy citizen of London, in the kingdom of Great Britain, died, bequeathing, by his last will and testament, the whole of his property to the United States of America, in trust, to found at Washington, under the name of 'The Smithsonian Institution,' an establishment 'for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men.' After some delay, the Congress of the United States, in 1836, passed an act, accepting the trust, and pledging the faith of the Government for the faithful application of the money to the noble purpose designated by the illustrious donor. Under this act, Richard Rush, one of our most distinguished citizens, who had been minister to England and to France, and had held the position of Secretary of State and of the Treasury, at Washington, was sent by the Government to London, to obtain from the Court of Chancery the fund, amounting to over \$500,000. It is usual in the proceedings of the English Court of Chancery, when funds, under circumstances like these, are bequeathed to trustees for scientific or charitable purposes, not to part with the money to the trustee, except upon his filing in court absolute security for the faithful fulfillment of the trust. In this case, however, the High Court of Chancery in England, considering that to imply any laches or neglect of a trust so sacred, on the part of the Government of the United States, was an idea not to be entertained, did, by their decree, without any security, hand over all the money to the Government of the

United States, to be appropriated to the purpose designated by the donor, receiving only the pledge given by the Congress of the United States, for the faithful appropriation of the money. Now, if there ever was any obligation, that would be considered sacred by the whole civilized world, it was this, and most faithfully has the Government of the United States executed this trust. Nay, it has done much more: it has granted forty acres of ground, belonging to the Government, in the city of Washington, gratuitously, for the erection of the buildings for this noble institution, which grounds, with the buildings upon them, erected by the Government, are worth largely more than the whole bequest. Not only has the Government done this, but, upon the whole fund received from Mr. Smithson, it has always punctually paid an interest of six per cent. in gold upon the whole sum, and pledged its faith for a similar perpetual payment. It has also largely aided the institution by contributions to its museum, collections, and library, and by the gratuitous services of public officers in its behalf. Such was the bill passed by Congress in 1846, and which has always been most faithfully executed. So that the institution is now established upon a permanent basis, and is fulfilling all the great and noble purposes proposed by the illustrious donor. Now, in 1837, this fund was received by the Government of the United States, and invested by the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Woodbury, in the six per cent. bonds of the State of Arkansas at par, to the extent of over half a million of dollars. During the same year Arkansas invested this money in a bank, entitled 'The Real Estate Bank of Arkansas;' and of which the State was the great stockholder. In 1839, this Bank, having loaned out these funds to the citizens of Arkansas, became absolutely and totally insolvent, and has never been able to pay one cent on the dollar to any of its creditors. In 1839, the State

of Arkansas failed to pay the interest on its bonds, and from that day to this has never paid one dollar either of interest or principal on any of these most sacred obligations.

On the 4th of March, 1845, I became Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, and having taken the deepest interest in this Smithsonian fund, and in its faithful application to the noble purpose of the donor, and inasmuch as one of my predecessors had invested these funds in these bonds, and the Government had made itself directly responsible for the faithful execution of this trust, I endeavored to reclaim, as far as possible, this money from the State of Arkansas, and to induce Congress to appropriate its own moneys to redeem the pledge of the Government, and fulfil this trust. My first official action on this subject was as follows: By act of Congress, five per cent. of the net proceeds of the sales of the public lands of the United States in Arkansas was payable to that State, for certain purposes designated in the act. There was, also, an act of Congress in force, authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury, where there were mutual debts and credits between the Government and any other person, to offset any debt due by any creditor of the United States, against any debt, so far as it would go, due by the United States to such creditor. I interpreted this act as authorizing me to withhold this five per cent. fund from the State of Arkansas and appropriate it, as far as it would go, in payment of the interest which had accumulated on the bonds of the State of Arkansas, in which my predecessor, Mr. Woodbury, on behalf of the Government, had invested the Smithsonian Fund; thus saving a small portion of the interest which had accrued on these bonds. For this act I was violently denounced by the Senators and Representatives of Arkansas in Congress, as also by the Legislature and Governor of the State, and strenuous efforts were made, unsuccessfully,

first to induce me to revoke my action, and, secondly, to have it overruled by the Government. But I adhered to it, and declared openly, that if such a breach of trust were consummated, and my action overruled in the premises, I would resign my seat in the cabinet. My official action, however, was sustained by an almost unanimous public sentiment of Congress, and of the country. Indeed, beyond the limits of the State of Arkansas, and the circle of the repudiators of Mississippi, my course was sustained and approved.

Now, then, let us see what was the action of Mr. Jefferson Davis on the question of these Arkansas bonds. On reference to the journals of the House of Representatives, of the Congress of the United States, it appears that Mr. Jefferson Davis took his seat in that body, as one of the members elect from the State of Mississippi, on the 8th of December, 1845. (P. 56.) When the bill was pending for organizing the Smithsonian Institution, and making good for both principal and interest, the sum bequeathed by Mr. Smithson that had been invested by the Government of the United States in these Arkansas State bonds, Mr. Jefferson Davis, on the 29th April, 1846, as appears by the official proceedings of the House, page 749, moved an amendment: 'To add at the end of the section the following'—*'Provided, however, That if the Governor of the State of Arkansas shall make it appear to the satisfaction of the Attorney-General of the United States, that he has used suitable means to obtain from the Real Estate Bank of the State of Arkansas, payment of the debt due by said Bank to the State of Arkansas, but without success, then, in that case, and until the arrears due by the said Real Estate Bank shall have been received into the Treasury of the State of Arkansas, the said State shall be and is hereby declared to be absolved from the promises on the face of her bonds by which the said State*

heretofore pledged her faith for the due payment of the principal and interest of said bonds.' Now, then, it will be remembered, that the legality and constitutionality of these Arkansas State bonds never has been disputed. These bonds were issued by the State, under direct authority of law, signed by the Governor, with the broad seal of the State attached, and recognized by the Government of the United States, by the investment of this sacred fund in these obligations. Nay, more, this fund thus received by the State from the Government on these bonds, had been invested, under the law of the State of Arkansas, in a Real Estate Bank, created by that State, and the money loaned to the citizens of the State. That State Bank, however, in 1839, became utterly and notoriously insolvent, and never did or could pay one cent in the dollar on its obligations. And, more especially, never did it pay, after 1839, one single cent of the principal or interest upon these State obligations. Now, then, this institution, in 1846, being absolutely and totally insolvent, its funds having been wasted and squandered without the possibility of recovery, either in whole or in part, Mr. Davis offers this resolution to authorize the State to repudiate its bonds, and that the Government should look only to this insolvent Bank for the payment of the principal and interest on these bonds, amounting then to over \$700,000. It was not alleged by Mr. Davis, or by any other person, that these bonds were unconstitutional. No such pretext was ever made even by the State of Arkansas. It was a most atrocious case of open repudiation. And here, it matters not, so far as this question is concerned, what may have been the obligation of the Government of the United States to make good these funds. That is a totally distinct and independent question. The true and real issue in this case is this: Was not the State of Arkansas bound to pay these bonds, both interest and principal,

as it fell due, in which bonds, by the request and authority of the State, the Government of the United States had invested this Smithsonian fund? This obligation of the State of Arkansas, both moral and legal, is undisputed and indisputable; and yet Mr. Davis moved the resolution before quoted, absolving the State from the payment of the principal and interest of these bonds, except so far as the assets of her own Bank, then notoriously bankrupt, should avail to make good these obligations. That is, the Congress of the United States, by solemn act, was to authorize the State of Arkansas to repudiate her solemn obligations. Recollect, this was not a case of Mississippi bonds, of which State Mr. Davis was then a Representative in Congress, but it was the case of Arkansas, another State, having on the floor of Congress its own Senators and Representatives. But it is a very remarkable fact, that Mississippi, for many years, had then repudiated her own bonds, that Mr. Davis justified and sustained that repudiation, and that now he appears on behalf of Arkansas to induce Congress, by solemn act, to authorize that State to repudiate her obligations also. Thus was it that Mr. Davis travelled out of his own State into another, to make the Government of the United States a party to the repudiation of her bonds by the State of Arkansas. Let me not be misunderstood. I do not mean to say, that Mr. Davis proposed or intended that the Government of the United States should repudiate its faith, plighted to the British Court of Chancery, to make good this fund. That is not the question. It is entirely collateral. But, what he did do was this, and there stands his own resolution, offered by himself in the Congress of the United States, which, if carried into effect, would have released the State of Arkansas from these bonds, or, in Mr. Davis's own words, 'The said State shall be and is hereby declared to be *absolved from the promises* on the face of

her bonds, by which the said State heretofore *pledged her faith* for the due payment of the principal and interest of said bonds.'

Why should Congress release Arkansas from the payment of her State obligations? Why thus justify the repudiation of her bonds? Can any other reason be assigned than this, that Mr. Jefferson Davis was looking to the repudiated bonds of Mississippi, and was endeavoring to establish a precedent, by solemn act of the Congress, by which, if adopted as a principle, Mississippi, and every other defaulting State, could be justified in the repudiation of their bonds also. It is to the credit of the Congress of the United States, that Mr. Davis's resolution was rejected without a division, and without a count. When it is recollected, that at this very time, I, as Secretary of the Treasury, was appropriating the five per cent. found payable by the

Government to the State of Arkansas toward the liquidation of these bonds against the protest of that State, the further meaning of these movements will be clearly perceived. Had this resolution of Mr. Davis passed the two Houses of Congress, absolving the State of Arkansas from the payment of these bonds, I could, of course, as Secretary of the Treasury, no longer have withheld that fund from the State, and appropriated it, so far as it went, toward the liquidation of the interest accrued and accruing on these bonds. It appears, then, by conclusive and official evidence, that Mr. Jefferson Davis's repudiation of State obligations, was not confined to his own State, nor even to the State of Arkansas; but that he desired to make the Government of the United States, by solemn act of Congress, a party directly sanctioning such atrocious violations of State faith and State obligations. R. J. WALKER.

APHORISMS.

NO. III.

TWO RULES.—To get safely and comfortably through the world, one must observe two rules: first, keep your eyes open; second, keep them shut.

Not to see the actual realities of our daily existence, is the part of a fool.

Not to notice the thousand and one petty faults of others, and the ever-recurring petty annoyances of our circumstances, is the part of a wise man.

Even injuries intentionally done to us, are often best disposed of by resolutely ignoring them.

So of evils that cannot be remedied—the less we know of them the better.

Not to see an ill sight, is often just as good as to remove it from existence.

We need only to add: This seeing and not seeing, depends very much upon the will. The wolf that wills it can easily see the lamb disturbing the water that he drinks, even while the lamb is below him on the bank of the stream; and the lamb, by a stern resolve, can refuse to see the injustice which it has no power to remedy. The will of man is little less than omnipotent in the wide sphere of its appropriate power; and that sphere is much wider than feeble-minded people may suppose.

LITERARY NOTICES.

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THEODORE PARKER, Minister of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society, Boston. By JOHN WEISS. In 2 volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 443 & 445 Broadway.

A WORK of two large octavo volumes, containing 1,020 pages, with two portraits of Mr. Parker, and some vignettes on wood. The author is John Weiss, and the biography is exceedingly well written, a great deal of it being given directly from Mr. Parker's own letters and journals. He was born in Massachusetts in 1810, and died in Italy before he had completed his fiftieth year. He was brought up on his father's farm, taught school while in his teens to provide money for further progress, prepared himself for the university, taught a higher school during his college course, studied the classics, acquired German, French, and Spanish, became a divinity student in Cambridge, added Danish, Swedish, Arabic and Syriac, Anglo-Saxon and Modern Greek, was ordained a Unitarian minister in 1837, and settled at West Roxbury. His labors were great: he preached, lectured, translated, edited, and wrote. His health sank under his arduous mental toil. He went abroad to regain it, and died in Florence in 1860. Whatever we may think of his creed, as a preacher he was able and earnest. He was a man of varied gifts, of wide and detailed culture. He was opposed to slavery, and stood in bold antagonism to the Fugitive Slave Law. He was blamed, perhaps maligned, during his lifetime, but posterity will acknowledge him as a man of large brain and generous heart. His letters are exceedingly interesting, touching upon almost every subject now under discussion.

'Would you be good, and fill each human duty?

One art's enough for that—the finest art—
See but the good in every human heart.'

WAS HE SUCCESSFUL? A Novel. By RICHARD B. KIMBALL, Author of 'St. Leger,' 'Undercurrents,' 'Romance of Student Life,' etc. New York: Carleton, publisher, 418 Broadway. Leipsic: Tauchnitz. 1864.

THE readers of *THE CONTINENTAL* have been favored with the first perusal of this monitory novel. It is an accurate delineation of men and manners found too frequently in our midst, and the moral should be deeply graven on every heart. We feel the more at liberty to recommend this work, as it was commenced in our columns before the present corps of editors had entered upon their labors, and we cordially wish every species of success to Mr. Kimball.

MUSICAL SKETCHES. By ELIZA POLKO. Translated from the sixth German edition, by FANNY FULLER. Philadelphia: Frederick Leypoldt. New York: F. W. Christern.

WE think this book will become a favorite with our people. It contains sketches, legends, and traditions of many of the great musicians. Bach, Gluck, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Pergolesi, Schubert, Scarlatti, Weber, Paganini, Gretry, Catalani, Malibran, Handel, Anderle, Haydn, Boieldieu, Cimarosa, Beethoven, Lully, Berger, etc., float pleasantly through its fanciful pages. Romance and reality mingle genially together, the reality half persuading us that the romance is true. It is appreciative and tender in the original, and the translation is well executed. The vignette of the music-making cherubs is really beautiful.

HUSK. COLONEL FLOYD'S WARDS. By MARION HARLAND. New York: Sheldon & Co., 335 Broadway.

Few young writers have attained so sudden a popularity as Marion Harland. We believe it well deserved. Her plots are in-

teresting, her characters well drawn, her style natural, her morals unexceptionable. Of the two tales composing the present volume, we prefer 'Colonel Floyd's Ward.' The interest is well sustained, and Virginian society and manners truthfully depicted.

DIARY, from November 18, 1862, to October 18, 1863. By ADAM GUROWSKI. Volume Second. New York: Carleton, publisher, 413 Broadway.

HAS Count Gurowski's course toward his own unfortunate country, heroic Poland, been sufficiently loyal and faithful to induce us to put much confidence in his portraiture of the men and events of the land of his adoption?

THE GREAT CONSUMMATION. THE MILLENNIAL REST; or, The World as it Will Be. By REV. JOHN CUMMING, D. D., F. R. S. E., Minister of the Scottish National Church, Crown Court, Covent Garden; Author of 'The Great Tribulation,' and 'The Great Preparation.' Second Series. New York: Carleton, publisher, 413 Broadway.

THE writings of the Rev. Dr. Cumming are too well known to the public to need any characterization at our hands. His style is clear and simple, and we believe it is his desire to awaken and win souls. Although frequently miscomprehending the dogmas of the Mother Church, he is neither narrow nor bigoted in his religious views. In the volume under consideration, he takes passages found principally in Isaiah and Revelations as texts to describe the Millennium which he believes at hand. He strives to inculcate the lesson, '*Be ye therefore ready.*'

CUDJO'S CAVE. By J. T. TROWBRIDGE, Author of 'Neighbor Jackwood,' 'The Drummer Boy,' etc. Boston: Tilton & Co.

WE believe Mr. Trowbridge has achieved a real success in his Cudjo. The plot is well conceived and sustained, and the interest never flags from the first page to the last. There is no dull reading in the book, no interminable preludes or introductions. We are presented in the very first chapter to the hero, the young schoolmaster, about to be tarred and feathered by a brutal mob. And a real hero he proves himself in his gentleness, conscientiousness, and manly moral and physical courage. Carl, the German boy, is an inimitable picture of young German life and character. Toby, the house negro, is,

in his mingled stupidity, cunning, and faithfulness, drawn to the life. Nor are the negroes of the cave less excellent. Events hurry forward, different characters are strangely grouped, new elements and capacities constantly developed, while truth to the original conception is constantly adhered to. Graphic descriptions and picturesque situations abound. If scenes of violence occur, it is because they are true to the history of the hour. We close by extracting the closing sentence of this loyal and natural novel: 'For peaceful days, a peaceful and sunny literature: and may Heaven hasten the time when there shall be no more strife, and no more human bondage; when, under the folds of the starry flag, from the lake chain to the gulf, and from sea to sea, freedom, peace, and righteousness shall reign; when all men shall love each other, and the nations shall know God!'

UNITED STATES WALL ATLAS. Constructed and drawn under the direction of A. GUYOT, by ERNEST SANDOZ. New York: Published by Charles Scribner, 124 Grand street.

THIS is a physical map of the United States, giving the altitudes (within certain limits) of the surface of the land, the height of the principal mountains, the courses of the ranges and also of the rivers, together with many other interesting particulars. The principal political divisions and the chief towns are also indicated. The names of that profound and earnest savant, Prof. A. Guyot, and of his talented nephew, E. Sandoz, are a sufficient guarantee of the accuracy and excellence of this useful work.

A BUDGET OF FUN FOR LITTLE FOLK. By AUNT MAGGIE. Boston: Loring, publisher, 319 Washington street.

JEAN BELIN; or, The Adventures of a Little French Boy. By ALFRED DE BRÉHAT. Translated from the French. Boston: Loring, publisher, 319 Washington street. For sale by O. S. Felt, 86 Walker street, New York.

TWO very pleasant books for children. The first contains the adventures of a knitting society, interspersed with sundry novel fairy tales, and the second is intended to supply the need felt by all the little ones when 'Robinson Crusoe' and the 'Swiss Family Robinson' have been exhausted. The tale is lively and well told, and the charac

ters natural and ably sustained. We notice in both works an occasional inaccuracy of expression. Such slight blemishes do not materially impair the excellence of these sprightly volumes, but a little more attention would have sufficed to render them entirely free from error. The examples of language placed before youth cannot be too carefully revised. With this minute exception, we heartily recommend the 'Budget of Fun' and 'Jean Belin,' especially the latter, to all young people.

CARROT-POMADE, with twenty-six Illustrations by AUGUSTUS HOPPIN. 'Hair ten carats fine.' New York: James G. Gregory, publisher, 46 Walker street.

A LUDICROUS satire, and well deserved, on the general style of advertisements. Hoppin is too well known to need laudation. His illustrations are irresistibly comic. What could be happier than the cupids of the brush and comb on the frontispiece? The poor 'krittur which furnished the grease' is well conceived and executed.

POEMS. By HENRY PETERSON. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott.

A VOLUME of graceful verses. We quote its dedication: 'To the members of that hard-working, poorly rewarded editorial profession, who make so many reputations for others, and so few for themselves, this book is respectfully dedicated by one of the fraternity.' 'Abra's Vision' is a happy rendering of Leigh Hunt's 'Abou Ben Adhem.'

APPLETONS' UNITED STATES POSTAL GUIDE; containing the Chief Regulations of the Post Office; and a complete List of Post Offices throughout the United States, with other information for the People. Published Quarterly. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 443 & 445 Broadway. One dollar per annum. Price, 25 cents.

THIS volume has been prepared with the sanction of Mr. Blair, Postmaster General, and is an authorized medium of information between the Post Office Department and the public. It meets a want very generally felt, and will be welcomed by the community at large. Its table of contents is a full one; we have space but for a few items: 'Officers, and recent Orders of the Department; Rates of Postage to Foreign Countries; Rates of Domestic Postage; Date of Sailing of Foreign

Steamers; Establishment of Post Offices; Mail Contracts; Penalties in certain cases; Suggestions to the Public; Time occupied in the transmission of Letters; Local Post Office Regulations; List of Post Offices in the United States, etc. We regard the condensation of important and indeed almost necessary information as of great value to our people.

LEGENDS OF THE BIRDS. By CHARLES GODFREY LELAND. Illustrated by F. MORAS. Philadelphia: Frederick Leypoldt, publisher. New York: for sale by F. W. Christern, 768 Broadway.

AN exquisite volume, containing illuminated pictures of the Birds of the Legends. Very beautiful are the legends, tenderly and simply told in the golden words of a poet. They are calculated to teach us humanity toward the winged creatures of the air, so often the victims of our cruel sports. We have The Swallow, The Eagle, The Robin, The Cock, The Swan, The Falcon, The Wood Dove, The Humming Bird, The Scarlet Tanager, The Peacock, and The Owl, each bird occupying his own illuminated page; each with his own simple and touching legend. Mr. Leland's little poems will speak to many a heart, and many a mother will read them aloud to the wild boys begging for guns to devastate our forests, to inspire them with mercy for these flying flowers, these musicians of the air. Paper, print, type, arabesques, and designs, are excellent. We heartily congratulate Mr. Leypoldt on the beauty of the publication.

HAND BOOK OF CALISTHENICS AND GYMNASTICS: A Complete Drill Book for Schools, Families, and Gymnasiums. With Music to accompany the Exercises. Illustrated from original designs. By J. MADISON WATSON. New York and Philadelphia: Schermerhorn, Bancroft & Co. Chicago: George Sherwood. 1864.

THE American people are waking up to the importance of physical culture, struggling to develop muscle, to strengthen weak nerves, and to build up national bodily vigor. The purpose of the volume before us is to solve this problem. The author "has aimed to make it a complete gymnastic drill book, with words of command and classes of movements systematically arranged, embracing all necessary exercises for the lungs, the voice,

the organs of speech, the joints, and the muscles."

Part 1st, under the head of *Vocal Gymnastics*, treats of Respiration, Phonetics, and Elocution; concise and clear principles and rules are given, accompanied by examples and exercises sufficiently numerous to enable the student to bring them completely within his comprehension and under his control. We regard this part of the work before us as exceedingly important. To read aloud well is one of the rarest of accomplishments, though one of the most desirable, and the training of the voice is absolutely necessary to attain this end. When properly pursued, such exercises are exceedingly invigorating. 'In forming and undulating the voice,' says Dr. Combe, 'not only the chest, but also the diaphragm and abdominal muscles are in constant action, and communicate to the stomach and bowels a healthy and agreeable stimulus.' The poetic selections are made with great taste, and are admirably fitted to achieve the end for which they are designed.

Part 2d, under the head of *Calisthenics*, exhibits a varied course of exercises without the aid of apparatus. Pupils are taught to beat time, and use is thus made of the magic power of rhythmical movement. Nineteen pieces of piano music are given, which are well chosen, and appropriately introduced.

Part 3d, under the head of *Gymnastics*, presents a wider collection of exercises for wands, dumb bells, Indian clubs, and hand rings, than any of the books we have yet seen. All the exercises are arranged in accordance with well-known principles of Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene. 'In presenting a *new system* of Calisthenics and Gymnastics, a series of illustrations from *original designs* is indispensable.' These are remarkably well drawn and executed. Accent, quantity, with Iambic, Trochaic, Anapestic, and Dactylic Rhythms, are *practically* given in the work, which, should the student have poetic talent, would be of great use to him in making his own verses, while to the reader of poetry a knowledge of them is indispensable.

We heartily commend this book to the notice of our readers—to all who prize physical culture, health, and symmetrical educa-

tion. We hope it may find its way into our schools and families.

Print, paper, and the mechanical execution of this valuable Hand Book are really excellent.

LIGHT ON SHADOWED PATHS. By T. S. ARTHUR, Author of 'Ten Nights in a Bar Room,' 'Steps toward Heaven,' 'Golden Grain,' etc. New York: Carleton, publisher, 418 Broadway.

THE books of T. S. Arthur have had a very wide circulation both in this country and in England. This volume is composed of thirty-three short tales, well calculated to touch and soothe the popular heart. They are tender, moral, and simple.

JANUARY PERIODICALS RECEIVED.

THE UNIVERSALIST QUARTERLY. Boston: Published by T. Tompkins & Co. New York: H. Lyon, 119 Nassau street.

CONTENTS: The Logic and the End of the Rebellion. The Eastern Church and Council of Nice. Salvation in Christ not Limited to this Life. Contributions of Science to Religion. History of the Doctrine of a Future Life. Atheism and its Exponents. Formula of Baptism. The Universalists as a Christian Sect. General Review. Recent Publications. American and English Quarterlies.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, January 1st, 1864. Editors: Prof. James Russell Lowell and Charles Eliot Norton, Esq. Boston: Crosby & Nichols, 117 Washington street. New York: H. Dexter, Hamilton & Co., Sinclair Tousey, and D. G. Francis.

CONTENTS: Ticknor's Life of Prescott. The Bible and Slavery. The Ambulance System. The Bibliotheca Sacra. Immorality in Politics. The Early Life of Governor Winthrop. The Sanitary Commission. Renan's Life of Jesus. The President's Policy. Critical Notices.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER. — CONTENTS: Weiss's Life of Theodore Parker. Uhland. The Patience of Hope. Arthur Schopenhauer. The System and Order of Christ's Ministry. Ticknor's Life of Prescott. Our Ambulance System. The Two Messages. Review of Current Literature. New Publications Received. Boston: By the Proprietors, at Walker, Wise & Co.'s, 248 Washington street.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ARTISTS' RECEPTION.

THE evening of February 4th, 1864, will long be remembered as the occasion of one of the most delightful receptions ever given in the Tenth-street Studio Building. The Committee deserve great praise for the successful manner in which they filled without crowding the pleasant exhibition-room and the many interesting studios. Their task was certainly not an easy one, and merits imitation by all managers of social entertainments.

Want of space must for the present prevent any description of the fine works exhibited; suffice it to say that the Committee—Whittredge, McEntee, Thompson, as well as Gifford, Eastman Johnson, Bierstadt, Beard, the Weirs, Hazeltine, William Hart, Dana, Leutze, Gignoux, Shattuck, Brown, Suydam, etc., were all worthily represented. New York has reason to be proud of her artists.

Amusing incidents were not wanting. As we stood before Beard's 'Watchers' (an impressive representation of a company of crows watching the last struggles of a dying deer), we heard a lady ask her attendant the meaning of the picture and of its name. The reply was, 'Why—do you not see? Those birds are owls, and they are asleep, and the deer is asleep too, and so they are all watchers!' 'Ah!' returned the lady, as if this lucid explanation had flooded the subject with light. We were accompanied by a very bright young girl, who, desirous of visiting the studio of Mr. Church, and disappointed at learning that it had not been opened to the guests of the building, exclaimed, 'Heart of the Andes, indeed! Where is his own?' No lover of the true and the beautiful could have resisted the pleading of those earnest blue eyes. We also overheard that 'the Tenth-street boys hold their heads mighty high!' Long may they continue to do so, and long may success of every kind crown their efforts, whether as artists or as conscientious, patriotic men!

GOUNOD'S 'FAUST.'

THIS opera has attracted large audiences wherever it has been represented, and has elicited much attention and criticism from the musical public. Dwight's *Journal of Music*, Boston, January 23d, contains the best review of its merits and defects which we have thus far chanced to meet. Mr. Dwight gives M. Gounod ample credit for the good judgment, common sense, science, taste, poetic feeling, rich and highly dramatic orchestration, ingenious musical characterization of individuals and situations, and the many passages of beautiful music found in this elaborate work, but denies to him the highest inspiration, the spontaneity of genius, and the attainment of any very lofty ideal in the production of continuous, elevated, and soul-entrancing melodies. We think this a pretty fair statement of the facts in the case. Mr. Dwight, however, says: 'Not even Mozart in 'Don Juan' had so great a subject;' and in this connection we feel compelled to offer a few remarks. We think every great composer owes it to his own God-gift, and to the human beings whom he is to influence, not to select intrinsically repulsive subjects, and such have we found both 'Don Juan' and 'Faust.' Now we are not morbidly fastidious, and we well know the freedom that must be accorded to art, that it may have ample scope and range in the delineation of human feeling and romantic situation; but when we see a representation of 'Don Juan,' we instinctively strive to ignore the plot, with its odious characters (the sensual Don, the coarse-minded servant, the unwomanly, man-seeking Elvira, the vengeful Anna, the insignificant Ottavio, the light-headed and shallow-hearted Zerlina), and live only in the beautiful music which the prodigality of genius has wasted upon so poor a theme. Not even *that* libretto could degrade the pure, serious, and essentially innocent character of Mozart's conceptions; but, in turn, his refined musical conception has been unable to lift the subject from the mire of Da Ponte's delineation. We know that page after page

has been written to unfold the mystic meanings and profound philosophy contained in the story, but our observation has been, that the effect of the whole upon pure minds is simply—disgust. The musical grandeur of the finale rarely saves its becoming ludicrous in the representation, and the *good joke* of a life of unblushing immorality is in no way lessened by the appearance of demons, in whose existence half the world (at least of opera goers) has ceased to believe.

The 'Faust' is nearly, if not quite, as bad. The undisguised sensuality of Faust, both in Goethe's drama and in the operatic rendering, is such that it nearly destroys our sympathy with Margaret, and scenes that should be pathetic are either merely repulsive, or excite our indignation to such a degree that we 'turn all our tears to sparks of fire.'

Nothing but loathing can attend the open, deliberate, and utterly gross destruction of virtue as planned and executed by that miserable libertine. Mephistopheles himself is scarcely more corrupt, and the representation of these two great poisonous spiders, weaving their meshes round their unfortunate and but too easy prey, can never in any sense impress us as lofty specimens of *high art*.

How different is the plot of 'Fidelio,' where one can yield oneself to the beauty of the music and the pathos of the story without a single jarring sensation!

Let the masters then beware! Music is essentially pure, and should never by great minds be wedded to coarse ideas. The subject must have an influence upon the immortality of the work. The really noble and truly art-loving men and women of all countries will, as they advance in mental cultivation and comprehension of the higher aims of art, banish such gross delineations and festering moral sores from the stage, and fine musical works thus sullied will continue to live solely as represented by such instrument or instruments as may best be calculated to express their real value and meaning.

We go to the opera for relaxation, improvement, and enjoyment, and none of these can be found in the spectacle of noble means perverted to corrupt ends. May the day soon come when such important channels of public amusement and instruction may be guided by a refined taste and correct views of the intimate connection between the Beautiful and the Absolute Good!

Ballads of the War.

THE DEATH OF COLONEL SHAW.

By ISABELLA McFARLANE.

LOUD rang the voice of the chieftain,
As the Fifty-fourth rushed on:
'Charge on the guns of Wagner,
Charge—and the fort is won!'

On—like a wave of the ocean,
Dashing against a rock!—
Back—ah! back—all broken,
Like a wave from the fruitless shock.

Thus from the guns of Wagner
The Fifty-fourth surged back:
But the voice of their brave young chieftain
Checked not their backward track

For there, on the sands by Wagner,
The gallant Shaw lay low,
'Midst a heap of his brave black soldiers,
Left in the hands of the foe.

Not a flag was lowered in his honor,
Not a gun its deep voice gave,
When, on the sands by Wagner,
Shaw was laid in the grave.

Not a friend stood over his coffin,
Shedding tears on his gory breast;
But instead, was curse and insult,
Cruel laughter, ribald jest.

Wide and deep was the trench they hollowed,
Where the gallant Shaw was laid,
With forty negro soldiers
Piled over his noble head.

Yea, forty negro soldiers,
Whose hearts were hearts of steel,
Who had fought in the cause of freedom,
Who had died for their country's weal.

Was it then so great dishonor
For that chief so young and brave—
Who had led them on to the battle—
To be with them in the grave?

Nay—most just was the mandate
That in death they should not part,
For he loved his poor black brothers,
With a true and steadfast heart.

Move not his honored ashes—
Let him slumber where he lies,
Till the voice of the great Archangel
Sounds the trumpet-call to the skies!*

* 'Buried with his niggers.' Such was the answer of the rebel commander at Charleston to General Gillmore's demand for the body of Colonel Shaw, who commanded the 54th Massachusetts, one of the first negro regiments organized, and was killed in an unsuccessful attempt to carry Fort Wagner by assault.

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AMERICAN FINANCES AND RESOURCES.

LETTER NO. V. OF HON. ROBERT J. WALKER.

London, 10 Half Moon Street, Piccadilly,
February 8th, 1864.

IN my third and fourth letters on American finances and resources, the following comparisons were instituted: Massachusetts and New Jersey, Free States, with Maryland and South Carolina, Slave States; New York and Pennsylvania, Free States, with Virginia, Slave State; Rhode Island, Free State, with Delaware, Slave State; Illinois, Free State, with Missouri, Slave State; the Free States of 1790, with the Slave States of that day; the Free States of 1860, with the Slave States of that date. These comparisons were based on the official returns of the Census of the United States, and exhibited in each case and in the aggregate the same invariable result, the vastly superior progress of the Free States in wealth, population, and education.

I will now institute one other comparison, Kentucky, slaveholding, with Ohio, a Free State.

Kentucky—population in 1790, 78,077; Ohio, none. 1800: Kentucky, 220,955; Ohio, 45,365. 1860: Kentucky, 1,155,684; Ohio, 2,339,502. We must institute the comparison from 1800, as Ohio was a wilderness in 1790, when Kentucky had a population of

78,077. In Kentucky, the ratio of increase of population from 1800 to 1860 was 527.98 per cent., and in the same period in Ohio 5,057.08. (Table 1, Census 1860.) Thus from 1800 to 1860 Ohio increased in nearly tenfold the ratio of Kentucky.

WEALTH.—By Tables 33 and 36, Census of 1860, the value of the product of 1859 was as follows:

Ohio,	\$387,612,000
Kentucky,	115,408,000

Per Capita.

Ohio,	\$144 81
Kentucky,	99 92

Thus is it, that, while in 1790 and 1800 Kentucky was so very far in advance of Ohio, yet, in 1860, so vast was the advance of Ohio as compared with Kentucky, that the value of the product of Ohio was nearly triple that of Kentucky, and, *per capita*, much more than one third greater. No reason can be assigned for these remarkable results, except that Kentucky was slaveholding, and Ohio a Free State.

Their area is nearly the same, and they are adjacent States; the soil of Kentucky is quite equal to that of Ohio, the climate better for crops and stock, and the products more various.

We have seen the actual results in 1860, but if Kentucky had increased in population from 1800 to 1860 in the same ratio as Ohio, Kentucky then would have numbered 11,175,970, or nearly ten times her present population; and if the product had been the same as in Ohio, *per capita*, the value would have been \$1,612,804,230, or more than fourteen times greater than the result. Thus it is demonstrated by the official Tables of the Census of the United States, that if Kentucky had increased in wealth and population from 1800 to 1860 in the same ratio as Ohio, the results would have been as follows:

Kentucky: population in 1860, 11,175,970; actual population in 1860, 1,155,684; value of products in 1860, \$1,612,804,230; actual value in 1860, \$115,408,000.

Some attempt has been made to account for these marvellous results, by stating that Ohio has a border on one of the lakes, and Kentucky has not. But to this it may be replied, that Kentucky borders for twice the distance on the Ohio River, has a large front on the Mississippi River, and embraces within her limits those noble streams, the Cumberland and Tennessee Rivers, making, together with the Big Sandy, Licking, Kentucky, Green, and Barren Rivers, the natural advantages of Kentucky for navigation, superior to those of Ohio. But a conclusive answer to this argument is found in the fact that, omitting all the counties of Ohio within the lake region, the remainder, within the valley of the Ohio River, contain a population more than one half greater than that of the whole State of Kentucky.

LANDS.—The farm lands, improved and unimproved, of Ohio, in 1860, were worth \$666,564,171. The number of acres 20,741,188, value per acre \$32.18. (Census of 1860, p. 197, Table 86.) The farm lands of Kentucky, improved and unimproved, were worth \$291,496,953, the number of acres 19,163,276, worth

per acre \$15.21. (*Ib.*) Difference in favor of Ohio, \$375,067,165. But if to this we add the difference between the value of the town and city lots and unoccupied lands of Ohio and Kentucky, the sum is \$125,009,000, which added to the former sum (\$375,067,165) makes the difference in favor of Ohio \$500,076,165, when comparing the value of all her lands with those of Kentucky. We have seen that the value of the products in 1860 was, Ohio \$337,619,000, Kentucky \$115,408,000. But these products embrace only agriculture, manufactures, the mines, and fisheries.

We have no complete tables for commerce in either State, but the canals and railroads are as follows (Census of 1860, No. 88, pp. 225, 226, 238): Ohio: Miles of railroad, 3,016.83; cost of construction, \$113,299,514. Kentucky: Miles of railroad, 569.93; cost of construction, \$19,068,477. Estimated value of freight transported on these railroads in 1860: Ohio, \$502,105,000; Kentucky, \$48,708,000. On the 1st of January, 1864, the number of miles of railroad in operation in Ohio was 3,356.74, costing \$130,454,883, showing a large increase since 1860, while in Kentucky there was none. (*Amer. R. R. Journal*, p. 61, vol. 37.) Canals in 1860 (Census Table 39): Ohio, 906 miles; Kentucky, two and a half miles. These Tables all prove how vast has been the increase of the wealth of Ohio as compared with Kentucky.

Let us now examine some of the educational statistics.

By Census Table 37, giving the newspapers and periodicals in the United States in 1860, the whole number of that year was 4,051, of which only 879 were in the Slave States; total number of copies circulated that year in the United States, 927,951,548, of which number there were circulated in the Slave States only 167,917,188. This Table shows the total number of newspapers and periodicals published in Ohio in 1859 was 340, and the number

of copies circulated that year in that State was 71,767,742. In Kentucky, the number of newspapers and periodicals published in 1859 was 77, and the number of copies circulated that year was 13,504,044, while South Carolina, professing to instruct and control the nation, had a circulation of 3,654,840, although South Carolina, in 1790, had a population of 249,073, when Ohio was a wilderness, and Kentucky numbered only 73,077.

As regards education, we must take the Tables for the Census of 1850, those for 1860 not having been yet published.

By Table 144, Census of 1850, the total number of pupils in public and private schools, colleges, and academies, was for that year as follows: Ohio, 502,826. Kentucky, 85,914. Percentage of native free population who cannot read or write (Table 155), Ohio 8.24; Kentucky, 9.12; Slave States, native white adults who cannot read or write, ratio 17.23; Free States, 4.12. (Table 157.) If we include slaves, more than one half the adults of the Slave States cannot read or write. Indeed, it is made by law in the Slave States a crime (severely punished) to teach any slave to read or write. These Tables also show that in South Carolina, the great leader of secession, (including slaves) more than three fourths of the people can neither read nor write. Such is the State, rejoicing in the barbarism of ignorance and slavery, exulting in the hope of reviving the African slave trade, whose chief city witnesses each week the auction of slaves as chattels, and whose newspapers, for more than a century, are filled with daily advertisements by their masters of runaway slaves, describing the brands and mutilations to which they have been subjected; that passed the first secession ordinance, and commenced the war upon the Union by firing upon the Federal flag and garrison of Sumter. Yet it is the pretended advocates of peace that justify

this war upon the Union, and insist that it shall submit to dismemberment without a struggle, and permit slavery to be extended over nearly one half the national territory, purchased by the blood and treasure of the nation. Such a submission to disintegration and ruin—such a capitulation to slavery, would have been base and cowardly. It would have justly merited for us the scorn of the present, the contempt of the future, the denunciation of history, and the execration of mankind. Despots would have exultingly announced, that 'man is incapable of self-government;' while the heroes and patriots in other countries, who, cheered and guided by the light of our example, had struggled in the cause of popular liberty, would have sunk despairingly from the conflict. This is our *real offence* to European oligarchy, that we will crush this foul rebellion, extinguish the slavery by which it was caused, make the Union stronger and more harmonious, and thus give a new impulse and an irresistible moral influence and power to free institutions.

Let me recapitulate some of the facts referred to in these letters, and established by the Census of the United States.

Area of the United States, 3,250,000 square miles, exceeding that of all Europe—all compact and contiguous, with richer lands, more mineral resources, a climate more salubrious, more numerous and better harbors, more various products, and increasing in wealth and population more rapidly than any other country.

Our ocean shore line, including bays, sounds, and rivers, up to the head of tide

water	Miles. 33,663
Lake shore line	3,620
Shore line of Mississippi River and its tributaries above tide water	35,644
Shore line of all our other rivers above tide water is . .	49,857
Total,	122,784

Our country, then, is better watered than any other, and has more navigable streams, and greater hydraulic power.

We have completed since 1790, 5,782 miles of canal, costing \$148,000,000; and 33,860 miles of railroad (more than all the rest of the world), costing \$1,625,952,215. (*Amer. R. R. Journal*, 1864, No. 1,448, vol. 37, p. 61.)

Our land lines of telegraph exceed those of all the rest of the world, the single line from New York to San Francisco being 3,500 miles. Our mines of coal, according to Sir William Armstrong, the highest British authority, are thirty-two times as great as those of the United Kingdom.

Annual product of our mines of gold and silver, \$100,000,000, estimated at \$150,000,000 per annum by our Commissioner of the General Land Office, when the Pacific railroad shall be completed.

Public lands unsold, belonging to the Federal Government, 1,055,911,288 acres, being 1,649,861 square miles, and more than thirty-two times the extent of England.

Immigration to the United States from 1850 to 1880, 2,598,216, adding to our national wealth during that decade \$1,430,000,000.

Education—granted by Congress since 1790 for the purposes of public schools—two sections (1,280 acres) in every township (28,040 acres), in all 1,450,000,000 acres of public lands; one eighteenth part given, being 80,555,555 acres, worth at the minimum price of \$1.25 per acre, \$100,694,443—the real value, however, was much greater.

Granted by Congress for colleges and universities, 12,080,000 acres, including 8,553,824 given by the Federal Government to the State of Tennessee, worth, at the minimum price of \$1.25 per acre, \$15,100,000, which is much below their true value.

Total in public lands granted by Federal Government for education, 92,635,555 acres; minimum value, \$115,794,443.

In 1836, after full payment of the entire principal and interest of the public debt, there remained in the Federal Treasury a surplus of \$38,000,000, of which about one half, \$19,000,000, was devoted to educational purposes.

Total Federal appropriations since 1790 for education, \$184,794,443.

This is exclusive of the many millions of dollars expended by the Federal Government for military and naval schools, etc., at West Point, Washington, Annapolis, and Newport. Besides these Federal donations, there has been granted by States, Territories, counties, towns, and cities of the Union for education, since 1790 (partly estimated) \$148,000,000. Grand total by States and Federal Government appropriated in the United States since 1790, for education, \$282,794,443. This is independent of numerous private donations for the same purpose, that by Mr. Girard exceeding \$1,500,000, and that by Mr. Smithsonian exceeding \$500,000. It is then a fact that the Governments of the United States, State and Federal, since 1790, have appropriated for education more money than all the other Governments of the world combined during the same period. This is a stupendous fact, and one of the main causes of our wonderful progress and prosperity. We believe that 'knowledge is power,' and have appropriated nearly \$300,000,000, during the last seventy-four years, in aid of the grand experiment. We believe that 'man is capable of self-government,' but only when educated and enlightened. We believe that the power and wealth and progress of nations increase in proportion to the education and enlightenment of the masses. We believe in intellectual as well as machine and muscular power, and that when the millions are educated, and work with their heads as well as their hands, the progress of the nation will be most rapid. Our patent office is a wonderful illustration of this principle, showing on the part of our industrial classes more valuable inventions and

discoveries, annually, than are produced by the workmen of all the rest of the world.

Population.	
In 1790,	3,922,827
" 1800,	5,805,937
" 1810,	7,239,814
" 1820,	9,638,191
" 1830,	12,866,020
" 1840,	17,069,453
" 1850,	23,191,876
" 1860,	31,445,080

RATIO OF INCREASE.—From 1790 to 1800, 35.02; from 1800 to 1810, 36.45; from 1810 to 1820, 33.13; from 1820 to 1830, 33.49; from 1830 to 1840, 32.67; from 1840 to 1850, 35.87; from 1850 to 1860, 35.59. Thus it appears (omitting territorial acquisitions) that our ratio of increase was much greater from 1850 to 1860 than during any preceding decade. This was the result of augmented immigration, which is still to go on with increased power for many years. Making allowance for all probable contingencies, and reducing the decennial increase from 35.59 to three per cent. per annum, our able and experienced Superintendent of the Census, in his last official report, of 20th May, 1862, gives his own estimate of the future population of the United States:

1870,	42,328,432
1880,	56,450,241
1890,	77,263,989
1900,	100,355,802

That, in view of our new Homestead law—our high wages—the extinction of slavery—increased confidence in our institutions—and augmented immigration, these results will be achieved, can scarcely be doubted. As population becomes more dense in Europe, there will be an increased immigration to our Union, and each new settler writes to his friends abroad, and often remits money to induce them to join him in his Western home. The electric ocean telegraph will soon unite Europe with America, and improved communications are constantly shortening the du-

ration of the voyage and diminishing the expense. Besides, this war has made us much better known to the European *masses*, who, everywhere, with great unanimity and enthusiasm sustain our cause, and, with slavery extinguished, will still more prefer our institutions.

From all these causes there will be an augmented exodus from Europe to America, when our rebellion is suppressed, and slavery overthrown. Besides, the President of the United States now proposes appropriations of money by Congress in aid of immigration, and such will become the policy of our Government. We have seen the official estimate made by our Superintendent of the Census, but if we take the ratio of increase of the last decade, the result would be as follows:

1870,	42,636,858
1880,	57,791,815
1890,	78,359,243
1900,	106,247,297

The estimate of the Superintendent is, therefore, six millions less than according to the ratio from 1850 to 1860, and much less than from 1790 to 1860.

When we reflect that if, as densely settled as Massachusetts, our population would exceed 513,000,000, or if numbering as many to the square mile as England, our inhabitants would then be more than twelve hundred millions, the estimate of 100,000,000 for the year 1900 cannot be regarded as improbable.

Our national wealth was

in 1850,	\$7,185,780,228
In 1860,	\$16,159,616,068

Increase from 1850 to 1860, 126.45 per cent.

At the same rate of increase for the four succeeding decades, the result would be:

In 1870,	\$36,593,450,585
" 1880,	82,865,868,849
" 1890,	187,314,053,225
" 1900,	423,330,433,288

Tonnage.

In 1841,	1,368,127 tons.
" 1851,	3,772,489 "
" 1861,	5,539,812 "

Total number of copies of our newspapers and periodicals circulated in the United States in 1860, 927,951,548, exceeding that of all the rest of the world.

At the same rate of increase as from 1851 to 1861, the result would be :

In 1871,	8,134,578 tons.
" 1881,	11,952,817 "
" 1891,	17,541,514 "
" 1901,	25,758,948 "

Let us now recapitulate the results from our Census, founded on a comparison of the Slave and Free States.

*MASSACHUSETTS.—Free State.**MARYLAND.—Slave State.*

Area, 7,800 square miles.....	11,124 square miles.
Population in 1790, 378,717.....	319,728.
" 1860, 1,231,066.....	687,049.
Products in 1859, \$287,000,000.....	\$66,000,000.
" per capita, \$235.....	\$96.
Railroads, 1,340 miles.....	380 miles.
" cost, \$61,857,203.....	\$21,387,157.
Freight of 1860, \$500,524,201.....	\$101,111,348.
Tonnage built in 1860, 34,460 tons.....	7,789.
Bank capital, \$64,519,200.....	\$12,568,962.
Imports and exports, \$58,190,816.....	\$18,786,323.
Value of property, \$815,237,433.....	\$376,919,944.
Gross profit on capital, 35 per cent.....	17 per cent.
Copies of press circulated in 1860, 102,000,760...	20,723,472.
Pupils at public schools in 1860, 176,475.....	33,254.
Volumes in public libraries, 684,015.....	125,042.
Value of churches, \$10,206,000.....	\$3,947,884.

*NEW YORK.—Free State.**VIRGINIA.—Slave State.*

Area, 47,000 square miles.....	61,352 square miles.
Population in 1790, 340,120.....	748,308.
" 1860, 3,880,735.....	1,596,318.
Product of 1859, \$606,000,000.....	\$120,000,000.
Per capita, \$156.....	\$75.
Gross profit on capital, 34 per cent.....	15 per cent.
Value per acre of farm lands, \$38.26.....	\$11.91.
Railroads, 2,342 miles.....	1,771 miles.
" cost of construction, \$138,395,055.....	\$64,958,807.
Freight in 1860, \$579,681,790.....	\$110,000,000.
Canals, 1,038 miles.....	178 miles.
" cost, \$67,567,972.....	\$7,817,000.
Tonnage built in 1860, 31,936.....	4,372.
Bank capital, \$111,441,320.....	\$16,005,156.
Exports and imports, 1860, \$394,045,326.....	\$7,184,273.
Copies of press circulated in 1860, 320,980,884...	26,772,518.
Pupils at public schools in 1860, 675,221.....	67,428.
Volumes in public libraries, 1,760,820.....	88,462.
Value of churches, \$21,539,561.....	\$2,002,220.
Percentage of native free population who cannot read or write, 1.37.....	19.90.

Compare the column as regards Virginia with the returns for Pennsylvania, and the result is nearly as remarkable as that of New York.

Pennsylvania, area 46,000, population in 1790, 494,378; in 1860, 2,900,115. Products of 1859, \$399,600,000, *per capita*, \$188, profit on capital, 22 per cent. Value of farm lands per acre,

\$38.91. Railroads, 2,690 miles, costing \$147,488,410. Canals, 1,259 miles, costing \$42,015,000. Tonnage built in 1860, 21,615 tons. Bank capital, \$25,565,582. Exports and imports, \$20,362,608. Copies of press circulated in 1860, 116,094,480. Pupils at public schools, 413,706. Volumes in public libraries, 368,400. Value of churches, \$11,858,291.

ILLINOIS.—*Free State.*

Area, 55,405 square miles
Population, 1810, 12,282
" 1860, 1,711,951
Ratio of increase from 1810 to 1860, 13,838 per ct.
Railroads in operation in 1860, 2,868 miles
Ditto, 1st of January, 1864, 3,080 miles
Value of farm lands, 1860, \$432,531,072
Canals, 102 miles
Ratio of increased value of property from 1850 to 1860, 458 per cent.
At same ratio from 1860 to 1870, as from 1850 to 1860, total wealth in 1870 would be \$3,993,000,000

MISSOURI.—*Slave State.*

67,880 square miles.
20,845.
1,182,012.
5,570.
817 miles.
914 miles.
\$280,632,126.
none.
265 per cent.
\$1,329,000,000.

RHODE ISLAND.—*Free State.*

Area, 1,306 square miles
Population in 1792, 69,110
" 1860, 174,520
Product in 1859, \$52,400,000
Value of property in 1860, \$135,000,000
Bank capital, \$20,865,569
Copies of press issued in 1860, 5,289,280
Pupils at public schools, 23,130
Volumes in public libraries, 104,342
Pupils at colleges and academies, 3,664
Percentage of native free adults who cannot read or write, 1.49
Value of churches, \$1,293,700

DELAWARE.—*Slave State.*

2,120 square miles.
59,096.
112,216.
\$16,100,000.
\$46,242,181.
\$1,640,875.
1,010,776.
8,970.
17,950.
764.
23.08.
\$340,345.

NEW JERSEY.—*Free State.*

Area, 8,320 square miles
Population in 1790, 184,139
" 1860, 672,085
Ratio of increase from 1790 to 1860, 265 per cent.
Population per square mile in 1860, 80.77
Increase of population per square mile from 1790 to 1860, 58.64 per cent.
Ditto from 1850 to 1860, 21.93 per cent.
Population in 1860, remaining the same per square mile, if area equal to that of South Carolina, 1,978,650.
Product of 1859, \$167,398,003

SOUTH CAROLINA.—*Slave State.*

24,500 square miles.
249,078.
708,708.
182 per cent.
28.72.
18.55 per cent.
1.44 per cent.
Population in 1860, remaining the same per square mile, if area equal to that of New Jersey, 238,950.
\$46,445,782.

NEW JERSEY—Continued.

Per capita, \$249.....
Farm lands, 1860, improved and unimproved acres, 2,988,581.....
Value in 1860, \$180,250,888.....
Agricultural products of 1860, \$86,398,000.....
Product per acre, \$28.96.....
Improved lands, 1,944,445 acres.....
Product per acre, \$44.48.....
Value of farm lands per acre, \$60.42.....

SOUTH CAROLINA—Continued.

\$66.
15,595,860.
\$139,652,508.
\$39,645,728.
\$2.54.
4,572,060 acres.
\$8.67.
\$8.95.
Value of farm lands, if worth as much per acre as those of New Jersey, \$942,660,877.

Copies of press issued in 1860, 12,801,412.....
Percentage of native free adults who cannot read or write, 5.10.....
Percentage of native white children at school, 80.56.
Pupils at colleges, academies, and public schools, 88,244.....
Value of churches, \$3,712,868.....

3,654,840.
12.78.
26.025.
26.025.
\$2,181,476.

MICHIGAN.—Free State.

Area, 56,243 square miles.....
Population, 1810, 4,762.....
“ 1820, 8,765.....
“ 1830, 31,689.....
“ 1860, 749,118.....
Population per square mile in 1810, 0.08.....
“ “ “ 1820, 0.15.....
“ “ “ 1830, 0.56.....
“ “ “ 1860, 13.32.....
Absolute increase of population from 1830 to 1860, 717,474.....
Relative rank in 1830, 25.....
“ “ 1860, 16.....
Absolute increase of population from 1850 to 1860 per square mile, 6.25.....
Value of total product of 1859, \$99,200,000.....
Of agriculture alone, \$64,000,000.....
Total product per capita, \$132.04.....
Farm lands improved and unimproved in 1860, 6,981,442 acres.....
Improved farm lands, 1860, 3,419,861 acres.....
Value of lands improved and unimproved in 1860, \$163,279,087.....
Product per acre, \$9.23.....
“ of improved land, \$18.71.....
Value of farm lands, 1860, per acre, \$28.55.....

FLORIDA.—Slave State.

59,268 square miles.
16,989, Spanish.
23,801, “
34,780.
140,425.
0.28.
0.38.
0.58.
2.37.
105,695.
26.
31.
0.69.
\$12,300,000.
\$9,600,000.
\$87.59.
2,849,572 acres.
676,464 acres.
\$16,371,684.
\$3.01.
\$14.18.
\$5.74.
Value of farm lands of Florida, if worth as much per acre as those of Michigan, \$67,105,222.
Product of Florida lands, if equal per acre to those of Michigan, in 1859, \$26,300,549.

MICHIGAN—Continued.

Copies of press issued in 1860, 11,606,596.....	1,081,601.
Percentage of native free adults, who cannot read or write, 2.84.....	9.18.
Public libraries, 107,943 volumes.....	2,660 volumes.
Pupils in public schools, academies, and colleges, 112,382.....	8,129.
Percentage of native white children at school, 99.53	35.77.

FLORIDA—Continued.

WISCONSIN.—Free State.

Area, 53,924 square miles.....	274,356 square miles.
Population in 1840, 30,749.....	80,983. (Republic.)
“ 1860, 775,881.....	604,215.
Population per square mile in 1840, 0.57.....	0.29.
“ “ “ 1860, 8.99.....	2.20.
Increase per square mile from 1840 to 1860, 8.42..	1.91.
Absolute increase of population from 1850 to 1860 per square mile, 8.99.....	1.41.
Value of total product of 1859, \$101,375,000.....	\$52,749,000.
Of agriculture alone, \$72,875,000.....	\$46,499,000.
Total product per capita, \$130.39.....	\$87.30.
Farm lands improved and unimproved, 7,899,170 acres.....	23,245,433 acres.
Improved farm lands, 1860, 3,746,086 acres.....	2,649,207 acres.
Value of lands improved and unimproved in 1860, \$131,117,082.....	\$104,007,689.
Product per acre of improved and unimproved lands in 1859, \$9.22.....	\$2.00.
Product per acre of improved lands in 1859, \$19.45	\$17.55.
Value of farm lands per acre, \$16.59.....	\$4.47.

TEXAS.—Slave State.

Value of farm lands of Texas, if worth as much per acre as those of Wisconsin, \$385,641,733.
Product of Texas lands in 1859, if equal per acre to those of Wisconsin, \$214,212,892.

Copies of press issued in 1860, 10,798,670.....	7,855,808.
Percentage of native free adults who cannot read or write, 1.04.....	11.84.
Public libraries, 21,020 volumes.....	4,230 volumes.
Pupils in colleges and public schools, 61,615.....	11,500.
Percentage of native white children at school, 74.90	45.82.

INDIANA.—Free State.

Area, 33,809 square miles.....	45,600 square miles.
Population, 1790, none.....	35,791.
“ 1800, 4,875.....	105,602.
“ 1860, 1,350,428.....	1,109,801.
Product of 1859, \$175,690,628.....	\$99,894,070.
Agricultural, \$132,440,682.....	\$82,792,070.
Total product, per capita, \$130.10.....	\$90.01.
Product of agriculture, per capita, \$90.68.....	\$74.60.

TENNESSEE.—Slave State.

INDIANA—Continued.

Population per square mile in 1800, 0.14	2.31.
Population per square mile, 1860, 39.63.....	24.34.
Absolute increase of population, from 1850 to 1860, per square mile, 10.72	2.35.
Relative rank in 1800, 20	15.
“ “ 1860, 6.....	10.
Farm lands improved and unimproved, 16,315,776 acres	20,355,934 acres.
Improved do., 8,161,717 acres	6,897,974 acres.
Value of farm lands, \$344,908,776.....	\$272,555,054.
Ditto, per acre, \$21.13	\$18.39.
Value of product per acre of improved and unim- proved farm lands, \$8.17.....	\$4.06.
Ditto, of improved farm lands, \$16.26.....	\$12.
Volumes in public libraries, 68,403.....	22,696.
Pupils at public schools and colleges, 168,754.....	115,750.

*TENNESSEE—Continued.**FREE STATES OF 1790.*

Namely: Massachusetts (then including Maine), Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Vermont, New York, New Jersey, and Penn- sylvania.	
Area, 169,668 square miles.....	300,580 square miles.
Population in 1790, 1,968,455.....	1,961,372.
“ 1860, 10,594,168.....	7,414,684.
Population-per square mile in 1790, 11.60	6.50.
“ “ “ 1860, 62.44	24.66.
Increase of population per square mile, from 1790 to 1860, 50.84.....	18.14.

SLAVE STATES OF 1790.

Namely: Delaware, Maryland, Vir-
ginia, North Carolina, South Caro-
lina, Georgia, Kentucky, and
Tennessee.

FREE STATES OF 1860.

Area, 835,631 square miles.....	888,591 square miles.
Farm lands, 161,462,000 acres.....	248,721,062 acres.
Value, \$4,067,947,286.....	\$2,570,466,935.
Value per acre, \$25.19	\$10.46.
Total product of 1859, namely: of agriculture, manufactures, mines, and fisheries, \$4,150,- 000,000	\$1,140,000,000.
Per capita, \$217.....	\$93.
Copies of press issued in 1860, 760,084,360.....	167,917,188.
By Table 157 (Census of 1850), ratio of native white adults who cannot read or write, 4.12 per cent.	17.23 per cent. (more than 4 to 1).
Same Tables for Census of 1860, partially estimated, 3.21 per cent.....	17.03 per cent. (more than 5 to 1).

SLAVE STATES OF 1860.

Whole additional value of *all* the
Slave States, whether farm lands
or unoccupied, if worth as much
per acre as those of the Free
States, \$5,859,246,616.
Total value of products of the Slave
States in 1859, if equal per capi-

FREE STATES—Continued.

Total value of all the property, real and personal,
of the Free States in 1860, \$10,852,081,081.
Annual gross profit of capital, 39 per cent.

Total agricultural product of Free States in 1859,
\$2,527,676,000.....
Agricultural product of Free States per capita in
1859, \$131.48.....
Ditto, per acre in 1859, improved and unimproved
lands, \$15.65.....
Ditto, per acre, improved lands, \$28.68.....

It is thus demonstrated by the official statistics of the Census of the United States, from 1790 to 1860, that the total annual product of the Free States *per capita* exceeds that of the Slave States, largely more than two to one, and, including commerce, very nearly three to one. As regards education, also, we see that the ratio in favor of the Free States is more than four to one in 1850 (4.12 to 17.23), and, in 1860, more than five to one (3.21 to 17.03). And even as regards agricultural products, we have seen that those of the Free States were \$2,527,676,000 per annum, and of the Slave States only \$862,324,000. The value of the lands of the Free States was \$25.19 per acre, of the Slave States

SLAVE STATES—Continued.

ta to those of the Free States,
\$2,653,631,032.
Deduct actual products of 1859,
\$1,140,000,000.
Absolute increase of 1859, if Free
States, \$1,513,631,032.
That is, the *additional* value of the
actual products of the Slave
States, caused by emancipation,
\$1,513,631,032.
Ditto, of all the Slave States, includ-
ing slaves, \$5,225,307,034.
22 per cent.
If we could add the annual earnings
of commerce (not included in the
Census Tables), the yearly pro-
duct of the Free States per capi-
ta would be almost triple that of
the Slave States, the commerce
of New York alone being nearly
equal to that of the entire South.

\$862,324,000 (Slave States).
Ditto of Slave States per capita in
1859, \$70.56.
\$3.58.
\$11.55.

only \$10.46 per acre; the product of the improved lands of the Free States was \$26.68 *per acre* and of the Slave States \$11.55, while, *per capita*, the result was \$131.48 to \$70.56.

These facts prove how much greater the crops of the Slave States would be, if their farms (including cotton) were cultivated by free labor. It is also thus demonstrated how completely the fertile lands of the South are exhausted and reduced in value by slave culture. Having thus proved, deductively, the ruinous effects of slavery, I will proceed, in my next letter, inductively, to exhibit the causes which have produced these remarkable results.

R. J. WALKER.

ÆNONE:

A TALE OF SLAVE LIFE IN ROME.

CHAPTER V.

THE day wore quietly on, like any other day; for the confusion and turmoil of the ovation were already a half-forgotten thing of the past, and Rome had again subsided into its usual course: in the earlier hours, a city of well-filled streets, astir and vocal with active and vigorous trade and labor; then—as the noontide sun shed from the brazen sky a molten glow, that fell like fire upon the lava pavement, and glanced from polished walls until the whole atmosphere seemed like a furnace—a city seemingly deserted, except by a few slaves, engaged in removing the triumphal arches hung with faded and lifeless flowers, and by a soldier here and there in glistening armor, keeping a lonely watch; and again—as the sun sank toward the west, and, with the lengthening shadows, the intensity of the heat diminished—a city flooded with wealth and fashion, pouring in confused streams hither and thither, through its broadest avenues and forums—groups of idlers sauntering along to watch the inoccupation of others, and with the prospective bath as the pretence for the stroll—matrons and maidens of high degree, with attendants following them—a rattle of gayly caparisoned chariots, with footmen trotting beside the wheels—guards on horseback—detachments of prætorian soldiers passing up and down—here the car of a senator of the broad purple—there the mounted escort of a Syrian governor—all that could speak of magnificence, wealth, and authority, at that hour thronged the pavement.

Leaving the Vanno palace, *Ænone* joined herself to this moving concourse. At her side walked one of her bondwomen, and, at a pace or two behind,

properly attired, and armed only with a short sword, strode the armor bearer. Thus attended, she pressed forward along the Appian Way toward the outskirts of the city—past broad palaces and villas, with encircling gardens and open paved courts—past shrubberies, fish ponds, and statue-crowned terraces—past public baths, through whose broad doorways the people swarmed by hundreds, and whose steps were thronged with waiting slaves; now stopping until the armor bearer, running to the front, could make a passage for her through some crowd denser than ordinary—then gliding onward with more rapid pace, as the way became clearer—and again arresting herself for a moment as the stream of people also tarried to watch the approach of the gorgeous chariot and richly uniformed guards of the emperor Titus Vespasian. At length, turning the corner of a pillar-porticoed temple, which stood back from the street, and up the gentle ascent of whose steps a concourse of priests and attendants were forcing a garland-decked bullock, unconscious of the sacrificial rites which awaited him within, she stood beyond the surging of the crowd and in a quiet little street.

It was a narrow avenue, in whose humble architecture brick took the place of stone; but by no means mean or filthy, like so many of the streets of similar width in the central portion of the city. Stretching out toward the open country, and not given up to merchandise or slave quarters, its little houses had their gardens and clustering vines about them, supplying with the picturesque whatever was wanting in magnificence, and evidencing a pleasant medium between wealth and pov-

erty. The paved roadway was clean and unbroken; and far down as the eye could reach no life could be seen, except a single slave with a fruit basket balanced upon his head, and near him a group of children at play.

Passing down this street, Ænone came to a spot where one of the great aqueducts which supplied the city, crossed the roadway diagonally with a single span. At the right hand stood a small brick house, built into the nearest arch so snugly that it seemed as though its occupants could almost hear the gurgling of the water flowing overhead from the hills of Albanus. Like the other houses in its neighborhood, it had a small courtyard in front, planted with a shrub or two. This was the home of her father, the centurion Porthenus. Stopping here, she was about to enter without warning, according to her usual custom, but as she advanced, a dwarf, whom she recognized as the same which that morning had so eagerly presented himself for notice in the front of her husband's captives, sprang forward, grinned his recognition of the armor bearer, made another grimace expressive of mingled respect and admiration for herself, threw open the door, and ushered her in with an outburst of ceremonious pride befitting an imperial reception.

At a back window of the house, from whence the line of aqueduct could be seen for some distance leaping houses and streets in its undeviating course to the centre of the city, sat the centurion. He was a man of medium height, short necked, and thick set, with blunted features and grizzled hair and beard. Two of the fingers of his left hand were wanting, and a broad scar, the trophy of a severe skirmish among the Alemanni, crossed his right cheek and one side of his nose, giving him an expression more curious than pleasing. His general appearance was after the common type of an old, war-worn soldier, rough and unscrupulous by nature, hardened by camp life and dissipation,

grown cruel by excess of petty authority, overbearing with his inferiors, jovial and complaisant with his equals, cringing to his superiors, and with an air of discontent overlaying every other expression, as though he was continually tortured with the belief that his success in life had not equalled his merits. As Ænone entered, he was bending over a shield, and earnestly engaged in burnishing its brazen mouldings. At his side leaned a short sword, awaiting similar attention, and in a rack beside him were a number of weapons of different varieties and sizes, which had already submitted to his restorative skill, and now shone like glass.

Hearing her light step, he looked up, arose, flung the shield into a corner, and, with a roar, as though ordering a battalion, called out to the grinning dwarf, who had followed her in:

'Ho there, ape! A seat for my daughter, the wife of the emperor Sergius Vanno!'

The dwarf sprang forward and dragged out a seat for her; having done which, he seemed about to yield to his curiosity and remain. But the centurion, disapproving of such freedom, made a lunge at him with the small sword, before which the dwarf retired with a precipitate leap, and joined the bondwoman and armor bearer outside. Then the father, being left alone with his daughter, embraced her, and uttered such words of welcome as his rough nature suggested.

As regarded his intercourse with her, perhaps the most noticeable traits were the mingled reverence and familiarity with which he treated her. It seemed as though he was actuated by an ever-pervading consciousness that her exalted position demanded the observance of the deepest respect toward her; but that this feeling was connected in his mind with an unceasing struggle to remember that, after all, she was his own child, and as such was not entitled to

any undue consideration from him. Upon the present occasion, he first timidly touched her cheek with his lips and uttered a gentle and almost courtly salutation; but immediately recollecting himself, and appearing to become impressed with the belief that his unwitting deference was unworthy of the character of a father, he proceeded to atone for the mistake by a rough and discomposing embrace, and such a familiar and frolicsome greeting as none but a camp follower would have felt flattered with. Then, seating himself before her, he commenced his conversation in a rude and uncouth tone, and with rather a forced affectation of military bluntness; from which, however, as his eye dwelt upon the richness of her apparel and his mind began to succumb to the charm of her native refinement, he gradually and unconsciously subsided, in turn, into his former soft and deferential manner.

'And so the emperor Sergius Vanno has returned,' he said, rolling upon his tongue, with evident satisfaction, that high-sounding title—once the acknowledged appellation of a conqueror, but now claimed as a right by the imperial line alone, and no longer elsewhere bestowed except as an informal and transitory compliment. 'It was a splendid ovation, and well earned by a glorious campaign. There is no one in all the Roman armies who could have managed it better.'

Nevertheless, with unconscious inconsistency, he immediately began to show wherein the campaign could have been improved, and how many gross mistakes were visible in every portion of it—how the force of Mutius should have been diverged more in advancing inland—how, in the battle along the shore, the three-oared galleys of Agriola should have been drawn up to support the attack—the consequence of this omission, if the leading cohort had met with a repulse—and the like. All this he marked out upon the floor with a piece of coal, taking but little heed

that *Ænone* could not follow him; and step by step, in the ardor of criticism, he advanced so far that he was soon ready to prove that the campaign had been most woefully misconducted, and was only indebted to accident for success.

'But it is of little use for me to talk, if I cannot act as well,' he at length concluded, rising from the floor. 'And how could I act any part, placed as I am? The father of the wife of the emperor Sergius Vanno should be the leader of a cohort rather than of a mere century; and be otherwise lodged than in this poor place. Then would they listen to him.'

He spoke bitterly and enviously, exhibiting in his whole tone as well as in his words his besetting weakness. For a while *Ænone* did not answer. It was as far from her duty as from her taste and pleasure to remind him, even if she could have done so to his comprehension, that her husband had already advanced him as far as was possible or fitting, and had otherwise provided for him in various ways as well as could reasonably be expected. The views of the centurion were of a far different nature. In giving his daughter to the patrician he had meanly intended thereby to rise high in life—had anticipated ready promotion beyond what his ignorance would have justified—had supposed that he would be admitted upon an equal social footing among the friends of Sergius, not realizing that his own native roughness and brutishness must have forbidden such a connection—had dazzled his eyes too wilfully with pictures of the wealth and influence and glory that would fall to his lot. As long, therefore, as so many of those gilded imaginings had failed in their promise, it seemed as nothing to him that Sergius, in the first flush of admiration for the daughter, had removed the father from rough provincial to more pleasing and relaxing urban duties, had purchased him a house befitting his station, and

had lightened his condition in various ways.

'But we are gradually doing better,' *Ænone* said at length, striving to cheer him by identifying her fortunes more nearly with his own. 'This is a finer place than we had to live in at Ostia. Think how narrow and crowded we were then. And now I see that we have a new slave to open for us, while at Ostia we had only old Mitus. Indeed, we are very comfortable.'

'Ay, ay,' growled the centurion; 'a new slave—a dwarf or idiot, or what not—just such a creature as would not bring five sesteria in the market; and, therefore, the imperator has cast him to me, like a bare bone to a dog. Tell him I thank him for the gift. And in this matter it has been with me as always heretofore—either no luck at all, or too much. How often have I not passed a campaign without taking a prisoner, while they fell in crowds to all around me? And when at last I gained my share, when was it ever of any value to me, being hundreds of miles from a market? And here it is the same again. For months, no slave at all; and then all at once there are two, and I shall be eaten out of my house.'

'Two, father?'

'Listen to me. No sooner did your honored lord send me this dwarf, than arrives Tisiphon of the twelfth cohort. He had long owed me a slave; and now that a captive, poor and feeble, and likely to die, had fallen into his hands, he thought it a fair opportunity to acquit himself toward me. But for once Tisiphon has cheated himself. The slave he brought was weak and sick, but it was only from want of food and rest. The fellow will recover, and I will yet make much of him. Would you see him? Look out of the back window there. He will turn out a fine slave yet, and, if this dwarf had not come, would be right pleasing to me. But two of them! How shall I find bread for both?'

Ænone walked to the window, and leaned out. The courtyard behind was but limited in size, containing a few squares of burnt brick arranged for pavement around a small plot of grass at the foot of a single plane tree. The slave of whom the centurion spoke was seated upon this plot, with his back against the tree, and his head bent over, while, with vacant mind, he watched the play of a small green lizard. As she appeared at the window, he raised his eyes toward her, then dropped them again upon the ground. It was hardly, in fact, as much as could be called a look—a mere glance, rather, a single tremor of the drooping lid, a mute appeal for sympathy, as though there had been an inner instinct which, at that instant, had directed him to her, as one who could feel pity for his trouble and desolation. But at that glance, joined to something strangely peculiar in the captive's figure and attitude, a nervous thrill shot through *Ænone's* heart, causing her to hold her breath in unreasoning apprehension; a fear of something which she could not explain, a dim consciousness of some forgotten association of the past arising to confront her, but which she could not for the moment identify. And still she looked out, resisting the impulse of dread which bade her move away, fixing a strained gaze upon the captive, in a vain struggle to allay, by one moment of calm scrutiny, that phantom of her memory which, act as she might, would not be repressed, but which each instant seemed to expand into clearer certainty before her.

'Do you see him? Does he appear to you a worthy slave?' cried the centurion.

'A worthy slave, indeed,' she answered, in a low tone, feeling compelled to make some response.

At her voice, the captive again raised his head, and looked into her face; not now with a hasty, timid glance, but with the full gaze of one who believes he has been spoken to, and waits for a

renewal of the question. And as she met the inquiring look, *Ænone* turned away and sank back in terror and dismay. She knew it all, now, nor could she longer deceive herself by vain pretences or assurances. The instinct which at the first had filled her soul with that unexplained dread, had not been false to her. For that glance, as it now rested upon her with longer duration and deeper intensity, too surely completed the suggestion which at the first it had faintly whispered to her, flashing into her heart the long-stifed memories of the past, recalling the time when, a few years before, she had sat upon the rock at Ostia, and had gazed down upon eyes lifted to meet her own with just so beseeching an appeal, and telling her too truly that she stood again in the presence of him to whom she had then promised her girlish faith, and whom she had so long since looked upon as dead to her.

'I will call him in,' said the centurion, 'and you can see him closer.'

'Nay, nay, father; let him remain where he is,' she exclaimed, in uncontrollable dread of recognition.

'Ha! art not afraid, girl?' demanded the old man. 'He can do no hurt, even were he stronger; and now that he is weak, a child could lead him with a string. Come hither, sirrah!'

The captive arose, smoothed down his tunic, and, obediently entering the house, awaited commands; while *Ænone*, with as quiet movement as possible, shrunk into the most distant corner of the room. What if he should recognize her, and should call upon her by name, not knowing her changed position, or recollecting his own debasement into slavery? What explanation other than the true one could she give to account for his audacity, and save him from the chastisement which the offended centurion would prepare to bestow upon him? This was but a momentary fear, however, since she felt that the increasing glow of evening, added to her own alteration by

dress, and the certainty that he would not expect to meet her thus, found a sure protection against recognition, as long as she took care not to risk betrayal by her voice or manner. And, perhaps, after all—and her heart lightened somewhat at the thought—it might be that her reason had too freely yielded to an insane fancy, and allowed her to be deceived by a chance resemblance.

'How is he called?' she inquired, disguising her voice as thoroughly as she could. The instant she had spoken she would have retracted her words, if possible, from the mere fear lest her father, in his response, might mention her name. But it luckily chanced that the centurion did not do so.

'How is he called? Nay, that thing I had not thought to ask as yet. Your name, slave?'

'Cleotos.'

At the word, the blood again flew back to her heart. There could now no longer be a doubt. How often had she repeated that name endearingly, in those early days of her first romance in life!

'Cleotos,' said the centurion. 'It is a brave name. There was once a leader of a full phalanx with that name, and he did well to the empire. It is, therefore, scarcely a name for a slave to bear. But we will talk some other time about that. It is of thine appearance now, that we will speak. Is he not, after all, a pleasing youth? Did *Tisiphon* so surely deceive me as he intended, when he gave the man to me? See! there is but little brawn and muscle to him, I grant; and therefore he will not make a good gladiator or even spearman; but he has a comely shape, which will fit him well for a page or palace usher. And, therefore, I will sell him for such. He should bring a good price, indeed, when the marks of his toil and sickness have gone off from him, and he has been fattened into better condition. But two of them!' continued the centurion, suddenly recurring to his former

source of grief. 'How can I fatten him when there are two of them? How find bread for both? And yet he is not so very thin, now. I will light a lamp, daughter, for it has grown quite dark, and you shall come nearer and examine him.'

'Nay! nay!' exclaimed Ænone, in hurried resistance of this new danger. 'Not now. I am no judge of the merits of captives, and it is getting late. I know that my lord will be expecting me, and perchance will be vexed if I delay.'

'Be it so, then,' responded the other. 'And as it is dark, it is not befitting that you should go without escort. Take, therefore—'

'I have the armor bearer for my escort, father.'

'It is something, but not enough,' said the centurion. 'Enough for safety, but not for dignity. Remember that, while on the one hand you are the wife of the emperor Sergius Vanno, you are also a daughter of the house of Porthenus—a family which was powerful in the far-off days of the republic, long before the house of Vanno had begun to take root,' he continued, in a tone of pride. For then, as now, poverty consoled itself for its privations by dreams—whether well or ill founded, it mattered but little—of grandeurs which had once existed; and it was one of the weaknesses of the centurion to affect superiority of blood, and try to believe that therein he enjoyed compensations beyond anything that wealth could bestow.

'Of the house of Porthenus,' he repeated, 'and should therefore be suitably attended. So let this new slave follow behind. And take, also, the dwarf. He is not of soldierly appearance, but for all that he will count as one more.'

Fearful of offending her father by a refusal, or of encountering additional risks of recognition by a more prolonged conversation at the doorway, now brightened by the light of the

newly risen moon, Ænone hastily assented, and started upon her homeward route. Clinging closely to the side of her bondwoman, not daring to look back for a parting adieu to her father, who stood at the door leaning upon his sword, and grimly smiling with delight at fancying his child at last attended as became a scion of the house of Porthenus—not regarding the half-smothered oaths and exclamations of contempt with which the armor bearer behind her surveyed his two new companions upon guard—she pressed rapidly on, with the sole desire of reaching her house and secluding herself from further danger of recognition.

The moon rose higher, silvering the city with charms of new beauty, gleaming upon the surface of the swift-rolling Tiber, giving fresh radiance to the marble palaces and temples, adding effect to whatever was already beautiful, diminishing the deformity of whatever was unlovely, even imparting a pleasant aspect of cheerfulness to the lower quarters of the city, where lay congregated poverty and dishonor and crime. The Appian Way no longer swarmed with the crowd that had trodden it an hour ago. The priests had completed the sacrifice and left the temple, the bathers had departed, the slaves no longer lingered upon the porticos, and the riders in gay chariots no more were to be seen. A calmer and more quiet occupancy of the street had ensued. Here and there a soldier paced to and fro, looking up at the moon and down again at the glistening river, and thought, perhaps, upon other night watches in Gallia, when just such a moon had gleamed upon the silver Rhone. Here and there two lovers, loth to abandon such a pleasant light and warmth, strolled slowly along, and, as lovers have ever done, bade the moon witness their vows. But not the river or the moonlight did Ænone now linger to look upon, nor lovers' vows did she think about, as she glided hastily toward her own home. The peace-

fulness and quiet of nature found no response in her heart. Her only emotion was one of dread lest each ray of light might shine too brightly upon her—lest even her walk might betray her—lest every sound might be an unguarded recognition from the poor, unconscious captive behind her.

At length she reached her home, passed up the broad flight of steps in front, and stood panting within the doorway. A momentary pause ere she entered, and then, unable to continue the control which she had so far maintained over herself, she turned and cast one hasty, curious glance below. The two new slaves of the centurion stood side by side in the street, gazing up at the palace walls, the dwarf with a grin of almost idiotic glee, the other with a grave air of quiet contemplation. But what was that sudden look of startled recognition that suddenly flashed across the features of the latter? Why did his face turn so ghastly pale in the moonlight, and his limbs seem to fail him, so that he grasped his companion's arm for support? *Ænone* shrank terrified into the obscurity of the doorway.

But in an instant she recovered her self-possession. It must be that he had been faint or giddy, nothing more. It could not have been recognition that had startled him from his earnest contemplation, for he had not been looking toward her, but, with his body half turned away, had been gazing up at the highest story of the palace.

CHAPTER VI.

And now, having avoided the immediate peril of recognition, *Ænone* turned into the palace. Even there, however, her disordered fancy pictured dangers still encompassing her. How, after all, could she feel sure that she had not been known? During that clear moonlight passage along the Appian Way, what revelations might not have been made by a chance look or gesture! At the very first she had almost stumbled upon the truth merely through the

magic of one upward glance of the eye of the wearied slave; why, then, might she not have unconsciously revealed herself to him by even a wave of the hand or a turn of the instep, or by some other apparently trivial and unimportant motion? And if so, at what instant might he not forget his fallen condition, and disregard not only his safety but her reputation, by pressing into the palace and claiming the right of speech with her? Rash deeds were not seldom done under the promptings of desperation. Trembling beneath the sway of such imaginings, each footfall that resounded in the hall seemed like the light and buoyant step of him who had trodden with her the sands of Ostia—each figure that passed by bore, for the instant, the outline of his form—even at the open window the well-known face seemed to peer in at every corner and watch her.

This paroxysm of terror gradually passed away, but was succeeded by other fancies equally productive of inquietude. What if the captive, having recognized her, had whispered his story to the companions with whom he had walked! He would surely not do so if he still loved her; but what if his love had ceased, and he should be meanly desirous of increasing his own importance by telling how he, a slave, had been the chosen lover of the proudly allied lady before him? Nay, he would never act thus, for it would be a baseness foreign to his nature; and yet have not men of the most lofty sense of honor often fallen from their original nobility, and revelled in self-degradation? And it somehow seemed as though, at the last, the dwarf had looked up at her with a strangely knowing leer. And was it merely her imagination that made her think there was a certain sly approach to undue familiarity in the usually deferential deportment of the armor bearer?

With the next morning, however, came more composed reflections. Though the forebodings of the evening

had naturally tinged her dreams with similar vague imaginings of coming trouble, yet, upon the whole, her sleep had brought rest, and the bright sunlight streaming in at the window drove away the phantoms which, during the previous gloom, had so confusedly disordered themselves in her bewildered brain. She could now indulge in a more cheering view of her situation; and she felt that there was nothing in what had transpired of sufficient importance, when coolly weighed and passed upon, to make her anxious or afraid.

In a sick and travel-worn slave she had recognized one to whom, in her younger days, she had plighted her faith, and who had, in turn, given his faith to her. He was now a captive, and she had become one of the nobles of the empire. But his evil lot had not been of her procuring, being merely one of those ill fortunes which are cast broadly over the earth, and whose descent upon any one person more than upon another can be attributed to destiny alone. Nor, in accepting her high position, had she been guilty of breach of faith, for she had long awaited the return of her lover, and he had not come. And through all those years, as she had grown into more mature womanhood, she had vaguely felt that those stolen interviews had been but the unreasoning suggestions of girlish romance, too carelessly indifferent to the exigencies of poverty and diverse nationality; and that, if he had ever returned to claim her, mutual explanation and forgetfulness could have been their only proper course. There was, therefore, nothing for which she could reproach herself, or for which he could justly blame her, were he to recognize her as the wife of another man.

But there was little chance, indeed, that such a recognition could take place. Certainly, now that, apart from her troubled and excited fears of the previous day, she more deliberately weighed the chances, she felt assured that in her rapid passage through the

evening gloom, nothing could have betrayed her. And it was not probable that even in open daylight and in face-to-face encounter with him he would be likely to know her. She had recognized him almost at a glance, for not only was his dress composed of the same poor and scant material which had served him years before, but even in form and feature he seemed unchanged, his slight frame having gained no expansion as his manhood had progressed, while his face retained in every line the same soft and almost girlish expression. But with herself all things had altered. It was not merely that the poorly clad maiden who, with naked feet, well-tanned hands, and tangled and loosely hanging curls, had been wont to wander carelessly by the shore of a distant bay, had become a richly adorned matron of the imperial centre. Beyond all that, there was a greater change, which, though in its gradual progress almost inappreciable to one who had watched her day by day, could not but be remarked after a lapse of many years. The darker hair, the softer complexion, the suave smile into which the merry laugh of girlhood had little by little subsided, the more composed mien, replete with matronly dignity, the refinement of air and attitude insensibly resulting from long continued instinctive imitation, the superior development of figure—all these, as they were improvements in her former self, were also just so many effective disguises upon which she could safely rely, unless she were to provoke inordinate scrutiny by some unguarded action or expression. But all this she would earnestly guard against. She would even put no trust in the natural immunity of which her reason assured her, but would make everything doubly safe by totally refraining from any encounter with one whose recognition of her would be so painful.

This she could do, and yet not fail in any friendly duty which the remem-

brance of their former love might enjoin upon her. Unseen in her retirement, she could watch over and protect him, now that in his sorrow and degradation he so greatly needed a friend. She could ameliorate his lot by numberless kindnesses, which he would enjoy none the less for being unable to detect their source. She would cunningly influence her father to treat him with tenderness and consideration. And when the proper time arrived, and she could take her measures without suspicion, she would herself purchase his freedom, and send him back rejoicing to his native land. And when all this was done, and he should again have reached his home, perhaps she might then write to him one line to tell him who it was that had befriended him, and that she had done so in memory of olden times, and that now, when she was so far removed from him, he should give her one kind thought, utter a prayer to the gods in her behalf, and then forget her forever.

So much for her security and her friendly duty. As for the feelings of her heart, she was at rest. Strong in self-confidence, she had no fear that her mind could be influenced to stray from its proper path. It is true that during the previous evening, in the first tumult of troubled thought, she had felt a vague presentiment that a day of temptation might be before her, not as the result of any deliberate choice upon her part, but rather as a cruel destiny to be forced upon her. But now the current of her mind moved more clearly and unobstructedly; and she felt that however chance might control the worldly prosperity of each one, the will and strength to shape his own destiny, for good or evil, are still left to him unimpaired. Away, then, with all thoughts of the past. In her heart there could be but one affection, and to her life there could be but the one course of duty, and in that she would steadfastly walk.

Strengthened, therefore, with the

well-assured belief that the impulsive affection of her youth had become gradually tempered by lapse of years into a chaste and sisterly friendship, and that the pleasant memories which clustered about her heart and made her look back half regretfully upon those former days would be cherished only as the mere innocent relics of a girlish romance, she felt no fear that her faith could be led to depart from its lawful allegiance. But aside from all this, there lurked within her breast an uneasy sense of being the holder of a great secret which, in the end, would surely crush her, unless she could share its burden with another. In this desire for confidence, at least, there could be no harm; and her mind rapidly ran over the array of her few friends. For the first time in her life, perhaps, her isolation from close and unfettered companionship with others was forced upon her attention, and her soul grew faint as she thought upon her dependence upon herself alone for comfort or advice. To whom, indeed, could she venture to pour out her heart? Not to her father, who, with unreasoning ignorance and little charity, would coarsely form base conclusions about her, and would most likely endeavor to solve the problem by cruelty to the unfortunate slave who had so unwittingly originated it. Not to any of those matrons of whom her rank made her the associate; and who, after gaining her confidence, would either betray it to others, or else, wrongly misconstruing her, and fancying her to be influenced by scruples which they might not have felt, would scarcely fail to ridicule and cast disdain upon all the most tender emotions of her heart. And above all others, not to her husband, to whom, if she dared, she would have wished to reveal everything, but who had, she feared, at the bottom of his soul, a jealous and suspicious nature, which would be sure to take alarm, and cause him to look upon her story, not as a generous confidence be-

stowed in the hope of comfort and assistance, but rather as a cunningly devised cover for some unconfessed scheme of wrong against him.

Burdened by these reflections, *Ænone* slowly passed from her room into the antechamber. Lifting her eyes, she there saw her husband standing at the window, and, at the distance of a pace or two from him, a female figure. It was that of a girl of about eighteen years, small, light, and graceful. Her costume, though not in form such as belonged to the freeborn women of Rome, was yet far superior in richness of material to that usually worn by persons of low degree, and was fashioned with a taste which could not fail to assist the display of her graceful perfection of form, indicated in part by the rounded lines of the uncovered neck and arms. As *Ænone* entered the room, *Sergius* advanced, and, taking her by the hand, said :

‘Yonder is a new slave for you—the present about which I yesterday spoke. I trust it will prove that during my absence I was not unmindful of you. It was at *Samos* that I obtained her. There, you may remember, we tarried, after taking the town and burning part of the fleet.’

Samos! Where had *Ænone* heard that place mentioned? Searching into the recesses of her memory, it at last flashed upon her. Was it not from *Samos* that he—*Cleotos*—had come? And was it fate that forced the recollection of him ever upon her? She turned pale, but by a violent effort succeeded in maintaining her self-possession and looking up with a smile of apparent interest upon her husband as he spoke.

‘She had nearly fallen the prey of one of the common soldiers,’ he continued; ‘but I, with a few pieces of gold, rescued her from him, picturing to myself the gratification you would feel at being so fitly attended. And that you might the better appreciate the gift, I have retained her till to-day before showing her to you, in order

that you might first see her recovered from the toil of travel and in all her recovered beauty. A rare beauty, indeed, but of a kind so different from thine that your own will be heightened by the contrast rather than diminished. How many *sestertia* I have been offered for her, how many high officers of my forces have desired to obtain her for service upon their own wives, I cannot now remember. But I have refused and resisted all, for I would that you should be known throughout all Rome by the beauty of those in waiting about you, even as you are now known by your own beauty. Pray, accept of her, therefore, as your attendant and companion, for it would sorely disappoint me were you to reject such a pleasing gift.’

‘Let it be as my lord says,’ responded *Ænone*. ‘And if I fail in due utterance of my thanks, impute it not to want of appreciation of the gift, but rather to inability of proper expression.’

It was with real gratitude that *Ænone* spoke; for, at the instant, a thought of cheering import flashed upon her, swelling her heart with joy, and causing her to welcome the captive girl as a gift from the gods. Here, perhaps, as though in direct answer to her prayer for sympathy, might be the one for whom her heart had been longing; coming to her, not laden with any of that haughty pride and ill-befitting knowledge with which the Roman world about her reeked, but rather as she herself had once come—with all her unstained provincial innocence of thought yet nestling in her shrinking soul—one, like herself, an exile from a lowly state, and with a heart filled with those simple memories which must not be too carelessly exposed—so seldom do they gather from without anything but cruel ridicule or cold lack of comprehension—one whom she could educate into an easy intimacy with her own impulses and yearnings, and thus, forgetting all social differences, draw

closer and nearer to her as a friend and confidant.

As she thus reflected, she felt the soft pressure of lips upon her left hand, which hung idly at her side, and, looking down, she saw that the captive girl had knelt before her, and, while lightly grasping her fingers, was gazing up into her face with a pleading glance. *Ænone's* first impulse was to respond with eager warmth to that humble appeal for protection and friendship; and had it not been for the morbid fear she felt lest her husband, who stood looking on, might chide such familiarity, or at the least might cast ridicule upon the feeling which prompted it, she would have raised the captive girl and folded her in her arms. As it was, the impulse was too spontaneous and sudden to be entirely resisted, and she held forth her other hand to lift the kneeling figure, when a strange, intuitive perception of something which she could scarcely explain, caused her to withhold further action.

Something, she knew not what, in the attitude and expression of the captive before her, which sent her warm blood flowing back with a chilled current—something which told her that her hopes of the moment had been smitten with decay as suddenly as they had been raised, and that, instead of a friend, she had perhaps found an enemy. The full dark eye yet gazed up at her with the same apparent moistened appeal for friendly sympathy; but to *Ænone's* alarmed instinct it now seemed as though behind that glance there was an inner depth of cold, calculating scrutiny. Still, almost unheeding the gentle gesture of the hand extended to raise her, the Greek knelt upon the floor, and, with an appearance of mingled timorousness and humility, laid her lips upon the gathered fingers; but now there appeared to be no natural warmth or glow in the pressure or real savor of lowliness in the attitude, but rather a forced and studied obsequiousness. For the instant *Ænone*

paused, as though uncertain how to act. Then, fearing to betray her doubts, and hoping that her startled instinct might have deceived her, she bent forward once more and raised the captive to her feet.

It had all been the work of an instant; passing so quickly that the pause between the impulse and its completion could hardly have been noticed. But in that instant a change had swept over the expressions of both; and as they now stood opposite and gazed more intently upon each other, the change still progressed. The face of the young Roman matron, but a moment before so glowing with sympathy and radiant with a new-discovered hope of future happiness, now seemed to shrink behind a veil of despairing dread—the fear chasing away the joy as the shadow flits along the wall and banishes the sunlight; while, though every feature of the Greek still seemed clothed with trembling humility, yet, from some latent depths of her nature, a gleam of something strangely wild and forbidding began to play upon the surface, and invest the moistened eye and quivering lip with an undefinable repulsive harshness.

'Your name?' said *Ænone*, rousing herself with exertion, as though from a painful dream.

'Leta, my lady,' was the reply, uttered in a tone of despairing sadness, and with eyes again cast upon the floor.

'Leta,' repeated *Ænone*, touched in spite of her forebodings by that guise of an unhappiness which might, after all, be real. 'It is a fair-sounding name, and I shall call you always by it. Poor girl! you are an exile from your native land, and I—I cannot call myself a Roman. We must be friends—must we not?'

She spoke rather in the tone of one hoping against evil auguries than as one indulging in any confident anticipations of the future. The Greek did not answer, but again slowly raised her

eyes. At first, as before, with the same studied expression of pleading humility; but, as she glanced forward, and saw Sergius standing behind, and gazing at her with an admiration which he did not attempt to dissemble, a strange glow of triumph and ambitious hope seemed to light up her features. And when, after a hasty glance of almost responsive meaning toward Sergius, she again looked into the face of the other, it was no longer with an assumption of humble entreaty, but rather with an expression of wild,

searching intensity. Before it the milder gaze of Ænone faltered, until it seemed as though the two had suffered a relative interchange of position: the patrician mistress standing with troubled features, and with vague apprehension and trembling in her heart, and as though timorously asking for the friendship which she had meant to bestow; and the captive, calmly, and with a look of ill-suppressed triumph, reading the other's soul as though to learn how she could most readily wield supremacy over her.

‘OUR DOMESTIC RELATIONS; OR, HOW TO TREAT THE REBEL STATES.’

IN the *Atlantic Monthly* for October, 1863, is an article with the above caption, in which the author, we think, develops ideas and theories totally at variance with the spirit of our Government, and which, if acted upon, and followed to their legitimate results, tend to subvert that self-government which is the privilege and pride of the American citizen. The result of his reflection is, that the States which, more conveniently than accurately, are termed the rebel States, have practically become Territories, and as such are to be governed by Congress. Is this proposition true? Let us examine—not hastily, not rashly, not vindictively, or in a party spirit—but wisely, magnanimously, and lovingly, and see if there be not a truer conclusion and one more in accordance with the spirit of our republican Constitution.

When the rebel States (?) passed their respective ordinances of secession, what results flowed from the action? The political doctrine that the union of the States is not a mere confederation of separate States, but a consolidation,

within the limits of the Constitution, of the different States, otherwise independent, into *one nation*, is now too well established to remain a subject of debate. We are not, therefore, members of a confederacy, but are a unit—one. It follows, as a matter of course, that no State can withdraw or hide itself from the control of the National Government. The ordinances of secession passed by the rebel States did not, therefore, affect the Federal authority. The broad and just ground taken by President Lincoln in his Inaugural Address was, that the rebel States were still *in the Union*; and it is, we apprehend, the only tenable ground of right upon which we can carry on the war in which we are now engaged. The Constitution of the United States requires (art. ii. sec. 3) that the President shall ‘take care that the laws be faithfully executed.’ When the present head of the executive came into office, in March, 1861, he found several of the States, having already seceded on paper, seeking to perfect their treason by ‘the armed hand.’ Lighthouses had been

destroyed, or their beacon fires—the sentinels of the sea—shrouded in darkness, custom houses were given into rebel hands, the revenue cutters were surrendered, and deed followed deed in this dark drama of treason, until it was consummated by firing upon the unarmed *Star of the West*, while she was performing her errand of mercy, to relieve the hunger and reinforce the exhausted strength of the heroic little garrison of Fort Sumter. The plain and immediate duty of the President was, therefore, to call out the strength of the nation to assist him in ‘taking care that the laws be faithfully executed.’ And this brings us to the proposition that *the Government is not engaged in a war of conquest with another nation, but in enforcing the laws in what is already a part of the Union.*

The Constitution (art. ii. sec. 2) makes the President the ‘commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, and of the militia of the several States when called into the actual service of the United States.’ In the President, and in him alone, supremely, is vested the authority which is to conduct the course of war. Congress has the war-making power, but war once brought into being (if we may be allowed the expression), the manner in which it shall be conducted rests with the executive. It is, of course, to be conducted in accordance with the laws of nations and of civilized warfare. The first step necessary to enable the President to enforce the laws in the seceded States is to put down the military power by which their execution is resisted. That is now being done. By the ‘necessity of war,’ then, the executive is authorized to take such measures as may be necessary to put down the rebellion; and though no power is given him to appoint Governors over the States in ordinary times, it is given him, indirectly, but as surely as if expressly granted, to be used in times of actual war, by the clause of the Constitution which we have just

quoted, making him commander-in-chief of the national military force. Whenever the States, or any of them, cease to be debatable ground—that is, when the military force of the rebellion is put down, the military necessity ceases, and with it the authority of the President to appoint military governors. Nor is there danger of encroaching upon the liberties of the nation; for, as the power attaches to the President, not in his capacity as the civil head of the nation, but as the military commander-in-chief, it ceases the moment military opposition is overcome. The fear of the *Atlantic* author would seem to be ill grounded, for we cannot believe that any military force could be raised by a despotic executive who might endeavor to place himself in absolute power, and we think there is little danger that the Government may ‘crystallize into a military despotism.’ Would supplies be granted by Congress; or, if granted, would not the people of a country which has sprung to arms only to defend a *free* government, be strong enough to resist any single military despot? Let the history of the present rebellion, in which a population of only eight millions, and that in the least defensible States of the Union, has resisted for nearly three years the combined power of all the other States, with a population of more than twenty millions, answer the question. The *Atlantic* writer admits the propriety of appointing military governors in the cases of Mexico and California before the latter was admitted as a State, but denies it in the cases of the rebel States, because they are States, and therefore (as he says) within the civil jurisdiction. But at the period to which we refer, Congress had jurisdiction over both California and Mexico by the express provision of the Constitution (art. iv. sec. 3), ‘the Congress shall have power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations concerning the territory or other property belonging to the United States.’

If, then, the power of the President be admitted in the two cases referred to, it is even stronger in the cases of the rebel States, where no such power is given to Congress. And further it would seem that the act of admission to the Union would operate rather to take the Territory from under the jurisdiction of Congress, and give the right of government into the hands of the PEOPLE of the new State, even if their State officers did seek to betray them into treason. Our author asserts that 'there is no argument for military governors that is not equally strong for Congressional governments; but we suspect his mistake here, as, in fact, his whole theory comes from his neglect to note that this appointing power attaches to the President, not as the civil head of the nation, but as military commander-in-chief under the necessity of war.

To sum up the argument on this point, it stands thus: Neither Congress nor the President has power under the civil head to institute governments of their own in the rebel States: that power must arise, if at all, under the head of military necessity, and must attach to the commander-in-chief, viz., the President, and ceases the moment that necessity ceases. In the authority quoted from Chancellor Kent by the author of the *Atlantic*, we find nothing to shake our argument; for, though the power be, as the learned Chancellor says, 'to be exercised subordinate to the legislative powers of Congress,' still it is an executive power, and must be exercised by—must emanate from—the President. The same learned authority, from whose lucid and fascinating pages we enjoyed the first glimmerings of the 'gladsome light of jurisprudence,' says (vol. i. p. 264): 'The command and application of the public force, to execute the law, maintain peace, and resist foreign invasion, are powers so exclusively of an executive nature, and require the exercise of powers so characteristic of this department, that they

have always been *exclusively* appropriated to it in every well-organized government upon earth.' Taking this provision of the Constitution, so interpreted by Chancellor Kent, as vesting the power *exclusively* in the executive, it only remains to be considered how far it is a necessity of war.

In all the rebel States there is a population, more or less dense, to be protected and governed; but what can a civil authority accomplish when the States are overrun by a military force which has so long defied the power of the army? Advancing as our armies conquer, and fleeing as they are overcome by the rebel hordes, it could accomplish nothing but its own ludicrous history and the fettering of the military power, which so eminently requires one secret and independent will. How little a military force so fettered by civil authorities could accomplish can hardly be fully realized but by those who, like the author, have summered and wintered upon the 'dark and bloody ground' of the rebellion. But, it will be asked, how are the rebel States to be governed when the military power of the rebellion is crushed, and the authority of the executive ceases with the necessity of war? No express power is given by the Constitution to Congress to govern any other territory than the District of Columbia, the dockyards, lighthouses, and lands ceded to the United States for similar purposes, and the territory not included in the several States, but belonging to the United States. Under these three heads is included all the territory over which Congress can claim jurisdiction by direct grant; and, by the Constitution (Amendments, art. x.), 'the powers not delegated to the United States, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively or to THE PEOPLE.' Unless, therefore, the rebel States have lapsed into Territories, Congress can have no authority over them, except the general powers which it may exer-

cise over all the States of the Union. The question then arises, and it seems to be purely a legal one—have the rebel States lapsed into Territories?

We have already seen that the doctrine maintained by our Government is, that the rebel States have not, by their ordinances of secession, separated themselves from the Union, but that they are still *in* the Union. The ordinances of secession are, like any other unconstitutional law, even supposing them to have been the will of the people (of which we will speak hereafter), to be set aside by a competent tribunal, if brought to the test at all. Their paper treason, then (to commit a solecism), amounting only to so much waste of paper and ink, did the overt act of firing upon the flag of the United States operate more effectually to destroy the State identity? If they are incapable of separating themselves from the nation, and if, as is clearly the case, there is no power vested in the General Government to expel them from the Union, from what source does the power or act arise which destroys their identity? The rebel States are either *in* the Union or *out* of it. We cannot claim that they are in the Union for the purpose of enforcing submission, and then, when that object is accomplished, turn round and say they are out of it, and must be governed as Territories.

But it is a fixed fact, and history will so record it, that the voice of the *people* in the rebel States never concurred in the ordinances of secession. In the few cases where they were submitted to the popular vote, force was used to awe that vote into acquiescence; while in most cases they never were submitted to the *form* of such a vote; and why? Because the leaders in treason dared not trust the voice of the people: they knew too well that it would thunder a rebuke in their ears. They were merely the act of the *individuals* who were chosen as members of the several Legislatures, and who, in betrayal of

their trust, sought to commit the States which they misrepresented to treason. In any one of the States which we have solecistically termed rebel States, we venture to assert that, if fairly and fully taken, the vote of the people at any time during the last five years, and now, would be, by a large majority, in favor of the Union. Wherever our armies have obtained a permanent footing, the people have, almost unanimously, given their expression of attachment to the old flag. Shall, then, the treason of those individuals who, for the time being, held the places of power in the rebel States, be construed to the prejudice of a whole people, who had no part nor lot in the crime, in face of the, often declared law that a State cannot commit treason? If we turn to the fact that many, if not most of the citizens of the rebel States, have done treasonable acts under compulsion of those who were the leaders in the rebellion, we are met, at the very threshold, by no less an authority than Sir William Blackstone, who says (Bl. Commentaries, book iv. p. 21): ‘Another species of compulsion or necessity is what our law calls *duress per minias*, or threats and menaces which induce fear of death or other bodily harm, and which take away, for that reason, the guilt of many crimes and misdemeanors, at least before the human tribunal. *Therefore, in time of war or rebellion, a man may be justified in doing many treasonable acts by compulsion of the enemy or REBELS, which would admit of no excuse in the time of peace.*’ The fact that such violent compulsion was and still is used to overawe the Union sentiment of the South is patent. It has been and still is the cry, coming up on every breeze from that blood-stained land, that the leaders of the rebellion seek to crush, by whatever means, those who are

‘Faithful among the faithless found.’

But, supposing for the moment that the majority of the citizens of the rebel

States are, of their own free will, participants in the rebellion; where is the grant of power to Congress to establish a government in any of the rebel States? No clause of the Constitution gives it; and by the express terms of that instrument, 'all powers not granted by it to the United States, nor prohibited to the States, are reserved to the States respectively or to THE PEOPLE.' But, while no such power is granted by the Constitution to the Federal Government, it is, we think, strictly forbidden by that clause of the instrument which declares that 'the United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government.' Would this injunction be complied with if Congress were to establish, directly, a government of its own over the rebel States? Would it not rather be a transgression of the provision? The essential nature of a republican government is that it is elective; but a Congressional government would be directly the reverse; for it takes the power from the hands of the people and places it in the hands of the national council. Mark the form of the expression, too, that the republican form of government is to be guaranteed, not merely by Congress or the executive, but by the *United States*; as if to pledge the whole power of the nation, of whatever kind, to protect this priceless blessing, through all coming time, to the use and benediction of all ages. Notice, too, to whom the guarantee runs—not to the territory now composing the State, but to the State its very self—*ei ipsi*; as if the Constitution could not contemplate such a thing as a State being struck out of existence, under whatever phrase, whether of 'State forfeiture,' 'State suicide,' or 'State abdication,' even if treason were attempted by those in power. The Constitution still terms it *a State*. Is not the present precisely the event, or rather one of the events, which it contemplates and provides for? The doctrine of 'State Rights,'

whether as contemplated and maintained by Calhoun in the days of Nullification, or as declared by Jefferson Davis and his compeers in treason, we abhor utterly, whenever and wherever it may lift its serpent head, and whether supported by Southern men with Southern principles, or by Northern men with no principles. But a true and indisputable doctrine of State Rights there is, which ought to be as jealously maintained and guarded as the doctrine of National Sovereignty. The *Atlantic* author asserts that, because the State offices in the rebel States have been vacated, therefore Congress has the authority to govern them, and intimates that all powers not reserved to the respective States belong to Congress, *because there is no other to wield them*. This is not true. Every power possessed of the Federal Government must be actually granted. It must attach to that Government, not because it belongs to no other, but because it is granted by the Constitution.

Our author quotes Mr. Phillimore as saying 'a state, like an individual, may die, by its submission and the donation of itself to another country.' Very true; but the word *state* must, in that sense, be equivalent to *nation*; and our author admits that a State cannot perform the first act necessary to be done in so giving itself away, viz., withdrawing itself from the Union. If, therefore, it cannot withdraw itself from the authority of the Federal Government, very clearly it cannot donate itself to the self-styled Confederate Government. If a thief sell or give his ill-gotten possession to another, it in no way affects the right of the owner. He cannot give away that which he does not own; and so of a State. Another error into which the *Atlantic* author has fallen, is that, in assigning the three sources of Congressional power, 'ample and hospitable,' he enumerates as one of them 'the necessity of the case;' but, as we have already seen, Congress possesses no powers but those expressly

granted by the Constitution. If Congress may assert its authority in this instance, from the necessity of the case, and be itself the judge of that necessity, when no authority is given by the instrument, which expressly declares that all powers not granted by it are reserved, where are we to find a limit, and why may not that body assert itself in any number of instances, until, at length, the rights of the States are wholly absorbed by the overmastering power of the Federal Government? There is but *one* rightful source of authority to Congress, and that is the Constitution, which itself so declares, and which is the supreme law of the land.

But the true course to be pursued is, we think, to allow the rebel States (as indeed we cannot help doing) to be governed by the military power until such time as a civil government can be maintained, and then for the whole Government of the United States, legislative, judicial, and executive, to stand by, as the constitutionally appointed guardian, *and permit THE PEOPLE to elect their own State officers*. Whether the conventions of the people are called by law of Congress or by proclamation of the President, would seem to be immaterial, though the latter seems the least cumbersome method. Thus the rebel States would pass from rebel forms to constitutional ones, in a legal and formal manner. Sooner or later this must be done, even if, for a time, provisional governments are instituted; for no Congressional government can be an elective government, and hence

not a constitutional one, because the elective principle is necessary to a republican form of government. But if, under the clause of the Constitution which enjoins upon the United States to guarantee a republican form of government to each State, conventions of the people be called to elect their own officers, they are at once put in possession of their constitutional rights. And how can a State be readmitted to a Union which it has never left?

The writer has no pet theory to maintain, but is, like the writer in the *Atlantic*, 'in search of truth;' and the views here expressed are the result, not merely of closet reflection, but of observation and experience in the seceded States, while 'marching under the flag and keeping step to the music of the Union.' If only, through this baptism of blood, the nation, freed at last from the blighting curse of slavery, and purified into a better life, shall lift her radiant forehead from the dust, and, crowned with the diadem of freedom, go on her glorious way rejoicing, the writer will count his past sufferings and shattered health only as the small dust in the balance compared with the priceless blessings of peace, freedom, and national unity, which they may have contributed, however slightly, to purchase. Only to have contributed, however little, something for the peace—something for the glory—something for the permanence, beautiful and bright—of those institutions which are for America the pride of the past and the hope of the future, will be a joy through life and a consolation in death.

THE MOUND BUILDER.

INTRODUCTION.

ALL over Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and other Western States—but chiefly over these—are the monumental remains of an ancient race, long anterior to the present race of Indians, concerning whom we have no other record than that which is afforded by their mounds, earthworks, fortifications, temples, and dwelling places. Even these cannot at first be distinguished and identified the one from the other; and it takes a person skilled in such lore to determine the character and uses of the various mounds and groups of mounds, which he meets with at all points, and in all directions, as he traverses the wilderness.

I have lived a long time in the woods and prairies, following the occupation of a hunter, but with ulterior antiquarian and natural-history objects and purposes. From the time when I first heard of the mounds, which was in the year 1836, when I entertained, in my chambers in New York, an old frontiersman from Chicago—a fine, brave fellow, whose whole life was a romance of the highest and noblest kind—I resolved that as soon as fortune should favor me with leisure and opportunity, I would make a first-hand investigation of these curious antiquities, and try if I could render an intelligent exposition of their meaning. Twenty years passed away, and I was no nearer to the accomplishment of my purpose than I was in that notable year 1836, when the apocalypse of the West and its mystic mound seals were first revealed to me. At last, about four years ago, all things being favorable, I struck my tents in the big city—the wonderful Arabian Nights city of New York!—and, taking a sorrowful leave of my friends and literary associates, I set off for the region round about the Black River in Wisconsin.

Here, among the bluffs and forests, within hailing distance of a prairie of some hundred thousand acres, I bought a well-cultivated farm of two hundred and eighty acres, bounded on the south by a deep, romantic ravine, at the bottom of which ran a delightful stream of water, full of trout, always cool and delicious to drink, and never known to be dry even in the fiercest summer droughts. A large log cabin, with a chimney opening in the kitchen, capable of conveying the smoke and flames of half a cord of wood burning at once on the hearthstones, and having other commodious conveniences, was my headquarters, and I intended it to be my permanent home. But thereby hangs a tale—which, though interesting enough, and full of romantic and startling episodes, I will not here and now relate, as being somewhat extraneous to the subject matter before us.

I had no sooner made all the dispositions necessary to the good husbanding of the farm, than I hired a halfbreed, well known in those parts, and subsequently a Winnebago Indian, to whose wigwam the halfbreed introduced me at my request. And with these two, the one a veritable savage, and the other very nearly related to him, I set off with a wagon, a yoke of oxen, a large tent, and abundance of provisions, on a journey of mound discoveries.

I have only space here to say that we traversed the whole of the north and west of the State of Wisconsin, and through the chief parts of Minnesota and Iowa; and that subsequently, about eighteen months afterward, we visited the region of the Four Lakes, of which Madison is the centre, where there are hundreds of mounds, arranged in nearly every form and of nearly every animal device, which we had found in our previous travels.

I made drawings of all the remarkable groups which I met with; and, without going into particulars, I may give you some idea of their likelihood in the following summary: Mounds arranged in circles of three circles, with a large earthwork in the inner one; the outer circle containing sixty mounds, the second thirty, the first fifteen. I examined the earthwork, and found in it, about four feet below the surface, remains of charcoal and charred bones, burnt earth, and considerable quantities of mica. It had evidently been an altar or sacrificial mound—and I afterward, upon examination, found many such—but they were always enclosed by other mounds; and these (the outer mounds) contained nothing but earth, although there was this remarkable peculiarity about them, that the earth of which they were composed was altogether of a different nature from the surrounding earth, and must have been brought to that spot, as the old Druids brought the enormous blocks of stone which composed their temples and altars at Stonehenge, from an unknown distance.

Other mounds were arranged in squares, triangles, and parallelograms. Others, in a series of successive squares, about three feet apart, having an opening to the east and west, and terminating in a square of about fourteen feet in the centre, where a truncated mound is sure to be erected.

Others, formed a good deal like a Minié rifle ball, but with a more pointed apex, running on both sides of the earth effigy of a monstrous bear for upward of forty rods.

Others, shaped like an eagle with outstretched wings, having walls of earthwork two feet high, of oblong shape, and enclosed on all sides except at the east and west, where there are entrances of about four feet in width.

Others, composed of hundreds of tons of earth, shaped like a tortoise, with truncated mounds all around it.

Others, fashioned like men, and Ti-

tans at that, some lying prone upon the prairie, others in the act of walking. The limbs clearly defined, the body vast and well moulded, like a huge colossus. One near Baraboo, Sauk County, Wisconsin, discovered by Mr. William H. Canfield, and reported to the Philosophical Society by Mr. Lapham, of Milwaukee, was visited also by us. It is two hundred and fourteen feet in length; the head thirty feet long, the body one hundred feet, and the legs eighty-four. The head lies toward the south, and the motion (for he is represented in the act of walking) is westward. All the lines of this most singular effigy are curved gracefully, much care having very clearly been bestowed upon its construction. The head is ornamented with two projections or horns, giving a comical expression to the whole figure.

Near the old military road, about seven miles east of the Blue Mounds, in Dare County, Wisconsin, we found another man effigy. It lies in an east and west direction, the head toward the west, and the arms and legs extended. It is one hundred and twenty-five feet long, one hundred and forty feet from the extremity of one arm to that of the other. The body is thirty feet in breadth, and is most carefully moulded and rounded; the head twenty-five feet; the elevation above the surface of the prairie nearly six feet.

On the north side of the Wisconsin River, about four miles west of the village of Muscoda, we heard of and found another human effigy. Its peculiarity was that it had two heads, and they reclined with a certain grace over the shoulders. The arms were not in proportion, nor fully represented. Length of body fifty feet, legs forty feet, arms one hundred and thirty feet; lying north and south, the head southward.

Others, a kind of hybrids, half man half beast or bird.

Others, representing birds with outstretched wings, like the forked-tail hawk or swallow.

Others, eagles without heads.

Others, coiled snakes, or outstretched snakes.

Others, elk or deer.

Clusters of mounds star shaped, seven in number, with the sun-shaped mound in the centre.

Others, representing mathematical symbols.

On the banks of the Black River, near the Ox Bow, are the remains of an elevated road, about three feet high and seven feet wide, extending for miles, intersected near the river by the great Indian war path. The settlers call it the Railroad, and it has all the appearance of a work of this nature, and is strongly and carefully built—a fine remain of the old mound builders' time.

Long lines of mounds, extending for scores and probably hundreds of miles, nearly all of the same shape, varying in their distance from each other from one to four miles.

Circular mounds of a base of two hundred feet, and a height of twenty feet.

Others, two hundred yards long, from ten to twenty feet wide, and from two to three feet high—these last, also, having an open space through them, as if intended for an entrance gate.

Others, in the form of rabbits, badgers, bears, and birds; others, of unknown monstrous animals.

We examined in all thirty-nine mounds; and in one, at the very base, on the floor of the natural earth upon which the mound was built (the soil of the mound being, as I said, always of a different character to the surrounding soil) we discovered and carried away with us the perfect skeleton of a man, with a few arrow heads made of flint, and a tobacco pipe, made also of stone, with a very small and narrow bowl, having a device on it like some

of the hieroglyphic monsters of Egypt or old India.

In twelve we found skeletons, male and female, of the present race of Indians, with their bows and arrows, or, as was the case in four instances, their rifles and knives and tobacco pipes; some of these last elaborately carved in red stone. In Iowa we dug into a large mound, and discovered fragments of an ancient pottery, with the colors burned into the material, and various bones and skulls, arrow heads, and a flint knife, and saw.

We saw the painted rocks, also, on the Mississippi shores, near Prairie du Chien—said to be of an immemorial age—and the questions, Who was this old mound builder—whence did he come—when did he vanish from this continent? have haunted me ever since. That he was the primitive man of this planet, I think there is good reason to believe. Go where we will, to what portion soever of the earth, we shall find these mound evidences of his existence. In Asia, Europe, Africa, and all along the backbone of the American continent, he has established his record. Yet no one knows anything about him: all tradition even of him and of his works is lost. When Watkinson started from the middle of Asia to visit the newly acquired country of Russia—the beautiful, fruitful, invaluable country of the Amoor—he was confronted at the very outset by a cluster of seven of these very mounds, and his book, from that time forth, extending over thousands of miles, is full of descriptions of these unknown earthworks. I have no doubt they mark the progressive geographical movements of a race of men who came from Asia. From Behring's Strait to the Gulf they can easily be traced.

But I have said enough, and will stop here.

THE MOUND BUILDER.

Who art thou ? old Mound Builder !
 Where dost thou come from ?
 Womb of what country,
 Womb of what woman
 Gave birth to thee ?
 Who was thy sire ?
 Who thy sire's sire ?
 And who were his forbears ?
 Cam'st thou from Asia ?
 Where the race swarms like fireflies,
 Where many races mark,
 As with colored belts, its tropics !
 What pigment stained thy skin ?
 Was it a red, or wert thou
 Olive-dyed, or brassy ?
 Handsome thou couldst hardly have been,
 With those high cheek-bones,
 That mighty jaw, and its grim chops,
 That long skull, so broad at the back parts,
 That low, retreating forehead !
 Doubtless thine eyes were dark,
 Like fire-moons set in their sockets ;
 Doubtless thine hair was black,
 Coarse, matted, long, and electric ;
 Thy skeleton that of a giant !
 Well fleshed, well lashed with muscles,
 As with an armor of iron ;
 And doubtless thou wert a brave fellow,
 On the old earth, in thy time.

I think I know thee, old Mole !
 Earth delver, mound builder, mine worker !
 I think I have met thee before,
 In times long since, and forgotten ;
 Many thousands of years, it may be,
 Or ever old Noah, the bargeman,
 Or he, the mighty Deucalion,
 Wroth with the world as he found it,
 Uprose in a passion of storm
 And smote with his fist the sluices,
 The water sluices of Cloudland—
 Locked in the infinite azure—
 Drowning the plains and mountains,
 The shaggy beasts and hybrids,
 The nameless birds—and the reptiles,
 Monstrous in bulk and feature,
 Which alone were thy grim contemporaries.

Here, in the State of Wisconsin,
In newly discovered America,
I, curious to know what secrets
Were hid in the mounds of thy building,
Have gone down into their chambers,
Into their innermost grave-crypts,
Unurning dry bones and skulls,
Fragments of thy mortality !
Oftentimes near to the surface
Of these thy conical earth-runes,
—For who shall toll their secret ?—
Meeting with strange interlopers,
Bodies of red Winnebagoes,
Each with its bow and its arrows,
Each with its knife and its war gear,
Its porphyry-carved tobacco pipe,
Modern, I know by the fashioning.
Often, I asked of them,
As they lay there so silently,
So stiff and stark in their bones,
What right they had in these old places,
Sacred to dead men of a race they knew not ?
And oh ! the white laughs,
The wicked malice of the white laughs
Which they laughed at me,
With their ghastly teeth, in answer !
Was never mockery half so dismal !
As if it were none of my business.
Nor was it ; save that I liked grimly to plague them,
To taunt them with their barbarity,
That they could not so much as dig their own graves,
But must needs go break those of the dead race,
Their far superiors, and masters in craft and lore !
And bury themselves there, just out of sight,
Where the vulture's beak could peck them,
Were he so obscenely minded,
And the wolf could scrape them up with his foot.

Curious for consideration
All this with its dumb recordings !
Very suggestive also,
The meeting of him, the first-born,
Who lived before the rainbow
Burst from the womb of the suncloud,
In the Bible days of the Deluge—
The meeting very suggestive
Of him, with the red Winnebago,
Such immemorial ages,
Cartooned with mighty empires,
Lying outstretched between them.
He, the forerunner of cities

The Mound Builder.

—His mounds their type and rudiment—
 And he, the fag-end of creation,
 Meaningless sculpture of journeymen,
 Doomed to the curse of extinction.
 Curious, also, that I,
 An islander from far-off Britain
 Should meet them,
 Or, the rude scrolls of them,
 Both together in these wilds,
 Round about the region of the Black River,
 Cheek by jowl in a grave.

Who was the builder of the grave?
 A primitive man, no doubt,
 Of the stone era, it may be,
 For of stone are his implements,
 And not of metal-work, nor the device of fire.
 He may have burrowed for lead
 And dug out copper ore,
 Dark-green as with emerald rust, from the mines
 Long since forsaken, and but newly found
 By the delvers at Mineral Point.
 He, or his subsequents, issue of him,
 I know not; and, soothe to say,
 Shall never know.

Neither wilt thou ever know
 Anything of me, old Mound Builder!
 Of the race of Americans, nothing,
 Who now, and ever henceforth,
 Own, and shall own, this continent!
 Heirs of the vast wealth of time
 Since thou from the same land departed;
 New thinkers, new builders, creators
 Of life, and the scaffolds of life,
 For far-off grand generations!
 This skull which I handle!—
 How long has the soul left it tenantless?
 And what did the soul do in its house,
 When this roof covered it?
 Many things, many wonderful things!
 It wrote its primeval history
 In earthworks and fortifications,
 In animal forms and pictures,
 In symbols of unknown meaning.

I know from the uncouth hieroglyphs,
 And the more finished records,
 That this soul had a religion,
 Temples, and priests, and altars:
 I think the life-giver, the sun,

Was the god unto whom he sacrificed.

I think that the moon and stars
Were the lesser gods of his worship ;
And that the old serpent of Eden
Came in for a share of devotion.

I find many forms of this reptile,
Scattered along the prairies,
Coiled on the banks of the rivers,
In Iowa, and far Minnesota,
And here and there, in Wisconsin.

Now he is circular,
Gnawing his tail, like the Greek symbol,
Suggesting infinite meanings
Unto the mind of a modern
Crammed with the olden mythologies.
Now, uncoiled in the sunlight,
He stretches himself out at full length
In all his undulate longitude.

His body is a constellation of mounds,
Artfully imitative,
From the fatal tail to the more fatal head.
Overgrown they are with grass,
Short, green grass, thick and velvety,
Like well cared-for lawns,
With strange, wild flowers glittering,
Made up of alien mould
Brought hither from distant regions.

Curiously I have considered them,
Many a time in the summer,
Lying beside them under the flaming sky,
Smoking an old tobacco pipe,
Made by one of these moundsmen.
Who in his time had smoked it,
Perchance over the council fire,
Or in the dark woods where he had gone a-hunting ;
In war time—in peaceful evenings,
With his squaw by his side,
And his brood of dusky papposins
Playing about in the twilight
Under the awful star-shadows.

It seemed that I was very close to him, at such times ;
And that his thick-ribbed lips,
—Gone to dust for unknown centuries—
Had met mine inscrutably,
By a magic hid in the pipestem,
Making me his familiar and hail fellow.
Almost I felt his breath,

The Mound Builder.

And the muffled sound of his heart-beats ;
 Almost I grasped his hand,
 And shook the antediluvian,
 With a shake of grimmest fellowship
 Trying to cozen him of his grim secret.
 But sudden the gusty wind came,
 Laughing away the illusion,
 And I was alone in the desert.

If he could only wake up now,
 And confront me—that ancient salvage !
 Resurgated, with his faculties
 All quick about him, and his memories,
 What an unheard-of powwow
 Could I report to you, O friends of mine !
 Who look for some revelation,
 Some hint of the strange apocalypse,
 Which the wit of this man, living
 So near to the prime of the morning,
 So near to the gates of the azure,
 The awful gates of the Unseen—
 Whence all that is seen proceeded—
 Hath wrought in this new-found country !
 I wonder if he would remember
 Anything about the Land of the Immortals.
 Something he would surely find
 In the deeps of his consciousness
 To wake up a dim reminiscence.
 Dreamy shadows might haunt him,
 Shadows of beautiful faces, and of terrible ;
 Large, lustrous eyes, full of celestial meanings,
 Looking up at him, beseeching him,
 From unfathomable abysses,
 With glances which were a language.
 The finest secrets and mysteries,
 Behind every sight, and sound, and color,
 Behind all motions, and harmonies,
 Which floated round about him,
 Archetypes of the phenomenal !

Or, it might be, that coming suddenly in his mind
 Upon some dark veil, as of Isis,
 He lifts it with a key-thought,
 Or the sudden memory of an arcane sign,
 And beholds the gardens of Living Light,
 The starry platform, palaces, and thrones—
 The vast colosei, the intelligences
 Moving to and fro over the flaming causeways
 Of the kingdoms beyond the gates—
 The infinite arches
 And the stately pillars,

Upbuilt with sapphire suns
And illuminated with emerald and ruby stars,
Making cathedrals of immensity
For the everlasting worship without words.

All, or some, of the wondrous, impenetrable picture-land :
 The crimson seas,
 Flashing in uncreated light,
 Crowded with galleons
 On a mission to ports where dwell the old gods
And the mighty intellects of the Immortals.
 The ceaseless occupations,
 The language and the lore ;
The arts, and thoughts, the music, and the instruments ;
 The beauty and the divine glory of the faces,
 And how the Immortals love,
 Whether they wed like Adamites,
 Or are too happy to wed,
 Living in single blessedness !
 Well, I know it is rubbish,
 The veriest star-dust of fancy,
 To think of such a thing as this
Being a memorial heirloom of the fore-world,
 Such rude effigies of men,
Such clodbrains, as these poor mound builders !

Their souls never had any priority in the life of them ;
 No background of eternity
 Over which they had traversed
 From eon to eon,
 Sun-system to sun-system,
 Planets and stars under them,
 Planets and stars over them ;
Now dwelling on immeasurable plains of azure
 Bigger than space,
Dazzling with the super-tropical brightness
 Of passionate flowers without a name,
In all the romance of color and beauty—
 Now, in the cities celestial,
 Where they made their acquaintances
With other souls, which had never been incarnated,
 But were getting themselves ready
 By an intuitive obedience
 To a well-understood authority,
 Which had never spoken,
To take upon themselves the living form
 Of some red-browed, fire-eyed Mars-man,
 Some pale-faced, languishing son
 Of the Phallic planet Venus,
Or wherever else it might be,

The Mound Builder.

In what remote star soever
 Quivering on shadowy battlements,
 Along the lines of the wilderness,
 Of worlds beyond worlds,
 These souls were to try their fortunes.

Surely, no experience of this sort
 Ever happened unto them,
 Although one would like to invest them
 With the glory of it, for the sake of the soul.
 But they were, to speak truth of them,
 A sort of journeyman work,
 Not a Phidian statuary,
 But a first cast of man,
 A rude draft of him ;
 Huge gulfs, as of dismal Tartarus,
 Separating him from the high-born Caucasian.
 He, a mere Mongolian,
 As good, perhaps, in his faculties,
 As any Jap. or Chinaman—
 But not of the full-orbed brain,
 Star-blown, and harmonious
 With all sweet voices as of flutes in him,
 And viola, bassoons, and organs ;
 Capable of the depths and circumferences of thought,
 Of sphynxine entertainments,
 And the dramas of life and death.

A plain fellow, and a practical,
 With picture in him and symbol,
 And thus not altogether clay-made,
 But touched with the fire of the rainbow,
 And the finger of the first light,
 Waiting for the second and the third light,
 Expectant through the ages,
 And disappointed ;
 Never receiving more,
 But going down, at last, a dark man,
 And a lonely, through the dark galleries
 Of death, and behind the curtain
 Where all is light.

I like to think of him, and see his works :
 I like to read him in his mounds,
 And think I can make out a good deal of his history.
 He was a half-dumb man,
 Very sorrowful to see,
 But brave, nevertheless, and bravely
 Struggling to fling out his thoughts,
 In a kind of dumb speech ;

Struggling, indeed, *after poetry*
Dædalian forms, and eloquence ;
Ambitious of distinguishing himself
In the presence of wolves and bisons
And all organic creatures ;
Of making his claim good
Against these, his *urgent disputants*,
That he was lord of the planet.

If he could not write books,
He could scrawl the earth with his record :
He could make hieroglyphs,
Constellations of mounds and animals,
Effigies of unnamable things,
Monsters, and hybrids unnatural,
Bred of grotesque fancies ; and man-forms.
These last, none of your pigmies
A span long in the womb,
And six feet, at full growth, out of it—
But bigger in chest and paunch,
In the girth of his muscular shackle-bones,
Round his colossal shoulders,
Round his Memnonian countenance,
Over the dome of his skull-crypts—
From crown to foot of his body—
Than grimest of old Welsh giants,
Grimest of Araby ogres !

Many a time talking with gray hunters,
Who leaned on their rifles against a tree,
And made the bright landscape
And the golden morning fuller of gold and brightness
By the contrast of their furrowed faces,
Their shaggy eyebrows,
And the gay humor laughing in their eyes,
Their unkempt locks, their powder horns, and buskins,
And the wild attire, in general, of their persons—
Many a time have I heard them
Tell of these man-effigies
Lying prone on the floors of the prairie.
And, in my whim for correspondence,
And perpetual seeking after identities,
I have likened them to the stone sculptures, in cathedrals,
Cut by pious hands out of black marble,
Memorial resemblances of holy abbots,
Of Christian knights, founders of religious houses,
Of good lords of fair manors,
Who left largess to these houses,
Beneficed the arched wine-cellars
With yearly butts of canary,
Or, during their lifetime,

The Mound Builder.

Beautified the west front with stately windows
 Of colored glass, emblazoned with Scripture stories,
 The sunlight in shadowy reflections painting the figures
 With blue and gold and crimson
 Upon the cold slabs of the pavement.

These effigies, stiff, formal,
 Rudely fashioned, and of poor art,
 All of them lying, black and stark,
 Like a corpse-pageantry visioned in some monk's dream,
 Lying thus, in the transepts,
 On the cold, gray floor of the cathedral.

A curious conceit, truly !
 But the prairie is also consecrated,
 And quite as sacred I think it
 As Rome's most holy of holies.
 It blossoms and runs over with religion.
 These meek and beautiful flowers !
 What sweet thoughts and divine prayers are in them !
 These song birds ! what anthems of praise
 Gush out of their ecstatic throats !
 I pray you, also, tell me,
 What floors, sacred to what dead,
 Can compare with the elaborate mosaic work
 Of this wide, vast, outstretching floor of grass ?
 As good a place, I take it,
 For the mound builder to make his man-effigies
 Out of the mould in,
 As the cathedral is, for its artists .
 To make man-effigies out of the black marble !
 And the thought, too, is the same !
 The thought of the primeval savage of the stone era,
 Roaming about in these wilds,
 Before the beautiful Christ
 Made the soul more beautiful,
 Revealed the terror of its divine forces,
 Announced its immortality,
 And was nailed on a tree for His goodness !
 While the monk, therefore, lay yet in the pagan brain,
 And Time had not so much as thought
 Of sowing the seed for his coming—
 While his glorious cathedral, which, as we now know it,
 Is an epic poem built in immortal stone,
 Had no archetype except in the dreams of God,
 Dim hints of it, lying like hopeless runes
 In the forest trees and arches,
 Its ornamentations in the snow drifts, and the summer leaves and flowers—
 No doubt, the mound-builder's man, put in effigy on the prairie,
 Had been a benefactor, in his way and time ;
 Or, a great warrior ; or learned teacher

Of things symbolised in certain mound-groups,
And which, from their arrangement,
Appertain, it would seem, to mysteries,
And ghostly communications.
They thought to keep green his memory,
The worship of him and his good deeds,
Unto the end of time,
Throughout all generations.
The holy men, born of Christ,
All Christendom but the development of him,
And all the world his debtor ;
Even God owing him more largely
Than He has thought fit to pay back,
Taking the immense credit
Of nigh two thousand years !
These holy men, so born and cultured,
Could think of no way wiser,
Of no securer method
Of preserving the memory of their saints,
And of those who did good to them,
Than this rude, monumental way of the savage.
So singular is man,
So old-fashioned his thinkings,
So wonderful and similar his sympathies !
Everywhere the same, with a difference ;
Cast in the same moulds,
Of the same animal wants, and common mind,
Of the same passions and vices,
Hating, loving, killing, lying—
A vast electrical chain
Running through tradition, and auroral history,
Up through the twilights,
And blazing noons,
Through vanishing and returning twilights,
Through azure nights of stars—
Epochs of civilization—
Unto the calmer glory,
Unto the settled days,
Unto the noble men—
Nunc formosissimus annus !

Thus do I, fingering curiously the webs of fancy
Athwart the time-gulfs, and the ages,
Reconcile, after a kind, the primitive savage of America
With the wonderful genealogies—
Upsprung from the vital sap
Of the great life-tree, Igdrasil !
Thick and populous nations
Heavily bending its branches,
Each in its autumn time of one or two thousand years,
Like ripe fruits, fully developed and perfected,

The Mound Builder.

From the germ whence they proceeded ;
 Nourished by strong saps of vitality,
 By the red, rich blood of matured centuries,
 By passionate Semitic sunlights ;
 Beautiful as the golden apples of the Hesperides !
 Radiating, also, a divine beauty,
 The flower-blossom and the aroma,
 The final music, of a ripe humanity,
 Whereof each particular nation
 Was in its way and turn
 The form and the expression.

Grand autumns were some of them !
 Grand and beautiful, like that of Greece,
 Whose glorious consummation always reminds me
 Of moving statues, music, and richest painting and architecture :
 Her landscapes shimmering in golden fire-mists,
 Which hang over the wondrously colored woods,
 In a dreamy haze of splendor ;
 Revealing arched avenues, and tiny glades,
 Cool, quiet spots, and dim recesses,
 Green swards, and floral fairy lands,
 Sweeping to the hilltops ;
 Illuminating the rivers in their gladsome course,
 And the yellow shadows of the rolling marshes,
 And the cattle of the farmer as they stand knee-deep
 Switching their tails by the shore ;
 Lighting up the singing faces,
 The sweet, laughing, singing faces,
 Of the merry, playful brooks,
 Now running away over shallows,
 Now into gurgling eddies ;
 Now under fallen trees,
 Past beaver dams long deserted ;
 Now under shady banks,
 Lost in the tangled wood-growths ;
 Quivering now with their laughter,
 Out in the open meadow,
 Flowing, singing and laughing,
 Over the weeds and rushes,
 Flowing and singing forever !

Plastic and beautiful, and running over
 With Schiller's 'play impulse,' was the genius of Greece,
 Of which her institutions and civility were the embodiment.
 Other autumn times of the nations
 Were calm and peaceful,
 Symbolized above, as fruit on the branches
 Of the life-tree, Igdrasil !
 And when their time came,
 They dropped down silently,

Like apples from their boughs on the autumn grass ;
 Silently dropped down, on moonlight plains,
In the presence of the great company of the stars,
 And the flaming constellations,
Which evermore keep solemn watch over their graves.
 Others were blown off suddenly,
And prematurely—all the elements enraged against them ;
 And others, like the Dead Sea fruit,
 Were rotten at the heart before their prime !

The old mound builder stands at the base of the tree,
At the base of the wonderful tree Igdrasil,
And the mighty branches thereof,
Which hang over his head in flame-shadows,
Germinated, and blossomed with nations,
In other lands, in another hemisphere
Far away, over the measureless brine,
From the mother earth where he was planted,
 Where he grew and flourished,
 And solved the riddle of life,
 And tried death,
 And the riddle beyond death.

He thought this passionate America,
With its vast results of physical life,
Its beautiful and sublime portraitures,
Its far-sweeping prairies, rolling in grassy waves
 Like the green billows of an inland sea—
 Its blue-robed mountains
Piercing the bluer heavens with their peaks—
 Its rivers, lakes, and forests—
A roomy, and grand-enough earth to inhabit,
Without thought of anything beyond it.

And yet he is related to all
 That was, and is, and shall be !
That idea which was clothed in his flesh
Is fleshed in I know not how many
 Infinite forms and varieties,
 In every part of the earth,
In this day of my generation.
 But the flesh is a little different,
And here and there the organism a nobler one,
 And the idea bigger, broader, deeper,
Of a more divine quality and diapason.
He is included in us, as the lesser in the greater ;
All our enactments are repetitions of his ;
 Enlarged and adorned ;
 And we pass through all his phases,
 Some time or other, in our beginnings—
Through his, and an infinity of larger ones—
And we have the same inevitable endings.

A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE:

ITS POSSIBILITY, SCIENTIFIC NECESSITY, AND APPROPRIATE CHARACTERISTICS.

THE idea of the possibility and desirableness of a universal language, scientifically constituted; a common form of speech for all the nations of mankind; for the remedy of the confusion and the great evil of Babel, is not wholly new. The celebrated Leibnitz entertained it. It was, we believe, glanced at among the schemes of Lord Monboddo. Bishop Wilkins devoted years of labor to the accomplishment of the task, and thought he had accomplished it. He published the results of his labors in heavy volumes, which have remained, as useless lumber, on the shelves of the antiquarian, or of those who are curious in rare books. A young gentleman of this city, of a rare genius, by the name of Fairbank, who died by a tragical fate a few years since, labored assiduously to the same end. A society of learned men has recently been organized in Spain, with their headquarters at Barcelona, devoted to the same work. Numerous other attempts have probably been made. In all these attempts, projects, and labors, the design has never transcended the purpose of *Invention*. The effort has been simply to *contrive* a new form of speech, and to persuade mankind to accept it;—a task herculean and hopeless in its magnitude and impracticability; but looking still in the direction of the supply of one of the greatest needs of human improvement. The existence of no less than two or three thousand different languages and idioms on the surface of the planet, in this age of railroad and steamship communication, presents, obviously, one of the most serious obstacles to that unification of humanity which so many concurrent indications tend, on the other hand, to prognosticate.

Another and different outlook toward a unity of speech for the race comes up from a growing popular impression that all existing languages must be ultimately and somewhat rapidly smelted into one by the mere heat and attrition of our intense modern international intercourse. Each nationality is beginning to put forth its pretensions as the proper and probable matrix of the new agglomerate, or philological pudding-stone, which is vaguely expected to result. The English urge the commercial supremacy of their tongue; the French the colloquial and courtly character of theirs; the Germans the inherent energy and philosophical adaptation of the German; the Spanish the wide territorial distribution and the pompous euphony of that idiom; and so of the other nationalities.

Both invention, which is the genius of adaptation, and the blending influence of mere intercourse, may have their appropriate place as auxiliaries, in the reconstruction of human speech, in accordance with the exigencies of the new era which is dawning on the world; but there is another and far more basic and important element, which may, and perhaps we may say must, appear upon the stage, and enter into the solution. This is the element of positive Scientific *Discovery* in the lingual domain. It may be found that every elementary sound of the human voice is *inherently laden by nature herself* with a primitive significance; that the small aggregate of these meanings is precisely that handful of the Primitive Categories of all *Thought* and all *Being* which the Philosophers, from Aristotle up to Kant, have so industriously and painfully sought for. The germ of this idea was incipiently and crudely

struggling in the mind of the late distinguished philologist, Dr. Charles Kreitsier, formerly professor of languages in the University of Virginia, and author of numerous valuable articles in Appletons' 'Cyclopædia;' the most learned man, doubtless, that unfortunate Hungary has contributed to our American body of savans. This element of discovery may, in the end, take the lead, and immensely preponderate in importance over the other two factors already mentioned as participating in the solution of a question of a planetary language. The idea certainly has no intrinsic improbability, that the normal language of mankind should be matter of discovery as the normal music of the race has been already. There was an instinctual and spontaneous development of music in advance of the time when science acted reflectively upon the elements and reconstituted it in accordance with the musical laws so discovered. Why may we not, why ought we not even to expect, analogically, that the same thing will occur for speech?

Setting aside, however, for the present occasion, the profounder inquiry into the inherent significance of sounds, and into all that flows logically from that novel and recondite investigation, we propose at present to treat in a more superficial way the subject indicated in the title of this article—A Universal Language; its Possibility, Scientific Necessity, and Appropriate Characteristics.

The expansion of the scope of science is at this day such that the demand for discriminating technicalities exceeds absolutely the capacity of all existing language for condensed and appropriate combinations and derivations. Hence speech must soon fail to serve the new developments of thought, unless the process of word-building can be itself proportionately improved; unless, in other words, a new and scientifically constructed Language can be devised adequate to all the wants of science. It

would seem that there should occur, in the range of possibilities, the existence of the *Plan in Nature* of a *New and Universal Language*, copious, flexible, and expressive beyond measure; competent to meet the highest demands of definition and classification; and containing within itself a natural, compact, infinitely varied, and inexhaustible terminology for each of the Sciences, as ordained by fixed laws preëxistent in the nature of things.

This language should not then be an arbitrary contrivance, but should be elaborated from the fundamental laws of speech, existing in the constitution of the universe and of man, and logically traced to this special application. This knowledge of the underlying laws of speech should determine the mode of the combination of *Elementary Sounds* into Syllables and Words, and of Words into Sentences naturally expressive of given conceptions or ideas. Such a language would rest on discovery, in that precise sense in which discovery differs from invention, and would have in itself infinite capacities and powers of expression, and again of suggesting thought; and might perhaps come to be recognized as the most stupendous discovery to which the human intellect is capable of attaining. 'In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.' The Word, or the *Logos*, is the underlying or hidden *Wisdom* of which *speech* is the external utterance or expression. Who can say how profoundly and intimately the underlying and hitherto undiscovered Laws of Speech may be consociated with the basic Principles of *all truth* embedded in the Wisdom-Nature of God himself? The old Massonites had a faith, derived from certain mystical utterances of the Greek Philosophers, that whosoever should discover the right name for anything, would have absolute power over that thing. The Wisdom of Plato and the deeper Wisdom of Christ meet and are married to

each other in the conception of John when he makes the startling assertion that the Logos, the Logic, the Law, the Word, is synonymous with God himself.

The possibilities of the existence of such a language, divinely and providentially prepared in the constitution of things, and awaiting discovery, begins to be perceived, if the conception of the existence of an absolutely universal analogy be permitted fairly to take possession of the mind. Such an infinite scheme of analogy, rendering the same principles alike applicable in all spheres, must itself, in turn, rest upon a Divine Unity of Plan reigning throughout the Universe, the execution of which Plan is the act or the continuity of the acts of Creation. The Religious Intuition of the Race has persistently insisted upon the existence of this Unity, to the conception of which the scientific world is only now approximatingly and laboriously ascending.

If there be such Analogy in Nature furnishing an echo and an image in every department of Being of all that exists in every other department of Being, certainly that Analogy must be *most distinct and clearly discoverable as between the Elements, or the lowest and simplest Constituents of Being in each Sphere*. The lowest and simplest elements of Language are Oral Sounds, which in written Languages are represented by Letters, and constitute the Alphabets of those Languages. The Alphabets of Sound must be clearly distinguished from the mere Letter-Alphabets by which the Sounds are variously represented. The Sound-Alphabets (the Scales of Phonetic Elements) of any two Languages differ only in the fact that one of the Languages may include a few Sounds which are not heard in the other, or may omit a few which are.

The Mouth, the Larynx (a cartilaginous box at the top of the windpipe), and the Nose—the compound organ of speech—constitute an instrument, capable, like the accordeon, for instance, of a

certain number of distinct touches and consequent vocal effects, which produce the sounds heard in all existing Languages. The total of the possible sounds so produced or capable of production may be called the Crude or Unwinnowed Alphabet of Nature, or the Natural Alphabet of Human Language generically or universally considered. Thus, for instance, the sound represented in English and the Southern European Languages generally, by the letter *m*, is made by the contact of the two lips, while at the same time the sounding breath so interrupted is projected upon the *sounding board* of the head *through the nose*, whence *resounding*, it is discharged outwardly, this process giving to the sound produced that peculiar effect called *nasal* or *nose-sound*; and precisely this sound can be produced by the voice in no other way. This sound is, nevertheless, heard in nearly all Languages, although there are a few imperfect savage dialects which are destitute of it. The production of this sound, as above described, will be obvious to the reader if he will pronounce the word *my*, and will attend to the position of the lips when he begins to utter the word. Let him attempt to say *my*, without closing the lips, and the impossibility of doing so will be apparent. The production of the sound is therefore mechanical and local; and the number of sounds to be produced by the organ fixed and limited, therefore, by Nature herself. The very limited number of possible sounds may be guessed by the fact that of sounds produced by *completely closing the two lips*, there are only three, namely, *p*, *b*, *m*, in all the Languages of the earth (as in *p*-ie, *b*-y, *m*-y).

It is the same with all the other vocal sounds. They are *necessarily* produced at certain fixed localities or Seats of Sound, in the mouth, and by a certain fixed modulation or mechanical use of the Organs of Speech. At least they are produced in and are confined to certain circumscribed regions of the

mouth, and so differ in the method of their production as to be appropriately distributed into certain Natural Classes: as Vowels and Consonants; Labials (Lip Sounds); Linguo-dentals (Tongue-Teeth Sounds); Gutturals (Back-Mouth or Throat Sounds), etc., etc.

From the whole number of sounds which it is possible to produce—the whole Crude Natural Alphabet—one Language of our existing Languages selects a certain number less than the whole, and another Language doing the same, it happens that while they mainly coincide, they, so to speak, shingle over each other at random, and it follows: 1. That the Number of Sounds in different Languages is not uniform; 2. That of any two Languages compared, one will chance to have several sounds not heard in the other; and, 3. The erroneous impression is made upon the casual and superficial observer that in the aggregate of all Languages there must be an immense number of sounds; whereas, in fact, the total Alphabet of Vocal Sounds in nature, like the Gamut of Colors or Musical Tones, is quite limited, if we attend only to those which distinctly differ, or stand at appropriate and appreciable distances from each other.

Further to illustrate: Assume that there are, capable of being clearly discriminated by the human ear, say sixty-four or seventy-two distinct Elementary Sounds of the human voice, in all—as many, for example, as there are Chemical Elements; some existing Languages select and make use of twenty, some of twenty-four, some of thirty, and some of forty of these sounds, omitting the rest.

But—and here is a very important point and a real discovery in this investigation—it will be found, if closely attended to, that a certain selection of one half of this number, say thirty-two or thirty-six of these sounds, embraces the whole body of vocal elements *usually occurring* in all the forms of speech on the planet; the remaining half con-

sisting of rare, exceptional, and, we may nearly say, useless sounds. This statement will again be better understood by analogy with what regards the Elements of Chemistry. Just about one half of the known elements of matter occur with frequency, and enter into useful and ordinary combinations to produce the great mass of known substances. The remaining half are unfrequent, obscure, and relatively unimportant; some of them never having been seen even by many of our most eminent chemists. Even should a few new elements be discovered, it cannot be anticipated that any one of them should prove to be of leading importance, like oxygen, carbon, or sulphur.

On the other hand, should some future great chemical discovery realize the dream of the alchemists, and enable us to transmute iron into gold, and indeed every chemical Element into every other chemical Element (convertible identity), still the sixty-four (nearly) Chemical Elements now known would remain the real Elements of Organic and Inorganic Compounds, in a sense just as important as that in which they are now so regarded. The now known Elements would still continue to constitute *The Crude Natural Alphabet of Matter*, and be correspondential with *The Crude Natural Alphabet of Sounds in Language*. The transmutability of one element into another indefinitely, would not, in any but a certain absolute or transcendental sense, cause the Elements to be regarded as one, or as any less number than now. It would be, on the contrary, a fact precisely corresponding with the actual and well-known transmutability of speech-sounds into each other as occurs in the phenomena of Etymology and Comparative Philology. This is so extensive, as now understood by Comparative Philologists, that it would be hardly difficult to prove that every sound is capable of being transmuted into every other sound, either directly or through intermediates; and yet we do not in the

least tend to cease to regard the several sounds as they stand as the real Elements of Speech.

It is this transmutability of Correspondential Elements in another sphere of Being, which bases the presumption, or gives to it at least countenance from a new quarter, that the metals and other chemical Elements may be actually convertible substances by means of processes not yet suspected or sufficiently understood. The more careful study of the Analogy with the Elements of other spheres, and perhaps specifically with the Elements of Language, under the presiding influence of larger scientific generalizations and views than those which now prevail in the scientific world, may be, and, it would even seem, ought to be the means of revealing the law of Elementary Transmutations in the Chemical Domain. The expectation of a future discovery of the resolution of the existing Elements of Matter, and their convertibility even, is reviving in the chemical field, and even so distinguished a chemist and thinker as Professor Draper does not hesitate to sustain its probability by the weight of his authority and belief. The process by which the transmutation of Elements is actually effected in Language, is by *Slow and Continued Attrition*. These very words suggest a process but little resorted to in chemical experiment, but which probably intervenes in the Laboratory of Nature, when she makes the diamond out of a substance, simple carbon, the most familiarly known to chemistry, but out of which the human chemist is entirely unable by any process known to him to produce that precious gem.

Whether this particular hint is of any value or not, one thing is certain, that it is in the direction of Universal and Comparative Science—the analogical echo of the parts of one Domain of Being with the parts of another Domain and of all other Domains of Being; of the phenomena of one Science with the phenomena of other Sciences; and

especially as among the Elements of each—that we must look for the next grand advances in Scientific Discovery. The world urgently requires the existence of a new class of scientific students who shall concern themselves precisely with these questions of the relations and the indications of unity between the different Sciences; not to displace, but to transcend and to coördinate the labors of that noble Army of Scientific Specialists, with which Humanity is now so extensively and so happily provided.

The *Select Lingual Alphabet* of Nature, as distinguished from the *Crude Natural Alphabet* above described, is then the expurgated scale of sounds, say thirty-two; the sounds of usual occurrence in polished languages; one half of the whole number; the residuum after rejecting an equal number of obscure, unimportant, or barbarous sounds, of possible production and of real occurrence in some of the cruder Languages, and as crude elements even in the more refined Languages now extant. The two sounds of *tk* in English, as in *thigh* and *thy* (the *theta* of the Greek), and the two shades of the *ck*-sound in German, as in *nack* and *ick*, are instances of crude sounds in refined Languages, for which other Languages, more fastidious for Euphony, as French and Italian for example, naturally substitute *t*, *d*, and *k* (*c*). The obscure and crude sounds would always retain, however (in respect to the idea of a Universal Alphabet), a subordinate place and value, and should be gathered and represented in a Supplementary Alphabet for special and particular uses.

It has been the mistake of Phoneticians and Philologists, heretofore, to recognize no difference in the relative importance of sounds. They have sought, through every barbarous dialect, as well as every refined tongue, and gathered by the drag-net of observation, every barbarous and obscure as well as every polite sound which by any accident ever enters into the con-

stitution of speech. The clucks of Hot-tentot Tribes and the whistle heard in some of the North American Languages have been reckoned in, upon easy terms, with the more serviceable and euphonious members of the Phonetic family, and mere trivial shades of sounds were put upon the same footing as the pivotal sounds themselves. This is as if certain obdurate compounds were introduced in the first instance among Chemical Elements—which subsequent analysis may even prove to be the case in respect to some substances that we now recognize as Elements—and then, by assigning to the least important of Elements the same rank, and giving to them the same attention as to the most important, the number were augmented beyond the practical or working body of Elements, and our treatises upon Chemistry encumbered by a mass of useless matter. Or again, it is as if among the Elements of Music were included all conceivable sounds, as the squeal, the shriek, the sob, etc.; and as if, in addition to this, the least intervals, the quarter tones for instance, were ranked as the musical equals of the whole tones.

If it should prove a matter of fact, as capable of exact scientific demonstration as any other, that the Consonant and Vowel Elements of Oral Language are, in a radical and important sense, repetitory of, or correspondential with, Musical Tones or the Elements of Music, as well as with Chemical Elements, and these again with the Elements of Numerical Calculation, of Form, or the Science of Morphology, and, in fine, with the Prime Metaphysical Elements of Being, or the first Categories of Thought, perhaps we may by such speculations catch a glimpse of the possibilities of a great lingual discovery, having the attributes here indicated.

Why should not the Elements of Speech have been brought by Nature herself into some sort of parallelism with the Elements of Thought which it is the special province of Speech to represent? Why,

again, should not the Prime Elements of every new domain of Being be merely a Repetition in new form of the Prime Elements of the Universe, as a whole, and of those especially of Language, its representative domain?—Language being the literal word, as Universal Law is the Logos or the Word *par excellence*, and Divine. In that event, every speech-element would be of necessity inherently charged with the precise kind and degree of meaning specifically relating it, first to one of the Prime Elements of Being, metaphysically considered, and then, by an echo of resemblance, to one of the Prime Elements of every subordinate domain of Being throughout the Universe. The Combinations of the Letter-Sounds would then constitute words exactly, simply, and naturally expressive of any combination of the Elements of Being, either, first, in the Universal domain, or, secondly, in any subordinate domain, physical or psychical. In this way a grand and wonderful system of technicals would be wrought out for all the sciences—*provided by Nature herself, and discovered, only, by man*. It is at least certain that if a grand Science of Analogy is ever to be discovered, capable of Unifying all our knowledges, an anticipation vaguely entertained by our most advanced scientific minds, it must be sought for primarily among the simplest elements of every domain of science, or, what is the same thing, every domain of Thought and Being. It is alike certain that heretofore the first step even has never been rightly taken among the men of science to investigate in that direction. The failure of all those who have entertained the idea of a Universal Analogy as a basis of Scientific Unity, has resulted from the fact that, drawn rapidly along by the beauty of their conceptions, they have attempted to rush forward into the details of their subject, and have lost themselves in the infinity of these, without the wisdom and patience to establish a basis for their immense fab-

ric in the exact discovery and knowledge of Elements. They have hastened forward to the limbs and twigs and leaves and flowers and fruitage, without having securely planted the roots of their scientific tree in the solid earth. Such was the case with Oken, the great German Physio-Philosopher and Transcendental Anatomist, the pupil of Hegel, who exerted a profound influence over the scientific mind of Germany for thirty years, but has now sunk into disrepute for want of just that elementary and demonstrative discovery of first Elements, and the rigorous adhesion to such perceptions of that kind as were partially entertained by him and his school of powerful thinkers and scientists.

To repeat the leading idea above, which is so immensely pregnant with importance, and, perhaps we may add, so essentially new: The combinations of Speech-Elements—in a perfect and normal Language for the Human Race, which we are here assuming that Nature should have provided, and which may be only awaiting discovery—when they should be rightly or scientifically arranged into words and sentences, would be exactly concurrent and parallel with the combinations of the *Prime Elements* of Thought and Being in the Real Universe; so that each word, so formed, would become exactly charged with the kind and amount of meaning contained in the thing named or the conception intended. An idea will thus be obtained by the reader, somewhat vague, no doubt, at first, but which would become perfectly distinct, as the subject should be gradually unfolded, of the way in which a universal language naturally expressive of Thoughts and Feelings, and capable of unlimited expansion, might perhaps be evolved from a profound understanding of the Analogies of the Universe. It is important, however, in order that this theory, now when it is first presented, should not unnecessarily prejudice cautious and conservative minds, and seem

to them wholly Utopian, to guard it by the additional statement that, while such a language might be appropriately denominated Universal, there is a sense in which it would still not be so; or, in other words, that it could only become Universal by causing to coalesce with its own scientifically organized structure, the best material already wrought out, and existing as *natural growth*, in the dead and living languages now extant; by absorbing them, so to speak, in itself. It would have no pretension, therefore, directly to supersede any of the existing languages, nor even ultimately to dispense with the great mass of the material found in any of them.

It is a common prejudice among the learned that Language is a growth, and cannot in any sense be a structure; in other words, that it is purely the subject of the instinctive or unthought development of man, and not capable of being derived from reflection, or the deliberate application of the scheming faculty of the intellect. A little reflection will show that this opinion is only a half truth. It is certain that language has received its primitive form and first development by the instinctive method. It is equally true, however, that even as respects our existing languages, they have been overlaid by a subsequent formation, originating with the development of the *Sciences*, due wholly to reflection on the scheming faculty of man, and already equal in extension to the primitive growth. The Nomenclature of each of the Sciences has been devised by the reflective genius of individuals, and arbitrarily imposed, so to speak, upon the Spoken and Written Languages of the World, as they previously existed. From the cabinets and books of the learned, they gradually pass into the speech of the laity, and become incorporated with the primitive growth. If, instead of the Carbonate of Soda, the Protoxide of Nitrogen, and other Chemical Technicalities arbitrarily formed in

modern times from the ancient Greek Language, terms which the ancient Greeks themselves never heard nor conceived of, we had words derived from similar combinations of Anglo-Saxon or German Roots; if, for instance, for Protoxide of Nitrogen, we had the *First-sour-stuffness*, or the *First-sharp-thingness of Salt-petreness*, and so throughout the immense vocabulary of chemistry, what an essentially different aspect would the whole English Language now wear! Had Lavoisier, therefore, chosen the Anglo-Saxon or the German as the basis of the chemical nomenclature now in use, we can readily perceive how the intellectual device of a single savant, would, ere this time, have sent a broad current of new development through the heart of all the advanced Languages of the earth; of a different kind wholly, but no more extensive, no more novel, and truly foreign to the primitive instinctual growth of those Languages, no more purely the result of intellectual contrivance, than the current of development to which he actually did give origin.

Lavoisier chose the dead Greek as a fountain from which to draw the elements of his new verbal compounds, assigning to those elements arbitrarily new volumes of meaning, and constructing from them, with no other governing principle than his own judgment of what seemed best, a totally new Language, as it were, adequate to the wants of the new Science. Still, despite these imperfections in the method, the demand, with the growth of the new ideas, for a new expansion of the powers of Language, in a given direction, made the contrivance of the great chemist a successful interpolation upon the speech-usages of the world. It is certainly not therefore inconceivable—because of any governing necessity that Language should be a purely natural growth—that other and greater modifications of the speech of mankind may occur; when—not an arbitrary

contrivance upon an imperfect basis and of a limited application is in question, but—when a real discovery, the revelation of the true scientific bases of Language, and limitless applications in all directions, should be concerned.

On the other hand, the extent of the practical applications of strictly scientific principles to the Structure of Language is subject to limitation. Even mathematics, theoretically the most unlimited of the existing Sciences, is practically limited very soon by the complexity of the questions involved in the higher degrees of equations. In the same manner, while it may be possible to construct a Scientific Language adequate to all the wants of Language, in which exactness is involved; that is to say, capable of classifying and naming every object and idea in the Universe which is itself capable of exact classification and definition, still there remains an immense sphere, an equal half, it may be said, of the Universe of objects and conceptions, which have not that susceptibility; which are, in other words, so complex, so idiosyncratic, or so vague in their nature, that the best guide for the formation of an appropriate word for their expression is not Intellect or Reflection, but that very Instinct which has presided over the formation of such Languages as we now have. We may accurately define a triangle or a cube, and might readily bring them within the range of a Universal Language scientifically constructed; but who would venture to attempt by any verbal contrivance to denote the exact elements of thought and feeling which enter into the meaning of the verbs *to screech* or *to twinge*?

There is, therefore, ample scope and a peremptory demand for both methods of lingual development. The New Scientific Language herein suggested would be universal within the limit within which Science itself is universal. But there is another sphere within which Science, born of the Intellect, has only a subordinate sway, and in

which instinct, or that faculty which, in the higher aspect of it, we denominate Intuition, is supreme. This faculty has operated as instinct in the first stage of the growth of Language, the Natural or Instinctual; it should now give place to the Intellect, in the second stage, the Scientific; after which it should regain its ascendancy as Intuition, in the final finish and perfectionment of the Integral Speech of Mankind, the Artistic.

Such a Language would be, to all other Languages, precisely what a unitary Science would be to all the special Sciences; and we have seen how it might happen that the same discovery should furnish both the Language and the Science. Without rudely displacing any existing Language, it would, besides filling its own central sphere of uses, furnish a rallying point of unity between them all. It would ally them to itself, not by the destruction of their several individualities, but by developing the genius of each to the utmost. It would enrich them all, by serving as the common interpreter between them, until each would attain something of the powers of all, or at least the full capacity for availing itself of the aid of all others, and chiefly of the central tongue, in all those respects in which in consequence of its own special character it should remain individually defective. The new Scientific and Central Language might thus plant itself in the midst of the Languages; gradually assimilate them to itself; drawing at the same time an augmentation of its own materials from them, until they would become mere idioms of it, and finally, perhaps, in a more remote future, disappear altogether as distinct forms of speech, and be blended into harmony in the bosom of the central tongue.

The resources of Language for the formation of new words, by the possible euphonic combination of elementary sounds, is as nearly infinite as any particular series of combinations usual-

ly called infinite; all such series having their limitations, as in the case of the different orders of the Infinite in the calculus which are limited by the fact that there are different orders. Yet, notwithstanding that this inexhaustible fountain of Phonetic wealth exists directly at hand, none of these resources have ever been utilized by any scientific arrangement and advice. Only so many verbal forms as happen to have occurred in any given language, developed by the chance method, in the Greek, for instance, are chosen as a basis, and employed as elements for the new verbal formatives now coming into use with such astonishing rapidity in all the sciences. For instance, let us take the consonant combination *kr* (or *cr*), and add the following series of vowels: *i* (pronounced *œ*), *e* (pronounced *a*), *a* (pronounced *ah*), *o* (pronounced *aw*), *u* (pronounced *uh*), *o* (pronounced *o*), and *u* (pronounced *oo*); and we construct the following series of euphonic trilateral roots:

Kri (Kree)
Kre (Kra or Kray)
Kra (Krah)
Kro (Kraw)
Kru (Kruh)
Kro (Kro)
Kru (Kroo).

Let us now add the termination *o*, and we have the following list of formatives:

Kri-o (Kreè-o)
Kre-o (Kra-o)
Kra-o (Krah-o)
Kro-o (Kraw-o)
Kru-o (Kruh-o)
Kro-o (Kro-o)
Kru-o (Kroo-o).

Of these verbal forms only two occur in any of the well-known Southwestern Languages of Europe, namely, *Creo*, I CREATE, of the Latin, Italian, etc., and *Orio*, I REAR, of the Spanish. The other forms are entirely unused. Of any other simple series of Euphonic

combinations, such as Phonetic art can readily construct, there is the same wasteful neglect, and, in consequence of this total failure of the scientific world to extract these treasures of Phonic wealth lying directly beneath their feet, they are driven to such desperate devices as that of naming the two best-known and most familiar order of fishes, those usually found on our breakfast tables, *Acanthopterygii Abdominales*, and *Malacopterygii Subbrachiati*; and the common and beautiful bird called bobolink is *Dolichonyx Orizyora*. For the same reason—the entire absence of any economical and systematized use of our phonetic materials by the scientific world—the writer found himself, recently, in attempting certain generalizations of the domain of science, stranded almost at the commencement, upon such verbal shoals as *Anthropomorphus Inorganismoidismus*; and the subsequent steps in the mere naming of discriminations simple enough in themselves, became wholly impossible. The urgent necessity existing, therefore, for the radical intervention of Science in the discovery of true principles applicable to the construction of its own tools and instruments, can hardly be denied or questioned.

The immense condensation of meaning, and the consequent compactness and copiousness of which a Language based on a meaning inherently contained by analogy in the simplest elements of sound would be susceptible, would give to such a Language advantages as the instrument of thought and communication, which are but very partially illustrated in the superiority of printing by movable types over manuscript, for the rapid multiplication of books.

In the *compound words* of existing Languages each root-word of the combination has a distinct meaning, and the joint meaning of the parts so united is the description or definition of the new idea; thus in German, *Finger* is

FINGER, and *Hut* is *HAT*, and *Finger-hut* (*FINGER-HAT*) is a *thimble*; *Hand* is *HAND*, *Schuh* is *SHOE*, and *Hand-schuh* is a *glove*, etc. So in English, *Wheelbarrow*, *Thunder-storm*, etc. The admirable expressiveness of such terms, and the great superiority in this respect of Languages like the Sanscrit, Greek, German, etc., in which such self-defining combinations are readily formed, over Spanish, Italian, French, and other derivative languages, the genius of which resists combination, is immediately perceived and acknowledged. But if we analyze any one of these compound words, *Finger-hut*, for instance, we shall perceive that while each of the so-called elements of combination, *Finger* and *Hut*, has a distinct meaning, which enters into the more specific meaning of the compound, yet they are not, in any true sense, elements, or, in other words, that they are not the ultimate elements of the compound words. *Finger* is itself constituted, in the first instance, of two syllables, *Fing* and *er*, which, in accordance with the same principle upon which the compound word *Finger-hut* is organized, should describe the thing signified, as would be the case if *Fing* meant *HAND*, and *er* meant *CONTINUATION*. *Finger* would then mean *HAND-CONTINUATION*, and *Finger-hut* (*thimble*) would then be a *HAND-CONTINUATION-HAT*. But, again, *Fing* consists of three elementary sounds, *f-i-ng*, *er* of two, *e-r*, and *hut* of three, *h-u-t*. Suppose now that the primary sound *f* had been scientifically discovered to be correspondent throughout all the realms of Nature and of Thought with *Superiority*, *High-position*, or *Upperness*; *i* with *centrality*, or *main body*, and *ng* with *member* or *branch*; the syllable *Fing* would then signify *UPPER-BODY-BRANCH*, a very proper description of the arm. Suppose that *e* signified, in the same way, *flat*, *palm-like ideas* and *things generally*, and that *r* alone signified *continuation*; then *er* would signify *PALM-CONTINUATION*, and *Finger* would signify an *UPPER-BODY-*

BRANCH - PALM - CONTINUATION, or, in other words, a *Palm-continuation of an upper-body-branch*, and would so be completely *descriptive of*, at the same time that it would *denote*, a Finger. Suppose, again, that *h* signified inherently *roundity or roundness*; *u*, *closeness*; and *t*, *roof or covering*; then *hut* would signify ROUND-CLOSED-COVER, a proper description of a *hat*; and *Finger-hut* would then mean AN-UPPER-BODY-BRANCH-PALM-CONTINUATION-ROUND-CLOSED-COVER, or the *round-closed-cover of a palm-continuation of a superior limb or branch of the body*. It will be at once perceived how, with such resources of signification at command, compounds like *Acanthopterygii* to signify *thorn-fins*, *Malacopterygii Subbrachiati*, to signify *Under-arm soft fins*, or *Anthropomorphus Inorganismoidiemus*, to signify *things in unorganized form, having a resemblance to man*, would soon come to be regarded as the lingual monsters which they really are.

The difference between commencing the composition of words by the real elements of speech, represented by single letters, each charged with its own appropriate meaning, and conveying that meaning into every compound into which it should enter, from commencing the composition by assuming long words already formed in some existing language, as *Anthropos* (Greek word for *man*), *Acanthos* (Greek word for *spine*), *Keron* (Greek word for *fin or wing*), etc., as the first element of the new compounds, is infinite in its results upon the facility, copiousness, and expressiveness of the terminology evolved. It is like the difference of man working by the aid of the unlimited resources of tools and machinery and the knowledge of chemistry, on the one hand, and man working with his unaided *bare hands*, and in ignorance of the nature of the substances he employs, on the other hand. The scientific world has not hitherto known how to construct the lingual tools and instruments which are indispensable to its own rap-

idly augmenting and complicated operations; to analyze and apply the lingual materials at its command; and to simplify and unify the nomenclatures of all the sciences, in order to quicken a thousandfold the operation of all the mental faculties, in the perception and exact vocal indication of all the infinitely numerous close discriminations and broad generalizing analogies with which nature abounds.

It is hardly necessary to say that the particular meanings assigned above to the single sounds in the analysis of the German word *Finger-hut*, are not assumed in any sense to be the real meanings of the vocal elements involved. The whole case is supposititious, and assumed merely to illustrate the unused possibilities of Language in the construction of significant words, and especially in the construction of scientific technicalities. To found a real Language of this kind, it would be necessary, first, to work up patiently to the true meanings of the Elementary Sounds of Human Speech, and then to the analogy of those meanings with the elements of universal being (the categories of the understanding, etc.), and finally of these again with the elements of each of the special Sciences.

Could such a discovery be actually accomplished; should it prove to be the simple fact of nature that every sound of the human voice is Nature's chosen vehicle for the communication of an equally elementary idea; and that the Combinations of the Elementary Sounds into Words do inherently and necessarily, so soon as these primitive meanings and the law of their combination are known, produce words infinite in number and perfect in structure, naturally expressive of every precise idea of which the human mind is capable, it becomes perfectly conceivable how a Natural Universal Language would be evolved by discovery alone. The creation of the Language would belong to Nature as truly and absolutely—in a sense, more truly and absolutely—than

our existing instinctual Languages. It would be in fact the normal Language of Humanity, from which, for the want of such a discovery, mankind has been unnaturally debarred. The fact would prove to be that we have ever been banished from our true vernacular, and have been, all our lives, speaking foreign or strange tongues, from which we have only to recur or come home. May we not, therefore, found in Science the rational expectation, that in due time, from a Lingual Paradise Lost in the remote Past, we may recur to a Lingual Paradise Regained, in literal fulfilment of the promise of prophecy, that all the nations of the earth shall be of one speech?

A SUMMER'S NIGHT.

[*Translated literally from the original Polish of Count S. Krasinski, by Prof. Podbielski; prepared for THE CONTINENTAL by Martha Walker Cook.*]

'O'er this sad world Death folds his gloomy pall,
Bright buds hatch worms, flowers die, and woe shrouds all.
MALIZEWSKI.

'Oh, look on me, my fellow countrymen,
From the same Fatherland! On me, so young,
Passing o'er the last road, gazing for the last time
On Helios—to see him rise no more for ever!
In his cold cradle Death rolls all asleep;
Me *living* he conducts to his black shores;
Me wretched! unbetrothed! upon whose ears
No bridal chant has ever hymned its joys,
Stern Acheron alone calls to his side,
And Death must be my icy Bridegroom now!'
SOPHOCLES *Antigone*.

CHAPTER I.

I BEHOLD her as they lead her forth, with myrtle wreath upon her brow, and floating drapery of snow. She moves slowly, as if in fear, and the church rises like a vast cemetery before her eyes. Charmed with her modest loveliness, men smile on her as she glides forward, while children, changed into little angels, strew fresh flowers before her. The bishop and attendant priests look bright in gay dalmatics; and throngs of people crowd round, praising, envying, and wishing bliss. She alone is silent, with long lashes shading her downcast eyes, as she leans on the arms of her maidens.

Weariness is in every movement of

her slight form, her nerves seem unstrung, and the rays of soul gleam vague and troubled through the expanded pupils of her blue eyes; it were indeed hard to divine whether plaint or prayer would breathe through the half-open lips. As she passes on before the shrines and chapels she lifts her hand, as if intending to make the sign of the cross, but she seems without energy to complete the symbols, and they fall broken and half formed in the air. Inclining her head before the Mother of God, she bends as if about to kneel, but, her strength evidently failing her, she moves tremblingly on toward the sanctuary, and the Great Altar in its gloomy depths looms before her like a sepulchre.

There, encircled by relations and friends, with pride and pleasure beaming from his aged eyes, her father awaits her; and well may he be proud, for never had God given to declining years a lovelier child. She shines upon the sunset of his life with the growing lustre of the evening star, and never has its light beamed dim upon him until this very hour. He will not, however, think of this momentary eclipse now, for this same hour will see the fulfilment of his brightest dreams. In his joy and pride he exclaims to the friends around him: 'Look on my child; how young, pure, and innocent she is—trembling in the ignorance of her approaching happiness!' Then he gazes wistfully, far as his eye can reach, down the long aisles of the church, to ascertain if the bridegroom yet appears, and, seeing him not, his gray eyebrows fall, and settle into a frown.

But peace soon again smoothes his broad forehead. Alas! the illusions of the old stand round their petrifying souls like statues of granite; no earthly power avails to strike them down, and death alone can break them. The young see their dreams floating in the air, while shifting rainbows play above them as they rise and melt upon the view. But the hopes of the old grow hard and stony as they near the grave; their *desires* assume the form of *realities*. The harsh rock of bygone experience stands between them and the truths of the present. Seating themselves immovably upon it, the surging life-stream hurtles on far below, bearing them not forward on its hurrying flow. Withered garlands and the ashes of once fiery hearts drift on; shattered wrecks, with torn sails and broken masts, driven and tossed by eternal whirlwinds, appear and vanish in the river's rush; but the old remain motionless above. The hot rain of stars forever falling there dies out with dull moan, while the glad waves and white foam laugh as the ruined wrecks toss helplessly in the

strong winds; but the aged heed it not: they have grown into one with the rock of the past, they build air castles over the roaring depths, they look upon the waves, as they surge into each other, as stable altars of peace and happiness. They command their sons and daughters to vow faith in the light of the past, but ere the oath is fully spoken, the altar is under other skies, encircled by other horizons!

Surrounded by friends in gay attire, the bridegroom, full of life and vigor, rushes into the church. He wears a national dress, *but his nation is not that of the old man*. The crowd disperse from right to left as he passes on, greeting him with lowly bows: scarcely deigning to return the courtesy, he clatters up the aisle with rapid stride, and stands by the side of the kneeling bride. He places his lips to the ear of the old man, and whispers to him; they converse in low tones, the old man with an air of regal authority, the young one gesturing rapidly with his hands.

The bishops now slowly approach, the tapers are lighted upon the altar, a solemn silence falls upon the holy temple, two hands, two souls are to be united forever! A shiver of awe thrills through the assembly.

The beams of the setting sun pour in through the stained panes of the windows their lines of crimson light, as if streams of blood were flowing through the church. Deepening in the approaching twilight, they fall in their dying splendor on the brow of a man who stands alone in one of the side chapels. The figure of a dead hero extended upon a monument lies near him, as, immovable as the statue itself, he stands with his gaze riveted upon the altar whence the bishop addresses the bride. The crimson light falling full upon him betrays the secrets of his soul, his noble brow tells of fierce struggle within, but neither prayer, sigh, nor groan escapes him. His lips are closely pressed to-

gether, while suppressed anguish writhes them into a stern smile—but the streams of ruby light which had shone on his face for the moment, fade in the twilight, and he is lost in the gloom of the deepening shadows.

But when the vows were all spoken, the ceremonies over, when the bridegroom raised up the bride, and she fell into the arms of her father, when he bore her onward to the gates of the church, with thousands of tapers following after, when the crowd dispersed, and the sounds of the footsteps were dying away in the distance, and the cathedral grew still as the grave, holding only the dead and the few half-living monks moving darkly in its depths—the man on whom had shone the crimson light leaves the chapel, comes up the aisle, strikes his breast, and falls forward on the steps of the altar, rises suddenly, and again falls, then seats himself, while the lights from behind the great crucifix of silver shine down solemnly upon him. His face is turned away from the holy things of the sanctuary; his eyes gaze afar, past the gates through which the bride had vanished. He sees the blue night-sky, and a single star sparkling upon it, and as he looks upon the star, he takes a sword from under his cloak, draws the steel from the scabbard, and, still gazing upon the star, sharpens it on his whetstone. Thus, with widely opened eye, yet seeing, hearing nothing, the somnambulist, wrapped in deep, magnetic sleep, strides on in the moonlight, possessed by a power of which he is not conscious, which may stain his hands with blood, or hold him back from the verge of an abyss. Passion drinks its glow from the rays of the sun; it may lead us safely, or drive us far astray!

A monk approaches the man kneeling before the high altar, and says:

‘Brother, whosoever thou mayst be, go to rest, and do not disturb the peace of the Lord.’

The man answers nothing. Another draws near him, saying:

‘Away from the church; be not guilty of sacrilege!’

The man makes no reply. A third monk stands beside him and says:

‘I excommunicate thee, and the steel which thou darest to draw at the very foot of the cross.’

The culprit then rises, and replies:

‘I waited for these words, that the stroke might be certain, and the blow mortal.’

He leaves the church slowly—slowly, as if counting his own footfalls, knowing them to be his last on earth!

Meanwhile the night falls so softly, the skies hang so transparently above, the air is so tranquil, that the soul trembles with delight, and the heart unconsciously forebodes happiness. The stars peer up above the mountains, like the eyes of angels flashing through the blue spaces of the heavens. Swathed in her bands of darkness, and breathing up to them the perfume of her flowers and the sighs of her lovers, the earth seems grateful to them for their golden glances. A fitting night, surely, for a bridal so illustrious as the one we have just seen; a long spring will bloom from it upon the aged father. What more could he ask for his children? His new son in high favor with the emperor, lord of lands and serfs; his daughter, good and beautiful as an angel, goes not portionless into the house of her husband, but is the sole heiress of immense estates. What maiden would not envy her; what youth not wish to take his place? And the thoughts of the old man run pleasantly on: he thinks how happily his days will flow, blessed with the smiles of his daughter, and surrounded by the splendor of his son. He already sees the little grandchildren springing up before him; flowers blooming along the pathway leading to his grave.

A splendid festival is to take place

in his castle; few princes would be able to give such an entertainment. The grounds are illumined as if it were day, barrels of pitch are everywhere burning, torches are blazing high upon his walls, windows and doors are thrown open, harps sound and trumpets thunder, mazourkas swell upon the ear, and the gay groups twine, twist, reel, half mad with joyous excitement. The old man strays through the lighted halls, and converses with his guests. Tears tremble in his eyes. Ah, many tears had gathered there in the troubled days of his life, through its hours of sweat and blood, but they are all passing now into these drops of gratitude to God who has brought him to this happy time in which past sorrows are all to be forgotten. Moving out upon his wide porticos, he pours coins from dishes of silver to the people below. Returning, he places clusters of diamonds on the young bosoms of the bridesmaids. Servants follow his footsteps, bending under the wealth they bear, handing to him glittering swords and golden chains, ostrich plumes, and Turkish scymitars, which, in memory of the day, he distributes among his guests. Sometimes he stops to take a chalice from the hands of a page, and wets his lips with Tokay, greeting his guests as he moves courteously on, wishing to warm all with the sunshine of his own happiness.

He enters now the central dome of the castle, lined with exotic trees and perfumed plants; the vaulted roof is corniced with wrought marble, emblazoned with escutcheons of his ancestors, unsullied, glorious, holy! Stopping at the entrance, he looks for his child: she is not among the dancers, nor in the throngs of the spectators. The bridegroom is indeed there, amusing himself with the various beauties present; and, for the second time in this happy day, the forehead of the old man lowers in grief or anger. He makes his way through the crowd,

passes on through the orange trees, in the niches between which stand the now deserted seats rich in brodered tapestry. He lingers among them seeking his child, when he suddenly stops as if stricken with fierce pain. He has found her now; she is sitting quite alone, gazing sadly on a bunch of roses lying on her knee: dreamily she picks off the perfumed leaves, until the bare stems and thorns alone remain in her fragile hands. The old man silently approaches her. Suppressing his emotion, he says, with gentle voice:

'How happy thy poor mother would have been to-day, my daughter! Ah, why was it not the will of God she should have blessed this bridal hour!'

She raises her head, crushing the remains of the roses in her trembling hands, and in her confusion tries to fasten them on the hem of her dress: the sharp little stems plant themselves there, but stain its snow with the blood they had torn from the unconscious fingers.

'Why weepest thou, my child? It cannot surely be the memory of thy mother which so moves thee: thou hast never seen her—she went to the fathers in the very hour in which thou camest to me. Look, daughter, thou woundest thyself!'

He takes her hand in his, and softly draws from it the sharp thorns.

'O father, it is not that which pains me! Forgive me—it is that—only that, my father.'

She stands silently before him—great tears were falling slowly down her cheeks. He leans heavily upon her arm:

'Thou must support me now, child, for I grow old and frail, my knees tremble under me; be thou my stay!'

He walks on thoughtfully with her, trying to speak, but saying nothing, while around them float the perfumes of the flowers, and triumphal music swells upon the air.

As they move on, the great clock of

the castle strikes the hour. It is fastened to the moulding high on the wall; over it sits an ancient monarch in bronze, a ruler of many kingdoms, and at each stroke the statue of a palatine sallies forth, bows to the king of bronze, and again disappears within the opening wall—twelve strokes toll as they pass, and twelve palatines appear, make obeisance, and vanish. Hark! from the distant chambers sound the choir of female voices; vague and dreamy the notes begin, but at each return they grow clearer and more defined. They are gliding on from hall to hall, ever drawing nearer and ever calling more loudly upon the bride. The old man trembles; the pale girl falls into his arms. But soon recovering, she flies on from passage to passage, from room to room, from gallery to gallery, from vault to vault, everywhere pursued by the choir of bridesmaids, dragging the old man with her, not able to utter a single word—while around them breathe the perfumes of the flowers, and triumphal music swells upon the air.

At last they stop in the chapel of the castle, where the ancestors rest in their coffins of stone. A few tapers burn around, and black draperies brodered with silver flow closely round the tombs. She, the youngest and last of the proud House, falls upon the grave of her mother, shudders, but speaks not. The old man says to the trembling girl:

‘Daughter, God did not vouchsafe to give me a male descendant to prolong the power of our race; He blessed me only with a maiden; but thy husband has sworn to take thy name, and thy children will bear the name of our fathers. Honor, then, the favor with which God has crowned thee. No lady in the land is thy equal, heiress as thou art of glory, treasures, and estates—it is thy duty to be obedient and faithful to thy husband until death.’

He speaks to her in soft, low tones;

slowly, as if he sought with each word to touch the heart of the silent child. She answers not, but lower and lower droops the fair young head, until her pale face is buried in her white hands, and the bridal wreath and veil fall from her brow upon the grave of her mother. A low groan bursts from the heart of the old man as he cries:

‘Daughter, dost thou hear? they approach to bear thee from the breast on which thou hast rested from thy very birth; to take thee from the arms of the old man who has so loved thee! Look up, look into my face; thou art another’s now—take leave of me—say, ‘Father, I am happy!’

More and more closely she presses her hands to her face—and remains gloomily silent.

‘Child, dost thou really wish to lay me here among the dead? Dost thou desire me to rise no more on earth forever? Ah, the love in thy blue eyes has been my solace through my many life-storms. Thou art my single pearl, and I have given thee to the hands of the stranger, that thy brilliancy may remain unclouded, that it may ever glitter in its full splendor. What is the matter with thee? Speak, child, even if it be to complain, to tell me thou art wretched.’

Grasping the white marble of the grave with both hands for support, with gasping breath he awaits her answer. The vengeful sword of remorse is already in his soul; one groan, one spasm of anguish from the innocent victim would break his heart. Raising her heavy eyelids, his child seems to trace an expression of pity on his face, and for a moment dreams that hope is not yet past. Kneeling on the marble of the grave, and turning her young face, so sweet in its appealing anguish, full upon him, a name forces itself through her quivering lips—a sudden shivering shakes the frame of the old man, throwing him off from the grave of his young wife.

‘What name hast thou uttered? It

must never be repeated—never! No; it were impossible. Tell me I have not heard thee aright; let it rest in eternal oblivion! Thou canst not dream of that ungrateful exile, conspiring against me because I prepared for him a brilliant future—the son of my brother joining with my enemies to compass my ruin! If thou regrettest him, if thou hast a single lurking hope that I will ever permit thee to see that banished rebel, to clasp his hand in even common friendship, may the eternal curses of God rest upon you both!’

A voiceless victim offered up upon the altar of the vengeful gods, the maiden has as yet suffered in silence, but rising now in solemn dignity, in a cold, firm, resolute tone, she says:

‘I love him, father.’

The old man cannot bear these chill and fatal words. His brain reels, his hopes die, he falls at the foot of the grave, his soul rests for the moment with the ghosts of his ancestors. When he awakes to consciousness, the pale face of his child is bending tenderly over him, her caresses call him back to life. Hark! again he hears the sounding strophes of the wedding song; the chanting maidens cross the threshold; slowly singing, they surround the bride with snowy circle; nearer and nearer they cluster round her—she throws herself for refuge in the old man’s arms!

The maidens now clasp, embrace the trembling bride, take her from her father’s arms, and bear her on with them. They strew flowers in her path, burn incense around her, as they chant in ever-renewed chorals the dawning of a new and happy life, full of honor and blessing. The old man solemnly follows the choir until they reach the great stairway leading to the bridal chamber: there he bids them stop, and, making the sign of the cross, for the last time blesses the half-swooning girl.

He stands for a moment wrapt in

thought, then wends his way to the hall of feasting. Recovering his presence of mind, he flings aside the truth just forced upon him, as if it were all a dream; he commands it not to be; he almost persuades himself to believe it has never been! Greeting his guests anew, his air is calm and regal.

The bridegroom, turning to his friends, exclaims:

‘Companions in arms, with whom I have spent so many joyous hours in camp and hall, I dedicate to you the hours of this my wedding night; nor will I seek my bride until the flush of dawn is in the sky. What hour do the heavens tell?’

One of the revellers rises, draws back the curtain from the window, and says:

‘It is just past midnight; the moon rides high in the sky.’

‘Then am I still yours,’ exclaims the youth, ‘and again I pledge you in the rosy wine.’ As he speaks he fills the cup of gold studded with diamonds, swallows the contents, and passes it to the nearest guest. But the heavy palm of the castle’s lord rests upon his shoulder. Seizing another brimming cup, he says: ‘I drain this to thy health, father, and our guests will surely pledge it with me.’

The lord of the castle thanks him not; he points to the open door, through which may be seen, as they wind along the distant galleries and archways, the retreating forms of the now silent bridesmaids. Shaking his blonde curls, the youth answers:

‘These brave men have always served me faithfully; I have sworn to consecrate this night to them; we drink and feast together until Aurora leads the dawn.’ Seizing the hands of those nearest to him, he resumes: ‘Companions, for this sacrifice swear to pursue, to hunt to death, as I shall command, the vile mob of rebels and traitors who infest these mountains.’

They give the pledge, while ~~vivats~~ fill the hall. ‘Long live our prince!’ The face of the proud old man glim-

mers with a bluish rage, but the loud plaudits, the outstretched arms, the dazzling, naked swords, the wild, warlike enthusiasm bewilder his brain, while pride and hate, splendor and power, tempting and blinding his soul, veil in fleeting glitter the broken form of the lonely, weeping, wretched child. He is carried away in the excitement of the hour, and the loud voice which had once thundered in the battles of *his own* unhappy land, joins in the cry: 'Death to the rebels!' Deigning not, however, to remain longer with the guests, he sternly beckons to his attendants. They file in order before him with lighted torches. The youth rises, leaves his friends for an instant, and accompanies to the door of the saloon the old man, who takes leave of him with an air of aversion, while the youth returns to his friends:

'By my good sword!' he exclaims, 'I will brook no control. I wedded a fair girl, not chains nor fetters. Let the dim moonlight the solving of love's riddle for older maidens; my bride is young and lovely enough to bear the growing light of dawn.'

Then taking aim with his Greek knife at the golden boss on the opposite wall, he strikes it in the centre; the guests follow, aim, and knives fly through the air, but none strike the centre of the target except himself. Full cups are poured to pledge their glorious chief. The flush of gratified vanity blooms in his young cheek, he caresses his mustache and plays with his blonde hair, he jokes with his guests; his jests are keen, light, witty, piercing like the sting of a wasp, and loud applauses greet his eager ear. Gliding over the surface of life, knowing nothing of its depths, he floats gracefully through its shallows. His blood, quickened by praise, flushes his face, his eye sparkles, his features play, but his heart is empty, his soul void, his intellect without expansion; he is as vain, weak, and selfish as an old coquette.

CHAPTER II.

In their naive songs, our people long remembered the valley in which the chieftain parted from his comrades. Our fathers called it the Valley of Farewells; our children so will call it should our songs endure through another generation—should not our language, with ourselves, be extinguished forever!

In a valley circled by three hills of gentle slope, whose feet bathe in the same stream, but whose tops are widely severed, stands the man who but an hour before had borne the ban of excommunication from the altar of God. Male figures, clad in black from head to foot, with pallid faces, and the flash of steel glittering in the moonlight, seem to have been awaiting his appearance, for when they perceive him, the reclining rise to their feet, the standing descend to the borders of the stream, banners are unfurled in the summer's night, but no huzzas break the silence. Seating himself upon a rock on the banks of the stream, he is himself the first to speak, his voice chiming time with the murmur of the waters, as the tones of the singer with the sounding harpstrings. His words, though low, reach the hearts of his companions:

'Soldiers! for some time past I have been your leader, and I am sure you will not forget me. Treasure in your memories the last words I shall ever address to you, for in them is the old truth, firm as these rocks, holy as these stars. Our fathers owned this country for thousands of years; during all that time, exile, injustice, oppression were utterly unknown. Its children were numberless as the grains of wheat upon its plains, as the trees in its interminable forests, and the neighboring nations gathered for shelter under the shadow of their clustering sabres. What the ear now never hears, what the eye never sees, but what the soul of the brave never ceases to love, was their proud inheritance—FREEDOM! Then came, with his throngs of slaves, the

King of the South.* At first he spake with guileful gentleness, pouring out treacherous treasures of gold before us. Differing from us in faith and language, he strove to unite what God had severed, and when affairs moved not in accordance with his wishes, he tried to force himself upon us with fire and sword. Shame to the dwellers in cities and the lords of the valleys! fearing to face the dangers and hardships of life in the caves of the mountains, the wilds of the forests, they submitted to the usurper. But you have buried yourself in them as in graves, therefore the day of resurrection will dawn upon you. Already I see the signs of a brighter future. Has not the king's own residence been fired and consumed? Have we not heard the screams of joy of the vultures over the dead bodies of his minions, while the wolves howled in chorus the long night through? If you would regain the inheritance of our fathers, your labor must be long, your best blood flow. Especially now, when from wandering exiles you have grown into threatening heroes, will the king strive to deceive you by glittering baits: but beware of the tempters; their promises are mountains of gold, their performances handfuls of mud. Look up! There is room enough in these blue skies for brave souls! Regret not the earth, even should you fall in battle. Even on the other side of the grave may the face of God be forever dark to him who consents to lay down his arms while his country is in bondage!

'Go not down into the plains to secure the golden grain; your guardian angel dwells in the mountains—the time is coming when you shall reap a full harvest of spoils. Harken always to the voices of the Seven who appointed me your leader. Their arms are weary with age and heavy work, but wisdom reigns supreme over the ruins of their wornout bodies. Obey them. When they call upon you, de-

fend them to the last; whom they shall appoint chief, follow in dauntless courage; conquer with him, as you have always conquered with me! Soldiers, another fate demands me now. No morrow dawns for me upon this earth. Brothers, I bid you farewell forever!'

The summer moon shines brightly down upon the little band of heroes. They start to their feet, and, gliding silently from every direction, they assemble round their chief, twining about him in a gloomy circle.

'Where art thou going, our brave chieftain?'

Stretching out his arm, he points toward the flame which still throws a pale light over the plain.

'Stay! It is the flame of the wedding festival glaring from the halls of thy ancestors. We will not suffer thee to go to those who would take thy life; to the maiden who has betrayed thee!'

He starts suddenly from the rock; his shrill cry pierces the hearts of the warriors:

'Malign her not with falsehood! She has not betrayed me. This very night she will be mine. We will rest together in the long sleep of eternity. Comrades, I have consecrated to you the house and riches of my fathers; life and bliss with the woman I love I have sacrificed on the altar of my country; but death with her I cannot relinquish—the moment is near—no time is to be lost—I go. Farewell!'

He passes hurriedly through them; the long folds of his cloak, the locks of his hair, the plumes of his cap, stream wildly on the breeze. Cries rise on the midnight air; they kneel before him, they circle round him, they stand a living wall before him, they entreat him to stop, they threaten to storm the castle, to take it before the dawn of day, to seize the bride, and bear her safely to his arms.

He stays his hurrying footsteps, and the eager men fall into respectful silence. His voice is heard, sounding sweet indeed, but firm and deep as they

* Russia.

have often heard it in the midst of battle-smoke and thunder:

'I thank you from my heart, my brothers. But it cannot be! The clashing of our sabres must not wake the old man sleeping in the chambers of my forefathers. I grew up under the shadow of his hand. He first taught my lips to utter the holy word which names the land of our fathers; he planted in my soul the thirst for glory. Before our holy banners float again from the walls of his castle, I must sleep in death! Fate has inexorably decreed it. Once more, farewell!'

He moves rapidly on, muttering to himself: 'What the priest of God has bound, man may not untie—it must be cut asunder!' Unconsciously drawing his sword, he raises it in the air, the glittering blade flashing like a meteor in the rays of the summer moon.

In silence and with drooping heads the soldiers follow—they know that what he says will surely come to pass. Predictions of his approaching doom had long been current among them; he had himself warned them the hour of separation was near. Not by the sword of the near enemy, nor by the arrow of the distant one, was he foredoomed to fall. Not slowly was he to fade away upon a bed of mortal sickness: his own dreams and foreign magic had announced to him another doom! The conspirators move silently and solemnly on behind him, as if following a corpse. He already seems to them a spirit. But when he commenced the ascent of the hill, the long plumes of his cap streaming through rocks and trees, appearing and disappearing as he clammers up, they rush into pursuit. Separated only by mossy banks and rocky terraces, they seek the same hilltop. He reaches it the first. Before him flashes upon his eyes a full view of the illuminated castle with its towers and battlemented turrets; at his feet lies the abyss, thundering with the roar of falling waters. An enormous pine has fallen over and bridges the

chasm. His men are close upon him; again they try to surround him; pushing off the nearest, he leaps upon the trunk of the gigantic pine, crawls forward upon it, hangs for a moment over the abyss, reaches the other side, descends with marvellous agility, plants himself firmly on the ground, with feverish strength tears out the trunk from the rocks which had held it fast; it trembles for a moment as if swung in a balance; he urges, hurls it on, and at last it falls, crushing and shivering as it strikes heavily against the steep sides of the rocky chasm. The soldiers feel as if dazzled by a sudden flash of lightning, and when the glare passes, it is too late! In the light of the moon they see for the last time his broad brow in the full beauty of life—then the abyss separates them forever. Holding his hands out, suspended above the chasm, as if with his last breath he would bless his people, he cries:

'In the name of God, heroes, eternal struggle between you and the King of the South!'

The rocks echo the full tones of the manly voice, and the depths of the valley repeat it. His tall form disappears among the shadows of the pines. The conspirators listen as if hoping to catch one word more. No sound greets them save the sighing of the trees, the dash of the waters—the manly tones of their young hero they will hear no more forever!

Unfortunate! the glare of madness gleams in thine eyes. While thou wert exposed to the gaze of thy brothers thou struggledst to control thyself, because thou wouldst not their last memory of thee should be clouded; but now thou art alone, thou throwest off restraint, and, driven on by vengeance, hurriest forward. Thou startlest the owl as thou scalest the rocks; she flaps her wing, and gazes on thee with round eyes of wonder; the fox, baying in the moonlight, steals into the gloom; the

wolves howl in the ravine as thou rush-est through—thou hearest not their cries, they fly before the wild splendor of thine eyes! Thou reachest the plain. Corpse-lights from the swamps flit on with thee; wildly laughing, thou criest: 'Race on with me, friends!' They dance round thy cap, and bathe thy breast with streams of pale, blue light; then, joined in brotherly embrace, for a moment ye speed together on; but the grave-lights are the first to die; then, a solitary shadow, thou flitest darkly over the meadows, and approachest the castle of thine ancestors.

It shines with innumerable lights. The terraced gardens with their walks and perfumed shrubs lie so silently in the bright moonlight, they seem dreaming of the bridal bliss, the echo of the wedding music cradling them to sweeter sleep. The flying footsteps of the chieftain are suddenly arrested—he thinks he hears the opening chant of the bridesmaids' song, though so distant it seems rather dream than reality. He listens. He knows the ancient custom; he certainly hears the chorused strophes, the fresh, clear female voices. He rushes forward now, he buries his nails in the fissures of the walls, he clambers up, suspending himself in the air, his feet cling to the moss-grown stones, he seizes a vine, swings himself forward, gains the top of the wall, and the crushed grasses groan as he leaps down upon them. Having touched the earth within the enclosure, he rises up with triple power, and bounds into the leafy labyrinth. Oaks, ashes, pines, and firs, the remains of the great forest, are around him. Thickets, vineyards, and meadows lie in the moonlight, brooks and fountains murmur, nightingales sing; he reaches the trailing willows where the long branches droop into the blue waters of the lake, from whose depths the stars of heaven smile upon him. He had played under these trees as a happy boy, swum in these clear waves—but the memories of the past must not detain him now.

He reaches the bower where the jessamines bloom at the foot of the lower terrace. This was the spot in which the maiden had revealed her soul to her exiled brother; here had her holy promise kindled her blue eyes, and the high resolve of its keeping rested on her pure brow;—he groans aloud, but stops not, keeping his face steadily turned to the gray wall of the castle. Certain of his course, whether in light or shadow, he still hurries on. Winding among orange trees and fountains, he enters the vaulted archway which leads to the castle. Ascending with every step, he stands at last upon a level with its pillared portico. Taking the long plume from his cap, he glides from beneath the vault of the archway. No one is near. Songs and shouts are on his left; there then must be the hall of festival. Silence reigns on his right, and the long ranges of windows glitter only with the light of the moon. At the end of the long gallery and near the angle of the western tower, lamps are still burning; a wide glass door stands partly open—it seems to him he hears a low moan, but so light, so inaudible, it is caught through the divining of the soul rather than by the hearing of the ear. But he has heard it. Leaving the shadow of the vaulted passage, he emerges into the light, like one rising from the dead; imploring his steps not to betray him, and supporting himself on balustrades and pillars, he glides on. As he approaches the half-open door, he sees the long veils of the windows floating like snow-wreaths in the air; behind these thin curtains he feels that Life and Death, hand clasped in hand, await him. He falters, stops, presses his hand on his heart, but his fingers encounter the cold steel of his sword; he grasps it firmly, approaches, leans his forehead on the panes of the wide gothic door—strange that the throbbing brain burst not its narrow bounds!

He sees nothing at first but fiery

sparks and black spots from the seething of his heated brain. The long mualin draperies are sometimes lifted by the wind, and again close their veils of mist; the silver lamp flashes on his eyes for a moment, and again vanishes from his view; but, as his sight grows clearer, the great mirror with its frame of gold stands before him—necklaces, bracelets, and chains flash from the toilet before it. He trembles no longer, he ceases to make the sign of the cross, he sees distinctly now—under the floating flow of purple drapery the bride is sitting on the bed alone. The flowers thrown over her by the choir of singing bridesmaids still cluster on her hair and breast; her little feet are almost buried in the fallen rose leaves. She sighs as if utterly unconscious of herself, thoughtless of the pain she suffers—as if her life were only anguish! The flowers droop from her bosom and glide to the ground; and, as the violets, myrtles, and lilies fall over her dress of snow, the great tears roll slowly down her pallid cheeks with every deep-drawn sigh.

The door creaks on its hinges, her arms are thrown up involuntarily, her neck is outstretched, like that of a frightened deer startled by the baying of the hounds. She listens, waits, hears something move, starts up, and flies into the depths of the chamber, seizes the floating curtains, wraps herself in the folds, unwinds them from about her, flies on, turns, starts, stops, then suddenly falling on her knees, cries aloud: 'Thou!'. Her last hope is in that word, but all strength fails her now, and she stands fixed to the spot with rigid face and form of marble. Steps and voices, which had been heard a moment before, die away in the distance. He whom she had so passionately invoked stands before her; he presses her not to his heart, but she hears the whisper: 'I AM HERE!'

She blooms into new life, and with a melancholy smile of wondrous sweetness, murmurs:

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'I knew, I knew thou wouldst be with me in this solemn hour. Dost thou curse me in thy heart? But hear me: no one approaches, we are alone, I may yet have time to tell thee all. When they led me to the church, I sought thee everywhere; when I kneeled before the altar, I could only seek thee with my soul, my eyes were too dim with tears for sight; and when, on my return to the castle—they felicitated me, I listened for thy voice to thunder o'er them all! And even here, where each moment was freighted with coming shame and anguish, my faith never left me. I sat in utter torpor, but my soul saw thee in thy flight across the distant hills, my heart felt thee as thou camest through the gardens and up the terraced way. What I divined is true. Give me thy hand—I am saved! saved!'

Gracefully as the light sprays of the willow, she sways toward him, and trustfully leans on his strong arm.

Who has ever felt in dreams his soul torn from hell, and borne by angels into heaven? Who has ever known what it was to be God's own child for a fleeting moment—felt the lightning flash of heaven-bliss gleam through his heart? He had expected to meet one faithless to her vows; but as the voice of simple truth and love thrills through his innermost being, he grows omnipotent, immortal. His youth only begins from this hour! it soars aloft—one wing is love, the other glory; his ashes shall be worthy to mingle with those of his fathers! He will return to his deserted comrades, and she, the beloved, will follow him, for does not she, now clinging in holy trust to his arm, seem willing to give into his hands the whole web of her future destiny? Its threads shall be of gold, and the sun of love shall shine ever upon it. Weave the brilliant mist in glittering wof, O glowing imagination of youth! Beautiful cloud-dreams, which the setting sun of life paints and flushes with his dying rays!

But suddenly awaking from his fevered visions, he cries: 'Why hast thou set this ring on thy finger? Would it not have been far better to have sought refuge in the mountains, than to have bound thyself to another by the holy sacrament of marriage? Yet will I save thee, for my comrades are brave and obedient, and I am their leader!'

'O God! thou questionest me about the Past, when not a single hour of the Present is our own! Dost thou still doubt me? Dost thou not comprehend me? I have plighted my troth to thee in truth, have sworn that thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. I will keep my vow. Thou doubtest me, and must hear all. Interrupt me not. Unsheathe thy sword; if they approach, I will throw myself into thy arms. When the time came to tell my father all, to bid him the last good by, he begged me sore, entreated me with many tears. Thou knowest with what a stern voice he is wont to command, how instantaneously he is accustomed to be obeyed; but he veiled the thunders of his wrath with tears, he sighed and wailed, saying that his only child was armed to strike him to the heart, to thrust him into the grave. The prince, the son-in-law of his choice, promised to take our name; he brought his serfs and retainers in crowds to the castle, and said to the old man: 'Lo, they shall all be thine!' Kneeling before me, my father placed my hand upon his silver hair; I felt the blood bounding and throbbing in his bare temples, and on his grand old forehead lay the dream of his whole life gasping in its death agonies. The cruel phantom of dominion and power, hateful to me, clutched me through the heart of the only parent I have ever known. His life or death was in my hands. A divine power swayed my soul; I resolved upon self-sacrifice. Consent quivered from my shrinking lips—I gave my trembling hand to the unknown, unloved, insupportable. Alas!

all are alike abhorrent to me who speak not with thy voice, look not with thy eyes, breathe not with thy breath, love not with thy soul! The lord of the castle has now a son in place of his slight girl, and thousands of warriors stand ready to defend the old Home of our haughty race. Thus am I free, now may I take leave of all. Again I pledge to thee my faith; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. But this people, this God, this plighted faith—knowest thou by what name it is called to-day?'

The chieftain throws his arm round her slight form, and looking anxiously toward the gallery, says: 'Speak and tell me while it is yet time.'

With low, reproachful tone, she answers: 'Can it be possible that thou dost not know? And yet there is no room for doubt—it is DEATH! So long as I remain on earth, I am the wife of the foreigner. Thou canst regain me only in the land of spirits; but the way is short—look! it is only the length of thy sword!'

The word 'wife' falls from the soft lips like a stone on the heart of the chief, awakening him from the last dream he will ever dream on this earth. Yea. His sword would protect her from the pursuit of father and husband, but he cannot save her from the condemnation of the church, its excommunication; for what the priest of God has bound, that man may not unloose! It grows cold and dark in his sinking heart. A single moment of happiness, alas, now forever past! has robbed him of strength, of hope; he shivers with awe; he sees the long skeleton finger of the pale Phantom of Terror touch the young heart of the faithful maiden. But *that* will be impossible—he cannot take her life—he will fly, and fall on the morrow with his braves in battle—she shall live—the loveliest of human forms shall still remain on earth. He groans, and breaks away from her—the walls seem crumbling before him, breaking into tears of blood—he flies—but

his sister overtakes him at the threshold.

'Where dost thou fly, unfaithful? Didst thou not come to release me? Wouldst thou brand me with dishonor—with infamy and shame? Betray me not. O God! canst thou think of deserting me now? Listen! The foreigner is already on his way to sully with his hot and pestilential breath the purity of thy beloved. And what would be my future fate shouldst thou deliver me into the hands of mine enemy, to his hated embraces? He will force me to the court of the King of the South. I must there bear my part amid strange faces, surrounded by falsehood and pride, and learn to smile on those I loathe. He will lead me to the court that he may boast of my beauty, that he may show his king he has gathered the pale flower of the ancient House. And what will be the course of the king, what that of the prince, my husband? Look at the old, and learn! They curse in old age what they worshipped in youth; they love what they once scorned. What has thus transformed them? Time. Time, the murderer, who in his reckless culture plants fresh roses on the ruined wall, will draw and thicken the veil of delusion over my face until my true features shall be stifled behind it. I shall be utterly alone—alone forever! Thou wilt be afar, on the mountains, rocks, or in the deserts; temptation will surround me, and disgust possess my soul. Thou mayst be brought in chains to the land of the King of the South, thine enemies may name me there over their beaded cups of ruby wine, jeers and scandals may reach thine ears, and thou wilt curse thyself that thou didst not kill me! Thrust thy sword into my heart! Tear me from the grasp of the monster!'

As if in sudden madness, she wildly stretches out her hands as if to push away the thronging phantoms which appal her.

'Look! his forehead sparkles—a

word is written there in blazing diamonds—read it—it is *INFAMY*! Hell glitters in his eyes; his writhing arms are hissing vipers; they crawl to me, they touch me, wind around me, bury their heads in my bosom, and poison as they drink my pure blood from the virginal cup of my heart!'

She falls exhausted on the floor, washing his feet with her tears as her long tresses stream around them.

He lifts her like a feather from the ground.

'By the Holy Mother of our Lord, such fate shall not be thine! Like the flame of incense burning on the sacred altar, purest among the pure, thou shalt ascend to God!'

His heart breaks, his manly features flicker and quiver like the mist; strange spasms distort them; he bows his head in anguish, and with every tear from her eyes mingle the bitter drops only shed by man.

But this is over now. It was the last sign of weakness, hesitation, regret, wrung from him in his mortal agony. A solemn calm rests on his broad brow as he presses the maiden to his heart.

'With this kiss of peace I consecrate thee to a holy death! He who first breathed upon thy young cheek, first touched thy rosy lip, who may not give thee his name in the sanctity of marriage, who cannot save thee from condemnation—will give thee *DEATH*! In this thought I sought thee, my sister; but when I found thee faithful, loving, a sudden dream of bliss deceived me. Lulled by lovely visions, the weak one yielded to unmanly hopes, unmanly fears! Forgive him, virgin hero! Temptation and fear have fled forever—we will die together—let us pray!'

'Let us pray! but thou must remain to lead thy people. Longing, but patient, I will await thee in Hades. Thou wilt often come to the spot in which they will bury me, to throw a plume from thy helmet, a ring from thy

coat of mail upon the grassy mound. And the old grave-digger will say : 'He was here to-night ; she is still remembered by the chieftain.'

With pure, confiding glance she reads his soul ; her eyes sparkle through the mist of tears, and a faint smile writhes her pale young lips. With iron grasp he holds her to his heart.

'With my *soul* I wed thy *soul* before the Great White Throne of God, our Judge !'

In softer, sadder tone, he adds : 'While in my power, I served our people with my whole might. I have raised our white eagle on the castles of our enemies. To-morrow my comrades will pass these walls—ah ! thou dost not know, had I lived another day, whose gray hairs might have been scattered in the coming whirlwind, or in whose courts I might have been forced to take my seat as avenger ! We will go hence together, my sister. And where we go, the old men will not desert their country, the young men will not be forced to dishonor the gray hairs of those who first taught them the meaning of patriotism and honor ; there treason and oppression are unknown—there will be no *necessary vengeance* in the Land of the Hereafter ! Let us go, sister !'

Transfigured by a sublime exultation, she throws herself into the arms of the chieftain ; words and tears are no longer sufficient to thank him ; but love has taught her how it may be done. Suddenly drawing from her finger the glittering ring of the enemy, she moves rapidly to the head of the bridal bed, and places it upon the rich embroidery of the laced pillows. Then returning to the chief, she presses his hand to her heart :

'Earth is past, and Heaven begun. Thou art henceforth my lord and master forever !'

She kneels at his side, and begins to recite the prayers for the dying. He kneels beside her, sometimes reciting with her, sometimes wrapt in

solemn silence. After a few moments, he breaks upon her prayers :

'The morning twilight is upon us.'

As he speaks, the little birds awake ; their matin song sounds from the well-known grove.

'Lean on my arm, beloved ; let us look once more upon the earth we leave so soon together !'

She leans heavily upon his arm, and they stand on the threshold of the door opening upon the gallery.

The fading moon dies out beyond the mountains ; her last rays fall upon the turf of the terraced gardens ; long wreaths of mist and vapor rise in the air like bridal veils, floating and reddening in the early dawn. In this fatal moment the luring promises and lovely images of life stand before her. The murmurs of the lulling fountains fall upon her ear, then flash upon her eye ; the shafts and groups of pillars of her ancestral home cluster around her, and the summer flowers greet her with their perfume. But death, not life, is in her heart. The pathway through the old forest whitens in the coming light, the grain waves in the open fields ; beyond them, faintly flushing in the twilight, stand the mountain tops above which *his* star of glory might have risen that very morn—and yet the whole horizon to him now is but the grave of eternal forgetfulness ! He gazes far into the mountains, boldly sending his last greetings to the faithful there ; while she, with drooping head, presses ever closer to him, asking from him now the look of love, now the thrust of death ! In vain the gradual awaking of the world admonishes them more and more loudly that they have nothing more to do with time, that eternity is upon them—they linger still ! Who may say what thoughts are thronging through their souls ! More and more heavily she sinks upon the true heart of her brother, while the morning breeze plays with the long tresses of her golden hair.

Hark ! loud voices pledge a noisy health in one of the distant rooms—he shudders, but perhaps she hears no longer; heavy footsteps tramp along the gallery—the light of torches flickers in the morning breeze.

‘O God, thou wilt surely give the victory to my country!’ cries the chieftain, as he carries the benumbed and half-lifeless form of the bride within the wedding chamber.

The drunken companions of the long revel reel and totter along the galleries of the castle; the bridegroom hastens to his bride with the dawn of day.

‘Look!’ she exclaims, stretching out her hands to the great mirror before which they stand, but in her bewilderment no longer recognizing her own figure there: ‘Look! how beautiful my angel is!’

‘Ah, too beautiful!’ the youth repeats, with a bitter groan; then, pressing her to his breast with one arm, from the other flashes the deadly gleam of glittering steel—and in that very moment the heavy footsteps of the light-minded, reckless bridegroom reach the threshold of the bridal chamber.

CHAPTER III.

The old man sits upon the ancient bed of state, in the room which had been occupied by his father before him, in which his grandfathers and great-grandfathers had lived and died. Careless of repose for his tired and aged body, he has not undressed, but motioning off his attendants with impatient gesture, ungirding his sabre, and throwing off the chain of gold to which the royal medal was attached, his head sinks wearily and sadly upon the oaken table before him. Beyond the bedstead, a gothic archway vaults through the wall into his private chapel, the antique lamp of gold still burns upon its altar. He turns not there, as is his custom, to say his prayers before he goes to rest—he knows no sleep to-night will close his heavy eyelids. Raising his head, he looks

slowly round at the pictures of his ancestors hung about him; with their fixed, immovable pupils they return his gaze; but when he would again run round the circle of the faces of the dead, his eyelids fall, his sight is veiled by swimming tears.

Have you ever thought, young men, sons of the growing light and lovers of the storm, how it must be in the souls of the old when all their plans of life fail, when their *last* loves on earth are blighted? Ah, you cannot imagine this, you have not yet tasted the bitter gall of age! Willing slaves, Time bears you forward on his mighty wings, cleaving space with arrowy, unceasing motion, and though the stars die out behind you as he bears you on, yet new ones ever burst upon you as you advance.

‘On! on! the infinite is before us!’ you cry as you fly. *But the old have no to-morrows!* the coffin lies across their threshold, and but one single star shines down upon them. They kneel to it, and pray: ‘Thou art pure and steadfast. Thou fallest not like the meteor bursting in the warm summer sky, nor settest like the moon in the far-off lakes of youth. After our long and restless journey, we bask in thy serene light. Be faithful to us, shine benignly upon us, that our House may live, that our descendants may enjoy the earth!’

But even while they pray, the *truth* creeps into their courtyards, glides like a serpent on their castle walls, writhes over the threshold, and, seating herself upon a coffin, chants the death song of delusion, and as she sings, the last star falls from the sky, and eternal night becomes the name of the world.

Behold! No glittering haze or golden woof remains in the hands of the old man from the dying glow of his long Indian summer. Hearken! his daughter's tears are falling fast on the burning embers of his soul. The laughter of the careless husband blasts his ear. He starts from the bed, stalking up and down the room with rapid

strides. The snows of seventy winters have in vain blanched his head; he has been proud of his accumulated wisdom, but has not divined the secret of life! The whirlpool of terror, vengeance, vacillation, resolution, engulfs him in its giddy flow; his soul is on the wheel of torture, his old heart throbs on the rack of passion. He curses the King of the South—the prince, his son-in-law—himself; but his heart will not break until a new day dawns upon the earth!

Completely worn out at last with his restless striding to and fro, he falls into the old state chair with its brodered blazonry and gilt escutcheons. His arms hang loosely at his side, his legs fall listlessly down, his wide open eye is fixed unconsciously on the opposite wall; his lips are motionless, and yet the tones of his own voice are ringing through his ears; he lies in immovable and rigid torpor, and yet it seems to himself that he is rapidly traversing the long galleries of the castle. He enters the hall of feasting, sees the prince seated among the throng of revellers, to whom he hears himself cry: 'Away! away, prince, from an alien soil! My ancestors have risen from the grave to drive thee hence! Black het-man, long since buried, strike the foaming cup from his reckless hands! Roman cardinal, dying in sanctity, pronounce upon him the thunders of excommunication, and let the church divorce him from the daughter of our line!'

The great doors are thrown open, the muffled steps of the dead are heard as they advance from their graves in the Chapel of the Castle, and the spirits evoked glide solemnly in. The bridegroom, seizing his sword with one hand, and lifting the cup to his lips with the other, drinks gayly to the health of the illustrious dead! The old man looks round for a sword, strives to reach the bright blade hanging on the distant wall, prays to God to help him to grasp it more speedily, falls to

the floor, drags himself forward on his knees until he meets the Roman cardinal, whose scarlet robes are bleached and dim with the damp, mould, and stains of the grave. The church dignitary, laying his icy hand upon his forehead, says:

'What the holy priest of God has joined together, that may man not put asunder!'

The dead vanish, the hall of festival is riven in twain, the walls crumble, he sees himself again in his own chamber, sleeping in the escutcheoned chair of his ancestors. Silence, horror, and remorse are around him—and at this moment the great clock of the palatines strikes two!

Horrible and still more horrible grows the vision. The lamp is still burning in bluish flame, sending a mystic light through the vaulted archway of the chapel beyond the state bed. O God! a white figure kneels and groans upon the steps of the altar, then, drawing back, approaches his chair; her hands are meekly crossed upon her breast; like the marble drapery of a statue, her robe falls in countless snowy folds, none of which are broken in the onward-gliding motion of the shrouded form. O God! he knows that lovely face, he has loved it well; it is the sweet countenance of his young wife: the lips open, but the voice is not as of old, tender and confiding; it is reproachful—commanding. He tries to answer, but cannot force a word through his eager lips; he cannot stretch forth his hand to greet her, but feels himself forced to follow her wheresoever she may choose to lead him. Down, down through the dark and narrow vaults of the castle, through the sepulchre where she was buried, passing by her own coffin without stopping, up through the old armory, through coats of mail, helmets, and swords, on—on—she reaches the western tower—passes through the treasury—ascends the staircase—bolts draw, and locked doors, like silent

lips, open noiselessly before her. She beckons the old man on—on, to the arched door, up to the loophole in the wall looking into the bridal chamber of the ladies of the castle—there the dead form stops, and beckons him to draw near and look within.

O God! close by the wedding bed and before the great mirror, he sees his daughter in the arms of an armed man; he knows the flashing eye and broad brow of the exile; he hears her familiar voice, sweet, sonorous, and penetrating as the tones of the harmonica. A glittering blade is in the hand of the man; his daughter speaks in clear, full tones:

'Strike! strike boldly! it is not thou who dealest the blow—my father has already killed me!' She rises to meet the stroke of the keen steel of the chieftain, as if she welcomed a deliverer. The old man tries to tear asunder the loophole with his hands, but the cold granite does not move—then it seems to him he falls upon his knees, and shouts to his kinsman:

'Stop thy rash hand! I will give her to thee as wife. I will fight with thee the King of the South; do not kill her, my good daughter, my only child!'

They hear him not; a darkish light is creeping along the walls, the lamps are dying out, loud talking is heard on the gallery, the half-drunken bridegroom comes leaping and reeling on, rushes into the chamber, suddenly seems transfixed to the floor, puts his hand to his sword, but, not finding it at his side, looks back, calls aloud, but no one follows him. Horror, like living death, paralyzes the old man. The bridegroom throws himself upon the exile, who exclaims solemnly, as he thrusts him aside:

'Why do you profane the peace of the dead?'

Something glitters—flashes through the air—once—twice—thrice—a faint cry—the lamps die out one after the other—a single one still burns over the great mirror, and by its flickering light

the old man sees the figures of the armed man and the snowy maiden, drenched in gore, reel, totter, heave, whirl in strange confusion—grow to enormous height, mount, sink, fall. At this very moment the great clock of the palatines strikes three—and awakes the old man in the sleeping chamber of his ancestors, stretched at the foot of the escutcheoned chair.

His attendants, hearing a noise, throng into his room with hurrying steps and flaming torches; they find their lord lying prostrate on the floor with bleeding hands and agitated air. He starts to his feet, crying:

'Save my child! Kill my brother's son!' They crowd around him. 'Is it still night, or does the day *really* dawn?'

He staggers to the oaken table, seizes his sword, draws it from the sheath; the handle turns in his trembling hands, the blade falls to the ground; again he grasps it, while great tears rain down from his haggard eyes. The attendants cluster round him, kneel before him, and entreat him to tell them clearly what he would have them do.

'Follow me! follow me!' he pants in broken voice. He hurries to the door, half borne on by his people; passes along the corridor, wrestling with faintness and giddiness as a strong swimmer battles with the waves. The attendants gaze from one to the other, making the sign of the cross.

The swooning and delirium of the old man over, the retainers follow him as he totters on to the wedding chamber. Profound repose seems to rest upon the castle; through the wide range of open double doors the grand saloon of festival is clearly seen; the tables are deserted, and the lights dying in their sockets. The morning twilight is already stealing in through the open windows. Strange! the pages bearing the torches before the old lord come to a sudden halt; a man runs to—

ward them round the sharp angle of the gallery; his hair is in confusion, his robe soiled and torn; no dagger in his belt nor sword at his side; his lips are blue and shivering, his brow pallid; he looks as if Death were breathing on him as he passed, and he fled in terror from the fleshless phantom.

'The father must not advance another step;' and stretching his arms toward the old man, he seizes one of his hands.

'Where is thy wife? Speak, and tell me!'

The bridegroom kneels before him: 'Stop, father; go back to thine own chamber; waken not thy sleeping daughter so early.'

'Thou sayest: 'Awake her not.' Will she ~~ever~~ again waken? Speak quickly. Tell me the naked truth, for evil spirits filled my sleep with dreams of terror. I saw her pleading for death, but thou wast unarmed as now; and another stood near, who murdered the child I gave thee. Speak! Was this all a horrid dream, a fearful jest of the summer's night to appal my soul?'

The bridegroom bows his head under the unendurable weight of this question. He shudders, and with lifted hand tries to turn the old man back.

'Ha! thou dardest not speak—thou art silent. I know it all now. God punishes me because I have bowed to thy king, and sought alliance with thy craven blood, alien as thou art!'

The window panes rattle as the wild cry echoes from the old man's quivering lips; all present tremble at the voice of his despair. He seizes his sword with both his hands, and while it trembles in his grasp, continues:

'Art thou still silent? My fathers were the enemies of thine; had I a son, he would have been thy deadly foe. I had an only daughter—I gave her to thee—she too is gone—take all—there is no one to care for now—the inheritance is also thine.'

The sword rattles in his hands, the blade falls from his grasp, as he strikes

it against the pillar near him. The bridegroom starts forward and endeavors to stay the old man. The old man pushes him off, they wrestle in their bewilderment, and struggle like wild beasts. Despair nerves the aged arms with iron strength. Young and agile as he is, the bridegroom feels the hands of his adversary pressing heavily upon his shoulders, he bends under the weight, the old man hurls him to the ground, and, no longer requiring aid from others, strides over the prostrate body. He stalks on with flashing, burning eyes, his gigantic shadow striding with him on the wall, his wide robes floating on the wind, his white hair streaming, his form winged with the courage of despair. The retainers follow, the vaulted ceilings echoing back the sharp gride of their footsteps. Only one lighted saloon now lies between them and the chamber of the ladies of the castle. The double door at the other end is thrown wide open, the walls and windows of the wedding chamber are crimsoning with the early hues of day, silence and solitude pervade them, nothing falls upon the air save the twitter of the birds and the murmur of the fountains. The old man rushes on directly to the open door and toward the reddening east.

He reaches the threshold, and the immense red face of the just risen sun dazzles his eyes. Is it the bloody Heart of God he sees pulsating through the universe? Blinded for a moment, he staggers on at random, when suddenly he sees the floor is red with blood. The dreadful phantoms of the night are again around him, no longer floating in misty visions, but glaring fixed before him in the stern light of dread reality. In the fierce blaze of its pitiless rays, he sees the dead body of his brother's son; the bloody form of his only child, his good daughter, lies pale at his feet. Like a drowning man he gasps for breath, beats the air wildly around him, as if trying to rescue himself from this hell of spectres. Then

he stands motionless, as if transfixed to the spot. Awakened by the noise and rumor, guests, feudal retainers, servants, and attendants rush to the spot, each in turn to be terror-stricken at the threshold, to move within awed and silent. All eyes wander from the old lord of the castle to the stiffening corpses at his feet. They lie together now! The left arm of the exile is round the neck of his sister; her head rests on his armed bosom just above the spot where the sword still remains plunged in his breast; his right hand has fallen beside it. There was no one near to close their dying eyelids, the pupils glitter glassily in the whitening light of the ascending sun, and the blood which is everywhere around, on the bridal bed, on the coat of mail of the young chieftain, on the white robes and snowy bosom of the bride, already congeals into dark pools or crimson corals. Above this cooling stream their features rest in marble peace—a faint smile is on the lips of the young bride—while a passing thought of warlike glory still beams from the broad, pallid brow of the young hero. So tranquil their repose, the agonies of death must have seemed light to them, lost in the ecstasies of faithful spirits.

The old man continues to stand as he first stood—no groan escapes his lips, no shuddering shakes his frame. The new comers press those already present forward, but all breaths are hushed, hands are fixed steadily on sword hilts that they may not rattle, all sound is stilled—they stand in awe of that dreadful moment when their lord shall awake from his torpor, and turn to them his face of woe. How will they bear the anguish written there! despair without a ray of hope!

O God! what a miracle! He turns toward them, greets them imperiously but courteously, as was his wont, as if, absorbed in thought and doubtful of the dire reality before him, he was trying to ascertain its truth. Fever burns

in his eye and flames upon his wrinkled cheek.

‘Hungarian wine!’ he cries. ‘I will drink to the health of my fellow citizens.’

No one moves, the bystanders seem turning to stone.

‘Haste! This blood must be washed away before my daughter returns to her chamber. Haste, I say!’

None move, all eyes are cast down; they cannot bear the strange light in his wandering glances.

‘Ah! do you not know we are all dreaming! My sleep is torpid, stubborn, accursed, but the dawn is here, and I must soon awake!’

So saying he moves out upon the gallery, where suddenly a new thought appears to strike him; he leans over the marble balustrade, looks to the right and left, then exclaims:

‘Guests, we will go out to seek the young betrothed; it is strange they should have gone out to walk so early!’

He descends the vaulted stairway by which his nephew had ascended but a short time before. He stoops at the foot of the hill, picks some roses, murmuring:

‘For my good child. Move silently, friends, she loved this bower of jessamines; we will surprise her here, and be the first to say good morning to the bride.’

With drooping heads his guests follow his steps as he glides along under the sad firs and stately pines. Pathways stretch before them, leading into forest depths and over mossy banks, or climbing hillsides laden with vines. The old man often calls his daughter loudly by her name; the laughing echoes answer mockingly; the followers burst into tears. Striking his forehead suddenly and violently with his hands, he cries:

‘The dream! the nightmare! Why should it look to me so like truth! When will the *true* sun rise upon me!’ Then he rushes to a sturdy pine, embraces its rough trunk with both his

arms, strikes his head against it: 'Awake me, thou hard bark—awake me from this dreadful dream!' Turning back, he seizes one of the nearest of his followers by the throat, crying: 'Wrestle with thy lord, thou phantom of a servant, and wake him from his dream accursed!'

The frightened servant slips away and flees. The old man sighs, raises his eyes to heaven, an expression of submission to a divinely appointed torment shines for a moment upon his quivering features, as if he humbly offered to God the tortures of this cruel dream in penance for his sins. He walks on calmly for a while, then says:

'The bride is certainly on the lake; we will find her there.'

The sun is fully up now, drinking the dews from the leaves, and lighting up the waves of the lake with splendor. Large Leaked boats with heraldic banners are rocking in the covea. Fastening the roses he had gathered for his child in his bosom, he walks to the shore, with fever burning more and more vividly in his face. No one ventures to suggest a return to the castle. Accustomed to obey the unbending will of their lord, they still pay homage to it, though it is no longer a thing of this world. Dark as midnight seems the day dawn to them; their own brains seem seething into madness.

'Perhaps she sails in one of her own light boats round the lake with her husband; she may be behind the fringe of willows, or among the little islands. Hallo! six of you take the oars; we will soon find her.'

They obey, he seats himself within, they push from shore.

'Why do you breathe so hard and look so weary to-day; is the water heavier than of old?'

They answer not, but row more rapidly. The larger boats are filled with guests and retainers; many follow the old lord, many remain on shore from lack of room. One after another the islets fly behind and hide themselves from

view, with their circling wreaths of reeds and sedges. Rocks and boulders are scattered over many of them, once sacrificial altars of old and cruel gods, now draped with hanging weeds and trailing mosses. Flocks of wild birds are startled up as the boats draw near them, frightened by the noise and plashing of the oars. Black clouds of them hang over the boat of the old man at every turn among the labyrinth of islands. He claps his hands:

'Here! we will surely find her here!' And when nothing is there to be seen, he asks the winds: 'Where is my child—my good and beautiful child?'

Having sailed round and round the whole group of islands, he orders them to row out into the middle of the lake, and then make for the other shore. He sinks into silence now; he leaves the helm, throwing himself suddenly down into the boat, while a ghastly pallor settles on his venerable face. He stretches his hand into the water, dives into it with his arm, listens to the rippling of the waves, then bursts into a loud scream of wild laughter. The oarsmen stop, in hopes he will order the boat to return to shore. He does not speak, but rises up and looks, first back at the boats following after, then at the mountains, the plains, the forests, the gardens, the ancestral castle. Constantly striking his palms together or rubbing his head with his hand, he exclaims:

'Who will waken me? I dream! I dream! I must, I will awake!'

The oarsmen shudder. Then, collecting his whole remaining force, he flings himself violently into the depths. Three of the men instantly plunge in after him; those in the boats hasten to the rescue. Having seen what had happened, they gaze upon the spot where the whirling, whistling waves were closing over the old lord and his faithful servants. The bold divers reappear, bearing in their arms the castle's lord. Under the heraldic banner they lay the last heir of the haughty House. In vain they try to resuscitate the re-

erable form; the dream is over now, but the mortal life remains under the blue waves of the ancestral lake.

The foreign prince inherits the ancient castle with all its treasures, the glories of the honored name, the entire Past of a noble race. He buries the bodies of his virgin wife and haughty father-in-law with funereal pomp and honor; but orders the corpse of the exile to be roughly thrown into unhallowed ground. In the very hall in which he had spent the first night of his bridal, surrounded by gay revellers, pledging full cups of ruby wine, with light jests flying from reckless lip to lip—he spreads, with the same comrades, the solemn Feast of the Dead. When the next dawn breaks upon them, mounting their vigorous steeds, they all ride back to the court of the King of the South. The king rejoices in his heart, giving thanks to the Fates that his leal subject has inherited vast wealth, and that the alien family, powerful through so many centuries, is extinct forever.

In the clefts of the mountains they remember and honor the young chieftain, whose body had been thrown into unhallowed ground. They know that his dishonored grave lies on that side of the castle through which will pass their path to victory; and they will plant the cross of glorious memories upon it as they march to the assault to drive the foreigner from the Home of his loyal ancestors. Eagles and vultures, led by some mystic instinct, are often seen to fly from the mountains to

the towers and turrets of the castle. It is certain that in some not distant day the comrades of the chieftain will pour with resistless strength into its doomed walls. . . . Let another chant to you the Hymn of victory; I have sung the Dirge of agony!

Unhappy maiden! thou vanishest like a thought which cannot shape itself in any language known on earth, a dream of early love! Thou wouldst not lose thy snowy wings, and they bear thee on the whirlwind's track, where the mists fly, the clouds sail, the sound of harps dies, the leaves of autumn drift, the breath of sighs vanishes! Martyr to thine own dream of plighted faith, they bury thy fair form in ancestral earth; perchance the sculptured marble presses on thy faultless brow, for on its snow they grave the hated foreign name borne by thy alien husband! But the grass and wild flowers will soon grow unheeded around it, and in the green and flourishing world of the ever vanishing, thy name is never spoken.

On the very morning of thy death, the seven old men to whom obedience was commanded by the chieftain, curse thee because thou borest away with thee the soul of their hero. In their addresses to the people, with scorn and scoff upon their lips, they sneer and call thee 'WOMAN;' but the people weep, and pray: Lord Christ, Son of the Virgin, give to the maiden ETERNAL PEACE!

THE ENGLISH PRESS.

III.

WE have seen that the tone of the newspapers had of late years greatly improved. Men of eminence and great intellectual attainments were to be found among the contributors to the various journals, and what is much more important—for this was pre-eminently the age of bribery and corruption—men of honesty and integrity. Still there was a large class of venal hirelings in the pay of the Government. These were described by Mr. Pulteney as ‘a herd of wretches whom neither information can enlighten nor affluence elevate.’ He further expresses his conviction that ‘if their patrons would read their writings, their salaries would be quickly withdrawn, for a few pages would convince them that they can neither attack nor defend, neither raise any man’s reputation by their panegyrics, nor destroy it by their defamation.’ Sir Robert Walpole, who, as has been already stated, expended enormous sums in bribes to public writers, however expedient he may have thought it to retain their services, does not appear to have attached much importance personally to the writers either for or against him, at least if we may put faith in his own words. On one occasion he said: ‘I have never discovered any reason to exalt the authors who write against the Administration to a higher degree of reputation than their opponents;’ and on another, ‘Nor do I often read the papers of either party, except when I am informed by some, who have more inclination to such studies than myself, that they have risen by some accident above their common level.’

Among the first rank of newspaper writers at this period must be placed the undying name of Henry Fielding,

whose connection with journalism originated in his becoming, in 1739, editor and part owner of the *Champion*, a tri-weekly periodical of the *Spectator* stamp, with a compendium of the chief news of the day in addition. The rebellion of 1745, like every other topic of absorbing interest, became the parent of a great many news sheets, the chief of which was probably the *National Journal, or County Gazette*, inasmuch as it called forth a Government prosecution, and procured six months’ imprisonment for its printer. In opposition to the Jacobite journals, several newspapers were started in the interest of the Government. Fielding brought out the *True Patriot*, in 1745, and proved no mean antagonist for the sympathizers with the banished Stuarts. In the prospectus issued with his first number, he has some rather unpleasant things to say of his literary brethren:

‘The first little imperfection in these writings is that there is scarce a syllable of truth in any of them. If this be admitted to be a fault, it requires no other evidence than themselves and the perpetual contradictions which occur, not only on comparing one with the other, but the same author with himself on different days. Secondly, there is no sense in them. To prove this likewise, I appeal to their works. Thirdly, there is in reality nothing in them at all. And this also must be allowed by their readers, if paragraphs, which contain neither wit, nor humor, nor sense, nor the least importance, may be properly said to contain nothing. . . . Nor will this appear strange if we consider who are the authors of such tracts—namely, the journeymen of booksellers, of whom, I believe, much the same may be truly predicated as of the—

their productions. But the encouragement with which these lucubrations are read may seem most strange and more difficult to be accounted for. And here I cannot agree with my bookseller that their eminent badness recommends them. The true reason is, I believe, the same which I once heard an economist assign for the content and satisfaction with which his family drank water-cider—viz., because they could procure no better liquor. Indeed, I make no doubt but that the understanding as well as the palate, though it may out of necessity swallow the worse, will, in general, prefer the better.'

These sarcasms are probably not much overcolored, for, with one or two exceptions, newspapers had sunk to a very low state indeed, and this may be looked upon as one of the most degraded periods in the history of journalism with which we have had to deal, or shall hereafter have to encounter. The *Champion*, of course, was intended to be 'the better.' It did not, however, meet with any very great success, but still with enough to encourage Fielding in his attacks. In 1747 he dealt another heavy blow at the Jacobites, by commencing the *Jacobite Journal*, in which they were most mercilessly ridiculed and satirized. His opponents replied as best they could, but they were not masters of the keen and polished weapons which the great novelist wielded, and they were therefore obliged to content themselves with venomous spite and abuse. The ablest of these antagonists was a newspaper entitled *Old England*, or the *Constitutional Journal*, an infamous and scurrilous publication, to which, however, the elegant Lord Chesterfield did not think it derogatory to contribute. Among other celebrities who were associated with the press at this time, we find Lord Lyttelton, Bonnell Thornton—the author of the *Connoisseur*, an essay paper, which, though inferior to the *Spectator* and *Tatler*, may be read with great pleasure and profit, even at the present

time—the famous Beckford, Edward Moore, and Arthur Murphy. This last started the *Test*, a journal devoted to the demolition of Pitt, but which called forth an opponent of no mean pretensions, under the name of the *Con-Test*, for then, as now, as it always has been, and always will be, a good and taking title produced a host of imitations and piracies. In spite, however, of Murphy's great talents and its first blush of success, the *Test* soon began to languish, and died of atrophy, after a brief existence of some eight or nine months. One of the most formidable anti-ministerial papers which had hitherto appeared, was the *Monitor*. It came out upon the accession of George III., and was especially occupied in attacking Lord Bute, the young monarch's chief minister and favorite. Its editor was John Entick, who is best known as the author of a dictionary, which was largely used in the schooldays of the last generation, and is still occasionally to be met with in old-fashioned families and out-of-the-way corners of the world. This *Monitor* was as terrible to the marquis as another more modern *Monitor* was to the Merrimac, and the Scotch minion was compelled to bestir himself. He called in to his aid Bubb Doddington, who, during the lifetime of the preceding king, had done good service for the party of the Prince of Wales, in a journal styled the *Remembrancer*, and they, in conjunction with Smollett as editor, brought out the *Briton* in 1762. It was but a weakly specimen of a *Briton* from the very first. There were many causes which contributed to its downfall. Scotchmen were regarded throughout the nation with feelings of thorough detestation, and Smollett had made for himself many bitter enemies, of men who had formerly been his friends, by his acceptance of this employment. It was the hand of a quondam friend that dealt his paper the *coup-de-grace*, none other in fact than John Wilkes, who had started the *North Briton* in opposition to Smollett.

The *Briton* expired on the 12th of February, 1763, and upon the 23d of April, in the same year, appeared the never-to-be-forgotten No. 45 of the *North Briton*. The circumstances connected with this famous brochure, and the consequences which followed upon its appearance, are so well known, that it will not be necessary to proceed to any great length in describing its incidents. This said No. 45 initiated a great fight, in which both sides committed several mistakes, won several victories, and sustained several defeats. Wilkes undoubtedly got the worst of it at first, but his discomfiture was set off by many compensations in different ways, which his long struggle procured for him. The obnoxious article, boldly assuming the responsibility of ministers for the king's speech—for Wilkes always asserted that he had the highest respect for the king himself—practically charged them with falsehood. Upon this they issued a general warrant for the apprehension of all the authors, printers, and publishers of the *North Briton*. Wilkes was seized and thrown into the Tower, where he was kept for four days, all access of friends and legal advisers being denied to him. At the end of that period he was brought before the Court of Common Pleas upon a writ of *habeas corpus*. Three points were raised in his favor, namely, whether the warrant was legal, whether the particular passage in the libel complained of ought not to have been specified, and whether his privileges as a member of Parliament did not protect him from arrest. The celebrated Lord Camden, then Chief Justice Pratt, presided, and ruled against Wilkes on the first two points, but discharged him from custody on the third. Wilkes hereupon reprinted the article. Both Houses of Parliament now took up the cudgels in behalf of the Government, and resolved that privilege of Parliament did not extend to arrest for libel. The House of Commons also resolved 'that the *North Briton*, No. 45, is a false, scandalous,

and seditious libel, containing expressions of the most unexampled insolence and contumely toward his Majesty, the grossest expressions against both Houses of Parliament, and the most audacious defiance of the authority of the whole legislature, and most manifestly tending to alienate the affections of the people from his Majesty, to withdraw them from their obedience to the laws of the realm, and to excite them to traitorous insurrection against his Majesty's Government.' They also ordered the libel to be publicly burned by the common hangman, in front of the Royal Exchange. The authorities attempted to carry out this order, but an enormous mob assembled, drove off the officers, rescued the journal from the flames, and, in revenge, built a huge bonfire at Temple Bar, into which they threw the jackboot, the favorite emblem for expressing the public dislike of Lord Bute. It was now Wilkes's turn, and he brought an action in the following year against the under secretary of state, for the illegal seizure of his papers. Judge Pratt summed up in his favor, directing the jury that general warrants were 'unconstitutional, illegal, and altogether void.' As being the instrument in eliciting this memorable exposition of the laws, Wilkes deserves the gratitude of every Englishman who cares one jot for his constitutional rights, and of every lover of freedom throughout the world. He was not without immediate and substantial rewards, for the jury found a verdict for him, with £1,000 damages. The corporation of the city of London, who had taken his part throughout, eventually chose him sheriff, lord mayor, and chamberlain, and presented the lord chief justice with the freedom of the city, in token of their admiration for his conduct. On the other hand, Wilkes was expelled the House of Commons, on account of the libel, and on the very same day which witnessed his triumph in the Court of Common Pleas, he was tried in the Court of the King's

Bench for its republication, and found guilty. He refused to surrender to judgment, and was accordingly outlawed. He then proceeded to the Continent, from whence, some three or four years later, he addressed a petition to the king for a pardon. As no notice was taken of this, he returned to England, and paid a fine of £500, his outlawry being reversed. He next petitioned the House of Commons for readmission; but his petition was rejected, and a new writ issued, when he was returned by an overwhelming majority. The House expelled him again, and this farce of expulsion and reelection was enacted four distinct times, until at last his election was declared null and void. He subsequently brought an action against Lord Halifax for illegal imprisonment and the seizure of his papers, and obtained £4,000 damages. He lived several years after this, but took no prominent part in political affairs, confining his energies to the sphere of the city. While he was in exile at Paris he published an account of his trial, etc., but, as he was unfortunate in his defenders, so was he in his adversaries. The writings of his friend and coadjutor, Charles Churchill, the clever writer, but disreputable divine, are wellnigh, if not entirely, forgotten, but the undying pencil of the immortal Hogarth will forever hold him up to the gaze of remote posterity. Whatever may be the feeling as to his political opinions, and however great may be our gratitude to him in one particular instance, his authorship of the abominable and filthy 'Essay upon Women'—which, by the way, formed one count in the indictment against him at his trial in the King's Bench—will always earn for him the execration of mankind. The success of Wilkes in his action against the secretary of state, was the signal for a host of other authors, printers, and publishers, who had been similarly attacked, to bring similar actions. They generally obtained heavy damages, and ministers learned

a lesson of caution which they did not soon forget.

But while they persecuted the opposition scribes, ministers did not forget to reward those writers who advocated the cause of the Government. Men who had failed in all kinds of professions and employments, turned their attention to political literature, and, as far as emolument was concerned, met with great success, for although the talent was all on one side, the profit was all on the other. Among the chief of these fortunate scribblers was Dr. Francis, the father of the celebrated Sir Philip, Dr. Shebbrat, Hugh Kelly, and Arthur Murphy.

We now arrive at another most memorable period in newspaper history—the appearance of the Letters of Junius. The interest in the discovery of the source of these withering diatribes has been almost as great as in that of the Nile, but, unlike that 'frightened and fugitive' river, their origin will probably never be discovered with any certainty. A neat little library might be formed of the books and pamphlets that have been written upon this 'vexed question,' and the name of every man that was at all eminent at the time of their publication—and of a great many too that were by no means eminent—has been at some time or other suggested as the author. This controversy may be looked upon as a sort of literary volcano, which every now and then becoming suddenly active, after a period of quiescence of longer or shorter duration, sends forth great clouds of smoke—but nothing else; and then all things remain once more in *statu quo*. Our space will not permit us to make any remark upon the matter, further than to express an opinion that the preponderance of evidence appears to be in favor of Sir Philip Francis—the untiring, unscrupulous bloodhound who hunted down Warren Hastings—having been the author. The first of these famous letters appeared in the *Public Advertiser*, of April 28, 1767; the last

of a stalwart family of sixty-nine, on January 21, 1772. Let Burke testify to their tremendous power. To the House of Commons he said: 'He made you his quarry, and you still bleed from the wounds of his talons. You crouched, and still crouch beneath his rage.' To the speaker he said: 'Nor has he dreaded the terrors of your brow, sir; he has attacked even you—he has—and I believe you have no reason to triumph in the encounter.' And again: 'Kings, lords, and commons are but the sport of his fury.' Speaking of the 'Letter to the king,' Burke said: 'It was the rancor and venom with which I was struck. In these respects the *North Briton* is as much inferior to him as in strength, wit, and judgment.' The Government tried every means in their power to discover the author, but in vain. Woodfall, the proprietor of the *Public Advertiser*, knew or professed to know nothing about it, asserting that the letters were found in his box from time to time, but how they came there he could not tell. Let it suffice us to know that they admirably served the purpose for which they were written, viz., to defeat tyranny, and to defend freedom; that they are still allowed to rank as the greatest political essays that were ever written; and that Junius, whoever he was, will always be gratefully remembered among us, so long as we continue to display that watchful jealousy in the preservation of our liberties which has hitherto ever characterized us as a nation.

The Government prosecuted several newspaper proprietors and printers for publishing these letters, and more especially that addressed to the king. Among others who were brought to trial were Woodfall himself; John Almon, of the *London Museum*; Miller, of the *London Evening Post*; Baldwin, of the *St. James's Chronicle*; Say, of the *Gazetteer*, and Robinson, of the *Independent Chronicle*. Almon was, however, the only one who was punished. The jury consisted of Government em-

ploees, carefully selected, and of course brought in a verdict adverse to him. Almon was fined and ordered to find substantial bail for his future good behavior.

The *Public Advertiser* was a joint-stock concern, chiefly in the hands of the booksellers, among whom we find names which are still famous in Paternoster Row, such as Longman, Cadell, Rivington, and Strahan. Woodfall's ledger supplies us with the following information as to the expenses of getting it up, some of the items being sufficiently curious:

	£	s.	d.
Paid translating foreign news, etc.,	100	0	0
Foreign newspapers,	14	0	0
Foy, at 2s. a day,	31	4	0
Lloyd's coffee house for post news,	12	0	0
Home news, as per receipts and incidents,	282	4	11½
List of sheriffs,	10	6	
Plantation, Irish, and Scotch news,	50	0	0
Portsmouth letter,	8	5	0
Stocks,	3	3	0
Porterage to the stamp office,	10	8	0
Recorder's clerk,	1	1	0
Sir John Fielding,	50	0	0
Delivering papers fifty-two weeks, at £1 4s. per week,	62	8	0
Clerk, and to collect debts,	30	0	0
Setting up extra advertisements,	31	10	0
A person to go daily to fetch in advertisements, getting evening papers, etc.,	15	15	0
Morning and evening papers,	26	8	9½
Price of hay and straw, Whitechapel,	1	6	0
Mr. Green for port entries,	31	10	0
Law charges, Mr. Holloway,	6	7	5
Bad debts,	18	3	6
	<hr/>		
	£796	15	3

The sale was about three thousand a day, and the shareholders received £80

per share clear profit. The newspapers of those days paid the managers of theatres for accounts of their plays, as witness the following entries :

	£	s.	d.
Playhouses,	100	0	0
Drury Lane advertisements,	64	8	6
Covent Garden "	66	11	0
	<hr/>		
	£230	19	6

Theatrical advertising had not reached the pitch of development which it has since attained ; the competition was not so severe, and managers did not find it necessary to have recourse to ingenious methods of propitiating dramatic critics, such as producing their plays at the commencement of a new season, or paying £800 a year for the supervision of the playbills—expedients which have been now and then employed in our own times.

Among the writers in the *Public Advertiser* were Caleb Whitefoord, *dilettante* and wine merchant, Charles d'Este, who, like the popular London preacher of the present day, Bellew, first tried the stage, but not succeeding in that line, entered the pulpit ; John Taylor, afterward editor of the *Morning Post* ; Tom Syers, author of the 'Dialogues of the Dead,' and Woodfall's brother William. This last started the *Morning Chronicle*, in 1769, a paper whose fate it was, after lasting nearly a century, to pass into the venal hands of Sergeant Glover (who sold it to Louis Napoleon, in order that it might become *sub rosa* a French organ in London), and to die in consequence in well-merited dishonor.

The *Public Ledger* was brought out by Newberry, the bookseller, in 1760, and is chiefly remarkable as being the vehicle through which Goldsmith's 'Citizen of the World' was first given to the public.

'Poet Goldsmith, for shortness called 'Noll,'
Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll,'

received two guineas for his first article, and afterward became a regular con-

tributor at a guinea an article. William Radcliffe, the husband of the authoress of 'The Mysteries of Udolfo,' edited the *Englishman*, a paper to which Edmund Burke contributed, and subsequently the *English Chronicle* and the *Morning Herald*. Of all these he was proprietor, either altogether or in part, and it seems to have been customary for the editor to be the proprietor, or, more strictly speaking, for the proprietor to be the editor.

The prosecutions in connection with the letters of Junius were not the only attacks made upon the press at this time. Parliament again entered the lists against it. There was a certain Lord Marchmont, whose especial mission appears to have been to persecute the newspapers. Shakspeare says,

'The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones ;'

and whether or no my Lord Marchmont ever did any good cannot now be ascertained. All that is known of him is that he was very pertinacious and very successful in his onslaughts upon his victims, for, whenever he saw the name of any member of the House of Peers in a journal, he used to make a motion against the printer for breach of privilege, summon him before the bar of the House, and have him heavily fined. The House of Commons followed suit. The old bone of contention, the reporting of the debates, was raked up again. There were then two giants of reporting, William Woodfall, who, from his wonderful retentive powers, was called by the *sobriquet* of Memory Woodfall, and William Radcliffe. It was in 1771 that the House proceeded to active measures by a majority of ninety votes to fifty-five. Orders were given to arrest the printers, publishers, and authors of the *Gazetteer and New Daily Advertiser* and the *Middlesex Journal, or Chronicle of Liberty*. The printers went into hiding, and a reward of £50 was offered for their apprehension. Shortly afterward, this raid was extended to the printers of the *Morning Chronicle*,

St. James's Chronicle, *General Evening Post*, *London Evening Post*, *Whitshall Evening Post*, and *London Packet*. Some of these appeared at the bar of the House, and actually made their submission on their knees. Miller, of the *London Evening Post*, declined to surrender, and was, after some difficulty, arrested under a warrant from the speaker. He was taken before the lord mayor, who was a member of the House of Commons. The city's chief magistrate—let his name, Brass Crosby, be remembered with honor—declared the warrant illegal, discharged Miller, and committed the speaker's messenger for assault. The same thing was done in the case of Wheble, of the *Middlesex Journal*, who was taken before John Wilkes, then sitting as alderman at Guildhall; and in that of Thompson, of the *Gazetteer*, who was taken before Alderman Oliver. The ground for their discharge was that the speaker's warrant had no force within the boundaries of the city, without being countersigned by a magistrate of the corporation. The House of Commons became furious, and ordered the attendance of Crosby and Oliver, but, taught by old experience, did not in the first instance think it desirable to meddle with Wilkes. The civic magistrates stood their ground manfully, and produced their charters. The House retorted by looking up the resolutions passed on various occasions against the publication of the debates. Meanwhile a mob assembled outside, and abused and hustled the members on their way to the House. After a fierce debate, Oliver was committed to the Tower. The attendance of Wilkes was then ordered for the 8th of April, but, in the mean time, the House, like Fear as represented by Collins in his *Ode to the Passions*,

‘back recoiled . . .
Even at the sound himself had made;’

and accordingly got out of the difficulty by adjourning over the day for which the redoubtable Wilkes had been summoned.

On the 27th of April, however, the lord mayor was sent to the Tower. The whole country rang with indignation; but, nevertheless, the city magistrates remained incarcerated until the 28d of July, when the Parliament was prorogued, and, its power of imprisonment being at an end, they were set free. Such was the issue of the last battle between the Parliament and the press, on the question of publishing the debates. It was fought in 1771, and had been a tougher conflict than any of its predecessors, but it was decisive. There is no danger of the subject being reopened; the reporting of the debates is now one of the most important of the functions of our newspapers; and the members themselves are too sensible of the services rendered them by the reporters' gallery to be suicidal enough to inaugurate a new crusade against it. What those services are, any one who has been patriotic or curious enough to sit out a debate in the strangers' gallery over night, and then to read the speeches, to which he has listened, in the newspapers next morning, can readily appreciate. Hazy ideas have become clear, mutilated and unintelligible sentences have been neatly and properly arranged, needless repetitions and tautological verbiage have disappeared; there is no sign of hesitation; hums and haws, and other inexpressible ejaculations, grunts, and interpolations find no place; the thread of an argument is shown where none was visible before, and all is fluent, concise, and more or less to the point.

Meanwhile the tone of the press had again greatly improved, partly owing to purification through the trials which it had undergone, and partly owing to the better taste of the public. Its circulation had rapidly increased. In 1753 the number of stamps on newspapers in the United Kingdom was 7,411,757; in 1760, 9,464,790; in 1774, 12,300,608; in 1775, 12,680,906; and in 1776, 12,826,000, a halt in its progress being caused by Lord North's new stamp act,

raising the stamp from one to one and a half pence. The ordinary price of a news sheet was two or two and a half pence, but this was more than doubled by its cost of transmission through the post office, which, for a daily paper, was £5 a year. The *Morning Post*, the full title of which was originally the *Morning Post and Daily Advertiser*, first came out in 1773. In 1775 it appeared regularly every morning, under the editorship of the Rev. Henry Bate, afterward the Rev. Sir Henry Bate Dudley, Bart. The *Gentleman's Magazine*—that prolific mine to whose stores of wealth the present series of articles is beholden times out of number—gives a curious account of a duel into which this clerical editor was forced in his clerical capacity. Editorial duels were not unknown in those days. Wilkes had fought one or two, as well as other editors; but these were the circumstances of Mr. Bate's encounter:

'The cause of quarrel arose from some offensive paragraphs that had appeared in the *Morning Post*, highly reflecting on the character of a lady, for whom Captain Stoney had a particular regard. Mr. Bate had taken every possible method, consistent with honor, to convince Captain Stoney that the insertion of the paragraphs was wholly without his knowledge, to which Mr. Stoney gave no credit, and insisted on the satisfaction of a gentleman, or the discovery of the author. This happened some days before, but meeting, as it were by accident, on the day before mentioned (January 18, 1777), they adjourned to the Adelphi, called for a room, shut the door, and, being furnished with pistols, discharged them at each other without effect. They then drew swords, and Mr. Stoney received a wound in the breast and arm, and Mr. Bate one in the thigh. Mr. Bate's sword bent and slanted against the captain's breastbone, which Mr. Bate apprising him of, Captain Stoney called to him to straighten it, and in the interim, while the sword was under his foot for

that purpose, the door was broken open, or the death of one of the parties would most certainly have been the issue.'

Another eminent writer in the *Public Advertiser* was John Horne, afterward John Horne Tooke, the author of the 'Diversions of Purley,' a man to be always remembered with gratitude in America, for the part which he took in the struggle between the colonies and the mother country. His connection with the press was one long series of trials for libel, in which he always got the worst of the fray. In fact, he rather appeared to like being in hot water, for he more than once wrote an article with the full intention of standing the trial which he knew would be sure to follow its publication. One of his reasons may have been that this was the only way in which he could indulge his penchant for forensic disputation. He had been bred a clergyman, but, disliking the retirement of a quiet country parsonage, he threw up his preferment, abandoned his clerical functions altogether, and came to London to keep his terms at the Temple. The benchers, however, holding the force of the maxim, 'Once in orders always in orders,' refused to admit him to the degree of barrister at law. In 1771 he founded the Society of the Supporters of the Bill of Rights, one of the objects of which was to uphold the newspapers in their conflicts with their great foe, the law of libel, and to defray the expenses which were thus incurred. But, owing to some quarrel with Wilkes, he withdrew from his connection with this society, and started a new one—the Constitutional Society—which was founded in the interests of the American colonies. His publication of the doings of this society procured for him the distinction of another trial, the upshot of which was that he was fined £200, imprisoned for a year, and ordered to find bail for his good behavior for three years more. After two unsuccessful attempts he got into Parliament, and proved a very troublesome

and formidable antagonist to ministers, as might be expected from a prominent member of the London Corresponding Society, which, consisting chiefly of working men, had for its main objects the establishment of universal suffrage and annual Parliaments. This society owed its origin to the French Revolution, and it kept up a regular correspondence with the National Convention and the French Jacobins. It numbered about fifty thousand members, in different parts of the kingdom, and disseminated its opinions by means of newspapers, pamphlets, and handbills, which were published at a low price, or given away in the streets. One of the most influential of these pamphlets was Tom Paine's 'Rights of Man,' for writing which he was tried and convicted. Erskine was his counsel, and in the course of his speech said :

'Other liberties are held under Governments, but the liberty of opinion keeps Governments themselves in due subjection to their duties. This has produced the martyrdom of truth in every age, and the world has been only purged from ignorance with the innocent blood of those who have enlightened it.'

The effect of these writings was that Government became alarmed, and a proclamation was issued against seditious speaking and writing. The *habeas corpus* act was suspended, and political trials became the order of the day. Horne Tooke's was one of the latest of these trials, in 1794. Erskine was his counsel, and was more successful than when defending Paine. The public excitement had by this time very much toned down, and Tooke was acquitted. One result of this trial was to secure

the fortunes of Erskine; but another and much more important one was to establish on a firmer basis the right of free discussion and liberty of speech, and to check the ministry in the career of terrorism and oppression upon which they had entered. Looking back upon these trials, at this distance of time, one cannot but feel a conviction that the fears of the Government and the nation were absurdly exaggerated. The foundations of English society and British institutions were too firmly fixed to be easily shaken, even when the whole continent of Europe was convulsed from one end to the other. But the London Corresponding Society still continued its efforts, till its secretary was tried and convicted, and the society itself was suppressed, along with many other similar associations, by an act of Parliament, called the Corresponding Societies Bill, in 1799. Tooke's connection with it had ceased some time before; in fact, it is more than doubtful if he had ever been a thorough-going supporter of it in heart, or had any other object than that of making political capital out of it, and of indulging his belligerent proclivities. He died in 1812, at the age of seventy-six.

In 1777 there were seventeen regular newspapers published in London, of which seven were daily, eight tri-weekly, one bi-weekly, and one weekly. In 1778 appeared the first Sunday newspaper, under the title of *Johnson's Sunday Monitor*.

We have now arrived at the threshold of a very important event—too important, in fact, to be introduced at the end of an article, and which we therefore reserve for our next number. That event is the birth of the *Times*.

THE HOUSE IN THE LANE.

WARM and bright the sun is shining
On the farmhouse far away,
Like a pleasant picture lying
Bright before my gaze all day.

And I see the tall, gray chimney,
And the steep roof sloping down;
And far off the spires rise dimly
Of the old New Hampshire town.

And the little footpath creeping
Through the long grass to the door,
And the hopvine's tresses sweeping
The low roof and lintels o'er.

And the barn with loft and rafter,
Weather beaten, scarred, and wide—
And the tree I used to clamber,
With the well-sweep on one side.

And beyond that wide old farmyard,
And the bridge across the stream,
I can see the ancient orchard,
Where the russets thickly gleam.

And the birds sing just as sweetly,
In the branches knarled and low,
As when autumns there serenely
Walked a hundred years ago.

And upon the east are beaming
The salt meadows to the sea,
Or the hillside pastures, dreaming
Of October pleasantly.

On the west, like lanterns glimmer
Thick the ears of corn to-day,
That I sowed along each furrow,
Singing as I went, last May.

So it nangs, that vision tender,
Over all my loss and pain,
Where the maples flame their splendor
By the old house in the lane.

The House in the Lane.

And, beside the warm south window,
At this very hour of day,
Where the sunbeams love to linger,
With her knitting dropped away,

She is sitting—mother—mother,
With your pale and patient face,
Where the frosted hairs forever
Shed their sad and tender grace.

Are you thinking of that morning
Your last kisses faltered down,
When the summer sun was dawning
O'er the old New Hampshire town ?

For my country, in her anguish,
Came betwixt us mightily :
' Save me, or, my son, I perish !'
Was her dread appeal to me.

Youth and strength and life made answer :
When that cry of bitter stress
Woke the hills of old New Hampshire,
Could I give my country less ?

And not when the battle's thunder,
Crashed along our ranks its power—
And not now, though fiercer hunger
Drains my life-springs at this hour—

Would I fainter make the answer,
Or the offering less complete,
That I laid, in old New Hampshire,
Joyful at my country's feet !

Though your boy has borne, dear mother,
Watching by that window low,
Through the long, slow hours this hunger
It would break your heart to know.

Though the thought of that old larder,
And the shelves o'erflowing there,
Made the pang of hunger harder
Through the day and night to bear.

And the doves have come each morning,
And the lowing kine been fed,
While your only boy was starving
For a single crust of bread !

But through all this need and sorrow
Has the end been drawing nigh :
In these prison walls, to-morrow,
It will not be hard to die.

Though, upon this cold floor lying,
Bitter the last pang may be—
Still your prayers have sweet replying—
The dear Lord has stood with me !

And His hand the gates shall open,
And the home shall fairer shine,
That mine earthly one was given,
And my life, dear land, for thine.

So I patient wait the dawning
That shall rise and still this pain—
Brighter than that last sweet morning
By the old house in the lane !

When the sunbeams, growing bolder,
Sought him in the noon, next day—
Starved to death, New Hampshire's soldier
In the Libby Prison lay.

MUSIC A SCIENCE.

MUCH has been written concerning music. Volume after volume, shallow or erudite, sentimental or critical, prejudiced or impartial, has been issued from the press, but the want (in most instances) of a certain scientific foundation, and of rational canons of criticism, has greatly obscured the general treatment of the subject. Truth has usually been sought everywhere except in the only place where she was likely to be found, namely, in the realm of *natural law*, and consequently, of science. Old tomes of Greek and Latin lore, school traditions, the usage of the best masters, and the verdict of the human ear (a good judge, but not always unperverted), have been appealed to for decisions upon questions readily answered

by a knowledge and consideration of first principles resting upon the immutable laws of sound, upon numerical relations of vibrations. These principles are strictly scientific, and capable of demonstration.

So long ago as 1828, the American public was told by Philip Trajetta,*

* 'An Introduction to the Art and Science of Music,' written for the American Conservatorio of Philadelphia, by Philip Trajetta. Philadelphia: Printed by I. Ashmead & Co., 1828.

Trajetta was the son of a well-known Italian composer of the same name. He was a pupil of the celebrated Conservatorio of Naples, and, as I have been informed, was about to obtain a professorship in the Conservatorio of Paris, when political circumstances diverted his course to America. He was the friend of General Moreau and President Madison. Of noble appearance, fine manners, and sensitive temperament, he for some time received the consideration due to his

that 'if counterpoint be not a science, neither is astronomy.' For want of proper exponents, this truth has made but little impression, and, while the Art of Music has advanced considerably among us, the Science has remained nearly stationary. In Europe, erudition, research, and collections of rules have not been wanting. Much has been accomplished, but an exhaustive work, based upon the simple laws of nature, has (so far as the writer can learn) never yet appeared. The profoundly learned and truly great Bohemian musician, W. J. Tomaschek, who died in 1849, taught a system of musical science founded upon a series of beautiful and easily comprehended natural laws. His logical training and wide general cultivation gave him advantages enjoyed by few of his profession. The result of his researches has unfortunately never been published, and his system of harmony is *thoroughly* known only by his more earnest and studious pupils.

To define the provinces of *science* and *art*, we may briefly say, that science is concerned with the discovery of demonstrable principles, and the deduction of undeniable corollaries; while art is occupied with expression, performance, and the creative faculty with which man has been endowed. Music and astronomy are both sciences, that is, founded upon certain fixed and ascertainable laws; but astronomy is no art, because man has not the power to create, or even remodel worlds, and send them rolling through space; while he can produce sounds, and arrange them in such a way as to result in significant meaning and in beauty, two of the chief ends of art.

The music of different periods in the world's history has rested upon the

talents and acquirements, but, in after years, was sadly neglected, and finally died in Philadelphia, almost literally of want. His musical knowledge perished with him; his manuscripts (operas, oratorios, etc.) were, I believe, all burned by him before his death. A sad history, and, in a land where there has been so little opportunity for the best musical instruction, a strange one!

various scales recognized during those periods as fundamental, which scales have been more or less complete as they have approached or receded from the absolutely fundamental scale as given by nature. The scales now in use are not identical with the natural scale, but are, in different degrees, *derived* from it.

The natural scale is, in its commencement, harmonic, and is found by the consideration of the natural progression of sound consequent upon the division and subdivision of a single string. It ought to be familiar to every student of acoustics. The sound produced by the striking or twanging of a single string (on a monochord) is called the tonic, and also, from its position as the lowest note, the *bass*. If we divide this string in half, we will obtain a series of vibrations producing a sound the *same in character*, but, so to speak, *doubly high in pitch*. This sound is named the octave, because it is the eighth note in our common diatonic scale. If we divide the string into three parts, the result will be a sound called the large fifth; a division into four parts gives the next higher octave of the bass; into five, gives the sound known as the large third, commonly called major third; into six, the octave, or next higher repetition, of the large fifth; into seven, the small seventh; into eight, the third repetition of the octave of the bass. The progression thus far is hence: Bass—1st octave of bass—large fifth—2d octave of bass—large third—1st octave of large fifth—small seventh—3d octave of bass. Employing the alphabetical names of the notes (always ascending): C—C—G—C—E—G—B flat—C.

This progression may truly be called *natural*, as it is that into which the string naturally divides itself when stricken. An attentive ear can readily distinguish the succession of sounds as far as the small seventh. The longer bass strings of any piano of full tone and resonant sounding board will suf-

fice for the experiment. These are also the natural notes as found, with differences in compass, in the simple horn and trumpet, and the phenomenon is visibly shown in the well-known experiment of grains of sand placed on a brass or glass plate, and made to assume various forms and degrees of division under the influence of certain musical sounds.

This is not the place to elaborate the subject, or to show the progression of the natural scale as produced by further subdivisions of the string. Suffice it to say that the remaining notes of the common diatonic scale are *selected* (with some slight modifications) from sounds thus produced. This scale cannot then be considered, in all its parts, as the fundamental, natural one. Nature permits to man a great variety of thought and action, provided always he does not too far infringe her organic laws. She may allow opposing forces to result in small perturbations, but fundamental principles and their legitimate consequences must remain intact.

No one can ponder upon the above-mentioned harmonic foundation of the musical scale without conceiving a new idea of the beauty and significance of

that glorious art and science which may be proved to be based upon laws decreed by the Almighty himself. The one consideration that, in all probability, no single musical sound comes to us alone, but each one is accompanied by its choir of ascending harmonic sequences, is sufficient to afford matter for many a wholesome and delightful meditation.

Instead, then, of regarding our earthly music as a purely human invention, we may look upon it as a genuine gift from heaven, a *legitimate* forerunner of the exalted strains one day to be heard in the heavenly Jerusalem.

The laws of vibrations producing sound, of undulations giving rise to light and color, of oscillations resulting in heat, the movements of the heavenly bodies, the flow of electric and magnetic currents, the rhythmical beat of the pulse, the unceasing march of mind and human events, all lead us to the consideration of *motion*, as one of the greatest of secondary causes in the guidance of the universe. Do we not, indeed, find the same element in the Divine Trinity of the Godhead, in the eternal generation of the Son, and the procession of the Holy Spirit?

T H O U G H T .

THE stars move calm within the brow of night :

No sea of molten flame therein is pent,

Nor meteors, from that burning chaos, bleat,
Shoot from their orbits in a maddening flight.

But in the brain is clasped a flood of light,

Whose seething fires can find no form, nor vent,

And pour, through the strained eyeballs, glances, rent
From suffering worlds within, hidden from sight

And laboring for birth. This chaos deep
Touch thou, O Thought ! and crystallize to form,
Resolve to order its wild lightning storm

Of meteor dreams ! that into life shall leap
At thy command, and move before thy face
In starry majesty, and awful grace.

THE WAR A CONTEST FOR IDEAS.

ONE of those curious pamphlets, or *brochures*, as they call them, which the French political writers make the frequent medium of their discussions, was lately published at Paris, under the title of 'France, Mexico, and the Confederate States.' It is less a discussion of the Mexican question than an adroit appeal, under cover of it, in behalf of the Southern confederacy. It addresses itself to the enthusiastic temperament of Frenchmen, with the specious sophism, underlying its argument, that the South is fighting for *ideas*, the North for *power*. This is a sophism largely current abroad, and not without its dupes even at home. The purpose of this paper is to expose the nakedness of it.

Fighting for ideas may be a very sublime thing, and it may likewise be a very ridiculous thing. The valorous knight of La Mancha set forth to fight for ideas, and he began to wage war with windmills. He fought for ideas, indeed, but his distempered imagination quite overlooked the fact that they were ideas long since dead, beyond hope of resurrection. And it is but the statement of palpable truth to declare that whatever ideas the South is fighting for now, are of a like obsolete character. The glory of feudalism, as a system of society, is departed; and its attendant glories of knight-errantry and human slavery are departed with it. Don Quixote thought to reëstablish the one, and the South deludes itself with the hope of reëstablishing the other. Times and ideas have changed since the days of feudalism, and the South only repeats in behalf of slavery the tragic farce of Don Quixote in behalf of knight-errantry. Both alike would roll back the centuries of modern civilization, and, reversing the dreams of Plato and Sir Thomas More, would hope to

find a Utopia in the dark ages of the past.

We do not ridicule, much less deny the power of ideas. On the contrary, we believe heartily in ideas, and in men of ideas. We accept ideas as forces of civilization, and we would magnify their office as teachers and helpers of man, in his poor strivings after good. Man is ever repeating the despondent cry of the Psalmist, 'Who will show us any good?' It is the mission of ideas, the ministering angels of civilization, to lift him into a realm of glorious communion with good and spiritual things, and so inspire him to heroic effort in his work.

Nevertheless, while thus willing to glorify the office of ideas, we hold them to be of less worth than institutions. That is, ideas, of themselves, are of little practical value. An idea, disjoined from an institution, is spirit without body; just as an institution that does not embody a noble idea, is body without spirit. An idea, to be effective, must be organized; an institution, to be effective, must have breathed into it the breath of life, must be vivified with an idea. It is only thus, in and through institutions, that ideas can exert their proper influence upon society.

This is, indeed, the American principle of reform. The thorough conviction of it in the hearts of the American people has thus far saved us from the anarchy of radicalism, which is ever agitating new ideas; and is now destined to save us from the bolder-faced anarchy of revolution, seeking to overthrow our institutions.

But fighting for ideas, what does it mean? The French Revolution (that great abortion of the eighteenth century and of history) was fought for ideas, and ended in despotism. Does fighting for ideas mean despotism?

The French Revolution went directly to the root of the question. It struck, as radicalism can never help but strike, at the very foundations of society. Hence, in France, the abolition of institutions (the safeguards of ideas), and the consequent check of the great principles which the Revolution set out to establish. Thus it is that the French Revolution has made itself the great example of history, warning nations against the crude radicalisms of theorists. It is not enough to fight for ideas—we must fight also for institutions. Yet society seems never to learn the lesson which Nature never tires of repeating, that all true growth is gradual. Political science must start with the first axiom of natural science, that 'Nature acts by insensible gradations.' Radicalism is not reform. Radicalism and conservatism must combine together to make reform. An eminent divine and scholar lately illustrated the point thus: 'The arm of progressive power rests always on the fulcrum of stability.' This statement is exhaustive, and sums up the case.

But let us examine the question of ideas a little more closely, and see whether, indeed, it is the South or the North that is fighting for ideas in this contest. And let us interpret ideas, according to the etymology of the word, to mean those things which the mind sees, and the conscience accepts and recognizes and *knows*, to be just elements, or principles, of civilization. For it is only such ideas that call forth a response from the mighty instincts of the masses. The common conscience of mankind tests the ideas always, as the apostle teaches us to try the spirits, 'whether they are of God.'

I. THE IDEA OF POLITICAL EQUALITY.

It will hardly be disputed that the great idea of the age is the democratic idea, or the idea of political equality. It is the idea that all men are kings, because equals: just as the highest idea of theology is, at last, that all men are

ordained to be priests unto God. The problem of political philosophy is to make this idea a reality and fact. Our institutions have this for their sublime mission. We are seeking to demonstrate, in the American way, the essential truth of those ideas which failed of their perfect fruit in France, because not rightly organized and applied. America is the youngest and last-born of the nations; and to her it has been intrusted to develop the democratic idea in the system of representative government. Politics is thus made to harmonize and be at one with progress. The last-born of nations is set for the teaching and developing of the last-born of governmental principles. If, moreover, we regard America, according to the teachings of physical geography, as the first-born of the continents, we may discover another beautiful harmony. For our democratic system, in basing itself on the idea of political equality, does, in effect, start from the very first principle of all true government; and this first principle of government thus finds its temple and home in the first of the continents.

But let us not be misled by specious names. Let us not mistake for political equality the crude fancies of idealists, who would reverse the order of creation, and declare an equality that does not exist. Political equality neither assumes nor infers social equality; and therefore is not subversive of social order. It does not presuppose natural equality; and, therefore, is not contrary to palpable evidence, and hence unphilosophical and false. Political equality is but the corollary and logical result of that maxim of our system, set forth in our Declaration of Independence, that 'government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed.'

Political equality is, therefore, the essential condition of our republic. It is the alpha and omega of our political philosophy. It is the first factor in the problem of our government. It is the

organized idea of our nation, and is embodied in that nation. It is the lifspring of our institutions. It is the basis of our government. It is what makes the United States of America the hope of humanity.

While, therefore, political equality may not be the *fact* of our government, the nation stands for that idea. The founders of the government were content with affirming the great idea; and they left to the benignant influences of time and conscience and Christianity, under our institutions, the work of reducing the idea to fact. For more than half a century the work has gone on, and still 'goes bravely on.' In peace and war the same magnificent Constitution is over us, and that Constitution, avoiding designedly the odious word *slave*, is a chart and covenant of freedom.

Directly opposed to this idea is the organization of the Southern confederacy—the essential and substantial antipodes of our system. The United States stands at the political zenith; the confederate States at the political nadir. The Southern confederacy denies the truth of our system, and asserts that political equality is a fiction and foolishness. To it, indeed, political equality is a stumbling block; for the confederate constitution bases itself openly and unblushingly on the principle of property in man. It has been blasphemously announced that this is the stone which the builders of our government refused, and that it is now become the headstone of the corner of a divinely instituted nation. The blasphemy that hesitated not to declare John Brown equal with Jesus Christ, is hardly worse than this; for John Brown was, at least, an honest fanatic. The traitorous chiefs of the Southern rebellion are neither fanatics nor honest men. They have stifled the voice of conscience, and are bad men.

If their scheme of society is true, then our faith in God, and our faith in man as the child of God, are false faiths;

'and we are found false witnesses of God.' For it has been common hitherto to believe in the loftiest capacities of man, as the child of God, and made in the divine image; and this belief has had the sanction of all ages. Cheered and strengthened by such a belief, men have struggled bravely and steadily against priestcraft and kingcraft, against the absolutism of power in every form. The magnificent ideal of a government which the masses of mankind should themselves establish and uphold, has been the quickening life of all republics since time began. It is the noblest of optimisms; and, like religion, has never been without a witness in the human soul, ever inspiring the genius of prophecy and song, ever moving the great instincts of humanity. Science, fathoming all things, gave expression to this instinct and hope and belief of the ages in the principle of political equality as a basis of government. It is, in other words, the science of political self-government. It was reserved for the nineteenth century to develop the idea, for the American nation to illustrate its practical power and its splendid possibilities. The question of man's capacity for self-government is at issue now in the contest between the North and South, and its champion is the North.

II. THE IDEA OF NATIONALITY.

There is another idea involved in this war; and, unlike the idea of political equality, it is sanctioned by the precedents of all ages and all nations, so as to preclude any possibility that it should now be disputed. It bases itself on that principle of order which is heaven's first law, and so commends itself to men as the fitting first law of society. It is the idea of nationality; in a word, of government. Like the idea of political equality, it also finds its champion in the North.

The Southern confederacy is the organized protest of anarchy against law. It represents in politics that doctrine

in religious thought which declares every man a law unto himself. It kicks against the restraints of constitutions and laws, declaring virtually that when a law, or a constitution ordaining laws, ceases to be agreeable, its binding force is gone. For a similar and equally valid reason, some men (and, alas! some women), disregarding the solemn sanctions of the marriage tie, have been willing to set aside this first law of the family and of home. The Southern confederacy also makes light of national agreements, disposing of them according to the facile doctrine of repudiation, which its perjured chief once adopted as the basis of a system of state finance. It is eminently in accordance with the fitness of things, that the man who could counsel his State to repudiate its bonds, should stand at the head of a confederacy which began its existence by repudiating the sacred agreement to which the faith and fortune of all its members were solemnly pledged, and under the broad shield of whose protection they had grown prosperous and powerful. If one may be permitted to express an opinion different from Mr. Stephens's, it might be said that the corner stone of the Southern confederacy is properly repudiation. On the other hand, the cause of the United States is the cause of order. It is also the cause of freedom.

It is important to note the union of these two forces of civilization; for hitherto, in the great wars of history, liberty has generally opposed itself to order, and has too often seemed to be synonymous with anarchy. The passions of the masses have too often burst forth, in great revolutions, like volcanic eruptions, carrying devastation and destruction in their path. The French Revolution stands for the type and instance of all these terrible catastrophes. This war of ours presents a different spectacle; for in the maintenance of it the two principles of freedom and order go hand in hand. It is this union of them which demands for the United

States, in this contest, the support of both the great parties of civilization—the conservatives and the radicals. It is, therefore, preëminently a just war, because waged in the combined interests of liberty and order.

But, it is objected, you, in effect, deny the right of revolution. No; on the contrary, we establish it. For the right of revolution is no right for any people unless they have wrongs. The right of revolution is not an absolute, it is a relative right. Like all such rights, it has its limitations—the limitation of the public law and the public conscience. For neither the public law nor the public conscience sanctions revolution for the sole sake of revolution. That brave old revolutionist of early Rome, Brutus, understood this well, and though his country was groaning under the oppression of Tarquin, he sighed for 'a cause.' There must be a cause for revolution, and such a cause as will commend itself to men's consciences, as well as to the just principles of law and equity.

Some men seem to think that revolution is, of itself, a blessed thing. They love change in government for the sake of change. When Julius Cæsar invaded Gaul he found just such men, and he characterized them, in his terse military way, as those who 'studied new things,' that is, desired constantly a renewal of public affairs, or renovation of government. He found these men, moreover, his most ready tools, even in his designs against their country's liberties; and it would seem as though this revolutionary characteristic of the early inhabitants of Gaul had remained impressed upon their descendants ever since.

We repeat that the right of revolution is a limited right. An absolute and unlimited right of revolution would only be the other extreme of an absolute and unlimited government; and this is not the age of absolutism in matters of government. Just as absolute liberty is an impracticable thing,

in the present constitution of human beings, so the absolute right of revolution, which derives its highest title from the sacred right of liberty, is equally impracticable. We must be careful how we use these words liberty and revolution. Words are things in a time of earnest work like the present. The war is settling the old scholastic dispute for us, and is making us all realists. Liberty and loyalty and law are no longer brave words merely: they are things, and things of tremendous power; and some men slink away from them. But we need to remember that liberty does not mean license. The political liberty of our time, testing the truth of our representative democracy, is constitutional liberty. It presupposes an organic law, giving force and effect to it; and without this organic law, liberty is a delusion and a dream—a vague unsubstantiality. Liberty is like the lightning. To be made an agent of man's political salvation, it must be brought down from its home in the clouds, and put under the restraints and checks of institutions. The institutions protect it; it sanctifies the institutions. In its unchecked power, like the lightning, it annihilates and overwhelms man. Unchecked, it becomes a reckless license, disgracing history and its own fair name with such scenes as the French Revolution, and causing the martyred defenders of its sacred majesty to cry out, in bitter agony of disappointment: 'O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!'

In fact, the liberty that is valuable is the liberty that is regulated by law; just as the law that is valuable is the law that has the spirit of liberty. This is the American doctrine of constitutional liberty, as it has ever been expounded by our great statesmen and orators; and it commends itself to the sound sense of all reflecting men.

In seeking, therefore, to subvert our Constitution, the South attack the principle of liberty, which is the basis

of it, and which it guarantees. More than this, they attack the principle of constitutional liberty; for their secession is in virtue of that unchecked liberty which is license, that absolute liberty which is anarchy. They are not contending for the sacred right of revolution. It is treason against that majestic principle to apply it to the cause of the South. They were not oppressed; they were not even controlled by a dominant party opposed to them; their will was almost law, for it made our laws. According to the *theory* of our Constitution, they possessed equal rights with all other sections of the Union; under the *practice* of it, and in *fact*, they had gradually come to possess and were actually wielding greater power than all other sections. It is thus seen how vain and absurd is the plea that they were driven into revolution to redress wrongs, or that they revolted and seceded for the purpose of preserving rights. Their rights were neither actually assailed, nor were likely to be assailed. The protest of that eminent statesman of the South who afterward ('oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!') became the second officer of its traitorous government, is conclusive evidence on this point. The Southern rebellion is simply and entirely the effort to secure exclusive control where formerly the South had a joint control. Robert Toombs said, in a conversation, in Georgia, in the winter of 1860-'61: 'We intend, sir, to have a government of our own, and we won't have any compromises.' To the same import is the letter of Mason to Davis, in 1866, which has lately seen the light. To one not blinded by prejudice, indeed, the evidences are overwhelming of a long-plotted conspiracy on the part of certain leading politicians, without the knowledge and contrary to the known intentions of the Southern people. The Southern rebellion is simply the attempt to break up a constitutional government, by politicians who had

become dissatisfied with the natural and inevitable workings and tendencies of it, even though administered by themselves. It is simply, therefore, the question of anarchy that we have to deal with. Therefore, we say that the North is fighting for the idea of government.

We are not seeking to perpetuate oppressive power. On the other hand, the rebellion is a flagrant attempt to organize oppression. We are seeking to perpetuate power, it is true, but a power which has stood for nearly a hundred years, and must continue to stand, if it stand at all, as a bulwark against oppression. We are vindicating our right to be, as a nation. We are proving our title to rank among the powers of the earth. We are vindicating the majesty of our supreme organic law. That supreme organic law is the Constitution. It ordains for itself a method of amendment, so as to leave no right of revolution against it. It admits no right of revolution, because in ordaining and establishing it the parties to it expressly merged that right in another principle, adopted to avoid the necessity of a resort to revolution. In other words, the right of revolution is in our Constitution exalted into the peaceful principle of amendment. Instead, therefore, of really being denied, the right of revolution is, indeed, enlarged and consecrated in our system of government, which rests upon that right. In vindicating and maintaining, therefore, that system, we vindicate and maintain with it the right of revolution. But we deny any such thing as a right of revolution for the sole sake of revolution; because it leads to anarchy. We deny the right of revolution for the sake of oppression; because it leads to absolutism. Revolution in the interests of order, justice, and freedom, we hold to be the only right worthy of the name, and God help our nation never to oppose such a revolution!

Since the foregoing was written, an

article in *Frazer's Magazine*, for last October, has fallen under the writer's notice, which discusses the point under consideration, and expresses similar views with those here stated. An extract from it is given to show how the question is viewed from a British standpoint:

'The principle of American independence was, that when a considerable body of men are badly governed and oppressed by a government under which they live, they have a right to resist and withdraw from it; and unless everything in the history of England of which we have been accustomed to boast, from Magna Charta to the Reform Bill, was a crime, this principle is perfectly true. To deny to the United States, as most of our public writers did deny to them, the right of putting down resistance not justified by oppression, and to impose upon them the duty of submitting at once to any resistance whatsoever, whether justified or not, was equivalent to maintaining that chronic anarchy was the only state of things which could exist in North America.'

It is refreshing to read in a British periodical so clear a statement of this just distinction. We cannot forbear to cite another extract from the same article, because it confirms so clearly the argument of this paper:

'The Dutch fought the Spaniards for their hearths, homes, and churches; the French fought all Europe with famine and the guillotine behind them, and empire and plenty in front. The English in India had the pride of superior race and the memory of inexorable injuries to urge them against the Sepoys; but if ever a nation in this world sacrificed itself deliberately and manfully to an idea, this has been the case with the Americans.'

What is this idea to which we have thus bravely sacrificed ourselves, even a phlegmatic Englishman being the judge? It is the idea of the nation—the idea that the nation is the gift of God, to be cherished and defended as a sacred trust; and that we can no more rid ourselves of its obligations than we can rid ourselves of the obligations of

home or the church. To the reckless assertion of those who say that the United States is, in this war, actuated by the lust for power, and is not moved by the inspiration of great ideas, we oppose the foregoing candid statement of a third party, and one not very likely to be prejudiced in our favor. It is the testimony of an unwilling witness, and therefore of great weight.

Summing up the points that have been considered in this paper, it seems clear that so far as the war is a contest for ideas, the North, standing for the United States, has the right of it. For, first, we contend for political equality, the grand idea of the age and the ages; comprehending within itself, and presupposing, as a logical premise, the grander idea of liberty. Thus also we vindicate the rights of man, as a fact of government and as a principle of po-

litical philosophy. And, secondly, we contend for the sacred right of order, as opposed to the destructive radicalism of revolution for the sake of oppression and not in the name of liberty.

We believe that our nation has been born, in the providence of God, to the magnificent mission of developing the democratic idea, of the rule of the people—the idea that every man is a king, and that humanity itself is royal because made in the image of God. The nation is now vindicating that mission before the world. In the success of it all the great ideas that cheer on our poor humanity in its toiling march—liberty, justice, political order—confirmed and made sure by a government organized for the purpose of securing and maintaining them, are bound up; and with that mission those ideas, as organized powers, must live or die.

HINTS TO THE AMERICAN FARMER.

It does not so much signify what a man does for a livelihood, provided he does it well. The people must sooner or later learn this catholic doctrine, or one element of republicanism will never be knit into our character. The doing it well is the essential point, whether one builds a ship or writes a poem. Does the American farmer do his work well? And, if not, wherewith shall he be advised, persuaded, encouraged, and taught to do better or the best?

It is estimated that three fourths of the people of the United States are agriculturists, and nearly all the rest laborers of some sort dependent upon them. Every economist knows that the interests of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce are one and indivisible. He who by word or deed helps one, helps all, and thereby moves civiliza-

tion onward one step at least. Before our Government takes hold of the condition of agriculture in the United States as a state measure, and even after it comes up to the hour when we shall have a Secretary of Agriculture, Manufactures, and Commerce in the cabinet, after the manner of France, Italy, and Prussia, the farmer himself, individually, must work some important and radical changes in his social and industrial polity, and prepare himself for the generous assistance of a wise and beneficent Government.

The farmer supports every other material interest. Standing upon the primary strata of civilization, he bears on his broad hands and stout shoulders the 'weight of mightiest monarchies.' Daniel Webster calls him 'the founder of civilization.'

Is it at all necessary that the spring in the hills should be cool, clear, and pure, and wind its way over a granitic soil, through green meadows, beneath the shading forest, into a sandy basin, to form a beautiful lake in a retired, rural retreat? If so, is it at all necessary that the moral virtues of the founders of society should be duly educated, cultured into the soul, leaving the impress on generation after generation, of honor, of order, of manliness, of thrift? The condition of the farmers is the postulate by which the sagacious economist will foretell the future prosperity of the nation they represent. This is what the American farmer should have presented to him from every stand-point. It is lamentable that this vocation should be so sadly represented by the most of those who are engaged in it.

This occupation of farming is the noblest work which can engage the attention of man. Off of his farm, whether it be large or small, the farmer, by diligent and intelligent cultivation, can gather whatever he or the world needs; what the world needs for its manufactures and commerce; what he needs for his personal comfort, pleasure, or the gratification of his natural tastes;—the two crops which furnish the daily bread to the material and spiritual nature of man;—the green fields, than which nothing is more beautiful; the sweet song of birds, their gay plumage, their happy conferences, their winged life, making melodious the woods and fields; the sky, ever above us, ever changing, grand at morning, magnificent at evening, hanging like a gracious benediction over us; the flowers, ever opening their petals to the sun, turning their beauty on the air, to delight, instruct, and bless mankind;—indulging his taste for art, in the plan of his farm and buildings, their claims to architectural skill; in the planting of his fruit and ornamental trees, 'in groves, in lines, in copses;' in the form and make of his fishponds, shady

walks, grottoes, or rural seats for quiet resort for study, comfort, pleasure, or rest.

The ancients paid great attention to the cultivation of the earth. Many of the best men of Greece were agriculturists. Mind was given to it, and great progress was made in the improvement of implements; in the method of cultivation, and in the additional yield of their farms. The Romans continued for a long period to improve on the state of agriculture as they received it from the Grecians, until the political condition of their country destroyed all freedom and independence of action and thought. The best and greatest men of all ages and countries, statesmen, scholars, kings, and presidents, have loved it, followed it, and labored for its advancement. Do noble minds stoop to ignoble vocations, and become identified with them? This nation, not yet a century old, can boast, as among the statesmen-farmers, of Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Franklin, Jackson, Calhoun, Clay, and Webster, and many others, the least of whose greatness of character was not that they loved nature, or knew the charm of agricultural pursuits. The occupation has become sanctified by their devotion to it.

We all know the sympathy and love of the late lamented Prince Albert for the vocation of farming, and the liberality with which, on his model farm, experiments were verified which in any manner might contribute to the interests of the farmer. He even entered the lists for the prize for the best stock at the yearly exhibitions of the Royal Agricultural Society. There is something very suggestive of nobility in this vocation of farming, when the brightest intellects of the nation bow in homage to the strength of mother earth, and seek by severe thought, study, and experiment, to assist a further yield of her kindly fruits, or persuade her to bestow a portion of her bounties, so long withheld, upon the

wooling husbandman. It marks agriculture as the first and highest calling for the development in the highest degree of the nation and of mankind.

Every man may have his plot of ground, in the cultivation and adornment of which he may realize the pleasure which accompanies the calling of amateur farmer, horticulturist, or florist, in which he is in constant communication with nature and her beauty. 'In it there is no corruption, but rather goodness.'

How kindly nature seems to have dealt with some of the old farmers who even now tread the broad earth, beloved and revered by all who know them! What simplicity and purity of speech; what honesty of manner; what kind dispositions; what charity of judgment; what tenderness of heart; what nobility of soul seem to have concentrated in each one of them! They are the gifts of nature, gathered, developed, interpreted, personified in man. They are our aristocracy. From them through generation after generation shall flow the pure blood of the best men in republican America. Ages hence, the children who enjoy the privileges of this republic, and endeavor to trace their lineage through history to find the fountain of their present American stock, will as surely meet with no unpleasant encounter, nor be compelled to forego the search from fear of mortification, as they trace their family line through long generations of intelligent American farmers. Superficial 'Young America' and 'our best society' may smirk, snicker, sneer, and live on, slaves to fashion and the whims of Mrs. Grundy, in their fancied secure social position for all time. But ere long the balance of man's better judgment, the best society of great men, and representatives for history of a great people, will weigh in opposite scales the artificialities, the formalities, the selfishness of popular social circles, against the honesty, the naturalness, the simplicity, the worth of the practical

lovers of nature; and the result shall be the inscription upon the wall which made their prototypes of old tremble, reflecting upon them also its ghostly and terrific glare. Were it not for the infusion almost constantly going on, from the country, of fresh blood into the veins of the diseased body politic in our largest cities, destruction, disgrace, and financial ruin would early mark the spot where once flourished a proud and sinful people.

In farming, man has to do with nature. Out of doors he spends the greater portion of his life. His intelligent eye takes in the beautiful objects of land and sky, sea and mountain; his refined ear, by practice and cultivation, delights in the exquisite harmony of the birds, the music of the wind, the murmuring of the sea, the sighing amid the forests;—the beauty of the flowers, springing in the utmost profusion at his feet—peeping at early spring from beneath the lately fallen snow, an earnest that life yet remains under the clouds of apparently exhausted nature—their continued offerings through the long and sultry days of summer; the trees putting on their rich and glowing robes at autumn, ripening for their restoration to the bosom which gave them life and which yielded them to us for a season, clothing all the hills, valleys, and mountains with the gorgeous colors from 'nature's royal laboratory.' Who can say this beauty and this pleasure are for nought? The intelligence which observes and loves these sights hesitates not, nor can it be deterred from reflecting upon their source. The farmer, turning the sod with the plough, and dropping the grain into the newly turned furrow, expects life amid the decay of the clod. The favorable sunshine and shower, the gentle dews and heat of summer bring forth, after a partial decay of the seed, the blade, the ear, and after that the full corn in the ear. The perfume of the newly turned earth exhilarates and refreshes the spirits of the laborer and

what appears the hardest work becomes a welcome task. Toil here has its immediate recompense. Always peaceful, always contented and cheerful, always kind, there is no want of companions whose presence is delightful and never burdensome. The oriole, the swallow, the sparrow, the cawing crow, the chipmuck, or the squirrel will not desert him. He can always rely upon their presence while engaged in the necessary preparation for the harvest. The flowers are with him, and the perfume from the blossoms in the fields and orchard will fall like incense upon his receptive spirit. His thoughts will turn involuntarily to the Origin of all Good, from which have come to him, in so great abundance, the favorable conditions for happiness and peace.

Contemplating in silence and alone, away from the distractions of busy life in cities, the disappointments of politics, and the petty disturbances and quarrels of a more crowded existence, his thoughts become pure, holy, and sacred.

The tree grows slowly but surely beside his door, under whose shadows he has rested at the close of the summer's day, and, with his family about him, reflected upon his finished labors, and planned the work for to-morrow. The wonderful power of the Creator, and the matchless argument for His existence, as displayed in the beauty of the heavens, are spread before him. Its presence is a blessing to him. This tree, a century ago the tiny seed of the beautiful elm, which floated perhaps on some zephyr, or, tossed by some summer gale, dropped noiselessly into its cradle at this door—fortune favored its growth, and protected it from the injuries of chance or intent. It patiently grew and spread its hospitable arms, as if to embrace the surrounding neighborhood, and is now a protection and safeguard, a blessing and a continued promise of the watchfulness and care of the Father. This honest, grateful, simple soul has learned from it the

beauty of a patient spirit. It has been always to him the generous companion of his weary moments, never failing to return at spring the beauty so ruthlessly torn at autumn; rendering to his just soul the contentment of the well-doer in this world's works, yet still progressing, growing, and enlarging in its sphere of usefulness and trust.

The regularity in the procession of the seasons, the dependence and faith inculcated by their never-failing return of the bounties asked of them for his proper observance of their demands, have rendered order a controlling power with him, and punctuality has become a virtue.

The large independence of the concerns of men has not made him autocratic in manner, nor indifferent to progress in the condition of mankind. Faithful to the duties of the good citizen, and to himself, he has not forgotten his moral duties toward the social polity, and neither state, nor church, nor school, nor family, but feels the influence of his tender care. Health has been always with him and on his side. Cleanliness is throughout his household, and scrupulous care of the manners, neatness, and thrift which make a good farmer's home so cheerful, is his.

Such is the intelligent, patient, thorough cultivator of the soil. Is there not a nobility of nature in it, far surpassing that which the false standard of society gives to man? What profession, business, or vocation of any sort engaged in by man, carries in its legitimate course these joys, this peacefulness, this hope? Here are not the anxieties, nor perplexities, nor fears, nor losses attendant upon the occupations in the more crowded haunts of business. Plenty fills his garner; happiness attends his footsteps; peace crowns his life.

We would that this good soul might truly represent every farmer on our soil. We are compelled to acknowledge the shortcomings of this class of

persons, upon whom so much depends, and, by showing in which direction their prominent faults lie, endeavor to persuade them to accept a better standing in the social state, where they are so much needed.

A man shows in his daily acts the early education of his home. The impressions there made upon him in his young and growing life are proverbially deep and abiding. The circumstances which develop the character of the good farmer in one town, are the circumstances which develop the good farmer wheresoever he may be; but the circumstances which make so many of our farmers at this day, coarse in speech, vulgar in manners, untidy in dress and in the arrangement of their farms and their habitations, ignorant, thoughtless, thrifless, indifferent, wasteful, lazy, are not arbitrary circumstances, but pliant and yielding, willing instruments, in the hands of good workmen, to raise, elevate, and instruct all who can be brought within their influence.

The agriculturist who combines with his knowledge and skill in farming a refined taste for the simple elegancies which may form a part and parcel of every well-ordered homestead, will often grieve at the neglect, indolence, and ignorance, shown by the too sad condition of many of our so-called American farms.

The farmhouse of this waste place we call a farm, is located as near as possible to the dusty highway which passes through the country. Unpainted, or unwhitewashed, without a front fence, without shade trees or flowers near it, or by it, it stands like a grim and sombre sentinel, guarding a harsh and lonely existence, at once a prophecy and a warning. There is no home feeling in it. Everything connected with the internal movements or the external management of the place is in full view: the woodpile with its chips scattered about over a radius of fifty yards; a number of old, castaway, and condemned vehicles lie where they were

left after their last use; mounds of rubbish and old brushwood, weeds, soiled clothing, farming tools, and implements of husbandry, are here and there, uncared for, unnoticed, and neglected. The poultry, pigs, and cattle he possesses, wander about the door, at once front and rear, or, unobstructed by any serviceable fence, trespass upon the newly planted field or unmown meadows, getting such living as fortune places in their way. The barn may be without doors, the barnyard without a gate or bars, and in full view from every passer by. The sty and the house drain—in fact, every necessary out-building—is in plain sight to the public, on the sunny side of the house, or as near the front of it as is possible for circumstances to permit. The airs of summer and of autumn come to the delighted senses of the residents 'impregnated with the incense' of these sweet surroundings, which, like Gray's unseemly flower, are not destined

'To waste their sweetness on the desert air.'

And who are the delighted occupants of this charming spot? The external appearance and condition of things too sadly betray their character. The man is coarse and vulgar in speech and in manners; untidy, careless, and uncleanly in person and dress; ignorant, lazy, and perhaps intemperate, with no thought beyond the gratification of his bodily wants and desires. Slang words and obscene are his daily vocabulary; selfishness his best-developed trait, and want the only incentive for his labor. His partner is like unto him, or worse, either by nature or association. Without taste, modesty, good sense, or natural refinement, she accompanies her dear Silas in his round of life, sympathizing in his lowness, his common feelings, and his common complaints—alacrily in her dress, rude in speech, coarse in manner, slovenly in her household duties. These two creatures, with their children, too often call themselves farmers, agriculturists, or tillers of the

soil. The poet Cowper well describes them in his poem representing 'the country boors' gathered together at tithing time at the residence of their country parson.

These thriftless people complain that they can make no money on their farms, and but barely a living; and for the very good reason that the man or woman who attempts to carry on a farm in this way through the year deserves no money or profit, nor barely a living from such a method of work.

He was born here. The new soil, at the time his father purchased it, gave him a living, and a good one, too; but this heir to the ancestral acres unfortunately married the slatternly daughter of a loafing neighbor, and their conservatism will not allow them to vary from the track of cultivation so well worn by his father, and forbids his learning any other methods, or accepting any new ideas from any source, though they may be sustained in the practical advantage gained thereby by the most successful farmers in his town, and may be learned any time from the weekly agricultural gazette published at the capital of his State.

Book farming he scouts. The books upon agriculture, which every good farmer should read and study, and prove, will cost him perhaps ten dollars. By them his farm shall become his pride, his support, his wealth. But this dull man cannot, or will not, learn that in the dreaminess of his humdrum life, passed for thirty years or more upon his farm, capital, industry, science, thought, and study have been at work, and everything has been done, thus far, which can be done to make the earth more gladsome, and the hearts of the children of men more thankful to the Giver and Bestower of all our blessings. Away, then, with this cant, prejudice, and sneering about 'book farming.' As well cry out against book geography, or book philosophy, or book history, or book law. Chemistry, botany, entomology, and pomology

unite the results of their researches in their various directions, and, while seeking apparently different ends, yet converge toward the grand centre of a systematic and scientific agriculture.

This laggard has not yet learned that it is his business and duty to cultivate the earth, and not exhaust it; to get two blades of grass this year where but one blade grew before; to gather thirty bushels of corn from the acre which produced but twenty bushels last year; to shear three pounds of wool off the sheep which five years ago gave but two pounds, and so on. He thinks to see how near the agricultural wind he can move and his sails not shake, or with how little labor he can carry his farm through the year and not starve. The poverty of the whole establishment, man and wife, and children, and stock, their uncleanness and unhealthfulness, are but the just results of such a mode of living. They have their deserts. 'Ye cannot gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles.'

This illustration may seem exaggerated, the example too extreme. We would that its semblance could not be seen in all wide America.

What power, what influences, or what teachings will work the change in the habits of life of those who thus pretend to cultivate the earth? What shall bring them to a clearer realization of their position, their duties, their opportunities, their prospects? This lethargy of ignorance, indifference, and laziness must be shaken off and laid aside in the immediate future, by study and education, by active interest and participation in every discovery or invention which benefits agriculture; by the exercise of sound judgment in the choice of stock or crops for the farm; by economy in the disposition of everything available upon the estate which may be brought into profitable employ; by thrift in every operation which concerns the success of the vocation as tillers of the soil, and by temperance and frugality in the habits and character

of the family living. 'Concentrate your labor, not scatter it; estimate duly the superior profit of a little farm well tilled, over a great farm half cultivated and half manured, overrun with weeds, and scourged with exhausting crops: so we shall fill our barns, double the winter fodder for our cattle and sheep, by the products of these waste meadows. Thus shall our cultivation become like that of England, more systematic, scientific, and exact.'

An Englishman belies one of the best traits of his national character if he denies himself all participation in rural life. It is a part of greatness to seek a gratification of this innate longing for 'the pursuit which is most conducive to virtue and happiness.' Edmund Burke, the patriotic and most philosophical statesman of England, writing to a friend in 1798, says:

'I have just made a push, with all I could collect of my own and the aid of my friends, to cast a little root in the country. I have purchased about six hundred acres of land in Buckinghamshire, about twenty-four miles from London. It is a place exceedingly pleasant, and I propose, God willing, to become a farmer in good earnest.'

Great skill, ingenuity, and success in cattle breeding, and in drainage, have resulted, in England, from a long series of experiments, extending through many years; and great and wonderful progress in the discovery and analysis of soils and manures. The scientific men of France and Germany have also added much to this invaluable information of how to get more bread and meat from the earth, and do much, in their researches in the direction of pomology and entomology, to increase the agricultural knowledge of the world. America gladly tenders her most gracious homage to these devoted men, and hastens to add her leaf to the chaplet which binds their brow. It is to their persistent efforts, to their unshaken faith, that 'agriculture has become elevated to the dignity of a science.'

This vocation of farming in good earnest, with success and profit, is not fun, but downright work. It is work, but no more persistent, constant, studious, or thoughtful than that which is demanded by any of the other callings in life, none of which has or can have such delightful compensations as this. Careful experiments should be made in chemistry, analyzing thereby each germ, plant, flower, and fruit into its component parts; analyzing the soil of our farms, and learning thereby its various wants, its value, and what crop it will best support, and of which it will give the largest yield; teaching us what manures are the most valuable, how prepared, and how to be used for the greatest profit. Botany and entomology can unite their labors and discover the germs and development of our grasses, and the insects which feed upon and destroy them; ornithology will teach us the habits of birds, and their value to us as protectors of our gardens and fields; and pomology will instruct us in the culture of fruit. Thus shall science and philosophy enlarge their duties and help the farmer in his devotion to his noble work. The public press shall herald far and wide each new discovery, each new suggestion, and the results of each new experiment, not in the technical language of the schools, but clothed in the simplest vernacular, which alone can make such study valuable to practical men.

Heretofore too much attention has been paid to the 'bread-producing capacity' of our country, to the neglect of its as necessary 'meat-producing capacity.' Hence much of our best bread-producing soil is becoming exhausted. The old tenants are leaving their once fertile fields, now poor in soil yielding comparatively nothing, and are emigrating to the West, beyond the banks of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, trusting that the natural richness of the 'new hunting grounds' they seek and find is inexhaustible. This policy has

made barren most of the State of Virginia, and has begun to tell sadly, in the diminished crops, upon the farming districts of Ohio, Indiana, and the other near Western States.

To be the successful introducer in a new country of a new and improved breed of cattle, requires capital, sound judgment, study, and patient toil. Much must be considered with reference to the peculiarities of the soil and climate, and of the animals, with regard to the object for which they are needed, whether the dairy, the plough, or the shambles. Happily, America is not without men whose wealth, intelligence, tastes, and sagacity have enabled them to perceive our present wants in this respect, and who have assisted in preparing for them. The great wealth of these gentlemen has been well expended in the outlay and risk attending the extensive and valuable importations of the best breeding cattle and sheep which they have made into this country from time to time from England and the continent of Europe. We are already reaping the advantages of the presence of the valuable animals embraced in these numerous importations. Scattered as they are throughout the country, infusing the best blood of Europe's choicest stock into our 'natives,' they so improve our cattle and sheep as to raise them to the highest degree of excellence and value. It is a circumstance of which every American may be proud, that Mr. Thorne has been so successful in breeding, from his imported stock, cattle which he has sent to England, and which have there borne off the prize as the best breeders in the world.

There are no indigenous breeds of either cattle or sheep in this country. The only animals of the bovine race found here when this continent was discovered were the buffalo and the musk ox. The 'natives' are a heterogeneous mixture of various breeds, introduced from time to time for different purposes, and allowed to cross and

recross, breed in-and-in, and mingle as chance or convenience dictated. The cattle and sheep were procured at different times from the continent of Europe, from England, and the Spanish West Indies, to supply the present wants of labor and food. The first cattle brought here are said to have been introduced by Columbus. The Spaniards afterward brought over others, from whence no doubt sprang the wild cattle of Texas and California. About the year 1553, the Portuguese took cattle to Newfoundland, of which, however, no traces now remain; and in the year 1600, Norman cattle were brought into Canada. In the year 1611, Sir Thomas Gates brought from Devonshire and Hertfordshire one hundred head of cattle into Jamestown; and thirteen years later, Thomas Winslow imported a bull and three heifers into Massachusetts. Thus was begun the importation of cattle for service and food into this country, which has continued to this day, not always, however, with the just discrimination as to the geographical and climatic peculiarities of the different animals which was and is necessary for the highest success of the movement. Happily, the various agricultural societies and publications, contributed to and supported by our most intelligent farmers, are diffusing wider and wider, each year, more scientific and thorough notions upon this subject of breeding, among our agricultural citizens. An admirable and carefully written article upon 'Select Breeds of Cattle and their Adaptation to the United States,' appeared in the United States Patent Office Report for 1861, to which we would call our readers' attention. It should be studied by every person interested in the economical prosperity of our country. It conveys, in a simple and perspicuous style, the results of the various experiments in breeding, in both England and America, which latterly have become so judicious and accurate as to be now almost based upon principle. Hereafter there

will be no apology, but that of stupidity and ignorance, for the farmers who neglect the most obvious rules of success in their occupation. The idea, now become well known, must become a fact with them, and they must raise no more poor horses or cattle or sheep, because it costs no more to raise good ones, which are much more profitable either for the dairy, for service, or for meat.

'Animals are to be looked upon as machines for converting herbage into money,' says Daniel Webster. 'The great fact to be considered is, how can we manage our farms so as to produce the largest crops, and still keep up the condition of our land, and, if possible, place it in course of gradual improvement? The success must depend in a great degree upon the animals raised and supported on the farm.'

It is auspicious for our country that the interest in sheep raising is becoming wider and deeper. 'The value of wool imported into the United States, in 1861 was nearly five millions of dollars. The value of imported manufactured woollen goods was more than twenty-eight millions of dollars, less by nearly ten millions of dollars than the importations of 1860. Taking the last three years as a basis of calculation, we have had an annual importation of from thirty-five to forty-five millions of pounds of manufactured and unmanufactured wool, being the product of thirteen millions of sheep.' The annual increase of population in the United States requires the wool from more than three million sheep. There is an annual deficiency of wool of from forty to fifty millions of pounds, so there need be no fear of glutting the market by our own production. The investigation might be extended much farther. It remains for the farmers and legislators to see to it that we receive no detriment by the long continuance of this home demand without the home supply. The instrument is in their own hands.

Our farmers must teach their children

the potential influence of kindness to dumb animals and to birds. By it they will conquer what of viciousness, ugliness, or wildness is often the character of their beasts of burden; and they will find, by the almost total eradication of the destructive flies and insects which are the scourge of their crops, the value of the lives of birds and toads to their farms. Setting aside for the present the consideration of the moral virtues which are thus inculcated, and which are so consistent with a proper devotion to this 'benign art of peace,' we mention a few facts which carry the argument for their worth in themselves.

The birds and toads devour insects, worms, and grubs, and wherever they are absent, grubs, worms, and insects are greatly multiplied, and the crops suffer. The harvests of France, in 1861, suffered so by the ravages of the insects which it is the function of certain birds to destroy, that the subject attracted the notice of the Government, and a commission was appointed to inquire into the matter and report what legislation was expedient. The commission had the aid of the experience of the best naturalists of France, M. St. Hilaire, M. Prevost, and others. Their preliminary report gives three classifications of birds: First, those which live exclusively upon insects and grubs; second, those which live partly upon grubs and partly upon grain, doing some damage, but providing an abundant compensation; third, the birds of prey, which are excepted from the category of benefactors, and are pronounced to be noxious, inasmuch as they live mostly upon the smaller birds. If the arrangements of nature were left wholly undisturbed, the result would be a wholesome equilibrium of destruction. The birds would kill so many insects that the insects could not kill too many plants. One class is a match for the other. A certain insect was found to lay two thousand eggs, but a single tom-tit was found to eat two

hundred thousand eggs a year. A swallow devours about five hundred insects a day, eggs and all. A sparrow's nest in the city of Paris was found to contain seven hundred pairs of the upper wings of cockchafers. It is easy to see what an excess of insect life is produced when a counterpoise like this is withdrawn; and the statistics collected show clearly to what an extent the balance of nature has been disturbed. Thus the value of wheat destroyed in a single season, in one department of the east of France, by the *cicadomigis*, has been estimated at eight hundred thousand dollars.

The cause of this is very soon told. The French eat the birds. The commissioners, in their report, present some curious statistics respecting the extent to which the destruction of birds in France has of late been carried. They state 'that there are great numbers of professional hunters, who are accustomed to kill from one hundred to two hundred birds daily; a single child has been known to come home at night with one hundred birds' eggs; and it is also calculated and reported that the number of birds' eggs destroyed annually in France is between eighty millions and one hundred millions. The result is that the small birds in that country are actually dying out; some species have already disappeared, while others are rapidly diminishing.' These facts contain valuable suggestions to our own countrymen. In this instance, as in many such like, observation is a better and more profitable master than experience.

Our farmers can increase the value of their estates, and bring pleasure and peace to their homes, by more special attention to the outward adornment of their dwellings; by cultivating a garden, planting orchards of the best selected fruit, and trees for shade, shelter, and ornament, about their farms and along the adjoining highway. He who plants a tree, thereby gives hostages to life, but he who cuts

one down needlessly, is a Vandal, and deserves the execration of every honest man for all time. Learn not to value the bearded elm, 'the murmuring pines and the hemlocks,' the stalwart oak, or the beautiful maple, by cubic measure, but by the 'height of the great argument' they force upon us by their presence, their beauty, and their power. Plant for to-day, and for your children; plant 'for another age,' and thereby do 'a good office' to the coming generations of men. No man but is better for living in the presence of great trees. In one of those most delightful volumes of the *Spectator*, we find a paper, written by the pure and noble Joseph Addison, in which are well told the pleasures and profits of planting: 'It must,' he says, 'be confessed that this is none of those turbulent pleasures which are apt to gratify a man in the heats of youth; but if it be not so tumultuous, it is more lasting. Nothing can be more delightful than to entertain ourselves with prospects of our own-making, and to walk under those shades which our own industry has raised. Amusements of this nature compose the mind, and lay at rest all those passions which are uneasy to the soul of man, besides that they naturally engender good thoughts, and dispose us to laudable contemplations.'

What charming associations linger about the homes of the great men of our history, whose tastes led them into the country! The grand old trees at 'Monticello,' at 'Ashland,' at 'Fort Hill,' at the 'Hermitage,' at 'Sunnyside,' at Cooperstown, at Marshfield, at Mount Vernon, seem to take upon themselves somewhat of 'the voice of the old hospitality' which graced their presence in the days that are passed; and the visitor now wanders with emotions of awe and sadness, in paths by copses and groves and streams, in those quiet retreats of nature, planted and preserved by the noble souls which loved them so wisely and so well.

Place the dwelling at a distance from the road, and in the position, if possible, from whence the best view of the whole farm can be obtained, mindful also of the charms which nature has spread before you, of mountain, or hill, or plain, or river, or sea. Plant the orchard on a slope toward the south, and not too far away. The barn and yard and outbuildings should be behind the house, or far enough away to protect the inmates from any annoyance therefrom. Let the approach to the house be by a long avenue, bordered by majestic trees, planted by your own hands. The lawn or garden should be well cared for in front. The buildings should be painted or whitewashed, and over the house may clamber and beautify it the woodbine, the jessamine, the honeysuckle, or the rose. What attachments to the homestead shall thus inweave themselves about the hearts of those whose interests and life are cast with it—and still more, of those who go forth from it, by taste, inclination, or bias, into the more bustling centres of competition and trade!

The garden should receive a careful and generous attention from the female portion of the household. Says Lord Bacon: 'God Almighty first planted a garden; and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man; without which buildings and palaces are but gross handyworks; and a man shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegance, men come to build state-ly sooner than to garden finely; as if gardening were the greater perfection. I do hold it in the royal ordering of gardens, there ought to be gardens for all the months in the year; in which severally things of beauty may be there in season.'

Following Lord Bacon's advice, let there be such a plan and arrangement of it, that it shall always be attractive, and yield a continual round of beauty through the year. Thus planted, the garden 'will inspire the purest and

most refined pleasures, and cannot fail to promote every good affection.'

With all the advantages which the discoveries of natural science offer to the farmer of this century, it will little avail his successors unless he strives to educate his children. It is a very mistaken and lamentable notion—now, alas! too prevalent—that a liberal education is necessary alone to those who intend to enter upon a professional life. May the time be not far distant when farming may become a profession which takes its rank with the rest, if it does not lead them, in the public opinion. It was first supposed, very singularly, that the clergy ought only to be favored with an education in science and the classics; afterward the legal profession arose to sufficient dignity for it; and finally the physician, the guardian of our health, the student and philosopher of our bodies, arose to his noble position in the affairs of this life; while the agriculturist, the supporter of all we have or wish for here, the basis of our very civilization, is pushed aside or forgotten, and the demand upon him for the best culture of the earth altogether neglected. We have to congratulate ourselves that our Government has left it with each State by itself, whether, by the non-acceptance of its gift of public land as foundations for agricultural colleges, they will longer forego the opportunity of giving our young farmers a thorough scientific agricultural education. Until such a system of study can be arranged, let the farmers themselves commence the work of self-education. Agricultural societies and farmers' clubs, in which are gathered together the best farmers of the States, offer the best opportunity for intercommunication, thorough discussion and observation, and dissemination of all new discoveries, facts, or theories which may be made beneficial to all. These are the only means by which farmers can compare opinions and found sound judgments for their future labors. What would be the financial

condition of the other great economical interests, if merchants and owners never consulted together, nor marked the course and policy for their mutual guidance? The best agricultural papers and magazines which favor each farmer's peculiar interest, whether of stock, or fruit, or dairy, or grain, should be subscribed for and read, and preserved for future reference. Our best farmers can do a great deal, by contributing facts of their own knowledge, to raise the standard and worth of such periodicals. It only needs the feeling of personal interest in this matter to procure for each farmer whatever books are necessary to a perfect understanding of his special work. They must soon learn that the education of their children is the best investment they can make of the value of their services.

They should be taught, by example, by reading, and observation, the general success in life of those who plant and water and reap; and the general failure of those who attempt to gain an early or a late fortune in money by entering the marts of more active and more crowded competition. Most men fail to make the fortunes which the dreams of youth placed before them in such brilliant colors. In the present

condition of the various professions, except farming, they only succeed whom fortune favors by special mental gifts or special personal friendships.

The peace, quiet, and contentment of a cheerful home; the charms of nature, free, unobstructed, lovely; the generous bestowal of an 'unostentatious hospitality;' the patient spirit of him who waits upon the accustomed return of the seasons; the attachment, the joy and pleasure of looking upon the broad acres, the shaded walks, the beautiful landscape, planted, improved, and protected by his own hand; the herds of favorite cattle and sheep which love his coming, the kindly tones of his voice, the gentle stroke of his hand; the respect paid by friends and neighbors to the venerable man who waits only the termination of a virtuous life; the faith in 'the sacred covenant, that while the earth remaineth, sunshine and shower, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest shall not fail,' are his who lives through long years devoted to this, rightly followed, noblest of all occupations—farming.

'He that goeth forth in humility, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.'

APHORISMS.

NO. IV.

INNOVATIONS in religion are very commonly deprecated; but there is one in practice which might very safely be attempted, i. e., to *obey* the gospel. This has been seldom done, even among those that bear the Christian name. How few, even among the members of churches, do really mould their lives from day to day by the teachings of our Lord and his disciples!

This same thought may be presented in another form. Let us remark, then,

that while the true teachings of religion are found in the Bible, yet a new edition of them seems wanted, viz., the actual obedience of those that adopt them as their creed and rule of life. To make these doctrines manifest in the lives of any considerable number among men, would give them a power such as they have rarely had.

We have had a great many translations of the Holy Scriptures; the best of all would be their translation into the daily practice of Christian people.

THE WILD AZALEA.

A MEMORY OF THE HIGHLANDS.

Up on the hills where the young trees grow,
 Looking down on the fields below—
 Long-leaved chestnuts and maples low ;
 Up where lingereth late the sun,
 When the soft spring day is nearly done,
 Dying away in the west ;
 Up where the poplar's silver stem
 Bends by the marsh's grass-fringed hem,
 By the soft May wind caressed ;

Up where the long, slim shadows fall
 From the scarlet oak and the pepperidge tall,
 Where the birds and the squirrels tirelessly call,
 Where in autumn the flowers of the gentian blue
 Look up with their eyes so dark and true,
 Up into the hazy sky,
 Dreaming away as the red leaves drop,
 And the acorn falls from its deep brown cup,
 And the yellow leaves float by ;

Up where the violets, white and blue,
 Bloom in sunshine and the dew,
 Tenderly living their still life through,
 Where the deep-cut leaves of the liverwort grow,
 And the great white flowers of the dogwood blow
 Over the pale anemones ;—
 Cometh a perfume spicily shed
 From the wild Azalea's full-wreathed head
 Lifted among the trees.

There where the sun-flecked shadows lie,
 Quivering light as the breeze laughs by,
 And the leaves all dance 'neath the soft spring sky ;
 Blossoming bright when the twigs grow green,
 And the sunlight falls with a tenderer sheen
 Than comes with the summer noon,
 Blossoming bright where the laurel gleams,
 Lifting its sculptured flowers to the beams
 Of the warm, glad sun of June.

And so it smiles to itself all day,
 Where it stands alone by the mountain way,
 Hearing the merry young leaves at play :

And soft on the stones its smile is cast,
And it laughs with the wind as it saunters past,
The fresh, young wind of May :
And happily thus it lives its life
Till the woods with sounds of summer are rife,
When it silently passes away.

And once again to the hills we go,
When the sun shines warm on the fields below
Where the midsummer lilies are all aglow,
When shadows are thicker, and scarcely the breeze
Stirs a leaf on the gleaming poplar trees,
And low are the streamlet's tones ;
For the bright Azalea we look in vain,
And long for its smile to gladden again
Our hearts and the old gray stones.

A PAIR OF STOCKINGS.

FROM THE ARMY.

KATE was sitting by the window. I was sitting beside her. It may be well to state here that Kate was a young lady, and that I am a young gentleman. Kate had large, lustrous dark eyes, which just then were covered with fringed, drooping eyelashes. She had braids of dark hair wreathed around her head, a soft pink color in her cheeks, and a rosebud mouth, womanly, fresh, and lovely. Kate was clad in a pink muslin dress, with a tiny white ruffle around her white throat. She was armed with four steely needles, which were so many bright arrows that pierced my heart through and through. Over her fingers glided a small blue thread, which proceeded from the ball of yarn I held in my hand.

Kate was knitting a stocking, and surely, irrevocably she was taking me captive ; already I felt myself entangled by those small threads.

We were the inmates of a boarding house. Kate was a new boarder. I had known her but a few weeks.

The evening was warm, and I took up a palm-leaf fan, and fanned her.

She thanked me. I looked at her white hands, gliding in and out under the blue yarn ; there were no rings on those fingers. I thought how nicely one would look upon that ring finger—a tiny gold circlet, with two hearts joined upon it, and on the inside two names written—hers and mine. Then I thought of Kate as my wife, always clad in a pink muslin dress, always with her hair in just such glossy braids, and knitting stockings to the end of time.

‘Kate shall be my wife,’ I said to myself, in rash pride, as I fanned her more energetically. I did not know that the way to a woman’s heart was more intricate than a labyrinth ; but I had the clue in the blue yarn which I held in my hand. I little knew what I undertook. Kate was shy as a wild deer, timid as a fawn, with an atmosphere of reserve about her which one could not well break through.

‘For whom are you knitting those stockings, Miss Kate ?’ I asked.

‘For a soldier, Mr. Armstrong,’ she replied, her eye kindling with patriotism.

'If I will be one of the Home Guards, and stay and take care of you, will you knit me a pair?'

'Never. I feel abundantly able to take care of myself. I wish you would enlist, Mr. Armstrong. When you do, I will knit you a pair.'

'It would be almost worth the sacrifice,' I replied.

'Sacrifice! Would you sacrifice yourself for a pair of stockings? Have you not patriotism enough to offer yourself upon the altar of your country? If I were a man, I would enlist in a moment, though I had ten thousand a year, and a wife and seven children.'

I will confess to you, gentle reader, that I was not such a craven as I appeared. The fires of patriotism were smouldering in my bosom, and I needed only a spark from Kate's hand to light them into life and action. Kate rose and left the room, her cheek glowing with spirit, and I sat and fanned the chair where she had sat, for a few moments. It was too bad to break up the delicious *tête-à-tête* so soon.

I lingered in the parlor after the gas was lighted, but she did not come. I put on my hat, and went out. I would enlist. I had meant to do so all along. I had managed my business in reference to it—the only drawback was the thought of Kate. How pleasant it would be to remind her of her promise, and ask her for the stockings and herself with them! Visions of tender partings and interesting letters floated around me at the thought.

There was a meeting in Tremont Temple in aid of recruiting. Flags hung drooping from the ceiling, bands of music were in attendance in the galleries, and distinguished and eloquent speakers occupied the platform. I do not think their eloquence had much to do with my action, for I had resolved beforehand. I went forward at the close of the meeting, and signed my name to the roll as a Massachusetts volunteer. A pair of hands in the gal-

lery began the thunder of applause that greeted the act. I looked up; Kate was there, clapping enthusiastically. But who was that tall fellow in uniform by her side, with a tremendous mustache, and eyes which flashed brighter than her own? He, then, was the soldier for whom she was knitting the stockings. The rest of the meeting was a blank to me.

I watched, and followed them to the door of the boarding house. I hid myself behind a lamp post, as they paused on the steps. She turned toward him, her face all aglow with feeling.

'Good by, Frank. Take good care of yourself. I'm glad to have you enlist, but so sorry to lose you,' and tears trembled in her eyes.

'Good by, Kate, darling; and after the war is over, I will come home and take care of my bird,' and he turned away.

'Stop Frank!'

'Well, birdie?'

'Those are not fit words to dismiss a soldier with. Here, I'll give you a watchword. Think of it, Frank:

"Never give up! though the grape-shot may rattle

Or the thick thunder cloud over you burst,
Stand like a rock! in the storm or the battle,
Little shall harm you, though doing their worst!"

'Brave words, Kate. You deserve a kiss for them.' It was given. I turned away in desperation, and walked onward, not caring where I went. Policemen watched me, but the lateness of the hour made no difference to me. I could have walked all night. At length I came to a bridge. The moon was shining upon the rippling water. It looked cold and dark, except where the ripples were. There would be a plunge, and then the water would flow on over my head. Why not? I did not know I had loved her with such devotion. It was all over now. She belonged to another. My foot was on the rail. I thought then of the name I had signed to the roll. 'No, Jacob Armstrong, you

have no right to take the life which you have given to your country.' I turned away toward my boarding place, full of bitterness and despair. A tiny glove was on the stairs. I picked it up and pressed it passionately to my lips, and cursed myself for the act as I threw it down again.

The days that followed were weary enough. I made arrangements for my departure with all possible speed. I avoided Kate, and was cold and haughty in my salutations. I am very dignified naturally. I can be an iceberg in human shape when I wish. One evening I went into the parlor before tea, and took up a newspaper. Kate came in. I put on my dignity, and tried to be interested in politics, though I could think of nothing but the dainty figure opposite, and the gleaming needles in her hands. I struggled with the passionate, bitter feelings that rose at the sight of her, and was calm and cold.

'I am glad you have enlisted, Mr. Armstrong,' she said.

'Thank you,' I replied stiffly.

'I suppose you are very busy making preparations?'

'Very.'

'And you are going soon?'

'I hope so.'

Kate left the room. I wished she was back again a thousand times. How kind and shy she looked. If there was a gleam of hope—that tall fellow in uniform—no, she might stay away forever. And yet my heart gave a great leap as she appeared again.

'I want to show you a photograph, Mr. Armstrong,' she said, blushing and smiling. I took it. It was the officer in uniform, with the tremendous mustache and flashing eyes.

'It is my brother Frank. Does he look like me?'

I started as if I had been shot.

'Miss Kate, I want to take a walk now, and I should like some company. Will you go with me?'

'Hadn't we better have tea first?'

she said, smiling. 'The bell has just rung.'

I do not know how that tea passed off, whether we had jumbles or muffins, whether I drank tea or cold water; but I knew that opposite me sat Kate, radiant in pink muslin, and when the interminable tea was over, we were going to take a walk together. I was thinking what I should say. I am generally a sociable and genial man, and it seems to me that on this particular evening I was assaulted with a storm of questions and remarks.

'Don't you think so, Mr. Armstrong?' asked the lady on my right, the lady on my left, and the gentleman in black at the end of the table. I aimed monosyllables at them promiscuously, and have at present no means of knowing whether they fitted the questions and remarks or not.

In the midst of a mental speech, I was vigorously assaulted by Mary, the table girl, and, looking about me in surprise, I caught a glimpse of the boarding-house cat just disappearing through the door:

'And sure, Mr. Armstrong, yer must be blind. The blow was intended for the cat, and she had her paw in yer plate.'

Perhaps you do not know how pleasant it is to take a walk with a little gloved hand resting upon your arm, little feet keeping step with yours, and a soft voice chiming in with everything you say. I was happy on that particular night. We walked on the Common. The stars shone, and the long branches of the old elms swayed to and fro in the moonlight, as we passed under them. It was just the time and place that I liked.

'Miss Kate,' I began, 'in a few days I shall be far away from home and friends, amid danger and death, fighting the battles of my country. I have known you but a short time; but that time has been long enough to show me that I love you with my whole soul. I offer my hand and heart to you. May I not hope that you will sometimes

think of the soldier—that I may carry your heart with me!’

‘I think you may hope,’ she replied, gently; ‘but this is very sudden. I will give you a final answer to-morrow morning.’

When we got home, we went into the dining room, and I helped her to a glass of ice water, and hoped she would linger there a moment; but she was shy, and bade me a kind good night. I didn’t know till the next morning what she was about the rest of the evening; when she met me on the stairs, placed a small parcel in my hands, saying:

‘My answer, Mr. Armstrong,’ and was off like a fawn.

I opened it, and saw the stockings, blue, and warm and soft. A note was stitched in the toe of one of them:

MY DEAR FRIEND: I said I was knitting the stockings for a soldier. I began them, with a patriotic impulse, for no one in particular. I finished them last night, and knit loving thoughts of you in with every stitch. I have always liked you, but I do not think I should have given you my hand if you had not enlisted. I love you, but I love my country more. I give you the stockings. When you wear them, I hope you will sometimes think of her who fashioned them, and who gives herself to you with them.

Yours, KATE.

I reverently folded the tiny note, after having committed it to memory, and repeated its contents to myself all the way to my office, beginning with ‘Mr. Armstrong,’ and ending with ‘Yours, Kate.’ I was in a state of extreme beatification. Kate was mine, noble girl! She loved me, and yet was willing to give me up for her country’s cause. And I began to repeat the note to myself again, when, on a crossing, I was accosted by a biped, commonly known as a small boy:

‘Mister, yer stocking is sticking out of yer pocket.’

I turned calmly around, and addressed him:

‘Boy, I glory in those stockings. I

am willing that the universe should behold them. My destiny is interwoven with them. Every stitch is instinct with life and love.’

‘Don’t see it, mister! Glory, hallelujah!’ and he ended his speech by making an exclamation point of himself, by standing on his head—a very bad practice for small boys. I advise all precocious youngsters, who may read this article, to avoid such positions.

We broke camp, and started off in high spirits. I paraded through the streets with a bouquet of rosebuds on my bayonet. I found a note among them afterward, more fragrant than they.

When our regiment left Boston, it went from Battery Wharf. I went on board the Merrimac. Kate could not pass the lines, and stationed herself in a vessel opposite, where we could look at each other. I aimed a rosebud at her; it fell into the green water, and floated away. The second and third were more successful. She pressed one to her lips and threw it back again; the other she kept. Afterward, with the practical forethought which forms a part of her character, she bought out an apple woman, and stormed me with apples. The vessel left the wharf, and I looked back with eyes fast growing dim, and watched the figure on the dock, bravely waving her white handkerchief as long as I could see.

Well, it is hard for a man to leave home and friends, and all that he holds dear; but I do not regret it, though I have to rough it now. I am writing now beside a bivouac made of poles and cornstalks. My desk is a rude bench. I have just finished my dinner of salt junk and potatoes. On my feet is that pair of stockings. Profanity and almost every vice abounds; there are temptations all around me, but pure lips have promised to pray for me, and I feel that I shall be shielded and guarded, and kept uncontaminated, true to my ‘north star,’ which shines so brightly to me—true to my country and my God.

LITERARY NOTICES.

SORDELLO, STRAFFORD, CHRISTMAS EVE, AND EASTER DAY. By ROBERT BROWNING. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

THE contents of this volume, though now first presented to the American public, are not the latest of the author's writings. It completes, however, Messrs. Ticknor & Fields' reprint of his poetical works. His growing popularity calls for the present publication. We would fain number ourselves among the admirers of the husband of Elizabeth Barrett; the man loved by this truly great poetess, to whom she addressed the refined and imaginative tenderness of the 'Portuguese Sonnets' of whom she writes:

'Or from Browning some 'Pomegranate,' which, if cut deep down the middle, shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity.'

Before the man so loved and honored, we repeat, we would fain bow in reverence. But it may not be; we cannot receive him as a *true* poet—as in any poetic quality the peer of his matchless wife. We hear much of his subtle psychology—we deem it psychological unintelligibility. His rhythm is rough and unmusical, his style harsh and inverted, his imagery cold, his invective bitter, and his verbiage immense. His illustrations are sometimes coarse, his comparisons diminish rather than increase the importance of the ideas to which they are applied. His pages are frequently as chaotic as those of Wagner's music; leaf after leaf may be turned over in the despairing search for a single crystallized idea. Fiery sparks, flying meteors, inchoate masses of nebulous matter are around us, but no glass in our possession can resolve them into ordered orbs of thought and beauty. If a man have anything to say, why not say it in clear, terse, vigorous English, or why use worlds of vigorous words to say nothing. Some years ago, one of Browning's books was sent for review to Douglas Jerrold, who was then

just recovering from an attack of brain fever: after reading it for some time, and finding that he failed to arrive at any clear idea of the meaning of its lines, he began to fear that his brain was again becoming confused, and, handing it to his wife with a request that she would look over it in his absence, went out to drive. Returning in the evening, his first question was: 'Well, my dear, what do you think of Browning's poem?' 'Bother the gibberish,' was her indignant reply, 'I can't understand a word of it.' 'Thank God,' exclaimed Jerrold, clapping his hands to his head triumphantly, 'then I am not actually insane.'

DALETH; OR, THE HOMESTEAD OF THE NATIONS. Egypt Illustrated. By EDWARD L. CLARK. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

A BOOK produced without regard to expense, and of great beauty. Paper and print are excellent. Its illustrations are nearly one hundred in number. It has both woodcuts and chromo-lithographs exquisitely rendered, reproducing the modern scenery and antiquities of Egypt from photographs or authentic sources. Mr. Clark writes well, has travelled through the land of the Nile, and tries to bring before the minds of his readers vivid pictures of primeval times, for which Egypt presents such peculiar and valuable materials. Our writer is a scholar as well as a traveller, and has added to his personal experience considerable research into the authorities from whom many of his facts are derived. He is also an enthusiast, and somewhat of an artist, and gives us glowing pictures of the strange old land of the Pharaohs. He says: 'Daleth, the ancient Hebrew letter (ד), signifies a door. From whatever country we look back along the pathway of the arts and sciences, in the dim distance tower the mighty gateways of Egypt—the homestead of the nations—beneath which the rites of religion and the

blessings of civilization have passed out into the world; and with grateful respect we confess that on the banks of the Nile stands the true Daleth of the Nations.' This idea forms the clew to the whole book, and from hence is derived its title, Daleth. We heartily recommend it to our readers. It merits attention. We quote the last sentence of the short preface: 'That these fragments of the past may reflect for the reader the sunshine they have gathered in three thousand years, is the earnest wish of the author.'

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES, SONGS, SERVICES, AND SPEECHES OF PRIVATE MILES O'REILLY (47th Regiment, New York Volunteers). "The Post of Honor is the Private's Station." With Illustrations by Mullen. From the authentic records of the *New York Herald*. New York: Carleton, publisher, 413 Broadway.

THIS book had established its reputation before it was issued in book form; and will be widely circulated. Our soldiers and sailors, our politicians of all parties will read it. It is evidently from the pen of one familiar with the varied phases of American life and the public service. Many of its songs are full of genuine humor. 'Sambo's Right to be Kilt' is excellent. 'The Review: A Picture of our Veterans,' is full of pathos. 'Miles' is familiar with Admiral DuPont and the monitors in front of Charleston, and is equally at home in Tammany Hall and Democratic Conventions. The publisher describes himself as unable to supply the rapid demand for the book. It is witty, satirical, and humorous; though we occasionally wish for somewhat more refinement.

ELIZA WOODSON; OR, THE EARLY DAYS OF ONE OF THE WORLD'S WORKERS. A Story of American Life. A. J. Davis & Co., 274 Canal street, New York.

WE cannot tell our readers, with any degree of certainty, whether the tale before us is truth or fiction. It seems to be the simple history of an uneventful life, a record rather of the growth of character than an attempt to create the fictitious or tragical. If true it has the interest of fiction; if fictitious, it has the merit of concealing art and closely imitating nature. It contains the inner-life history of a deserted and much-abused little girl, from childhood to maturity. It is detailed, moral, conscientious, and interesting.

BABBLE BROOK SONGS. By J. H. McNATCHTON. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

A VOLUME of original songs and poems. That it comes from the University Press is sufficient guarantee of its superb typography. Of these lyrics we prefer 'Without the Children.'

RUBINA. New York: James G. Gregory, 46 Walker street.

A CLOSE and detailed picture of New England life and character. The poor young orphans have a dismal time of it among their hard and coarse relatives. The sterner forms of Puritanism are well depicted. The scene at the funeral of poor Demia, with its harrowing and denunciatory sermon over the corpse of the innocent girl, is powerful and true. The character of the 'help,' Debby, is drawn from life, and is admirably conceived and sustained. The book is, however, melancholy and monotonous. So many young and generous hearts beating themselves forever against the sharp stones of the baldest utilitarianism; so many bright minds drifting into despair in the surrounding chaos of obstinate, stolid, and perverse ignorance! It is a sadder book than 'The Mill on the Floss,' of which it reminds us. How the aspiring and imaginative must suffer in an atmosphere so cold and blighting!

COUNSEL AND COMFORT: Spoken from a City Pulpit. By the Author of 'The Recreations of a Country Parson.' Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864.

A BOOK truly of good counsel and cheerful comfort. The strong personality of the writer sometimes interferes with the expansiveness of his views, as for instance in the discussion on pulpits; but it may perhaps be to that very strength of personality that we owe the force and directness of the lessons he so encouragingly inculcates.

A WOMAN'S RANSOM. By FREDERICK WILLIAM ROBINSON, Author of 'Grandmother's Money,' 'Under the Spell,' 'Wild Flower,' 'Slaves of the Ring,' 'The House of Life,' etc. Boston: Published by T. O. H. P. Burnham. New York: H. Dexter Hamilton & Co., Oliver S. Felt.

THIS work is published from advance sheets purchased from the English publisher. It is an excellent novel, full of incident and interest. The plot is artistic, and fascinating.

the reader to the end. The element of mystery is skilfully managed, increasing until the final *dénouement*, which is original and unexpected. We commend it to the attention of the lovers of fascinating fiction.

INDUSTRIAL BIOGRAPHY: IRON WORKERS AND TOOL MAKERS. By SAMUEL SMILES, Author of 'Self-Help,' 'Brief Biographies,' and 'Life of George Stephenson.' 'The true Epic of our time, is not *Arms* but *Tools* and *Man*—an infinitely wider kind of Epic.' Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

THIS book may be considered as a continuation of the Series of Memoirs of Industrial Men introduced in Mr. Smiles's 'Lives of Engineers.' The author says that 'while commemorating the names of those who have striven to elevate man above the material and mechanical, the labors of the important industrial class, to whom society owes so much of its comfort and well-being, are also entitled to consideration. Without derogating from the biographic claims of those who minister to intellect and taste, those who minister to utility need not be overlooked.'

Surely the object of this book is a good one. The mechanic should receive his meed of appreciation. Our constructive heroes should not be forgotten, for the heroism of inventive labor has its own romance, and its results aid greatly the cause of human advancement. Most of the information embodied in this volume has heretofore existed only in the memories of the eminent mechanical engineers from whom it has been collected. Facts are here placed on record which would, in the ordinary course of things, have passed into oblivion. All honor to the brave, patient, ingenious, and inventive mechanic!

THE WIFE'S SECRET. By MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS, Author of 'The Rejected Wife,' 'Fashion and Famine,' 'The Old Homestead,' 'Mary Derwent,' etc., etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut street.

MRS. STEPHENS has considerable ability in the construction of her plots and their gradual development. Her stories are always interesting. The wife's secret is well kept, and the *dénouement* admirably managed. The fatal want of moral courage, the suffering caused by mental weakness, the strength of love, the sustaining power of intellect, are portrayed with ability in the book

before us. The moral is unexceptionable throughout.

THE VEIL PARTLY LIFTED, AND JESUS BECOMING VISIBLE. By W. H. FURNESS, Author of 'Remarks on the Four Gospels,' 'Jesus and His Biographers,' 'A History of Jesus,' and 'Thoughts on the Life and Character of Jesus of Nazareth.' Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

INVESTIGATIONS into the life and character of Christ Jesus are everywhere multiplying around us. Attempts to account for the marvels of His glorious Being on a simply natural plane are made in apparent good faith, and with considerable ability. Mr. Furness approaches his subject with reverence: he has studied the man, Jesus, with his heart. The human phases of His marvellous character are elaborated with skill and patience. He regards Christianity as a 'natural product, a product realized, not against, or aside from, but in the established order of things; that were we competent to pronounce upon the purposes of the Infinite Mind, which we are not, we might say that, so far from His being out of the course of nature, nature culminated in Christ, and that, of all that exists, He is the one being profoundly human, preëminently natural.' In the dove which descended at His baptism, Mr. Furness 'discovers the presence of a common dove divested of its ordinary appearance, and transfigured by a rapt imagination into a sign and messenger from heaven.' He says 'there is no intrinsic impossibility in supposing that Jesus was naturally possessed of an unprecedented power of will, by which the extraordinary effects attributed to him were produced.' 'The bloody sweat is an evident fiction—how could blood have been distinguished in the dark?' He pronounces the story of 'the wise men from the east an evident fable.' Mr. Furness puts no faith in the miraculous conception, but believes in the resurrection. He says: 'Bound by irresistible evidence to believe that Jesus was again alive on that memorable morning, I believe it will hereafter appear that He came to life through the extraordinary force of will with which He was endowed, and by which He healed the sick and raised the dead; or, in other words, that consciousness returned to Him by an action of the mind, in

itself no more inscrutable in this case than it is in our daily waking from sleep.'

We deem that there is more difficulty in admitting that Christ rose from the dead by *extraordinary force of will*, than in admitting the truth of the record that He was the only Son of the Father, with full power over life and death. We thank Mr. Furness for the skilful manner in which he has brought to light the infinite tenderness and divine self-forgetfulness of the Redeemer, but we cannot think he has succeeded in lifting the veil of mystery which surrounds the birth, miracles, crucifixion, resurrection, and atonement of the Redeemer. Meantime let Christians who accept revelation in its integrity, throw no stumbling blocks in the way of earnest and candid inquirers, such as Mr. Furness. Is it not true that, dazzled by the *Divine*, we have been too little touched by the exquisite, compassionate, faithful, and child-like *human* character of our Master? Truth seeks the light, and it cannot fall too fully on the perfect; every ray serving but to reveal some new perfection. Let those of fuller faith rejoice in the beauties forever developing in the character of the Holy Victim. Let them patiently pray that those who love Him as an elder brother, may gaze upon His majesty until they see in Him the risen God.

We have found this book interesting and suggestive. It is disgraced by none of the flippant and irreverent sentimentalism which characterizes M. Renan.

Contents: 'Wherein the Teaching of Jesus was New; 'How the Truth of the History is made to appear; 'His Knowledge of Human Nature; 'His Wonder-working Power; 'His Child-likeness; 'The Naturalness of His Teaching; 'The Naturalness of certain Fables found in His History; 'The Genesis of the Gospels'

THE CAMPANER THAL, and Other Writings.

From the German of JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE "other writings" in the work before us are: Life of Quintus Fixlein, Schmelzle's Journey to Flätz, *Analects* from Richter, and Miscellaneous Pieces. The Life of Quintus Fixlein and Schmelzle's Journey to Flätz are both translated by that ardent admirer of Richter's genius, Thomas Carlyle; a suffi-

cient guarantee that the spirit and beauty of the original are fully rendered. The *Analects* are translated by the brilliant writer, Thomas de Quincey.

Richter died while engaged, under recent and almost total blindness, in enlarging and remodelling the *Campamer Thal*, or *Discourses* on the Immortality of the Soul. 'The unfinished manuscript was borne upon his coffin to the burial vault; and Klopstock's hymn, *Auferstehen wirst du!* 'Thou shalt arise, my soul!' can seldom have been sung with more appropriate application than over the grave of Jean Paul.'

The works of Jean Paul require no praise from the hands of the reviewer; his name is a true 'open sesame' to all hearts. Not to know him argues one's self unknown. Some of his finest passages are to be found in the *Campamer Thal*. It was written from his heart, and embodies his conviction of immortality. How tender its imagery, how rich its consoling suggestions, how all-embracing its arabesques, how original its structure! That its author should grow in favor with our people, would be a convincing proof of their own progress. So many different powers unite in him, that he has been well styled by his own people 'The only.' The vigor and rough strength of the man, with the delicacy and tenderness of the woman; glowing imagination with wondrous stores of erudition; fancy with exactness; the most loving heart with the keenest insight into the foibles of his fellows; the wit of a Swift with the romance of a Rousseau—but why attempt to describe the indescribable, to give portraits of the Proteus who changes as we gaze upon him?

Meanwhile, we heartily commend Jean Paul to the notice of our readers, and thank the publishers who are placing his great works within the reach of those who cannot read him in the original.

THE WIND HARP, and Other Poems. By ELLEN CLEMENTINE HOWARTH. Philadelphia: Willis P. Hazard.

IF we have been correctly informed, the author of this book is an Irish woman living in Trenton, N. Y., whose husband is a laboring man, and, like herself, in humble circumstances. She has quite a large family, lives in a small tenement, and is obliged to labor daily for a subsistence for herself and family.

When she came to this country from Ireland, she could scarcely write a grammatical sentence; and all the information of history and the classics which she has, she has derived from such books as have accidentally fallen in her hands. She is extremely modest and retiring, and does not seem to be at all conscious of the genius with which she is endowed. Mrs. Howarth possesses the poetical talent of the Irish race. Her rhythm is musical, flowing, and pure; her thoughts gentle and womanly; her diction refined; her form good; her powers of imitation great. What she wants now is more self-reliance, that she may write from the inner life of her own experience. Her poems lack originality. Let her not fear to dip her pen in her own heart, and sing to us the joys and sorrows of the poor. Burns were a better study for her than Moore; the Corn Law

rhymers than Poe. With her talents and the cultivation she has acquired, her familiarity with the hopes, fears, and realities of a life of labor will give her great advantages as the poetess of the faithful, suffering poor.

BOOKS RECEIVED TOO LATE FOR
REVIEW.

LYRICS OF A DAY; OR, NEWSPAPER POETRY.
By a Volunteer of the U.S. Service. New
York: Carleton, publisher, 413 Broadway.

RED-TAPE AND PIGEON-HOLE GENERALS: as
Seen from the Ranks during a Campaign in the
Army of the Potomac. By a Citizen
Soldier.

'We must be brief when traitors brave the
field.'

New York: Carleton, publisher, 413
Broadway.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER AND JEAN
INGELOW.

EXTREMES ever meet, and our age, which is preëminently occupied with physical science and material comfort and aggrandizement, is also eminently productive in good poetry. There should be no antithesis between the words *physical science* and *poetry*. The secrets of the Universe, the ways of God's working, are surely the highest poetry; but the greater number of scientists have willed a divorce between the material and the spiritual, and decry that very imaginative faculty which, in the case of Kepler, bore such wonderful fruits for science. Facts are very well, and induction is also well, but science requires the aid of the creative and divining imagination to order the details and draw thence the broader and higher generalizations. Let us hope that the good common sense of the in-coming half-century will annul the divorce, and again unite on a solid basis spheres that should never have been so far sundered.

Meantime, we cannot but remark the number of good poems meeting us on every hand, not only from writers known to fame, but also from the living tombs of obscure country newspapers. We know it is the fashion to deride such productions, and sneer at the 'would-be poets.' Let critics speak the truth fearlessly, but let them never prefer the glitter of a self-glorifying search for faults to the more amiable but less piquant occupation of discovering solid thought, earnest feeling, and poetic fancy. It is well to discourage insipidity, impudent pretension, and every species of affectation; but critics are, like authors, fallible, and not unfrequently present glaring examples of the very faults they condemn. In any case where the knife is needed, let it be used firmly but gently, that, while the patient bleeds, he may feel the wound has been inflicted by no unloving, cynical hand, but was really intended for his ultimate good. Let the instrument be finely tempered, and neither coarse nor rough. We can all recall a few

cases where a rude treatment has effected a cure, but only by draining the life blood of the victim, or by turning every better human feeling into bitterness and corroding gall. Words of blame intended to fall upon the hearts of the young, or of the old, should always be spoken kindly, for we can never know how deeply they may penetrate, what tender schemes for widowed mother, aspiring brother, portionless sister, or starving wife and children they may shatter. The public is a pretty keen judge, and will in most cases drop works devoid of the immortal elements of genius. The critic may point the way, but he need add no unnecessary stab to a downfall sure and bitter.

This digression, however, has no bearing upon the honored names heading this table, as both now have become 'household words' in our midst. Both are acknowledged as *real poets*, but how different are they in style, and mode of thought! Jean Ingelow, as the more brilliant, is the more general favorite, Adelaide Procter having as yet scarcely received her due meed of praise. Miss Ingelow exhibits an exuberant fancy, a luxurious wealth of diction, and a generally fine poetic sense of form; her thoughts are sound, and their dress new and sterling; but the volume we have read is one to please the fancy and gratify the intellect rather than touch the heart. The style is occasionally obscure and the thought difficult to follow. Of course one can always find a meaning, but one is not always sure of interpreting according to the author's intentions. This quality, found largely in the school of Robert Browning, is one to be guarded against. Mrs. Browning sometimes deals in such involutions, but her style is so evidently an essential part of herself, that we rarely think of affectation in connection with it. It is pleasanter to dream our own dreams, than to follow any author into a tangled maze, whence we, and not he, must furnish the clew for egress.

The 'Songs of Seven' and 'The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire' are truly fine poems, to us the most complete and sustained in the entire collection. In 'Requiescat in Pace,' we are carried so far away from the actualities of life that we scarcely care whether the lover be dead or living. As in a fairy tale, we read for the sake of curiosity, admiring sundry touches here and

there, but feeling nothing. Miss Ingelow's rhythm is good, and her language musical.

The style of Adelaide Procter is singularly lucid and direct; she has but little command of poetic ornament, and we rarely think of her choice of words. *Pathos, and a close, keen representation of human experience*, are her distinguishing characteristics. She is a poet to read when the soul is wrung, and longs for the solace of communion with a noble, tender, sympathetic human heart. The very absence of ornament brings the thoughts and feelings nearer to our needs. Her poems are evidently pictures of real human souls, and not poetic imaginings of what human beings might feel under such and such circumstances. There are many of Miss Procter's tales and shorter poems which bring tears to the eyes of all who have really lived and sorrowed, and the more we read them, the more do they come home to us. We feel as if we could take their author into our heart of hearts, and make all the world love her as do we. With her, brilliancy of imagery and description are replaced by a sentimentousness and concentration of expression that suddenly strike home some truth perhaps well known, but little dwelt on. For instance, in 'A Legend of Provence,' we find:

'Kind hearts are here; yet would the tenderest one
Have limits to its mercy: God has none.
And man's forgiveness may be true and sweet,
But yet he stoops to give it. More complete
Is Love that lays forgiveness at thy feet,
And pleads with thee to raise it. Only Heaven
Means crowned, not vanquished, when it says,
'Forgiven!''

Again, in 'The Present:'

'Noble things the great Past promised,
Holy dreams, both strange and new;
But the Present shall fulfil them,
What he promised she shall do.
* * * * *
'She is wise with all his wisdom,
Living on his grave she stands,
On her brow she bears his laurels,
And his harvest in her hands.'

'Links with Heaven' is a continued series of tender, original thoughts, expressed in the same terse and striking, but simple manner. 'Homeless,' 'Treasures,' 'Incompetences,' 'Light and Shade,' are, among the smaller poems, fine specimens of her distinguishing

merits; while of the longer, 'Three Evenings in a Life,' 'Philip and Mildred,' and 'Homeward Bound' cannot fail to charm all who love to read a real page from the experience of humanity.

Both Jean Ingelow and Adelaide Procter are thoroughly penetrated by profound religious convictions, the faith and charity of the latter being especially vivid and pervading. The one has a preponderance of the beautiful gift of a rich fancy, while to the other was given in greater degree the power of the penetrative and sympathetic imagination. The one, as we read, recalls to us a glittering heap of precious, shining jewels; the other, the first cluster of spring violets, wreaths of virginal lilies and midsummer roses, growths of cypress sound to the core, rosemary, sage, and all healing herbs, branches of scarlet maple leaves, and lovely wayside gentians, adorned by the hand of the Great Artist, and blue as heaven itself.

But a little while ago, the Angel, Death, 'who comes in love and pity, and, to save our treasures, claims them all,' bore away her pure soul along the 'misty pathway' to everlasting peace and joy. L. D. P.

LOYAL Women of America, this will greet you in the midst of the great Metropolitan Fair, and we congratulate you upon the success of the heavy work you have undertaken and accomplished! When God was manifest to men, he came to work for others, and you are treading in the highest path when you follow in the footsteps of the Master. Claim and perform your natural *duties*, show yourselves capable of self-abnegation, evince your determination to support the cause of justice, to be loyal to the humane principles of our Constitution—and all the *rights* which you may postulate, will be conceded you. This war in which you have suffered so much, made so many sacrifices, has developed your energies, shown your capabilities, revealed your noble hearts, and convinced the world that woman is the strong and vigorous *helpmate*, and not the weak, if beautiful, *toy* of man. The Government looks to you as its best aid, for moral sanction is its living soul; it looks to you for higher life, for, unless the heart of love is the throbbing life-pulse of Government, it

sinks into a dull, lethargic mechanism. Far above the din of faction, the red tape of cabinets, the rivalry of generals, the strife of politicians, shines the resolve, and pulses the determination of woman, that *mankind shall be free*. For this, the dusky nation bless her as she moves; the frightened mother torn from her child, the maiden sold to shame, call upon her to deliver them from infamy and the devouring hunger of a robbed mother's heart. The wronged children of Ham arise and call her 'Blessed.'

But it is with the men of her own race, that woman is weaving the golden web of priceless sympathies. Woven of her tenderness, it sparkles with man's deathless gratitude. The soldier feels her gracious being in every throb of his true heart. Her love and care are forever around him. In his lonely night watches, his long marches, his wearisome details of duty, his absence from home, his countless deprivations, he thinks of the women of his country, and is proud that he may be their defender. This thought stimulates him on the field of battle, and nerves his arm to deeds of glory. And when he falls, he falls into the arms which the foresight and compassion of woman spread ~~th~~ where around him. The Sanitary Commission is her representative. She sends it to him to breathe of her in his hour of pain. Through it she watches o'er him as he lies low and bleeding on the dreadful field, surrounded by the dead and dying; she sends her ambulances there to bear him to shelter and comfort; her surgeons stanch the noble blood, remove the shattered limbs, quench the stifling thirst, working with a tenderness sucked in with the mother's milk. In the hospital, in her own gentle person, she soothes his restless hours, watches o'er his sleepless couch, dresses his mangled limbs, bears him up with her own faith, giving her strength to aid his weakness, she leads him back to life, or, if death must come, up to God. American Women, live up to the holy duties now demanded of you, and your rights will all be conceded, higher, holier, deeper, broader, more vital than any for which you have yet asked or hoped. The esteem and veneration of the very men who have scorned you for your love of luxury, laughed at you for your ridiculous aping of foreign aristocracy, jeered at you for your love of glitter, your thirst for wealth, your

frivolity and folly, and despised you for your arrogance and heartlessness—are already yours. Contempt for you has passed away forever. Let the dead past bury its dead. American women solve the riddle of woman's destiny. Vast is her field and heritage: all who suffer belong to her. Her heart is the strength of love and charity; her mind, justice and the rights of all who bear the human form; her soul, God's temple among men, in which dwell the angels of Purity, Sacrifice, and Devotion. Love to God and man is her creed, self-abnegation her crown, faith her oriflamme, strength her gift, life her guerdon, and immortality her portion.

American Women, we place a soldier's song before you:

A SOLDIER'S PSALM OF WOMAN.

BY LIEUT. RICHARD BEALF.

Down all the shining lapse of days
That grow and grow forever
In truer love and better praise
Of the Almighty Giver—
Whatever God-like impulses
Have blossomed in the human,
The most divine and fair of these
Sprang from the soul of woman.
Her heart it is preserves the flower
Of sacrificial duty,
Which, blown across the blackest hour,
Transfigures it to beauty;
Her hands that streak these solemn years
With vivifying graces,
And crown the foreheads of our fears
With light from higher places.

O wives and mothers, sanctified
By holy consecrations,
Turning our weariness aside
With blessed ministrations!
O maidens, in whose dewy eyes
Perennial comforts glitter,
Untangling War's dark mysteries
And making sweet the bitter;—

In desolate paths, on dangerous peaks,
By places which, to-morrow,
Shall be unto these bannered hosts
Aceldemas of sorrow,
We hear the sound of helping feet,
We feel your soft caressings;
And all our life starts up to greet
Your lovingness with blessings!

On cots of pain, on beds of woe,
Where stricken heroes languish,
Wan faces smile and sick hearts grow
Triumphant over anguish;
While souls that starve in lonely gloom
Flush green with odorous praises,
And all the lowly pallets bloom
With Gratitude's white daisies.

O lips that from our wounds have sucked
The fever and the burning!
O tender fingers that have plucked
The madness from our mourning!
O hearts that beat so loyal-true
For soothing and for saving—
God send your own hopes back to you,
Crowned with immortal having!

Thank God!—O Love! whereby we know
Beyond our little seeing,
And feel serene compassions flow
Around the ache of being:—
Lo! clear o'er all the pain and dread
Of our most sore affliction,
The shining wings of Peace are spread
In brooding benediction!

WE have been requested by the author of 'Hannah Thurston,' an article in our April number, to correct a typographical error (the omission of the word *all*) in said article. The mutilated sentence originally read: "I cannot think that marriage is essential to, or even best for, the happiness of *all* women."

ED. COX.

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a poor Article

ERNEST RENAN'S THEORY.

CHRISTIANITY is a fact. We sometimes hear of men who are said to 'deny' 'Christianity.' The expression is nonsense. Men cannot deny the sun. Christianity has been a visible thing, on this planet, for eighteen hundred years. It has done a heavy amount of work, which is very visible too. It is altogether too late in the day to 'deny Christianity.'

That is the first thing to be understood. There is no arguing against the fact. You must take the fact and make the best of it. If your theory requires the annihilation of the fact, it's a bad thing for your theory, for the fact insists on staying. What an amount of fearfully laborious stupidity we would have been saved, if only that plain principle had been remembered!

Christianity has stood face to face with the world, for ages, a hard, stern, uncompromising reality. With a pair of tremendous arms it has worked, fought, endured, conquered, destroyed, builded, all over the earth. It has burned its brand into time. It has stamped its footprints in fire and brightness on earth and sea. It so stands, a great, wonderful, triumphant, flaming fact, blazing through the ages, flam-

ing to the stars, melting, moulding, enlightening humanity.

The first thing to be remembered, then, by Christian and unbeliever alike, when they come to speak of Christianity, is that these things are not the matters in debate. They are the facts to be explained, to be accounted for. In all argument they themselves must first be taken for granted.

That is to say, here is this religion, certainly to any thoughtful man the most wonderful thing, take it all in all, that history has to tell about. It starts in an obscure corner of an obscure province. Its founder dies as a felon among felons. Its teachers are stupid peasants, fettered by a narrow dialect of an almost unknown tongue. Its whole origin is barbarous, ignorant, disgraceful by any worldly judgment. So it begins. As it spreads, imperial Rome takes alarm, and turns to crush the barbarous fanaticism, in the pride of her learning, civilization, and power. She plants her iron heel on the neck of the creeping sect. She presses it down with her gigantic weight. Time passes. The little sect that began in an obscure city of an obscure province, 'the number of the names together being an

hundred and twenty,' in less than three centuries masters the world's crowned mistress, and plants its standard in triumph, to remain forever, on the Seven Eternal Hills. Resistless Rome is beaten to her knees, every national reverence, every national divinity trampled on, and spit upon, and the barbarous and disgraceful sect sets its ignominious mark, *the cross of the condemned slave*, on every monument of Roman reverence, on every trophy of Roman greatness.

There never was such an utter conquest. A pure idea, without a material hand or weapon, domineers over the greatest empire under the sun, in spite of the whole power of that empire armed to crush it.

And, after Rome fell, the huge carcase beaten to the dust, and torn to fragments by the wild creatures that hung upon her borders, this wondrous mystery, this barbarous, obscure faith alone remained, invincible among the powers of Rome. Roman civilization was crushed to the earth, as the Roman legions were. Roman law was trampled out of sight, as Roman art and literature were; but Christianity stood up and faced the Vandal and the Goth, the Frank and Saxon, as it had faced the Cæsars before, and dragged the conquerors of the empire suppliants at the feet of the church. It built a Christian Europe out of the savage hordes of Asia, and made an England, and a Germany, and at last an America out of wild Goth and Ungar, out of bloody Frank and savage Dane.

Now all this is simply *matter of fact*. My belief in Christianity does not add one jot to these facts. My disbelief does not take one tittle from them. So far as they are concerned, every man is a believer in Christianity. He believes it exists. He believes it has existed, has had such and such a history, has produced such and such results. 'Christian' and 'infidel' alike, to be reasonable, to have any ground for reasonable discussion, go thus far together.

They may differ in their explanations of the facts. That is the only ground of difference. There is the point of separation. It is perfectly logical too. *Prima facie*, we have no complaint to make that they do differ. And here lies the improvement in the modern type of 'unbeliever.' He does not take the line of his older brethren, and rudely assail Christianity as a mere imposture with Voltaire and Paine. That sort of work has had its day. He, on the other hand, freely admits its beneficent achievements. He has grown reasonable. He accepts Christianity, as the believer does, as a fruitful, beneficent, and conquering fact. He only holds that its existence and its achievements may be accounted for in a far more satisfactory way than we 'believers' have discovered.

Now all this is comprehensible, and it is really, now, the ground of difference between those who believe in Christianity as divine, and those who hold it to be merely human. It is a clear and simple issue. Christianity accounts for itself and its work on a certain plain, straightforward, and consistent theory. It holds that theory to be reasonable, complete, ample, for all the facts. A number of people join issue just here with Christianity. They admit its facts, but they deny its manner of explaining them. They claim to put forward other methods of explanation, which shall be more reasonable, more natural, and, at the same time, just as ample for the facts. We have had a number of these philosophers, with their theories, and they have had various fortunes. On the whole, the Christian world has gone on about as usual, accepting the old explanation, adopting the old theory, a hundred to one, and has dropped the new theories one after another, after more or less investigation, into profound oblivion.

Now we are free to admit the old theory has its difficulties. There are 'things in it hard to be understood.' There are mysteries and wonders which

it does not attempt to explain. There are 'hard sayings' which it leaves hard. And the new theories always claim to have no difficulties. They blame the old one bitterly because it tolerates them. They themselves claim to be 'reasonable,' they 'explain' everything.

They therefore challenge the trial. If they fail to be 'reasonable,' or if they can only be reasonable at the expense of some of the facts—that is to say, if they find no place for some of the authentic facts, and so have to explain them away; or if, on the whole, they make too large drafts on our credulity, and demand too great a power of faith—we have the logical right to dismiss them out of our presence with scant courtesy, and are bound to hold by the old explanation still.

The last man who has come forward with his theory of Christianity is Monsieur Ernest Renan, a Frenchman, a member of the Institute, and a Semitic scholar of some considerable pretensions. He broaches his theory in a book, which he calls 'The Life of Jesus.' He offers it to the world, through that book, as an improvement on the accepted one. We propose here to look at M. Renan's theory, and see whether it has any advantages to offer over that usually taught in churches in America, and which the present writer learned, some *lustra* ago, while catechized at the chancel veil, and which his children are learning now.

It makes the examination easier that M. Renan freely and fully admits the achievements of Christianity. Indeed he glories over them. The beneficence of Christianity, its hallowing and elevating power in the history of the world, its wondrous blessedness among men, the glory it has cast over human life and human aims, the nobleness it has conferred on human character, all these he takes a pride in confessing and appreciating. He will not be a whit behind the stanchest believer in acknowledging the power of these, or in the capacity of prizing these.

But he cannot accept the explanation Christianity gives of itself. He proposes another of his own. We may take his theory as the fruit and flower of all 'liberal' thought. Here, at last, is what unbelieving learning and philosophy have to offer in lieu of the divine origin of Christianity. After a good deal of loud boasting, after a large amount of supercilious sneering, we have here the result of that 'profound criticism' and that 'careful scholarship' which have been laboring for years, in Europe, to destroy the supernatural bases of faith. We are justified, from M. Renan's position and character, in taking it for granted, that his book is the best that modern unbelief has to offer, his theory the most satisfactory that the deniers of the divine origin of Christianity can frame.

In examining that theory, at the first, a suspicious thing strikes a calm observer. It is the reckless way in which M. Renan deals with his authorities. For, be it remarked that, with only one or two outside hints in Josephus and Tacitus, the Four Gospels contain *all* that we know of the 'Life of Jesus.' They are formally and professedly His biographies. They were expressly written to present the outlines of His life and teaching in connected form. All that we know of Him, His birth, life, and death, is contained in these four narrations. The utmost learning and the utmost simplicity here stand side by side. The most unlearned reader of THE CONTINENTAL is just as well informed, with the Four Gospels in his hand, as any 'member' of any 'Academy' under the sun. Out of these Four Gospels, M. Renan has to construct his 'Life of Jesus.' But he has *a theory*, and that theory does not seem to be the one set forth in the Four Gospels; so he just rejects whatever goes against his theory, garbles, clips, denies, assents, and colors, with an assurance, amusing for its impudence, if it were not so criminal for its recklessness.

On the very threshold he asserts, in the teeth of his sole authorities, that Jesus was born in *Nazareth*! He refers his startled reader to a footnote. That footnote informs him that the 'assessment under Quirinus, by which He is sought to be connected with Bethlehem,' took place ten years after. We are to take this on M. Renan's sole authority. We are to fling the Gospels over on the strength of a footnote! Now it is simply impossible that M. Renan can be ignorant that there are very satisfactory ways of explaining this difficulty, otherwise than by charging a *forgery*. Josephus, whom he cites to prove the *assessment* to be ten years after, would have informed him that the preliminary *enrolment* took place at the time mentioned, and that it *did* extend over Herod's dominions. Moreover, the authorities for this last fact are *not* Christian *only*, as he says. They are Josephus, a Jew, and Suetonius, a pagan.

This is only an instance, on the threshold, of what occurs, a hundred times, in the book. Any statement which stands in the way of the writer's hypothesis, is swept out of existence at one pen-stroke. Calm historical relations, evidently most essential portions of the writings, are treated as forgeries, or deceptions, without a condescending why or wherefore, if they embarrass the writer.

That large portion of the Gospels, the miracles, is scarcely worth a thought from M. Renan. He dismisses the whole question of miracles with a *bon mot*. 'Many people followed Jesus into the desert. Thanks to their extreme frugality, they lived there. They naturally believed they saw in that a miracle.' Now is not that wonderful! The circumstantial relation of the miraculous feeding is supposed to be satisfactorily explained by people 'naturally believing' that *frugality* was 'a miracle'! But the great miracle of all, the miracle which seals the story, which gives ground of hope and faith

to all Christian men, that miracle, without which they have always felt the Gospel would be preached in vain, that grand consummating and awful miracle, which flashed brightness into the sepulchre, which shot the light of immortality athwart the darkness of Death, and gave mortal man a sure grasp on immortality, that great crowning miracle, the resurrection of our Lord, on which so much depended, which so many jealous eyes were watching, which was so early asserted on the very spot where it claims to have occurred—this M. Renan treats as unworthy serious refutation. It is not even necessary to try to disprove it. It is simply sufficient for him to mention 'the strong *imagination* of Mary Magdalene,' and to exclaim so *beautifully*!—'Divine power of love, sacred moments in which the passion of a hallucinated woman gives to the world a resurrected God!'

There it is! The *doctrine* of the resurrection, and all that clings around it for humanity, the doctrine preached always as one of the foundations of the faith ('because he preached unto them Jesus and the resurrection'), and the *fact* of the resurrection, the fact always put forth as the clinching argument, the justification of the whole story, thrown into the face of Jew and Greek as a perpetual challenge—this doctrine and this fact are disposed of by a bit of sickly sentiment!

Now, this sort of thing may be very rhetorical, and very beautiful, when done up in approved, sentimental French, but it is certainly neither logical nor philosophical. We have a right to insist that M. Renan shall come with no theory which compels him to reject half the facts unexamined, and to garble and misuse half the rest. Those facts stand on the same ground as all the others. The same authority which tells us that Christ lived at Nazareth, tells us also that He fed five thousand with five loaves and two small fishes. M. Renan accepts the first statement,

without examination, and denies the second, without examination. He does this because he has made up his mind beforehand that *prima facie* a miracle is impossible. But that carries us out of the line of historical investigation altogether. That is a question of metaphysics. M. Renan's decision of the question is not admitted by any means universally, not even frequently. The truer decision as well as the more philosophical is that, *prima facie*, all things are possible, except contradictions.

At all events, we hold that the Four Evangelists stand on their own merits. They are not to be declared impostors, either in whole or in part, beforehand, in order to save a metaphysical theory.

The same logical viciousness shows itself in M. Renan's treatment of the Prophets. Daniel never could have written the book attributed to him, he says, because that book contains statements of fact which occurred long after Daniel! That is to say, M. Renan does not believe in such a thing as prophecy, and, by consequence, Daniel never wrote the book of Daniel! This is taking things for granted with a witness.

And, by the way, we may as well ease our minds just here concerning another trick of the school to which M. Renan belongs, and of which he furnishes many marked examples. We mean the trick of arbitrarily deciding by what they are pleased to call 'philological criticism,' all about all the books and nearly all the chapters in the Bible. 'Learned men are agreed that such and such chapters were not written by Isaiah.' 'It is clear, from internal evidence of style, that this book was made up of earlier scattered memoranda.' 'These chapters, it is evident, were not written till such and such a time.' 'The best critics are agreed that this narration was added long after the writing of the book.' This is the way they write, to the astonishment of the simple.

When we were younger, this sort of

talk seemed to our simplicity to be exceedingly imposing. We actually believed that there were a set of people, in Germany, at least, who could look at a Hebrew chapter and tell you who wrote it, when he wrote it, how he wrote it, and why; and the who, when, how, and why, should be each different from those mentioned by the author of the book himself. As years removed the credulous simplicity of childhood, we found out that this was only a trick of the trade. We discovered that no two of these doctors agreed among themselves, that the line of argument they followed would disprove the authorship of any page ever written, that decisions from difference of style, wise as they might be, philologically, were, rationally and logically, nonsensical; for Burns, no doubt, wrote his *letters* as well as his *poems*, and Shakspeare's 'Sonnets' were written by the hand that wrote 'King Lear,' although, according to these wise doctors, it is assumed to be utterly impossible that the same man can use two styles, or that a man at seventy will write otherwise than he did at thirty. In short, we discovered that there is nothing more arbitrary, more opinionated, and more unphilosophical than this 'philological criticism.' Applied, as these wonderful German doctors apply it, to any book ever penned, and it can be shown, 'as the result of high critical ability,' that no author ever wrote his own book. It is the easiest thing in the world to prove that Shakspeare never wrote 'Shakspeare,' that Milton never wrote 'Paradise Lost,' that 'Johnson's Dictionary' just 'grewed' like Topsey, and was never made at all, and, to name small things with great, that M. Renan never wrote the 'Life of Jesus.'

When we read, then, that 'it is certain that Isaiah never wrote this chapter,' that 'St. John could not possibly have written the fourth Gospel,' that 'this book is composed, undoubtedly, of fragments of earlier writings,' or that

'this' other 'is the growth of a certain school,' we advise simple Christians to take it easy. They are to understand that the world goes on much as usual, and that their family Bibles still contain the old Table of Contents. There has been no wonderful discovery made, no ancient book catalogues have come to light, no files of ancient documents have been dug up. There are still just the old facts and the old evidence on which Christians made up their minds sixteen or seventeen hundred years ago. The amount of all this talk is only that 'the great Doctor Teufelsdröck' or 'the learned Professor Von Baum' has hazarded a guess, and made an assertion, which every other 'great doctor' and 'learned professor' will contradict, and displace with another guess just as probable, in three months' time. There are men just as learned and just as honest who have examined their guesses, and find them poor inventions indeed. And we have a right to deny point blank the assertions so flippantly made by men like M. Renan. 'It is *universally acknowledged* that this book was never written by Daniel or Isaiah or Jeremiah,' 'It is *certain* this chapter is an addition of such and such a date,' etc. It is *not* universally acknowledged. It is *not* certain. The whole thing is pure guesswork. There is only one way to prove the authorship of a book, and that is *by testimony*. There is nothing under the sun more absurd, philologically, than that a common and very poor stock-actor should have written 'Hamlet.' We know he did write it, however, not by 'internal evidence,' or from 'philological criticism,' but by plain human testimony to the *fact*. We cite that, and leave the 'internal' critics to their profound babble on vowels and consonants, on long and short syllables, and let them do with the fact the best they can.

In other words, there is no way by which I can determine whether St. John wrote his Gospel except by *testimony*. I do not know beforehand *how*

St. John would write. I can therefore judge nothing by 'style.' All I can do is to ask of competent witnesses. I do ask. I am told by such witnesses, straight up to his own day, that he *did* write this Gospel, that this is the very one which we now have, for they cite it and mention its peculiarities. I accept the fact, as I do in the case of Shakespeare, and let the wise 'critics' settle it among them.

The attempt, therefore, on the part of M. Renan, to get rid of those large portions of the Gospels which embarrass him in his theory, by attempting to discredit their authorship, while, at the same time, he accepts other parts, that stand on the same authority, and the supercilious way in which he ignores that large part which the miracles fill, turning them off with a small witicism, or a smaller bit of sentiment, suggest, at the start, decided suspicions of the honesty of his intentions and the sufficiency of his theory.

We only hint at these things here. They occur all through his book. They are not evidence of learning or critical skill. There are no *secrets* for deciding such matters. The whole *data* have been public for ages. All the 'members of the Institute' together do not possess one grain of evidence that any ordinary scholar in America does not possess as well. M. Renan rejects, or discredits, or garbles, or slips over silently, because he finds it necessary for his theory. That is all. He pettifogs with his witnesses to establish his theory.

That theory is, that He, whom all Christians have called Our Lord, was a mere man, of what race is uncertain, born in Galilee of a man name Joseph and of a woman named Mary; who taught in Galilee and a little in Judea, and who was at last killed and buried, and so an end of *Him*. This theory M. Renan has to find in the Gospels, and there is, as we have hinted, very little of the Gospels left when he gets through. It is so palpably against

them that he has to get rid of the most of them to make it stand.

Now this theory, like all others, must be put to the test. Will it explain the facts? We have seen how it is compelled to get rid of the Gospels. But we put that aside. Will it explain the history of Christianity? Will it explain its place to-day? Will it account for its effects?

The Jesus of M. Renan is a strange character. He is more difficult of comprehension than any mystery of orthodoxy. We ask where He gets His wondrous wisdom, this young carpenter, how *He* learned to speak 'as man never spoke?' and M. Renan sentimentalizes. We ask how He got this wondrous power over men, to lead them and control them, so that they followed Him and 'heard Him gladly,' and M. Renan goes off into ecstasies over the 'delicious climate' and 'the lovely villages,' and the Arcadian simplicity of Galilee, as he fancies they once were, and expects us to be answered. His influence over women is accounted for more readily. M. Renan tells us, in his peculiar way, that 'this beautiful young man' had great power over the 'nervous' susceptibilities of Mary Magdalene; and Pilate's wife, having once seen him, 'dreamed about him' the next night, and sent to her husband to save him in consequence!

However, He begins His teaching. Where He learned it, how He learned it, why it took the form it did, how *He* came to give moral law to the world, where He found the words of wisdom and consolation—the divine words of power—for all generations, there is positively not one sentence of explanation. Of all the young Jews of His day, how came He by these powers and this omnipotent wisdom? Now the Christian theory *does* attempt an explanation. It gives an ample answer to the question. M. Renan gives no answer whatever. He flies to sentiment. We have all sorts of adjectives—'delicious,' 'enchancing,' 'beautiful,' 'sweet,'

'charming'—he beats a whole female seminary at the business, in attempting to describe how, like full-grown babes, everybody in Galilee lived, so innocent, so simple, so Arcadian were they all—and *that is all!* What shall a man do, whom this fine style of novel writing doesn't answer—to whom, in fact, it seems just a bit of disgusting nonsense? Is this wonderful power, this omnipotent wisdom, a production of the 'delicious' climate? Is this all 'philosophical criticism' has to offer, and is he to accept that as more reasonable than the Gospel theory that they were supernatural and divine?

In this wonderful romantic dialect, M. Renan describes the beginning of our Lord's ministry. He is embarrassed, however, by the fact that, as Jesus goes on, He Himself makes claims, and sets up pretensions, and exercises powers, which are totally at variance with the proposed explanation. M. Renan cannot deny that He claimed to be the Son of God, the Messiah, the Son of David, that He claimed to work 'miracles,' to possess supernatural powers, to be somewhat altogether different from the amiable, sentimental, young carpenter of his modern biographer.

How is this to be got on with? Why, by declaring boldly that Jesus was half deceiver and half deceived! by accepting the difficulty, and confessing that He cheated men for their good—that, as they wished to be deceived, He stooped to deceive them, and at last half deceived Himself!

We know nothing more thoroughly *immoral* than is M. Renan on this matter. This Jesus of his, about whom he sentimentalizes, whom he declares a thousand times to be so 'charming,' and so 'divine,' and the rest, turns out to be a deliberate cheat and quack, putting out claims He does not Himself believe, and acting in sham miracles which people coax Him, according to his biographer, to perform.

The raising of Lazarus, for instance, which M. Renan would like to turn

out of the Gospels, but which he is forced to confess must stay—according to him, was a deliberate, planned, stage performance, a gross piece of juggling imposition. Now we do not object *per se* to M. Renan's taking that view of it. He has a perfect freedom of choice. We *do* object to the immorality, the essential blindness to right and wrong, which lead him to apologize for the cheat, and try to prove it a perfectly innocent and justifiable thing. We protest against confounding eternal distinctions, against debauching conscience by proving wrong right, and a cheat an innocent bit of acting, against claiming an impostor and a liar as the high priest of the world's 'absolute religion'!

But few of us, in this part of the world, can appreciate the transcendental reasoning that makes an impostor half divine, or a cheat holy. 'Good faith and imposture,' to quote our author, 'are words which, in our rigid conscience, are opposed like two irreconcilable terms,' though, he says, it is not so in 'the East,' from which our religion came, and was certainly far from being so with our Teacher! We cannot admire M. Renan here. The writing is very fine. He exhausts himself in his 'charming' style to make it all right, and show us that we have profound reason to admire this lying teacher, this cheating miracle monger, whom he holds up between us and the pure 'Son of Mary.' But it does not answer. In this cold climate a lie is a lie, a cheat is a cheat, and a mountebank and impostor is not the teacher of 'the absolute religion of humanity!'

As M. Renan writes His life, that is the way in which the Founder of Christianity develops Himself. First we have the young man, amiable, sweet, 'charming,' enacting a 'beautiful pastoral' in the 'delicious climate of Galilee,' where it appears that nobody has anything to do save to enact 'pastorals,' although we are told '*brigandage* was common in Galilee,' which

seems a strange accompaniment to 'pastorals.' Where He got His wisdom, how He came by these 'transcendent utterances,' which, we are told, 'some few' only, even now, are lofty enough to appreciate, we are not informed. There they are. But, right in the midst of them, this wonderful young man, uttering these 'charming' lessons, and these 'delicious' sayings, sets to work miracle-mongering, trying His hand at thaumaturgy and legerdemain, becomes an impostor and a mountebank, pretending, among other things, to raise a man who puts on a shroud, gets into a grave, and shams dead! At last He is taken, and then, in view of death, becomes penitent, reforms, and recovers His purity!

Now Thomas Paine was, in a way, an honest man. We can say that of him. Voltaire was, in his degree, honest too. Having said what M. Renan says, they did not stultify themselves logically. They honestly pronounced Christianity a delusion. We have respect for their consistency. But our modern man says that a cheat in religion is no cheat, a lie no lie, that a true saving faith can be built on a foundation of deception and trickery! He says it, and undertakes to prove it by *the convincing logic of sentimentality!*

M. Renan here is just *disgusting*. There are a few things in this world that do not mix. Right and wrong have something of a ditch between them. A lie is not own brother to the truth. If he thinks it worth while to write the life of an impostor, very well; only, when he has declared him so, and insisted on his being so, we humbly beg he will not turn round and insist on it that the religion *he* taught is divine!

If the credulity of believers is great, what shall we say of the credulity of Messieurs the philosophers, the unbelievers? But what shall we say of their *morality*?

But if this new theory fails to account for Christianity as a *true* system of religion, what shall we say of its

coherence with Christianity as a *successful* system in action? This sentimental impostor conquers the civilized world. This 'charming' worker of sham wonders becomes a God to the millions who to-day lead mankind!

Here is where M. Renan's theory utterly breaks down, where it becomes not only utterly illogical and incoherent, but where it becomes too gross for any mortal credulity, and too blasphemously wicked for any ordinary sinfulness.

It is utterly incoherent, for it requires us to believe that a system, begun in fraud and deception, has proved itself the truest and most beneficent and sacred treasure to the world. M. Renan insists on both. From such a premise he drags such a conclusion.

Is there any plain Christian who dreads a sneer at Christian credulity? Let him be comforted. What credulity is like this? What miracle in the 'Four Gospels' begins to be wonderful compared with this miracle of the modern thaumaturge? The religion which has taught men truth—above all things, *truth*—which teaches utter horror of a lie, which insists on the bare, bald reality in heaven and earth, which has taught men hatred of the false as the meanest and most unmanly thing existing—this religion took its rise in clap-trap miracles, was puffed into popularity by boasting pretensions, was born in trickery and nurtured by legerdemain! Its loftiest hopes, its deepest consolations are the offspring of clumsy jugglery and cheap prestidigitation!

But more: this religion, so born and nurtured, becomes the mistress of the earth. It is of no consequence that only a minority of men accept it. That minority hold the world in their hands. In fact, it seems from history, that any number of men, with this religion in their hearts, become half omnipotent—that *twelve* can take it and master humanity by its power. To-day the men who profess it can do what they will on the face of this planet. It has so

seized temporal power, so moulded blind force, so mastered strength—it has so conferred wisdom and valor and might on men, that those who have accepted it have been crowned above their kind, that they go everywhere as the acknowledged leaders and lords of the race, the vanguard of humanity.

And a deception has brought all this to pass, a delusion has produced these stern realities! Here's where the wickedness stands out nakedly! Is there a true God in heaven, or is Ahriman rightful lord? Is the lying devil, after all, supreme? Is a lie as good as the truth? Why, the very earth reels beneath us! *Is there any God at all?* Are truth and good and God mere dreams, that a cunning fraud like this can so prosper and prevail under the white heavens!

M. Renan's 'Life of Jesus' offers me that as a most reasonable theory! Believing in a *true* God and a *good* God, being utterly incapable of believing in the lying devil it proposes to me, this pleasant theory, that, beneath the face and eyes of that true God, a poor imposture, a cheap delusion becomes, not only the holiest thing, the purest thing, the most sanctifying thing, but also the strongest thing, the most victorious thing in all the world! If ever theory so played slight of hand with cause and effect, if it ever so mingled and mixed right and wrong, and so taught that lies and truth were about the same, we have failed to meet with it. And if ever any theory required power of gullibility like this last and newest, we have failed to hear of that.

The fact is there is no escaping the honest conclusion that, unless JESUS CHRIST is what He claimed to be, *divine*, 'God manifest in the flesh,' 'the Son of the Father,' then He was simply an *impostor*. (He could not have been a *self-deceived* fanatic.) Now any man is free to accept the last horn of this dilemma, if he chooses. It is a free country. But if he takes that, we insist that he is *logically bound* to

call Christianity a *cheat*, a *delusion*, a *snare and a curse to humanity*! He shall not ask us to swallow the monstrous and immoral proposition, that this outrageous lie and imposture is the glory, the blessing and hope of humanity!

And this is what M. Ernest Renan, in most melodious sentences, proposes. This is his theory of Christianity, its origin and its success.

This is the best thing philosophic and philologic unbelief has to offer, the most rational account it has to give in the year 1864. Surely unbelief must have large faith in human nature's capacity of spiritual swallow, if men are expected to take this down, as more reasonable than what they will hear in the next pulpit!

Nay, after all, the Christian theory of Christianity is the most rational yet. It has mysteries, but it calls them mysteries, things above reason. It accepts them, and so escapes absurdity—ends with no means, effects from no causes, wonders that spring out of the ground, divine teachers produced by a 'charming' climate, and 'impostures' that are holy truths! Above all, it escapes moral idiocy, and holds there is a line between right and wrong! On the whole, it is, as yet, the only theory which explains all the facts, the only one of which the consequences may be logically accepted, which makes Christ or His religion reasonable or possible.

M. Renan's 'beautiful' young Galilean carpenter, with such power over 'hallucinated' Magdalens, conducting grand picnics in that 'charming' climate, and making life a May day, is not the world's mighty Deliverer; and his miracle-mongering demagogue, claiming to be the Son of David in lying genealogies, and the Son of God in blasphemous audacity, is not the world's Teacher of all Truth and Righteousness. The new Jesus is a poor substitute for the Divine Man whom we adore.

We cannot, therefore, accept the new

theory. It is not logically competent to the facts. Established on garbled evidence with painful struggles, it will not, when completed, fulfil the conditions. It is not reasonable. It is not moral. We have desired to present this view of it. The details of criticism we leave to others, who can easily deal with M. Renan. We have aimed to show, what any plain reader can see, the unreasonableness and immorality of this theory of Christianity's origin.

As long as we have faith in a righteous God, so long can we never believe that the best, purest, and holiest religion is born in fraud and trickery. M. Renan's theory declares the purity and the holiness of Christianity, and yet insists on the trickery and the fraud: therefore we must reject his theory.

So long as we believe that a true God is *omnipotent*, we cannot believe that fraud and deception are masters of the world. But M. Renan insists that Christianity has mastered the world, and yet declares it founded upon fraud and deception. We must therefore reject M. Renan.

The fine writing, the sentiment, the abundant 'sweetness' of the book cannot make beautiful this monstrous perversion of reason, this insidious attack on the very distinction between God and Satan.

Voltaire's theory is comparatively honest, healthy, moral. Paine's is so. These men called things by their right names. They never undertook to upset the human conscience. Ernest Renan's theory is thoroughly *immoral*, and he only can accept it who denies that the world is governed by moral laws at all.

We reject his Jesus as a delusion and a dream. God never created such a creature. He exists nowhere save in M. Renan's pages.

In this blind, reeling world, in this weary, painful time, while the sobs of a dumb creation break along the shores of heaven in prayer, we cannot spare the real Jesus, the world's strong De-

liverer, its conquering Lord! The vision He exhibited, of a stainless humanity, omnipotent in purity, loyalty, and truth, has flashed and flamed before the eyes of men, through the long night of the ages, their beacon fire of hope, their star of faith! We cannot spare Him *now*. In Him all is consistent, all is reasonable, all is harmonious. The Divine Man accounts for His wisdom, vindicates the origin of His power. In the vision of His face, Christianity and all its results are the natural works of His hand.

We turn to *His* Life. We leave M. Renan's little novel, and turn to the Godlike life of the typical Man, the

Omnipotent and Eternal Man, who redeemed humanity, and bought the world, and conquered hell and death: we turn to *that* life, that death, that awful resurrection, and take heart and hope. No mere amiable, sentimental, 'beautiful,' or 'charming' young man will do. The world cries for its Lord! The race He ransomed looks to the 'Lion of Judah,' the 'Captain of the Lord's Host.' The mad, half-despairing struggle we have waged all these long centuries, can find only in 'the Son of Man,' in the omnipotent 'Son of God,' its explanation and its end: 'God was manifest in the Flesh, reconciling the World unto Himself!'

ÆNONE:

A TALE OF SLAVE LIFE IN ROME.

CHAPTER VII.

FOR an instant only. When from Ænone's troubled gaze, the half-blinding film which the agitation of her apprehensive mind had gathered there, passed away, she no longer saw before her a proudly erect figure, flashing out from dark, wild eyes its defiant mastery, but a form again bent low in timorous supplication, and features once more overspread with a mingled imprint of sorrowful resignation, trusting devotion, and pleading humility.

That gleam of malicious triumph which had so brightened up the face of the slave, had come and gone like the lightning flash, and, for the moment, Ænone was almost inclined to believe that it was some bewildering waking dream. But her instinct told her that it was no mere imagination or fancy which could thus, at one instant, fill the heart with dread and change her bright anticipations of coming joy

into a dull, aching foreboding of misery. It was rather her inner nature warning her not to be too easily ensnared, but to wait for coming evil with unfaltering watchfulness, and, for the purpose of baffling enmity, to perform the hardest task that can be imposed upon a guileless nature—that of repressing all outward sign of distrust, hiding the torture of the heart within, and meeting smile with smile.

But day after day passed on, and even to her watchful and strained attention there appeared no further sign of anything that could excite alarm. From morning until night there rested upon the face of the young Greek slave no expression other than that of tender, faithful, and pleased obedience. At the morning toilet, at the forenoon task of embroidery, or at the afternoon promenade, there was ever the same serene gaze of earnest devotion, and the same delighted alacrity

to anticipate the slightest wish. Until at last *Ænone* began again to think that perhaps her perception of that one fleeting look might, after all, be but a flickering dream. And when, at times, she sat and heard the young girl speak, not with apparent method, but rather as one who is unwittingly drawn into discursive prattle, about her cottage home in Samos, and the lowly lover from whom the invading armies had torn her, and watched the moistened eye and the trembling lip with which these memories were dwelt upon, an inward pity and sympathy tempted her to forget her own distrust; until one day she was impelled to act as she had once desired, and began to pour out her whole heart to the young slave as to a friend. The words seemed of themselves to flow to her lips, as, bidding the girl be comforted, she told, in one short sentence, how she too had once lived in a tranquil cottage home, away from the bustle and fever of that imperial Rome, and had had her lover of low degree, and that both were still innocently dear to her.

All the while that the story had been welling forth from her lips, that inner instinct which so seldom deceives, told her that she was doing wrong; and when she had ended, she would have given worlds not to have spoken. But the words were beyond recall, and she could only gaze stealthily at the listener, and, with a dull feeling of apprehension nestling at the bottom of her heart, endeavor to mark their effect, and to imagine the possible consequences of her indiscretion. But *Leta* sat bending over her embroidery, and apparently still thinking, with tearful eye, upon her own exile from home. Perhaps she had not even heard all that had been said to her; though, if the words had really caught her ear, where, after all, could be the harm? It was no secret in Rome that *Sergius Vanno* had brought his spouse from a lowly home; and it was surely no crime, that, during those years of pov-

erty which *Ænone* had passed through before being called to fill her present station, she had once suffered her girlish fancy to rest for a little while upon one of her own class. And fortunately she had not gone further in her story, but at that point had left it to rest; making no mention of how that long-forgotten lover had so lately reappeared and confronted her.

Still there remained in her heart the irrepressible instinct that it would have been better if she had not spoken. And now, as she silently pondered upon her imprudence, it seemed as though her anxiety had suddenly endowed her brain with new and keener faculties of perception, so many startling ideas began to crowd in upon her. More particularly, full shape and tone seemed for the first time given to one terrible suspicion, which she had hitherto known only in a misty, intangible, and seldom recurring form—the suspicion that, if the passive girl before her were really an enemy, it was not owing to any mere ordinary impulse of fear, or envy, or inexplicable womanish dislike, but rather to secret rivalry.

That, within the past few days, *Sergius* had more and more exhibited toward her an indifference, which even his studied attempts to conduct himself with an appearance of his former interest and affection did not fully hide, *Ænone* could not but feel. That within her breast lurked the terrible thought that perhaps the time had forever passed for her to come to him as to a loving friend, and there fearlessly pour out her tribulations, her secret tears confessed. But throughout all this change, though it became each day more strongly marked, she had tried to cheat herself into the belief that the romantic warmth of a first attachment could not in any case be expected to last for many years—that in meeting indifference she was merely experiencing a common lot—that beneath his coolness there still lurked the old affection, as the lava will flow be-

neath the hardened crust—and that, if she were indeed losing the appearance of his love, it was merely because the claims of the court, the exigencies of the social world, or the demands of ambition had too much usurped his attention.

But now a thousand hitherto unregarded circumstances began to creep into her mind as so many evidences that his affection seemed passing from her; not simply because the claims of duty or ambition were stifling in his heart all power to love, but because he had become secretly attached elsewhere. The interested gaze with which he followed the motions of the Greek girl—the solicitude which he seemed to feel that in all things she should be treated, not only tenderly, but more luxuriously than ever fell to the lot of even the highest class of slaves—his newly acquired habit of strolling into the room and throwing himself down where he could lazily watch her—all these, and other circumstances, though individually trivial, could not fail, when united, to give cogency to the one terrible conviction of secret wrong. Whether Leta herself had any perception of all this, who could yet tell? It might be that she was clothed in innocent unconsciousness of her master's admiration, or that, by the force of native purity, she had resisted his advances. And, on the other hand, it might be that not merely now, but long before she had been brought into the house, there had been a secret understanding between the two; and that, with undeviating and unrelenting cunning, she was still ever drawing him still closer within the folds of her fascinations. Looking upon her, and noting the humble and almost timorous air with which she moved about, as though seeking kindness and protection, and the eloquence of mute appeal for sympathy which lay half hidden in her dark eyes beneath the scarcely raised lids, and rested in her trembling lips, who could doubt her? But marking the haughtiness of pride

with which at times she drew up her slight figure to its utmost height, the ray of scorn and malice which flashed from those eyes, and the lines of firm, unpitied determination which gathered about the compressed corners of those lips, who could help fearing and distrusting her?

Time or chance alone could resolve the question, and meanwhile, what course could Ænone take? Not that of sending the object of her suspicion to another place; for even if she had the power to do so, she might not be able to accomplish it without such open disturbance that the whole social world of Rome would learn the degrading fact that she had been jealous of her own slave. Not—as she was sometimes almost tempted—that of forgetting her pride, and humbling herself before her enemy, to beg that she would not rob her of all that affection which had once been lavished upon herself; for, if the Greek girl were innocent, useless and feeble pity would be the only result, while, if she were guilty, it would but lead to further secret wiles and malicious triumph. Nor that of accusing her husband of his fault; for such a course, alas! could never restore lost love. There could, indeed, be but one proper way to act. She must possess her soul in patience and prudent dissimulation; and, while affecting ignorance of what she saw and heard, must strive by kindness and attention to win back some, if not all, of the true affection of former days.

Thus sorrowfully reflecting, she left the room, not upon any especial intent, but simply to avoid the presence of the Greek, who, she could not help feeling, was all the while, beneath the disguise of that demure expression, closely watching her. Passing into another apartment, she saw that Sergius had there sauntered in, and had thrown himself down upon a lounge at the open window, where, with one hand resting behind his head, he lay half soothed into slumber by the gentle

murmur of the courtyard fountain. Stealing up gently behind him, with a strange mingling of affectionate desire to gain his attention, and a morbid dread of bringing rebuke upon herself by awakening him, Ænone stooped down and lightly touched his forehead with her lips.

'Ah, Leta!' he exclaimed, starting up as he felt the warm pressure. Then, perceiving his mistake, he lowered his eyes with some confusion, and perhaps a slight feeling of disappointment, and tried to force a careless laugh; which died away, however, as he saw how Ænone stood pale and trembling at receiving a greeting so confirmatory of all her apprehensions.

'It is not Leta—it is only I,' she murmured at length, in a tone of plaintive sadness, which for the moment touched his heart. 'I am sorry that I awakened you. But I will go away again.'

'Nay, remain,' he exclaimed, restraining her by the folds of her dress, and, with a slight effort, seating her beside him upon the lounge. 'You are not—you must not feel offended at such a poor jest as that!'

'Is it all a jest?' she inquired. 'Can you say that the greeting you gave me did not spring inadvertently from the real preoccupation of your mind?'

'Of the mind? Preoccupation?' said Sergius. 'By the gods! but it is a difficult question to answer. I might possibly, in some dreamy state, have been thinking carelessly of that Greek girl whom you have so constantly about you. Even you cannot but acknowledge that she has her traits of beauty; and if so, it is hard for a man not to admire them.'

'For mere admiration of her, I care but little,' she responded. 'But I would not that she should learn to observe it. And what could I do, if she, perceiving it, were to succeed in drawing your love from me? What then would there be for me to do, except to die!'

'To die? This is but foolish talk, Ænone,' he said; and he fastened an inquiring gaze upon her, as though wishing to search into her soul, and find out how much of his actions she already knew. Evidently some fleeting expression upon her countenance deceived him into believing that she had heard or seen more than he had previously supposed, for, with another faint attempt at a careless laugh, he continued:

And if, at the most, there has been some senseless trifling between the girl and myself—a pressure of the hand, or a pat upon the cheek, when meeting by any chance in hall or garden—would you find such fault with this as to call it a withdrawal of my love from you? To what, indeed, could such poor, foolish pastime of the moment amount, that it should bring rebuke upon me?'

To nothing, indeed, if judged by itself alone, for that was not the age of the world when every trivial departure from correctness of conduct was looked upon as a crime; and had this been all, and the real affection of his heart had remained with her, Ænone would have taken comfort. But now she knew for certain that, in uncomplainingly enduring any familiarities, Leta could not, at all times, have maintained her customary mien of timorous retirement, and must, therefore, to some extent, have shown herself capable of acting a deceitful part; and that even though the deceit may have stopped short of further transgression, it was none the less certain that in future no further trust could be reposed in her. Gone forever was that frail hope to which, against all warnings of instinct, Ænone had persisted in clinging—the hope that in the Greek girl she might succeed in finding a true and honest friend.

Seeing that she remained absorbed and speechless, Sergius believed that she was merely jealously pondering upon these trivial transgressions, and endeavored, by kind and loving expres-

sions, to remove the evil effects of his unguarded admission. Gathering her closer in his arms, he strove once more, by exerting those fascinations which had hitherto so often prevailed, to calm her disturbed fancies, and bring back again her confidence in him. But now he spoke almost in vain. Conscious, as Ænone could not fail to be, of the apparent love and tenderness with which he bent his eyes upon her, and of the liquid melody of his impassioned intonations, and half inclined, as she felt, at each instant to yield to the impulse which tempted her to throw her arms about his neck and promise from henceforth to believe unflinchingly all that he might say, whatever opposing evidences might stand before her, there was all the while the restraining feeling that this show of affection was but a pretence wherewith to quiet her inconvenient reproaches—that at heart he was playing with deceit—that the husband was colluding with the slave to blind her eyes—and that the love and friendship of both lord and menial had forever failed her.

‘But hold to your own suspicions, if you will,’ he said, at length, with testy accent, as he saw how little all his efforts had moved her. ‘I have spoken in my defence all that I need to speak, even if excuse were necessary; and it is an ill reward to receive only cold and forbidding responses in return.’

‘Answer me this,’ she exclaimed, suddenly rousing into action, and looking him earnestly in the face; ‘and as you now answer, I will promise to believe you, for I know that, whatever you may have done, you will not, if appealed to upon your honor, tell me that which is not true. About the trivial actions which you have mentioned I care little; but is there in your heart any real affection for that girl? If you say that there is not, I will never more distrust you, but will go out from here with a soul overflowing with peace and joy as when first you came to take me to your side. But

if, on the contrary, you say that you love her, I will—’

‘Will do what?’ he exclaimed, seeing that she hesitated, and almost hoping that she would utter some impatient threat which in turn would give him an excuse for anger.

‘Will pass out from this room, sad and broken hearted, indeed—but not complaining of or chiding you; and will only pray to the gods that they may, in their own time, make all things once more go aright, and so restore your heart to me.’

Sergius hesitated. Never before had he been so tempted to utter an untruth. If he now did so, he knew that he would be believed, and that not only would she be made once more happy, but he would be left unwatched and unsuspected to carry on his own devices. But, on the other hand, he had been appealed to upon his honor, and, whatever his other faults, he had too much nobility of soul to lie. And so, not daring to confess the truth, he chose the middle path of refusing any direct response at all.

‘Now is not this a singular thing,’ he exclaimed, ‘that no man can ever let his eyes rest upon a pretty face without being accused of love for it? While, if a woman does the same, no tongue can describe the clamor with which she repels the insinuation of aught but friendly interest. Can you look me in the eye and tell me that mine is the only voice you ever listened to with love?’

‘Can you dare hint to me that I have ever been unfaithful to you, even in thought or word?’ cried Ænone, stung with sudden anger by the imputation, and rendered desperate by her acute perception of the evasiveness of his answer. ‘Do you not know that during the months which you so lately passed far away from me, there was not one person admitted here into society with me who would not have had your firm approval—and that I kept your image so lovingly before my eyes, and

your memory so constant in my heart, as to become almost a reproach and a sarcasm to half who knew me !’

‘But before that—before I came to you—can you say that no other eyes had ever looked lovingly into yours, and there met kindred response ?’

‘Have you the right to inquire into what may have happened before you met me ? What young girl is there who, some time or other, has not modestly let her thoughts dwell upon innocent love ? Is there wrong in this ? Should there have been a spirit of prescience in my mind to forewarn me that I must keep my heart free and in vacant loneliness, because that, after many years, you were to come and lift me from my obscurity ?’

‘Then, upon your own showing, you acknowledge that there was once another upon whom your eyes loved to look ?’ he cried, half gladdened that he had found even this poor excuse to transfer the charge of blame from himself. ‘And how can I tell but that you have met with him since ?’

‘I have met him since,’ she quietly answered, driven to desperation by the cruel insinuation.

In his heart attaching but little importance to such childish affections as she might once have cherished, and having had no other purpose in his suggestion than that of shielding himself from further inquiry by inflicting some trifling wound upon her, Sergius had spoken hesitatingly, and with a shamefaced consciousness of meanness and self-contempt. But when he listened to her frank admission—fraught, as it seemed to him, with more meaning than the mere naked words would, of themselves, imply, an angry flush of new-born jealousy overspread his features.

‘Ha ! You have met him since ?’ he exclaimed. ‘And when, and where ? And who, then, is this fortunate one ?’

Ænone hesitated. Now, still more bitterly than ever before, she felt the sad consciousness of being unable to

pour out to her husband her more secret thoughts and feelings. If she could have told, with perfect assurance of being believed, that in so lately meeting the man whom she had once imagined she loved, she had looked upon him with no other feeling than the dread of recognition, joined to a friendly and sisterly desire to procure his release from captivity and his restoration to his own home, she would have done so. But she felt too well that the once-aroused jealousy of her lord might now prevent him from reposing full and generous trust and confidence in her—that he would be far more likely to interpret all her most innocent actions wrongly, and to surround her with degrading espionage—and that, in the end, the innocent captive would probably be subjected to the bitterest persecutions which spite and hatred could invent.

‘I have met him,’ she said at length, ‘but only by chance, and without being recognized or spoken to by him. Nor do I know whether I shall ever chance to meet him again. Is this a crime ? Oh, my lord, what have I done that you should thus strive to set your face against me ? Do you not, in your secret soul, know and believe that there is no other smile than yours for which I live, and that, without the love with which you once gladdened me, there can be no rest or peace for me on earth ? Tell me, then, that all this is but a cruel pleasantry to prove my heart, and that there has nothing come between us—or else let me know the worst, in order that I may die.’

Sliding down, until her knees touched the floor, and then winding one arm slowly about his neck, she hid her face in his breast, and, bursting into tears, sobbed aloud. It was not merely the reactionary breaking down of a nervous system strung to the highest point of undue excitement. It was the half-consciousness of a terrible fear lest the day might come in which, goaded by injustice and neglect, she might learn

no longer to love the man before her—the wail of a stricken soul pleading that the one to whom her heart had bound her might not fail in his duty to her, but, by a resumption of his former kindness and affection, might retain her steadfastly in the path of love.

Touched by the spectacle of her strong agony—aroused for the moment to the true realization of all the bitterness and baseness of his unkindness toward her—moved, perhaps, by memories of that time when between them

there was pleasant and endearing confidence, and when it was not she who was obliged to plead for love—Sergius drew his arm more closely about her, and, bending over, pressed his lips upon her forehead. If at that moment the opportunity had not failed, who can tell what open and generous confessions might not have been uttered, unrestrained forgiveness sealed, and future miseries prevented? But at the very moment when the words seemed trembling upon his lips, the door softly opened, and Leta entered.

T H E D O V E .

UPON the 'pallid bust of Pallas' sat
The Raven from the 'night's Plutonian shore ;'
His burning glance withered my wasting life,
His ceaseless cry still tortured as before :
'Lenore ! Lenore ! ah ! never—nevermore !'

The weary moments dragged their crimson sands
Slow through the life-blood of my sinking heart.
I counted not their flow ; I only knew
Time and Eternity were of one hue ;
That immortality were endless pain
To one who the long lost could ne'er regain—
There was no hope that Death would Love restore :
'Lenore ! Lenore ! ah ! never—nevermore !'

Early one morn I left my sleepless couch,
Seeking in change of place a change of pain.
I leaned my head against the casement, where
The rose she planted wreathed its clustering flowers.
How could it bloom when she was in the grave ?
The birds were carolling on every spray,
And every leaf glittered with perfumed dew ;
Nature was full of joy, but, wretched man !
Does God indeed bless only birds and flowers ?
As thus I stood—the glowing morn without,
Within, the Raven with its blighting cry,
All light the world, all gloom the hopeless heart—
I prayed in agony, if not in faith ;
Yet still my saddened heart refused to soar,
And even summer winds the burden bore :
'Lenore ! Lenore ! ah ! never—nevermore !'

With these wild accents ringing through my heart,
 There was no hope in prayer ! Sadly I rose,
 Gazing on Nature with an envious eye,
 When, lo ! a snowy Dove, weaving her rings
 In ever-lessening circles, near me came ;
 With whirring sound of fluttering wings, she passed
 Into the cursed and stifling, haunted room,
 Where sat the Raven with his voice of doom—
 His ceaseless cry from the Plutonian shore :
 ' Lenore ! Lenore ! ah ! never—nevermore ! '

The waving of the whirring, snowy wings,
 Cooled the hot air, diffusing mystic calm.
 Again I shuddered as I marked the glare
 Which shot from the fell Raven's fiendish eye,
 The while he measured where his pall-like swoop
 Might seize the Dove as Death had seized Lenore :
 ' Lenore ! ' he shrieked, ' ah, never—nevermore ! '

Hovered the Dove around an antique cross,
 Which long had stood afront the pallid bust
 Of haughty Pallas o'er my chamber door :
 Neglected it had been through all the storm
 Of maddening doubts born from the demon cry
 Retchoing from the night's Plutonian shore :
 ' Lenore ! Lenore ! ah ! never—nevermore ! '

I loved all heathen, antique, classic lore,
 And thus the cross had paled before the brow
 Of Pallas, radiant type of Reason's power.
 But human reason fails in hours of woe,
 And wisdom's goddess ne'er reopens the grave.
 What knows chill Pallas of corruption's doom ?
 Upon her massive, rounded, glittering brow
 The Bird of Doubt had chos'n a fitting place
 To knell into my heart forever more :
 ' Ah ! never, nevermore ! Lenore ! Lenore ! '

The Raven's plumage, in the kindling rays,
 Shone with metallic lustre, sombre fire ;
 His fiendish eye, so blue, and fierce, and cold,
 Froze like th' hyena's when she tears the dead.
 The sculptured beauty of the marble brow
 Of Pallas glittered, as though diamond-strewn :
 Haughty and dazzling, yet no voice of peace,
 But words of dull negation darkly fell
 From Reason's goddess in her brilliant sheen !
 No secret bears she from the silent grave ;
 She stands appalled before its dark abyss,
 And shudders at its gloom with all her lore,
 All powerless to ope its grass-grown door.
 Can Pallas e'er the loved and lost restore ?
 Hear her wild Raven shriek : ' Lenore ! no more ! '

With gloomy thoughts and thronging dreams oppressed,
I sank upon the 'violet velvet chair,
Which she shall press, ah, never, nevermore !'
And gazed, I know not why, upon the cross,
On which the Dove was resting its soft wings,
Glowing and rosy in the morn's warm light.
I cannot tell how long I dreaming lay,
When (as from some old picture, shadowy forms
Loom from a distant background as we gaze,
So bright they gleam, so soft they melt away,
We scarcely know whether 'tis fancy's play
Or artist's skill that wins them to the day)
There grew a band of angels on my sight,
Wreathing in love around the slighted cross.
One swung a censer, hung with bell-like flowers,
Whence tones and perfumes mingling charmed the air ;
Thick clouds of incense veiled their shadowy forms,
Yet could I see their wings of rainbow light,
The wavings of their white arms, soft and bright.
Then she who swung the censer nearer drew—
The perfumed tones were silent—lowly bent
(The long curls pouring gold adown the wings),
She knelt in prayer before the crucifix.
Her eyes were deep as midnight's mystic stars,
Freighted with love they trembling gazed above,
As pleading for some mortal's bitter pain :
When answered—soft untwined the clasping hands,
The bright wings furled—my heart stood still to hear
'The footfalls tinkle on the tufted floor'—
The eyes met mine—O God ! my lost Lenore !
Too deeply awed to clasp her to my heart,
I knelt and gasped—'Lenore ! my lost Lenore !
Is there a home for Love beyond the skies ?
In pity answer !—shall we meet again ?'
Her eyes in rapture floated ; solemn, calm,
Then softest music from her lips of balm
Fell, as she joined the angels in the air !
Her words forever charmed away despair !

'Above all pain,
We meet again !

'Kneel and worship humbly
Round the slighted cross !
Death is only seeming—
Love is never loss !
In the hour of sorrow
Calmly look above !
Trust the Holy Victim—
Heaven is in His love !

The Dove.

'Above all pain,
We meet again !

'Never heed the Raven—
Doubt was born in hell !
How can heathen Pallas
Faith of Christian tell ?
With the faith of angels,
Led by Holy Dove,
Kneel and pray before Him—
Heaven is in His love !

'Above all pain,
We meet again !'

Then clouds of incense veiled the floating forms ;
I only saw the gleams of starry wings,
The flash from lustrous eyes, the glittering hair,
As chanting still the *Sanctus* of the skies,
Clear o'er the *Misereres* of earth's graves,
Enveloped in the mist of perfumed haze,
In music's spell they faded from my gaze.
Gone—gone the vision ! from my sight it bore
My lost, my found, my ever loved Lenore !

Forgotten scenes of happy infant years,
My mother's hymns around my cradle-bed,
Memories of vesper bell and matin chimes,
Of priests and incensed altars, dimly waked.
The fierce eye of the Raven dimmed and quailed,
His burnished plumage drooped, yet, full of hate,
Began he still his 'wildering shriek—'Lenore !'
When, lo ! the Dove broke in upon his cry—
She, too, had found a voice for agony ;
Calmly it fell from heaven's cerulean shore :
'Lenore ! Lenore ! forever—evermore !'

Soon as the Raven heard the silvery tones,
Lulling as gush of mountain-cradled stream,
With maddened plunge he fell to rise no more,
And, in the sweep of his Plutonian wings,
Dashed to the earth the bust of Pallas fair.
The haughty brow lay humbled in the dust,
O'ershadowed by the terror-woven wings
Of that wild Raven, as by some dark pall.
Lift up poor Pallas ! bathe her fainting brow
With drops of dewy chrism ! take the beak
Of the false Raven from her sinking soul !
Oh, let the Faith Dove nestle in her heart,
Her haughty reason low at Jesu's feet,
While humble as a child she cons the lore :
'The loved, the lost, forever—evermore !'

As if to win me to the crucifix,
The Dove would flutter there, then seek my breast.
The heart must feel its utter orphanage,
Before it makes the cross its dearest hope !
I knelt before the holy martyred form,
The perfect Victim given in perfect love,
The highest symbol of the highest Power,
Self-abnegation perfected in God !
Circling the brow like diadem, there shone
Each letter pierced with thorns and dyed in blood,
Yet dazzling vision with the hopes of heaven :
' I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE !'
Upon the outstretched hands, mangled and torn,
I found that mighty truth the heart divines,
Which strews our midnight thick with stars, solves doubts,
And makes the chasm of the yawning grave
The womb of higher life, in which the lost
Are gently rocked into their angel forms—
That truth of mystic rapture—' GOD IS LOVE !'

Still chants the snowy DOVE from heaven's shore :
' LENORE ! LENORE ! FOREVER ! EVERMORE !'

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER AND ITS PECULIARITIES.

Few of the people of the North have ever inquisitively considered the Mississippi River, and as a consequence its numerous peculiarities are not generally known. Indeed, its only characteristic features are supposed to be immensity of proportions rather than any specific variation from the universal nature of rivers. Many there are that have never seen the river, and have conceptions of its appearance merely in imagination ; others have been more fortunate, have crossed its turbid flood, or have been borne upon its noble bosom the full breadth of the land, from beautiful Minnesota to its great reservoir in the South, the Gulf of Mexico. As the result of this experience, great have been the sensations of satisfaction or disappointment. Many have turned away with their extravagant anticipations

materially chagrined. This might be expected in a casual observer. It is true, some portions of the Mississippi do not present that vastness which a person would very naturally expect, having previously accepted literally the figurative appellations that have been applied to it. The Mississippi is not superficially a great stream, but when it is recognized as the mighty conduit of the surplus waters of fifty large streams, some of which are as large as itself, besides receiving innumerable of less pretensions—when we consider, too, the great physical phenomena which it presents in its turbid waters, its islands, its bars, and its bayous, its vast banks of alluvial deposit, its omnipotent force, and the signal futility of all human endeavors to control it, in this phase is it truly the 'Father

of Waters,' and 'the most wonderful of rivers.'

In a commercial point of view is the Mississippi equally as remarkable as in its physical presentations. It is the aorta through which, from the heart of the nation, flow the bountiful returns of industrious and productive labor, which thus find an outlet to all parts of the world, opening an avenue of trade for millions of energetic men and fertile acres. Thus not only is it the life-supporting, but as well the life-imparting artery of a great section of the republic.

But it is unnecessary to speak of the commercial importance of the river. This is patent to everybody. Let us, however, unfold some of its remarkable and singular phenomena, which have never occurred to many, and may at this particular time be of interest to all, even those who have given the subject some study. Let us first briefly glance at its history.

In 1539, Ferdinand de Soto, Governor of Cuba, leaving that island in charge of his wife, set sail for Florida, where he soon safely disembarked, and sent his ships back, in order to leave no opportunity for relentment in the stern resolves of his followers. After a somewhat erratic journey, on his way passing through Georgia, Alabama, and Northern Mississippi, he struck the 'Great River' at the Lower Chickasaw Bluffs, as they are still called, and upon which now stands the city of Memphis. The expedition crossed the river at that point, and spent some time in exploring the country beyond, until they found themselves upon the White River, about two hundred miles from its entrance into the Mississippi. From there a small expedition set out toward the Missouri, but soon returned, bringing an unfavorable report. From the White the expedition moved toward the hot springs and saline confluent of the Washita. In this neighborhood they wintered. In the spring of 1542, De Soto and his followers descended the

Washita in canoes, but became entangled in the bayous and marshes of the Red River, to which the Washita, through the Black, is tributary. At length, however, they reached the Mississippi. Here a number of explorations were conducted, but with no success as regards the object of the expedition, a search of gain. It was in the midst of these explorations, at the mouth of the Red, while surrounded by the most implacable Indian hostility, a malignant fever seized the spirit and head of the enterprise, and on May 21st, 1542, De Soto died. Amid the sorrows of the moment and fears of the future, his body was wrapped in a mantle, and sunk in the middle of the river. A requiem broke the midnight gloom, and the morning rose upon the consternation of the survivors. It has indeed been aptly said, that De Soto 'sought for gold, but found nothing so great as his burial place.'

The men now looked about them for a new leader. Their choice fell upon Luis de Moscoso. This man was without enterprise or capacity. After enduring every calamity, the party built seven brigantines, and in seventeen days, July, 1543, passed out of the mouth of the river, and followed the coast toward the east. Out of six hundred, but few over three hundred ever returned to Cuba.

From the expedition of De Soto more than a century elapsed before any further discoveries were made. In May, 1673, Marquette, a priest, and Jolliet, a trader, and five men, made some explorations of the river.

The great work of discovery was reserved for Robert Cavalier de la Salle, a Frenchman. By his commands, Father Louis Hennepin made the discovery of the Upper Mississippi, as far as the Falls of St. Anthony. In January, 1682, La Salle himself, with twenty-three Frenchmen and eighteen Indians, set out for the exploration of the Lower Mississippi, entering the river from the Illinois, and descending

it until he arrived at the Passes of the Delta. Here, to his surprise, he found the river divided into three channels. A party was sent by each, La Salle taking the western, and on April 9th the open sea was reached. The usual ceremonies attendant upon any great discovery were repeated here.

Enlivened by success, the party returned to Quebec. La Salle returned to France, and in 1684, aided by his Government, set sail with four vessels, for the discovery of the river from the sea. In this he was unsuccessful. After encountering several storms and losing one of his vessels, the expedition entered St. Louis Bay (St. Bernard) on the coast of Texas. The party disembarked, one of the vessels returned to France, and the others were lost on the coast. Thus cut off, La Salle made every effort to discover the river by land; but in every attempt he failed. At length he was assassinated by one of his followers on the 19th of March, 1687. Thus terminated the career of the explorer of the Mississippi.

The discovery of the mouth of the river from the sea, was an event of some years later, and was consummated by Iberville, in 1699. This person spent some time in navigating the river and the waters adjacent to its mouth. His brother, Bienville, succeeded him in these enterprises. A few years later, and we find settlements springing up upon the banks of the river. Since that time it has attracted a numerous population, and to-day, though desolated in parts by the contentions of armies, there is certainty in the belief that at some time these people of the great river will wield a mighty power in the political and commercial destiny of the American continent.

The Mississippi proper rises in the State of Minnesota, about 47° and some minutes north latitude, and 94° 54' longitude west, at an elevation of sixteen hundred and eighty feet above the level of the Gulf of Mexico, and distant from it two thousand eight hundred

and ninety-six miles, its utmost length, upon the summit of Hauteurs de Terre, the dividing ridge between the rivulets confluent to itself and those to the Red River of the North. Its first appearance is a tiny pool, fed by waters trickling from the neighboring hills. The surplus waters of this little pool are discharged by a small brook, threading its way among a multitude of very small lakes, until it gathers sufficient water, and soon forms a larger lake. From here a second rivulet, impelled along a rapid declination, rushes with violent impetuosity for some miles, and subsides in Lake Itasca. Thence, with a more regular motion, until it reaches Lake Cass, from whence taking a mainly southeasterly course, a distance of nearly seven hundred miles, it reaches the Falls of St. Anthony. Here the river makes in a few miles a descent of sixteen feet. From this point to the Gulf, navigation is without further interruption, and the wonders of the Mississippi begin.

It is not possible to give, with complete exactness, the outlines of the immense valley drained by the Mississippi, yet, with the assistance of accurate surveys, we can make an approximation, to say the least, which will convey some idea of the physical necessity of the river to the vast area through the centre of which it takes its course.

We will say :

From the highest point of land between the mouth of the Atchafalaya and Mississippi Rivers, dividing the headwaters of their confluent; thence along the dividing ridge of tributaries confluent to the Sabine and other Texas streams from those of the Red, in a north-westerly course, to the Rocky Mountains, thence taking a line separating the headwaters of the Red, Arkansas, and tributary streams, on the east, from the Rio Grande and tributaries

toward the south, and the Colorado toward the west, say, . . .	Miles. 1,800
Thence, pursuing the dividing summit of the Rocky Mountains, to the Marias, tributary to the Missouri, in Dakota, say, . . .	700
Thence, including the headwaters of the Missouri, and taking direction southeasterly, dividing the tributaries of the Red River of the North from those of the Missouri to the source of the Minnesota; thence northeasterly, dividing the rivulets of the head lakes, Itasca, Cass, etc., from those confluent to the Red River of the North, separating the headwaters of the St. Croix from currents tributary to Lake Superior; thence embracing the confluent streams to the Mississippi in Wisconsin, Northern Illinois, and Indiana, to the Kankakee branch of the Illinois, say,	2,000
Thence, dividing the streams of the Lakes from those emptying into the Ohio as far as the extreme source of the Alleghany, say,	400
Thence along the dividing summit of the Atlantic slope to the source of the Tennessee; thence dividing the streams tending toward the Gulf, to the mouth of the Mississippi, and thence to starting point, say,	1,700
Making an aggregate circuit of	6,100

Within this extensive limit we find, from surveys, the following aggregate area in square miles, estimated by valleys:

	Square Miles.
The valley of the Ohio, . . .	200,000
The valley of the Mississippi proper,	180,000
The valley of the Missouri, . . .	500,000
The valley of the Lower Mississippi,	380,000
Total area,	1,210,000

As a natural consequence of the drainage of this immense area, the Mississippi receives into its waters a large amount of suspended earthy matter. This, however, does not very strikingly appear on the upper river, its own banks and those of its tributaries being more of a gravelly character and less friable than lower down. The gravity of particles, therefore, worn from the bed and sides of the channel above, unless the current be exceedingly strong, is greater than the buoyant capacity of the water, and falls to the bottom, along which, sometimes, it is forced by the abrasion of the water, until it meets some obstruction, which gathers the particles into shoal formations. This fact causes much inconvenience in the navigation of the upper rivers.

It is not until we reach the confluence of the streams of Southern Illinois and Missouri, that the sediment of the river becomes striking. Those streams, freighted with the rich loam and vegetable matter of the prairies of the east and west, soon change entirely the appearance of the Mississippi. Above the Missouri, the river is but slightly tinged; and indeed, after that great current enters, for some distance the two run side by side in the same channel, and yet are divided by a very distinct line of demarcation. It is only after the frequent sinuosities of the channel, that the two waters are thrown into each other and fairly blend. The sedimentary condition of the Missouri is so great that drift floating upon its muddy surface, by accretion becomes so heavily laden with earthy matter that it sinks to the bottom. This precipitation of drift has taken place to such an extent, that the bed of the Missouri is in many places completely covered to a great depth by immense fields of logs. Of all the silt thrown into the Mississippi, the Missouri furnishes about one third.

After receiving the Missouri, next enters the Ohio. The water of this river is less impregnated than the Mis-

souri, though not by any means free from silt. The country through which it flows is mountainous, and the soil hard, and does not afford the same facility of abrasive action as that of the other rivers.

From the mouth of the Ohio, the Mississippi pursues a course of nearly four hundred miles, when it receives the turbid waters of the White and Arkansas Rivers. In the intervening distance a large number of small currents, more or less largely sedimentary, according to the character of the country through which they run, enter the Mississippi, in the aggregate adding materially to the sediment of the receiving stream. The White and Arkansas carry in their waters a large amount of unprecipitated matter. In this vicinity, too, sets in that singular system of natural safeguards of the surrounding country, the bayous. The country here also changes its appearance, becoming flat and swampy, and in some parts attaining but a few feet above the flood of the river, whereas in other parts, as we approach the Gulf, the country is even lower than the river.

The miasmatic and poisonous water of the Yazoo next enters, about ten miles above Vicksburg. This river is more deeply impregnated with a certain kind of impurities than any other tributary of the Mississippi. The waters are green and slimy, and almost sticky with vegetable and animal decomposition. During the hot season the water is certain disease, if taken into the stomach. The name is of Indian origin, and signifies 'River of Death.' The Yazoo receives its supply from bayous and swamps, though it has several considerable tributaries.

Below the Yazoo, on the west side, enters the Red. The name indicates the peculiar caste of it water. This river carries with it the washings of an extensive area of prairies and swamps, and is the last of the great tributaries. Hence the tendency of streams is di-

rectly to the Gulf, and that network of lateral branches, of which we will hereafter speak, begins.

We have only considered the most prominent tributaries: the sediment also brought down by the numerous smaller streams is very great, and makes great additions to the immense buoyant matter of the Mississippi.

The river itself from its own banks scours the larger portion of the sediment it contains; and in so gigantic a scale is this carried on, that it can be seen without the exercise of any very remarkable powers of sight. It is not by the imperceptible degrees usually at work in other streams, but often involves in its execution many acres of adjoining land. It will be interesting to consider this more fully.

By a curious freak of nature, the tendency of the channel of the Mississippi is always toward one or the other of its banks, being influenced by the direction of its bends. The principle is one of nicely regulated refraction. If the river were perfectly straight, the gravity and inertia of its waters would move in a right line, with a velocity beyond all control. But we find the river very sinuous, and the momentum of current consequently lessened. For example, striking in an arm of the river, by the inertia of the moving volume, the water is thrown, and with less velocity, upon the opposite bank, which it pursues until it meets another repellent obstacle, from which it refracts, taking direction again for the other side. Above the Missouri, the river is principally directed by the natural trough of the valley. Below this, however, the channel is purely the work of the river itself, shaped according to the necessities of sudden changes or obstructions. This is proven by the large number of old and dry beds of the river frequently met with, the channel having been diverted in a new direction by the accumulation of sediment and drift which it had not the momentum to force out.

Where the gravity of the greatest volume and momentum of water falls upon the bed of the river, there is described the thread of the channel, and all submerged space outside of this, though in the river, acts as a kind of reservoir, where eddies the surplus water until taken up by the current. And it always happens, where the channel takes one bend of the bed, a corresponding tongue of shallow water faces the indenture. Where the river, by some inexplicable cause, has been thrown from its regular channel, or its volume of water embarrassed by some difficulties along the banks, the effect is immediately perceived upon the neighboring bank. The column of water thus impinged against it at once acts upon the bank, and, singularly enough, exerts its strongest abrasive action at the bottom, undermining the bank, which soon gives way, and instead of toppling forward, it noiselessly slides beneath the water and disappears. Acres of land have thus been carried away in an incredibly short time, and without the slightest disruption of the serene flow of the mighty current.

This carrying away of the banks, immense as is the amount of earth thrown into the waters of the river, has no sensible effect in blocking or directing the current, though it imperceptibly raises the channel. The force of the water does not permit its entire settlement in quantities at any one place, but distributes it along the bottom and shores below. Were this not the case, it is easily to be seen, the abrasion of the river banks would be greatly increased, and the destruction of the bordering lands immense.

A singular feature resulting from the above may here be mentioned. By pursuing the course of the river, a short distance below, on the opposite bank, it will be seen that a large quantity of the earth introduced into the current by the falling of the banks, has been thrown up in large masses, forming new land, which, in a few seasons, be-

comes arable. That which is not thus deposited, as already stated, is transported below, dropping here and there on the way, until what is left reaches the Gulf, and is precipitated upon the 'bars' and 'delta,' at the mouth. It not unfrequently happens that planters along the river find themselves suddenly deprived of some of their acres, while one almost opposite finds himself as unexpectedly blessed with a bountiful increase of his domain.

From causes almost similar to those given to explain the sudden and disastrous changes of the channel of the river, are also produced those singular shortenings, known as 'cut-offs,' which are so frequently met with on the Mississippi. At a certain point the force of the current is turned out of its path and impinged against a neck of land, that has, after years of resistance, been worn down to an exceedingly small breadth. Possibly the river has merely worn an arm in its side, leaving an extensive bulge standing out in the river, and connected with the mainland by an isthmus. The river striking in this arm, and not having sufficient scope to rebound toward the other bank, is thrown into a rotary motion, forming almost a whirlpool. The action of this motion upon the banks soon reduces the connecting neck, which separates and blocks the waters, until, at last, no longer able to cope with the great weight resting against it, it gives way, and the river divides itself between this new and the old channel.

Nor do these remarkable instances of abrasive action constitute the entire washing from the banks. The whole length of the river is subject to a continual deposit and taking up of the silt, according to the buoyant capacity of the water. This, too, is so well regulated that the quantity of earthy matter held in solution is very nearly the same, being proportioned to the force of the current. For instance, if the river receive more earth than it can sustain, the surplus sediment drops

upon the bottom or is forced up upon the sides. If the river be subject to a rise, a proportionate quantity of the dropped sediment is again taken up, and carried along or deposited again, according to the capacity of the water. By this means a well-established average of silt is at all times found buoyant in the river.

Having briefly examined the sedimentary character of the Mississippi, some investigations as to the proportion of sediment to water may be of interest. And it is well to state here that a mean stage of flow is taken as the basis upon which to start the experiments. The experiments and analysis of the water were made by Professor Riddell, at intervals of three days, from May 21st to August 13, 1846, and reported to the Association of American Geologists and Naturalists.

The water was taken in a pail from the river in front of the city of New Orleans, where the current is rather swift. That portion of the river contains a fair average of sedimentary matter, and it is sufficiently distant from the *embouchure* of the last principal tributary to allow its water to mix well with that of the Mississippi.

'The temperature,' says the Professor, 'was observed at the time, and the height of the river determined. Some minutes after, the pail of water was agitated, and two samples of one pint each measured out. The measure graduated by weighing at 60 degrees Fahrenheit 7,295.581 grains of distilled water. After standing a day or two, the matter mechanically suspended would subside to the bottom. Nearly two thirds of the clear supernatant liquid was next decanted, while the remaining water, along with the sediment, was in each instance poured upon a double filter, the two parts of which had previously been agitated, to be of equal weight. The filters were numbered and laid aside, and ultimately dried in the sunshine, under like circumstances, in two parcels, one embracing the experiments from May 23 to July 15, the other from July 17 to August 13. The difference in weight between the two parts of each double filter was then carefully ascertained, and as to the inner filter alone the sediment was attached, its excess of weight indicated the amount of sediment.'

As the table may be interesting, showing the height and temperature of the water as well as the result of the experiments at the different times, we introduce it complete :

TABLE showing the Quantity of Sediment contained in the Water of the Mississippi River.

Date of Experiment.	Height of River above Low Water.		Temperature.	Grains of Sediment in a Pint of Water.		Date of Experiment.	Height of River above Low Water.		Temperature.	Grains of Sediment in a Pint of Water.	
	ft.	in.		A.	B.		ft.	in.		A.	B.
1846.						1846.					
May 21.....	10	11	79	6.66	7.00	July 8.....	7	2	79.5	9.68	10.00
" 23.....	10	11	78	9.08	9.12	" 9.....	6	2	81	8.20	7.67
" 27.....	10	10	78	7.90	9.00	" 9.....	6	0	81	7.80	6.96
" 29.....	11	0	74	7.80	8.10	" 10.....	6	1	81	6.12	6.25
June 2.....	11	1	75	4.50	5.45	" 12.....	5	9	80	7.72	7.80
" 4.....	11	1	75	7.87	6.10	" 15.....	5	10	80	6.67	6.50
" 6.....	11	4	75	4.60	4.90	" 17.....	5	10	82	4.45	4.57
" 8.....	11	4	75.5	5.43	5.60	" 20.....	5	4	82	6.07	5.75
" 10.....	10	4	76	6.70	6.80	" 24.....	2	10	84	5.76	5.70
" 12.....	10	8	76	6.50	6.80	" 27.....	2	1	84	4.77	4.60
" 14.....	10	5	76.5	6.00	6.00	" 29.....	2	11	84.5	4.93	4.13
" 16.....	10	4	76.5	6.47	6.15	Aug. 1.....	2	6	85	4.40	4.44
" 20.....	10	4	77	7.03	7.40	" 3.....	2	0	84	3.13	3.34
" 22.....	10	2	77	9.88	9.00	" 5.....	1	9	86	8.56	8.40
" 24.....	9	8	77	8.40	8.48	" 7.....	1	5	88	2.85	2.85
" 26.....	8	9	77.5	8.25	8.73	" 10.....	1	6	88	3.08	2.92
" 28.....	8	0	79	9.10	9.58	" 13.....	9	8	84	2.97	3.00
July 1.....	7	2	79.5	9.15	9.25						

The mean average of column A. is 6.82.
 " " " " " " B. is 6.80.

'By comparison with distilled water,' says the same, 'the specific gravity of the filtered river water we found to be 1.828; pint of such water at 60° weighs 7,297.40.' Engineer Forehay says the sediment is 1 to 1,800 by weight, or 1 in 3,000 by volume.

Professor Riddell also comes to the following conclusions, after an analytic investigation of the sediment. He took one hundred grains from the river margin, dried it at 212° Fahrenheit, before weighing, and found it to contain:

	<i>Grains.</i>
Silica,	74.15
Alumina,	9.14
Oxide of iron,	4.56
Lime,	2.08
Magnesia,	1.53
Manganese,	0.04
Potassa, {	not determined
Soda, {	
Phosphoric acid,	0.44
Sulphuric acid,	0.07
Carbonic acid,	0.74
Chlorine,	0.01
Water,	3.12
Organic matter,	3.10
Total,	98.97

The existence of so large a quantity of sediment in the water of the Mississippi, leads to divers formations in its bed. These formations are principally 'bars' and 'battures.' The banks are also much affected.

When the water of the river, aided by the current, has attained its full capacity of buoyant earth, as we have already said, the excess falls to the bottom. Instead, however, of remaining permanently where it first lodged, which would soon fill up the channel and cause the river to overflow, the scouring of the water on the bottom forces a large portion along with the current, though it be not suspended. Pursuing its course for a while, some irregularity or obstruction falls in the way—a sunken log, perhaps. This obstacle checks the progress of the moving

earth—it accumulates; the next wave brings down more—the accumulation becomes greater; until, in the course of a few years, there is a vast field of deposit, and 'bar' is formed. These 'bars' often divert the channel, and occasion the immense washings before alluded to.

Bars are generally found close to the banks, though there are examples in which they extend in a transverse direction to the current. Bars of this kind very much embarrass and endanger navigation in low water. At Helena, Arkansas, there is an instance of a transverse bar, upon which, in October, the water is less than six feet. These bars are formed of sand, which seems to have been the heavier and less buoyant of the components of the earth thrown into the current by abrasion, the lighter portions having been separated by the water and carried off.

It will not be necessary to consider further the subject of bars in the river, but those at its mouth deserve some attention. The subject is one that has led to much theorizing, study, and fear—the latter particularly, from an ill-founded supposition that they threaten to cut off navigation into the Gulf.

Near its entrance into the Gulf, the Mississippi distributes its waters through five outlets, termed passes, and consequently has as many mouths. These are termed Pass à l'Ouvre, Northeast, Southeast, South, and Southwest. They differ in length, ranging from three to nine miles. They also all afford sufficient depth of water for commercial purposes, except at their mouths, which are obstructed by bars. The depth of water upon one of these is sufficient to pass large vessels; a second, vessels of less size; and the rest are not navigable at all, as regards sea-going vessels. These bars, too, are continually changing, according to the winds or the currents of the river. It is a rather singular fact that when one of the navigable passes becomes blocked, the river is certain to force a chan-

nel of navigable depth through one of the others, previously not in use; so that at no one time are all the passes closed.

In looking into the past, and noticing the changes, it is recorded that in 1720, of all the passes the South Pass was the only one navigable. In 1730, there was a depth of from twelve to fifteen feet, according to the winds, and at another time even seventeen feet was known. In 1804, upon the statement of Major Stoddard, written at that date, the East Pass, called the Balize, had then about seventeen feet of water on the bar, and was the one usually navigated. The South Pass was formerly of equal depth, but was then gradually filling up. (This pass, at present, 1864, is not at all navigated.) The Southwest Pass had from eleven to twelve feet of water. The Northeast and Southeast Passes were traversed only by small craft. Since 1830 the Southwest Pass has been gaining depth. This and Pass à l'Outre are now the only two out of the five of sufficient depth to admit the crossing of the larger class of vessels. The former, however, is the one in most general use. All the other passes, with the exception of the two mentioned, have been abandoned.

In regard to the changes and numerous singular formations at the mouths of the Mississippi, we give a statement made by William Talbot, for twenty-five years a resident of the Balize. He says:

'The bars at the various passes change very often. The channel sometimes changes two and three times in a season. Occasionally one gale of wind will change the channel. The bars make to the seaward every year. The Southwest Pass is now the main outlet used. It has been so only for three years, as at that time there was as much water in the Northeast Pass as in it. The Southeast Pass was the main ship channel twenty years ago; there is only about six feet of water in that pass now; and where it was deepest then, there are only a few inches of water at this time. The visible shores of

the river have made out into the Gulf two or three miles within my memory. Besides the deposits of mud and sand, which form the bars, there frequently rise up bumps, or mounds, near the channel, which divert its course. These bumps are supposed to be the production of salt springs, and sometimes are formed in a very few days. They sometimes rise four or five feet above the surface of the water.' He 'knew one instance when some bricks, that were thrown overboard from a vessel outside the bar, in three fathoms of water, were raised above the surface by one of these banks, and were taken to the Balize, and used in building chimneys. In another instance, an anchor, which was lost from a vessel, was lifted out of the water, so that it was taken ashore. About twenty years ago, a sloop, used as a lighter, was lost outside the bar in a gale of wind; several years afterward she was raised by one of these strange formations, and her cargo was taken out of her.'

We may say the bumps of which Mr. Talbot speaks are termed 'mud bumps,' from the fact of being composed of sediment. They present a curious spectacle as seen from a passing steamer. They are undoubtedly the result of subterranean pressure, but from what cause, whether volcanic, or the influence of the sea or river, or both, has not been determined. Many speculations have been entered into in regard to these phenomena, but as yet without fruitful result.

Leaving this digression, we proceed to notice that the theories set up to explain the causes of the bars at the mouth of the river, have been numerous and various. Some suppose them to be the result of the water of the river meeting the opposing force of the Gulf waves, checking the current, and causing a precipitation of the suspended sediment. Others are of the opinion that the bars are entirely the effect of marine action, and endeavor to show that the immense inward flow of the Gulf washes up from its bed the vast accumulations that are continually forming in the way of navigation.

After a personal observation and investigation, and as well after frequent and free consultation with others, we are persuaded to discredit the above-mentioned theories. The resistance of the Gulf does not form the bars, though it exerts an influence. The immense volume and force of water ejected from the river receives no immediate repellent action from the Gulf, but extends into it many miles without the least signs of disturbance, as may be plainly discovered even in the most casual observation. It is known as well that the water of the river remains perfectly palatable at a very close proximity to the sea. This is a very good evidence of the superior force of the river's current. The two volumes of water mix a considerable distance out at sea.

An able engineer states that, upon examination, he found a column of fresh water seven feet deep and seven thousand feet wide, and discovered salt water at eight feet below the surface. As the result of his investigations, he divides the water into three strata, as follows:

1. Fresh water, running out at the top with a velocity of three miles an hour.
2. Salt water, beneath the fresh, also running out at about the same velocity.
3. A reflex flow of salt water, running in slowly at the bottom.

It is this inward current, he thinks, that produces the deposit, and in doing so carries with it no small degree of sea drift. The influx of the lower column flowing up stream, after it passes the dead point, is allowed time and opportunity for the sediment to deposit. The principle of the reflex current is somewhat that of an eddy, not only produced by the conflict of two opposing bodies of water, but also is much influenced in the under currents by the multitude of estuaries presented by the irregular sea front of the coast.

A gentleman, who seems to have taken a very statistical view of these

bars, makes the following business-like and curious calculation as to their immensity: we introduce it on account of its originality. He says the average quantity of water discharged per second is five hundred and ten thousand cubic feet. The quantity of salt suspended, one in three thousand by volume. The quantity of mud discharged, one hundred and seventy cubic feet per second. Considering seventeen cubic feet equal to one ton, the daily discharge of mud is eight hundred and sixty-four thousand tons, and would require a fleet of seventeen hundred and twenty-eight ships, of five hundred tons each, to transport the average daily discharge. And to lift this immense quantity of matter, it would require about seven hundred and seventy-one dredging machines, sixteen horse power, with a capacity of labor amounting to one hundred and forty tons, working eight hours.

Another class of sedimentary formations met with along the banks of the Mississippi are the battures. There is one remarkable instance of these in front of New Orleans, which has led to much private dispute, and even public disturbance, as to ownership. Within sixty years, in front of the Second Municipality of the city, the amount of alluvial formations susceptible of private ownership were worth over five millions of dollars, that is, nearly one hundred thousand dollars per annum, and the causes which have produced them are still at work, and will probably remain so. As far back as 1847 these remarks were made upon the subject: 'The value of the annual alluvial deposits in front of the Second Municipality now is not less than two hundred thousand dollars, and, with the exception of the batture between the Faubourg St. Mary line and Lacourse street, all belongs to this municipality.' 'Such a source of wealth was never possessed by any city before. In truth, it may be said that nature is our taxgatherer, levying by her immutable laws tribute from

the banks of rivers and from the summits of mountains thousands of miles distant to enrich, improve, and adorn our favored city.' There are numerous other examples of the kind going on elsewhere along the river.

But the greatest exhibition of the wonderful character of the Mississippi, and in which all its singular effects are most distinctly shown, is in its Delta. For a long succession of years the immense quantities of sediment, of which we have already spoken, had gradually precipitated upon this portion of the river until it reached the surface. Drift now lodged upon it: the decomposition of drift and the accumulation of other vegetable matter soon furnished a suitable bed for the growth of a marine vegetation, and now a vast area, a level expanse of waste land and marsh, is seen extending a great distance into the Gulf, ramified here and there by the outlets of the river. Indeed, so rapid have been these formations, that upon the testimony of history, the Mississippi River to-day is twenty-nine miles farther in the Gulf than it was in 1754.

Mr. Forshey, an engineer, remarks that 'the superficial area of the true Delta formation of the Mississippi, or below Baton Rouge, where the last bluffs are found, is about fifteen thousand square miles, constituting a region of mean width seventy-five miles, and mean length two hundred miles. Probable depth of alluvion is about one fifth of a mile, by inference from the depth of the Gulf of Mexico.' In the vicinity of New Orleans, boring to a depth of two hundred feet, fossils, such as shells, bones, etc., have been found. And at thirty feet specimens of pottery and other evidences of Indian habitation have been discovered. The foundation upon which rest the alluvial formations has been found to consist of a hard blue silicious clay, closely resembling that met with in the bed of the Mississippi. The most recent of the alluvial fields of the Delta have been constituted a

parish, termed Plaquemine. In 1800, according to one authority, there were but very few acres in cultivation in the entire parish. Since leveeing above, the deposit has been extremely rapid, until now we find some excellent plantations in Plaquemine. Fifty miles below New Orleans the tillable land is nearly a mile in width; below there, it becomes gradually less, until it is lost in the Gulf. Still the accumulations are going on, and it is impossible even to surmise what changes the great river may yet effect in the future geography of this section of the American continent.

Considering the multitude of streams and vastness of area drained by the Mississippi, it is natural to suppose the river is much affected in the stage of its water by the seasons. We have seen that the meltings of the Rocky Mountain snows, the mountain rills of the Alleghanies, the waters of the valleys of the upper river, of the Missouri, of the Ohio, the Arkansas, the Yazoo, and the Red, all find outlet through this one stream. There are certain seasons in the year when all these widely distant localities are subject to a gradual approach of warmth from the south, until they arrive at a sort of climatic average. This creates a maximum of the supply of water. The inverse then takes place, and a minimum results. For instance, in the latter part of December, the lower latitudes of the Mississippi begin to experience their annual rains. These by degrees tend northward as the season advances. In March commence the thaws of the southern borders of the zone of snow and ice; and during April, May, and June, it reaches to the most distant tributary fountain head. The river now is at its highest. The reverse then sets in. All the tributaries have their excess, the heats of summer are at hand, drought and evaporation soon exhaust the surplus of the streams, and the river is at its lowest.

To meet the great annual excess of

water in the Mississippi, nature has provided sure safeguards. These are termed bayous, and are found everywhere along the river, below the mouth of the Ohio. Additional preventives against inundation are the lagoons, or sea-water lakes, of the coast. Into these bayous and lagoons, as the river becomes high, the excess of water backs or flows. They are natural reservoirs, to ease the rise, and prevent the inevitable suddenness and danger which would result without them. In these reservoirs the water rises or falls with the river; and when the fall becomes permanent, the water in the bayous—the lagoons having outlet into the sea—falls with it, returning into the main stream, and finding entrance into the Gulf, from which it had been temporarily detained. Without the bayous the lands adjacent to the Lower Mississippi would, with very few exceptions, be subject to an annual overflow, and

be perfectly worthless for certain agricultural purposes. In summer the bayous in numerous instances become perfectly dry, and give a very singular effect to the appearance of the country.

Below the mouth of the Red River the tributaries of the Mississippi cease, and the entire volume of the river is attained. As a protection against serious consequences arising out of such an immense mass of water, nature has again introduced a remedy. This consists in a number of lateral branches, which leave the river a short distance below the mouth of the Red, tending directly to the Gulf, through a continuous chain of conduits, lakes, and marshes.

The principal bayous, which exert so important a part in regulating the stage of this part of the river, are in length and distance from the Gulf as follows:

					<i>Distance by River.</i>	
					<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Bayou La Fourche, from the Mississippi River to the Gulf,	100				180	
" Plaquemine, " " " "	60				210	
" Manchac, " " " "	50				220	
" Atchafalaya, " " " "	110				300	

The course of the bayous, it will be seen, have a more direct route than the river. Their average width is one thousand feet, and fall twenty-two feet. Their average velocity is about three and two tenths miles per hour. Though the rise of the river at Baton Rouge sometimes attains a height of thirty feet, so great is the relieving capacity of these lateral branches, that at New Orleans the rise never exceeds twelve feet. At Point à la Hache the difference between the highest and lowest stage is but six feet; at Fort Jackson, four feet, while it falls to low water mark when it enters the sea.

Having briefly noted the peculiarities of the Mississippi, a few facts in recapitulation may place it in a more comprehensive attitude as regards its appearance and size. In the north, after leav-

ing the Falls of St. Anthony, the river has but the characteristics of a single stream, but below the Ohio we find it combines the peculiarities of a number. The water here begins to show signs of almost a new nature and greater density. The river develops into a much wider channel, and its peculiarities become more marked and impressive.

Strange as it may seem, the greatest mean width of the Lower Mississippi is at the confluence of the Ohio, and from this point it gradually becomes narrower, until it is but little more than half that width as it draws near the Gulf. This gives the river a kind of funnel shape, and if it were not for the numerous bayous and lateral branches, which we have explained, the most violent convulsion and devastation would

arise. In the United States Engineer Reports we find this statement :

The mean width of the Mississippi River between the Ohio and Arkansas Rivers,	<i>Feet.</i> 4,500
Mean width between the Arkansas and Red Rivers,	4,100
Mean width between the Red River and Donaldsonville, . .	3,000
Mean width between Donaldsonville and the Gulf,	2,500

Above the Red River the range between high and low water is about forty-five feet, and thence to the Gulf it gradually diminishes to zero.

The greatest velocity of current is about five and a half miles per hour during floods, and about one and a half miles per hour during low water.

The river is above mean height from January to July, and below from August to December. The greatest height is attained from March to June, and the lowest from October to November.

The mud of the Mississippi is very yielding, insomuch that an allowance of several feet is often made where the draught of a vessel exceeds the clear depth of the water. We have heard of cases where steamers have ploughed successfully through four feet of it.

It is singular, too, and exhibits still more clearly what we have said of deposits, that the lower river for the most part runs along the summit of a ridge of its own formation, and annually this ridge is becoming more elevated. The inland deposits are made by the bayous and their overflow. The lands close to the river are disproportionately higher than those farther back. The average distance from the river to the swamp is about two and a half miles. And the slope in some places sinks to a depression of eighteen feet to a mile. It is upon this strip of tillable earth that

the river plantations are located. By a system of drainage even much of the swamp lands now unconverted might soon be turned to profitable use.

The numerous islands and old channels of the Mississippi are also another source of wonder to the traveller. The 'cut offs,' previously explained, are mainly the cause of both. In the first instance, the river forces its way by a new route, and joins the river below; this necessarily detaches a certain amount of land from the main shore. As for the second, after the river has taken this new route, its main abrasive action follows with it. The water in the old channel becomes comparatively quiet, sediment is rapidly deposited, and in course of time the old bed loses its identity, or becomes a beautiful lake, numerous instances of which occur between the Ohio and the Red Rivers.

As the Mississippi reaches the neighborhood of the Balize the east banks slope to the sea level very rapidly, running off toward the end at a declination of three feet to a mile; after which, the land is soon lost in wet sea marsh, covered by tides. On the west side the land declines more slowly, and in some places is deeply wooded. The chenières begin where the declination ends, and the great reservoirs of the coast, the lakes and lagoons, begin.

The incessant changes in the channel and filling up of the Mississippi preclude the possibility of a table of distances mathematically accurate, yet we have taken from accepted authorities the number of miles from the Gulf to the principal points along its banks. The table may be of service to the many that are daily tending to the great Father of Rivers, and those at home may be able to form, perhaps, a better estimate of the immense length of the stream, by having before them these figures :

TABLE of Distances and Altitudes on the Mississippi.

From the Gulf of Mexico	Miles.	Above level of the sea.
To New Orleans, La.,	110	10.5
" Donaldsonville, La.,	188
" Plaquemine, La.,	210
" Baton Rouge, La.,	240
" Port Hudson, La.,	268
" Bayou Sara, La.,	275
" Mouth of the Red River, La.,	315	76
" Fort Adams, Miss.,	327
" Natchez, Miss.,	387	86
" Grand Gulf, Miss.,	450
" Warrenton, Miss.,	500
" Vicksburg, Miss.,	513
" Mouth of the Yazoo River, Miss.,	522
" Milliken's Bend, La.,	538
" Lake Providence, La.,	568
" Greenville, Miss.,	657
" Napoleon, Ark., and mouth of the Arkansas River,	730
" Mouth of White River, Ark.,	756
" Helena, Ark.,	838
" Mouth of St. Francis River, Ark.,	843
" Memphis, Tenn.,	928
" New Madrid, Mo.,	1,113
" Columbus, Ky.,	1,167
" Cairo, Ill., and mouth of Ohio River,	1,187	324
" Cape Girardeau, Mo.,	1,237
" St. Louis, Mo.,	1,388	333
" Mouth of the Illinois River,	1,422
" Upper Iowa River, Io.,	1,984
" Mouth of St. Peter's River, Minn.,	2,198	744
" Falls of St. Anthony, Minn.,	2,206	856
" Lake Caas, Minn.,	2,761	1,403
" Itasca Lake, Minn.,	2,890	1,573
" Springs on the summit of Hauteurs de Terre,	2,896	1,680

The Lower Mississippi presents another feature that should not be forgotten, and which sets forth a great design. Immense forests of cottonwood and ash are to be seen growing along its banks. These trees are of rapid growth, and afford excellent (in fact the best, with the exception of coal) fuel for steamers. Indeed, they constitute much the greater portion of wood consumed in river navigation. So suitable is the rich alluvion of the river banks to the growth of these trees, that in ten years they attain to a suffi-

cient size for felling. Plantations lying uncultivated for a single year, in the second present a handsome young growth of cottonwood. This fact is now very well proven on the Mississippi; the war has ruined agricultural labor almost entirely. No apprehensions are ever felt by steamboat men on the subject of fuel; the supply is inexhaustible and reproducing.

The other woods found upon the river, but not, let it be said, to the extent of the cottonwood or the ash, are the live and water oak, swamp dog-

wood, willow, myrtle, wild pecan, elm, and ash. The cypress tree is found in extensive forests back from the river in the swamps. This tree attains an enormous height, and is without branches until attaining the very top, and then they are short and crooked, presenting a very fine and sparse foliage. The wood of the cypress is very little used upon the river, not, perhaps, in consequence of its inferiority of quality, but the difficulty of access to it.

In conclusion, we cannot withhold a few words upon the singular typical similarity between the appearance of vegetation upon its banks and the river itself. Gray forests of cypress, the blended foliage of the oak, the cottonwood, and the ash, with a charming intermixture of that beautiful parasitic evergreen, the mistletoe, above Vicksburg, suggest the blooming grandeur of the stream. Below, the appearance of a new parasite, the Spanish moss,

draping the trees with a cold, hoary-looking vegetation, casts a melancholy and matured dignity upon the scene. Like the gray locks of age, it reminds the passer by of centuries gone, when the red savage in his canoe toiled upon its turbid flood; it recalls the day of discovery, when De Soto and La Salle sought its mighty torrent in search of gain, and found death; and now looms before us the noblest picture of all, the existence of a maturing civilization upon its banks. Associated thus with an ever-present suggestion of a remarkable and ever-forming antiquity, the Mississippi becomes indeed the wonder of waters. Ponce de Leon, that most romantic of early Spanish explorers, traversed the continent in search of a 'fountain of everlasting youth;' the powerful republic of the West, has found in the 'Father of Waters' a fountain and a stream of everlasting, vigorous life, wealth, and convenience.

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN LIFE AND SCENERY.

IV.—MOUNTAIN WAYS.

LUCY D—. Aunt Sarah, did you ever read the Declaration of Independence?

MRS. GRUNDY. What a question! In my youth it was read regularly, once a year, at every Fourth of July celebration.

LUCY D—. Did you ever, when listening to it, consider that your interest in its enunciation of principles was merely incidental, not direct?

MRS. GRUNDY. How so?

LUCY D—. The 'all men' that are born 'equal,' and with an 'inalienable right to liberty,' does not include you, — because, although you are white, you are a woman.

MRS. GRUNDY. What covert heresy is this, Lucy, with which you are endeavoring to mystify my old-fashioned notions?

LUCY D—. I advocate no theory. I merely state a fact. My own belief is, that men are born very *unequal* (I do not mean *legally*, but *really*, as they stand in the sight of God), and that they, as well as we, are free only to do what is right in the fulfilment of *inalienable duties*. 'Life' and the 'pursuit of happiness' must both yield to the exactions of such duties. I must confess, however, that, let my abstract views be as they may, I have occasionally embraced in their widest extent

the generalizations of the Declaration of Independence; and nowhere has the right of 'Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness' seemed to me so precious and delightful a possession as, when seated on top of a stage coach, I have breathed the exhilarating atmosphere of some elevated mountain region. As to equality, I must also say, that *there* especially do I feel my inferiority to, and dependence on the driver, who, in his sphere, reigns a king.

Mrs. GRUNDY. In my day, *ladies* were always expected to take inside seats.

LUCY D—. Yes, and be shut up behind a great leather strap, so that if anything happened, they would be the last to reach the door! I have a few notes of a stage-coach journey, made last summer. If you like, I will read it to you while you work on that interminable afghan. By the way, Aunt Sarah, I do not think you have labored quite so energetically since the late decision made by the Metropolitan Fair in regard to raffling. How is that?

Mrs. GRUNDY. My dear, I must acknowledge that my ardor is a little lessened since I began this piece of work, for then I had not only a vision of the poor soldiers to be aided by my labor, but I also fancied that this warm wrapping, instead of adding a new lustre to the carriage of some luxurious lady, might perchance fall to the share of some poor widow; and these beautiful embroidered leaves and blossoms might delight some sickly child, whose best covering had hitherto been a faded blanket shawl, and whose mother was too poor to afford the indulgence of real flowers, purchased from some collection of exotics, or plucked by the pale fingers from some fragrant country wayside. However, I know that was an idle fancy, and the imagination is a dangerous guide. I surely would never call in question the soundness of a decision made by so many excellent and

respectable people. Read on, if you please. You know me to be a patient listener.

LUCY D—. Yes, dear aunt, and I know, too, that charity—that crown of virtues—can warm and expand the primmest conventionality, and lend bright wings of beauty to the most commonplace conception. The same Divine Love that fringes dusty highways with delicate, fragrant blossoms, can cause even the arid soil of worldliness to teem with lovely growths and refreshing fruits. But, a truce to this digression, to which, as I foresaw, you give no heed; and now to my notes:

One cool, sunshiny morning in August, a lady traveller, bent for once on gratifying the whim of seeing what lay beyond the blue hills in the far distance, left the Laurel House (Catakill Mountains), and took her way toward Tannersville. Two ladies, charming companions, accompanied her as far as the bridge over the mill stream, where she struck into a neglected byway, leading past a melancholy graveyard. The air was delicious, the mountains were clear, but softened by a dreamy haze; each cottage garden was bright with phlox, bergamot, mallows, and nasturtiums, and the soul of the traveller was filled with gratitude that this earth had been made so beautiful, and she had been given health, strength, opportunity, and a stout heart to enjoy it.

Tannersville reached, an outside seat was secured on the Lexington stage. The sharers of my lofty station were a gentleman on his way to join wife and children at Hunter, and a tattered, greasy-looking Copperhead.

The 'sunny hill' (Clum's) was soon left behind; the opening of the Plattekill Clove, with its beautiful mountains and deep hollows (Mink and Wildcat), passed, and the distant peaks beyond Lexington loomed up fair as the enchanted borders of the land of Beulah. The hay was nearly gathered in, and the oats were golden on the hillsides.

Men for farmwork were evidently scarce, and the driver said they had nearly all gone to the war. The Copperhead remarked: 'I was always too smart for that, I was.'

The driver told him his turn would come yet, for he would certainly be drafted. Copperhead said he had the use of only one arm. Driver opined that would make no difference; they took all, just as they came. Copperhead grumbled out: 'Yes; I know we ha'n't got no laws nohow!'

At Hunter, the wife and two ruddy little boys came out to meet the expected head of the family. A bright and happy meeting! The Copperhead also got down, and took seat inside the stage, where he was soon joined by a country lassie, whose merry voice speedily gave token of acquaintance and satisfaction with her fellow traveller.

Opposite Hunter is the most beautiful view of the Stony Clove. The high and narrow cleft opens to the south, and I thought of loved ones miles and miles away.

Beyond Hunter, a long, straggling village, with some neat houses, the road becomes smoother, and gradually descends along the east bank of the Schoharie, which it rarely leaves. The meadow lands widen a little, and the way is fringed by maples, beeches, alders, hemlocks, birches, and occasional chestnuts. The stream is rapid, clear, and, though without any noteworthy falls, a cheerful, agreeable companion. The mountains on the left bank are steep and rugged; near Hunter, burnt over; afterward, green to the top, and, while occasionally curving back from the stream, and thus forming hollows or ravines, still presenting not a single cleft between Stony Clove and the clove containing the West Kill, and opening out from Lexington toward Shandaken. The West Kill enters the Schoharie a little below Lexington, and the East Kill flows in above, near Jewett.

Every farm glittered with golden sunflowers. I saw one misguided blossom obstinately turning its face away from the great source of light and heat. Every petal was drooping, and I wondered if the dwellers in the neighboring cot heeded the lesson. The buckwheat fields were snowy with blossoms and fragrant as the new honey the bees were industriously gathering.

Lexington is a lovely village, with pretty dwellings, soft meadows, and an infinite entanglement of mountains, great and small, green and blue, for background in every direction. I had already been warned that the stage went no farther; and, as my destination that evening was Prattsville, some means of conveyance was of course necessary. The driver feared the horses would all be engaged haying, and asked what I would do in case no wagon could be found. I replied that, as the distance from Lexington to Prattsville was only seven miles, and I had no luggage, it might readily be accomplished on foot. He opened his eyes, and, perhaps, finding the Lexington hotel not likely to be benefited by my delay, cast about for some way of obliging me. As we drove up to the post office, the door was found locked, and Uncle Samuel's agent absent, which circumstance, taken in connection with the fact that the mail comes to Lexington only twice per week, struck me as decidedly 'cool.'

By six o'clock I found myself seated in a comfortable buggy, behind a sleek, fleet pony, and beside an old gentleman, whose upright mien and pleasant talk added no little to the enjoyment of the hour. The evening lights were charming, the hills wound in and out, the Schoharie rippled merrily over the cobble stones or slate rocks forming its bed, and the clematis and elder bushes gently waved their treasures of white blossoms, silky seeds, or deepening berries, in the soft summer air. By and by the slate cliffs rose precipitously from the river shore, leaving only room

sufficient for the road, which, is in fact, sometimes impassable, when the rains or melting snows have swollen the singing river to an angry, foaming, roaring flood. My companion told me of the agriculture of the district, of the wild Bushnell Clove, of bees and honey making, and of the Prattsville tanneries, which he stigmatized as a curse to the country, cutting down all the trees, and leaving only briars and brambles in their stead. He also told me of two brave sons in the Union army, and of a married daughter far away. The oldest boy had been wounded at Gettysburg, and all three children had recently been home on a short visit. 'Children,' said the old man, 'are a heap more trouble when they are grown than when they are little; for then they all go away, and keep one anxious the whole time.'

We drove under the steep ledges, the hills of Beulah were passed, and Prattsville reached.

The following morning was bright and clear, but warm. I rose early, and went up on the high bluffs overlooking the town. Below was a pretty pastoral view of stream, meadow, hop fields, pasture lands with cattle, sundry churches, and neat white houses, shut in by great hills, many bare, and a few still wooded. Passing beneath the highest ledge, I came upon an old man, a second Old Mortality, chipping away at the background for a medallion of the eldest son of Colonel Zadoc Pratt, a gallant soldier, who fell, I believe, at the second battle of Manassas. On a dark slab, about five hundred and fifty feet above the river, is a profile in white stone of the great tanner himself. An honest countryman had previously pointed it out to me, saying: 'A good man, Colonel Pratt—but that looks sort of foolish; people will have their failings, and vanity is not one of the worst!' On the above-mentioned ledges are many curious carvings, a record of 'one million sides of leather tanned with hemlock bark at the Pratt

tanneries in twenty years,' and other devices, such as niches to sit in, a great sofa wrought from the solid rock, and a pretty spring.

At ten o'clock the stage came from Delhi, which place it had left at two in the morning. Seventy miles from Delhi to Catskill—a good day's journey! It was full, and our landlord put on an extra, giving me a seat beside the driver, and filling the inside with men. Said driver was a carpenter, and an excellent specimen of an American mechanic—intelligent and self-respecting. This is a great cattle and dairy region, and we passed several hundred lambs on their way to the New York market. The driver pitied the poor creatures; and, when passing through a drove, endeavored to frighten them as little as possible. 'Innocent things!' said he, 'they have just been taken from their mothers, and know not which way to turn. I hate to think of their being slaughtered, for what is so meek and so joyous as a young lamb!'

I thought:

'Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis!

Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis!

Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi, dona nobis pacem!'

—the 'nobis' to include the poor lambs.

At the first turn in the road we passed a great boulder, known throughout the country as 'the big rock.' Beside the highway flows the Red Kill, a tributary of the Schoharie. There are some trout in it, but a couple of cotton factories have frightened them nearly all away. A hot political discussion soon arose among the inside passengers. Our driver seemed to think loud and angry words quite out of place, and said: 'I am a Democrat myself, but the other day I had a talk with the Republican tax collector of our place, and I concluded we both wanted about one thing—the good of

our country. *Honest* Republicans and *honest* Democrats are not so far asunder as people usually think.'

Mountain after mountain stretched away to north, south, east, and west, blue or green, bright or dark, as distance or the shadows of the beautiful cumulus clouds severally affected them. Up, up we wound, the merry kill dancing beside us, and the air growing fresher and more elastic with every foot of ascent. The country is quite well settled, and we rose through Red Falls and Ashland to Windham, a long, peculiar-looking town, where we dined, and exchanged our two stages for a large one seating eighteen persons (inside and out), and drawn by four fresh steeds. The mountains grew wilder, the air cooler, and finally Windham High Peak or Black Head, a great round-topped peak, appeared on the right. A party from Albany had that day gone up. No water can be found near the top. This is thought to be the loftiest summit of the range (8,926 feet), but our new driver said there was another peak toward the southwest, which he fancied higher.

In the cleft between Windham High Peak and the mountain to the north, runs the road, which suddenly emerges from the defile and overlooks the open country. We here find no long cleft as in the Kauterskill, Plattekill, and Stony Cloves, but the highway descends along the face of the mountain slope. The first view is toward the northeast, and, of a clear day, must be very fine. The distance was hazy, but the atmospheric effects on the near mountains only the more beautiful. The road is generally through cleared lands, so that the view is constantly visible, and continually opening out toward the south. Acra, Cairo, and Leeds were all passed through, and Catskill reached about half past six in the evening. Kiskatom Round Top rose round and dark to the south of Cairo, whence also the entire western slope of the Catskills was plainly visi-

ble, a soft, flowing, and tender outline. Near Leeds, on the Catskill Creek, are some curious rocks. We had changed drivers at Cairo. The new one was a jollier specimen of humanity than any I had yet seen; he evidently loved good living, and would not refuse a glass of grog when off duty. His team was named Lightfoot, Ladybird, Vulture, and Rowdy, and was coaxed along with gentle words, as: 'Go on, little ones!' 'Get up, lambs!' and similar endearing appellations.

The sunset was glorious. Round Top and Overlook were bathed in purple red; crimson clouds hung over the North and South Mountains, while Black Head and the surrounding summits were partly obscured, partly thrown out by heavy storm clouds.

The night was sultry, and the succeeding morning opaque with an August fog. Rising early, I sat upon the upper gallery of the little Catskill inn, and watched the manners and customs of the street corners. An old, one-armed man, with a younger and more stalwart, appeared at a sort of chest counter, covered by a bower of green boughs, and drew out two tables, which were then placed at the edge of the pavement. The chest was unlocked, and forth came several bushels of potatoes, three or four dozen wilted ears of corn, two squashes (one white and one orange), three half-decayed cabbage heads, a quantity of smoked sturgeon, a dish of blueberries, and a great pan of blackberries. These dainties were arranged and rearranged upon the tables, to make them look as attractive as possible, and then left to the sun, the dust, and the flies, to improve as they best might. Weary hours passed, and customers came slowly in. At one o'clock, when I left, about half the original stock remained. On the opposite corner was a group of children struggling for the possession of two lively kittens: wrangling, coaxing, defying, yielding, and pouting, gave animation to a scene, in which a pretty,

saucy girl, and a lazy, lordly lad were the principal actors. Down came the lawyer to the fat, sleek, clean-looking negro barber, to be shaved, and then away up to the court house, with a jaunty, swinging, self-satisfied air, that said plainly enough—'Find me a smarter man than I, will you?' A tipsy porter came staggering under a load for the down boat; a dusty miller wended his way to a flour store; a little contraband carried home a fish as long as himself; an indignant, dirty, black-bearded mulatto cursed at his recent employer, whom he accused of having defrauded him of his wages; a neat, trig damsel tripped by in cool morning dress; a buxom dame, unmistakably English, in great round hat, brim about a foot radius, swept past the humble market stand; a natty storekeeper came to his door, and looked out for customers; a servant lass, sent out with a pretty child in a little wagon to purchase a newspaper, stopped at a milliner's to read some interesting item to the shop girl; two young officers, in gay new uniforms, sauntered by; a crippled soldier hobbled along on a crutch, stages rushed down from the mountains, parties in buggies and on horseback flew past, the dust thickened, the sun came out clear and burning, the din increased, and I went down to the little parlor in search of shade and quiet.

At one the stage for the Mountain House started. The passengers had already waited three hours for the arrival of the down boat, delayed by the fog. They were consequently in no very cheerful frame of mind, and grumbled and growled all the way up the mountain. The day was very warm (94° in the shade), the horses were wearied out by so many journeys up and down, and the five outside and

two inside gentlemen seemed by no means willing to relieve their aching limbs and panting hearts. When we reached the steep portion of the ascent, not a single one offered to walk. I felt ashamed—three were Germans, and four my own countrymen. Of the inside ladies, one was German, and four were Americans. In vain did the mountains, with alternate sun and shadow, shining slopes and passionate thunder clouds, don their loveliest aspect. Though never up before, the young German lady and one of the New Yorkers read nearly the whole way to the summit; another lady kept down her veil, and refused to look out, because it was so sunny; the German youth slept, and one only of the inside passengers seemed to feel any real interest in the beautiful and gradual unveiling of the mysteries of these noble hills. When about half a mile above the toll-gate, the horses stopped to rest, and I could no longer endure the idea of their straining up the steep declivity under so heavy a load. I asked a gentleman to open the door for me, as I would walk a way, and thus relieve the poor animals of at least one hundred and ten pounds. Walk I did, but not a single individual followed my example. Heavy drops began to fall, the thunder muttered, and I reached Rip Van Winkle's fabled retreat barely in time to escape a wetting. As the stage came lumbering up with its load of stout, well-fed men, a young woman in the little hut called out: 'Just see them hogs on top of that coach!'

Whether the gentlemen heard her, I know not, but, the rain having ceased, all left the top of the vehicle, and walked thence to the Mountain House.

I reached the Laurel House in the early twilight, and thus happily ended my three days' journey.

THE MARCH OF LIFE.

Less from evils borne we suffer
Than from those we apprehend,
And no path through life seems rougher
Than the one which we ascend.

But though Time delights in dealing
Wounds which he alone can heal,
And the sorrows wed to feeling
Make it misery to feel ;

Nobler than the soulless Stoic,
He, who, like the Theban chief,
Till the fight is won, heroic
Hides the rankling dart of grief.

Lords of an immortal glory
Be the slaves of mortal shame !
No ; though Martyrdom before ye
Rear a precipice of flame.

On the barriers that dismay us
Carve the charter of your birth ;
True endurance, like Antæus,
Strengthens with each cast to earth.

Wayward man too often fritters
Living destinies away,
Chasing a mirage that glitters
To bewilder and betray.

Then press upward in the vanguard ;
Be not guided by the blind ;
For when Vigor waves the standard
Triumph is not far behind.

It was that which led the marches
Through the Revolution's snows,
And through Jena's fiery arches
Rolled destruction on its foes.

Then if failure blunt your spirit,
Think of this before you swerve :
He has glory who has merit—
It is royal to deserve.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY AND HIS WRITINGS.

No more signal service, during the last half century, has been rendered to the lovers of genuine books, than the collection and republication of the fragmentary writings of Thomas de Quincey. Cast, for the most part, upon the swollen current of periodical literature, at the summons of chance or necessity, during a career protracted beyond the allotted threescore years and ten, the shattered hand of the Opium Eater was powerless to arrest their flight to silence and forgetfulness; increasing remoteness was daily throwing a deeper shadow upon ancient landmarks, and consequently upon the possibility of their recovery. When Mr. de Quincey was urged to attempt the collection himself, his emphatic reply was: 'Sir, the thing is absolutely, insuperably, and forever impossible. Not the archangel Gabriel, nor his multipotent adversary, durst attempt any such thing!' From that quarter, then, nothing could be expected; but the intervention of other parties averted a catastrophe melancholy to contemplate—restoring to us a vast body of literature, unique in character and supreme in kind. We do not pretend that De Quincey has yet been awarded by any very general suffrage the foremost position among modern *littérateurs*; we expect that his popularity will be of slow growth, and never universal. Universal popularity a writer of the highest talent and genius can never secure, for his very loftiness of thought and impassioned eccentricity cut him off from the sympathy, and hence from the applause, of a vast section of humanity. But when contemporary prejudice and indifference shall clear up, and the question be summoned for final arbitration before the dispassionate tribunal of the future, we suspect that the name of Thomas de Quincey will

head the list of English writers during the last seventy-five years. If we should apply to our author the rule which he remorselessly enforces against Dr. Parr, that the production of a complete, first-class work is the only absolute test of first-class literary ability, our position would be untenable, for it is notorious that De Quincey's writings are entirely fragmentary. But it will never do to lay down a canon of that sort as the basis of calculation in estimating the intellectual altitude of literary men. The wider the field the greater the scope for grandeur of design and the pomp of achievement; but it is seldom that a writer who can produce an essay of the highest order cannot also meet successfully the demands of a more protracted effort. Narrowness of bounds, want of compass for complete elaboration, is often no slight obstacle. The more minute the mechanism, the more arduous the approach to perfection. The limits of the essay are at best cramped, and the compression, the adjusting of the subject to those limits, so that its character and bearings may be naturally and perspicuously exhibited, imply no ordinary skill. Besides, the advisability, or rather the possibility of undertaking a literary work of the first magnitude is dependent not less upon circumstances beyond the range of individual control than upon intellectual capacity.

In asserting for De Quincey the leading position among the writers of this century, we are clothing him with no ordinary honors—honors which no man can rightfully enjoy without mental endowments at once multifarious and transcendent. Our age thus far has been prolific in genius, inferior, indeed, to no other, except, perhaps, the Elizabethan; and, even here, inferior only at two points, tragedy and that section

of poetry in which alone is found the incarnation of the sublime—the divine strains of John Milton. But in range of achievement our epoch has scarcely a rival. Mighty champions have arisen in almost every department of letters, and it is plain that, amid merits so divergent and wide removed, we can justly ascribe absolute precedence to no man without establishing, at the outset, a standard of ideal excellence, and by that adjusting the claims of all competitors.

We may remark, then, in general, that few first-class writers have appeared who did not require as a condition of success varied and profound learning. Kant, indeed, won immortality by the efforts of blank power. It is said that he never read a book; so wonderful was his synthetical and logical power, that if he could once discover the starting point, the initial principles of a writer, there was no occasion for his toiling through the intermediate argumentation to reach the conclusions—he grasped them almost intuitively, provided, of course, the deductions were logical. But even Kant, had his acquaintance with the literature of metaphysics been more extensive, would have avoided many errors, as well as the trouble of discovering many truths in which he had been long anticipated. Herder thought that too much reading had hurt the spring and elasticity of his mind. Doubtless we may carry our efforts to excess in this direction as well as any other, by calling into unduly vigorous and persistent action the merely receptive energies of the mind. Perhaps this was the case with Herder, as the range of his reading was truly immense; but if so, it argues with fatal effect against his claims to the highest order of intellect; if the weight of his body was too great for his wings, there lurked somewhere a sad defect. In the vast plurality of cases success lies in, and is graduated by, the intensity of mental reaction upon that which has been acquired

from others. The achievements of the past are stepping stones to the conquests of the present. New truths, new discoveries, are old truths, old discoveries remodelled and shifted so as to meet the view under a different angle; new structures are in no proper sense creations, but mainly the product of a judicious eclecticism. Sir William Hamilton was a vast polyhistor long before he could be called a philosopher, or even thought himself one. Researches the most persistent in nearly every department of letters were with him the indispensable prelude to his subsequent triumphs.

But all this is simply conditional. What, then, are the powers which nature alone can bestow? What must she have done before the highest results can arise from literary effort, however immense the compass of our information? There must be powerful analytic and discursive ability, combined with a commensurate reach of constructive and imaginative capacity. An intellect thus endowed, approaches the perfection of our ideal. If one of these elements is deficient, we shall lack either depth or brilliance, acuteness or fancy; our structures may be massive, titanic, but hostile to the laws of a refined taste; colossal and dazzling, but too airy and unsubstantial except for the few who are

‘With reason mad, and on phantoms fed.’

Before some such ideal tribunal as this let us summon the aspirants to the dictatorial honors which seem to have slumbered since the day of Dr. Johnson, and arbitrate their claims.

Who shall combat the succession of Thomas de Quincey to this vacant throne? Shall it be Coleridge, ‘the noticeable man with large, gray eyes,’ or the stately Macaulay, or Carlyle, with his Moorish dialect and sardonic glance, or hale old Walter Scott, or Lamb, or Hazlitt, or Christopher North? The time was when Coleridge’s literary fame was second to that of no other

man. But he has suffered a disastrous eclipse; it has been articulately demonstrated that the vast body of his most valuable speculations, both in the department of philosophy, and also in that of poetry and of the fine arts generally, were so unblushingly pirated from Schelling and other German writers, that all defence, even that which was merely palliative, has signally failed. That fact silences absolutely and forever his claim. Nor can the pretensions of Macaulay or Carlyle be tolerated; in neither of them is found in any marked degree what has been aptly called 'double-headed' power—in neither are combined the antagonistic resources of profound thought and brilliant imagination. Macaulay, unapproachable in the delineation of character and in the mastery of stately narrative, seems to be shorn of his wonted power in the presence of the higher philosophical and moral questions—the flight that is elsewhere so bold and triumphant, droops and falters here. As for Carlyle, to say nothing of other faults, we vainly search his writings for anything positive; he is a blank destroyer, breathing out everlasting denunciation and regret. No man can possess the highest order of talent or genius whose powers are essentially negative. Mere demolition—demolition which is not the first step in the advance of reform and reconstruction, the preliminary removal of ancient rubbish for the erection of newer and nobler structures—is worse than futile. But we will not pursue farther this phase of our subject. We take our stand upon the position, and think it can be maintained against all comers, that these writers, and others which might be named, although supreme in certain departments, fail in *range* of power; in other words, that they have specialities outside of which they attain no remarkable excellence. Scott, for instance, is unsurpassed in the drama of fiction; but in the more transcendent sphere of poetry his success is open to a very

serious demur. But how is the case with De Quincey? Did he ever write a poem? No; but he was nevertheless a poet of the first rank. Did he ever publish a treatise on metaphysics? No. His great work '*De Emendatione Humani Intellectus*,' was never completed, but he was, notwithstanding, an acute philosopher. The author of no complete history, he was not the less a divine master of historic narration, grave or gay, sententious or impassioned. No one is more profoundly convinced than ourselves that mere rhetorical declamation, and the sepulchral voice of fulsome eulogy can never establish claims of such vast magnitude. What has Mr. de Quincey achieved, what range of capacity has he exhibited in the memorials he has left behind, in the grand conceptions that have arisen upon his mind, whether completely projected into the sphere of tangible reality or not?—these are the crucial questions upon which hang for him the trophies of renown or the dark drapery of oblivion.

Every person who is competent to form an opinion on the subject, very readily allows that political economy, so infinite and subtle are the forces that enter into its shifting phenomena, is a science of no slight complexity, and that the successful unveiling of its disordered tissue demands, in the first instance, the highest intellectual acuteness and profundity. We here encounter the same obstacles as in metaphysics, except that in the one case the phenomena investigated are subjective, in the other objective. Both conditions have peculiar advantages; both are open to peculiar difficulties, which it is unnecessary to discuss at present. But the power which can grapple successfully with the vexed complications of the one will be no less potent in piercing those of the other; acuteness of analysis, sleepless insight, subtle thought, ample constructive or synthetic ability, these are the only endowments out of which any original suc-

cess can arise in either case. What has Mr. de Quincey achieved for the science of political economy? We might answer by asking, What has Mr. Ricardo achieved in that department? Ricardo and De Quincey had independently arrived at the same conclusions on the subject at about the same time. The fact that Ricardo first proclaimed to the world his revolutionary doctrines of rent and value has won for him the lion's share of the applause they compelled; but that rendered De Quincey's independent conclusions none the less real discoveries, subtracted nothing from the aggregate of his real merit. The vast obstacles which lay in the path of these discoveries can never be fully appreciated, until we apprehend, to some extent, the apparently hopeless and inextricable confusion with which the whole subject was at that time invested: out of the blackness of darkness, out of the very heart of chaos and anarchy rose two mighty luminaries, that have been polar beacons to all subsequent explorers. De Quincey's writings on political economy are partially fragmentary; that is, they do not exhaust the subject as a whole, although thoroughly probing several capital points upon which the entire subject turns. Sometimes he ostensibly limits himself to elucidating and defending Ricardo's views; but the discussion is conducted with so much ease and force and fertility of resources, disclosing at times a depth of insight far outstripping that of his pretended master, that we cannot resist the conclusion that the doctrines which he defends are in fact discoveries of his own—discoveries which, finding himself anticipated in their publication, he generously turns to the advantage of his fortunate rival. Although De Quincey gravely assures us that in his opinion Ricardo is a 'model of perspicuity,' we suspect that few will agree with him, as his thought is always subtle and sometimes perplexed; but De Quincey—while not at all inferior

in acuteness and power of thought, in perception of shy differences and resemblances between contrasted objects, winning at this point even the praise of John Stuart Mill—in elasticity, force, and elegance of style, infinitely surpasses the whole race of political economists. We know of nothing throughout the vast range of economic investigation more admirable, being at once clear and conclusive, simple and profound, culminating in the utter razing and dismantling of the Malthusian theory, than the discussion of value in the 'Templars' Dialogues.' There is no faltering, no hesitation, no discursiveness; the arrow flies swiftly and fatally to the mark. It is not possible, or desirable, at the present time, to discuss minutely De Quincey's achievements as exhibited in his 'Logic of Political Economy' and 'Templars' Dialogues;' in these works he laid the foundation of a colossal structure, which the distraction of nervous misery never allowed him to complete. He had laboriously gathered the materials out of every nation and tongue; he had painfully perfected the vast design; but, when standing on the very verge of triumph, he was doomed to see life-long hopes extinguished forever, success slipped from his nerveless grasp in the moment of victory. Surely he might join in the passionate lament:

'I feel it, I have heaped upon my brain
The gathered treasures of man's thought in vain.'

The subjects which De Quincey has critically investigated are very numerous, and it cannot be expected that our limits will permit any exhaustive enumeration of them. We propose to select a few of the more prominent, which will serve as exponents of the whole.

De Quincey's views on war will doubtless be astounding to most persons who have never given the subject any very particular attention. Deluded by the false doctrines of peace societies, they doubtless regard war as an evil, at once inhuman and unneces-

sary. Altogether hostile to this idea is the position of De Quincey; he solemnly declares that war neither can be abolished nor ought to be. 'Most heartily,' says he, 'and with my profoundest sympathy, do I go along with Wordsworth in his grand lyrical proclamation of a truth not less divine than it is mysterious, not less triumphant than it is sorrowful, namely, that among God's holiest instruments for the elevation of human nature is 'mutual slaughter' among men; yes, that 'Carnage is God's daughter.' 'Any confederation or compact of nations for abolishing war would be the inauguration of a downward path for man.' 'There is a mystery in approaching this aspect of the case which no man has read fully. War has a deeper and more ineffable relation to hidden grandeurs in man than has as yet been deciphered. To execute judgments of retribution upon outrages offered to human rights or to human dignity, to vindicate the sanctities of the altar and the sanctities of the hearth—these are functions of human greatness which war has many times assumed, and many times faithfully discharged. But behind all these there towers dimly a greater. The great phenomenon of war it is—this, and this only—which keeps open in man a spiracle—an organ of respiration—for breathing a transcendent atmosphere, and dealing with an idea that else would perish—viz., the idea of mixed crusade and martyrdom, doing and suffering, that finds its realization in such a battle as that of Waterloo—viz., a battle fought for interests of the human race felt even where they are not understood; so that the tutelary angel of man, when he traverses such a dreadful field, when he reads the distorted features, counts the ghastly ruins, sums the hidden anguish, and the harvests

'Of horror breathing from the silent ground,'

nevertheless, speaking as God's messenger, blesses it, and calls it very good.'

Startling as these assertions may appear at first sight, they are, notwithstanding, profoundly philosophical; all history proclaims their solemn truth—is, in fact, totally inexplicable and confused on any other supposition. History is by no means merely biography condensed; far from it; biography is concerned with the shifting and ephemeral career of individual men; but history, far transcending that lowly sphere, records the revolution and progress of principles; these succeed each other in everlasting succession, like the revolution of day and night; and individuals rise into importance only as they stand related to, are the agents of, this progress. The future is forever supplanting the present; the feud is immortal—the antagonism inevitable; if effete ideas and principles, which have accomplished their mission, refuse to retire and peaceably give place to their legitimate successors, conflict arises of necessity—a conflict in which the usurper must finally triumph, or the wheels of human progress will be effectually blocked. War, then, is necessary to the advance of humanity. Although De Quincey discerns the absolute extinction of war only at the 'infinite and starry distance of the Millennium,' still, as its enginery is becoming more and more destructive, its danger and expense increasing, as the progress of civilization is gradually effacing the darker stains from human society, and luring it from the path of violence by the charm of luxurious repose, the necessity of war will gradually disappear—its total decline approach. We would remark in passing that De Quincey is altogether too captious in his criticisms upon French ideas of war. So far as the majority of men are concerned, whether Englishmen or Frenchmen, little pains is taken to search out the philosophy of events. But Cousin, in his 'Course of History,' has asserted, even more peremptorily than De Quincey himself, the divine mission of war. He essentially declares that car-

nage is always and of necessity God's daughter : to this extreme doctrine Mr. de Quincey would doubtless demur, averring that 'by possibility' such *might* not be the case.

Still profounder insight is disclosed in the article on 'Christianity as an Organ of Political Movement.' It was a chance perusal of this essay that first turned our attention to De Quincey's writings, and we involuntarily exclaimed, as did he when first falling upon Ricardo's work, 'Thou art the man !' The object in view is to distinguish accurately between the Christian and pagan idea of religion. There has been great confusion on this point. What is involved in the term religion as used by a Christian ? According to De Quincey there are four elements : 1st. A form of worship ; 2d. An idea of God ; 3d. The idea of a relation subsisting between God and His creatures ; 4th. A doctrinal part. Now, of these cardinal elements, only one, that of worship, was present in pagan religions, and even this was so completely distorted, arose from impulses so utterly despicable, as to be positively immoral in its tendencies. The gods were, to their worshippers, dreadful realities—monsters of crime, at once powerful and vindictive—the very footballs of unhalloed passion ; hence worship was not the result of love or reverence, or even of a regard to future interests, but it was simply an expedient to shun danger immediately behind—a mock truce between immortal foes, which either party might violate at pleasure. 'Because the gods were wicked, man was religious ; because Olympus was cruel, earth trembled ; because the divine beings were the most lawless of Thugs, the human being became the most abject of sycophants.' Even in the most solemn mysteries no such thing as *instruction* was known—'the priest did not address the people at all.' Hence all moral theories, all doctrinal teaching was utterly disjoined from ancient religions—that was resigned to nature

—and, consequently, powerless alike to instruct men or command their respect, they had no inherent, self-sustaining energy, but were built upon a mere impulse, and that impulse was the most abject terror. Where, then, lurks the transcendent power of Christianity as an organ of political movement ? Simply in the fact that it brings men into the most tender and affecting relations with God, and, over and above this, that it rests upon a dogmatic or doctrinal basis. These features were never suspected even as possible until Christianity revealed them. Hence Christianity 'carried along with itself its own authentication ; since, while other religions introduced men simply to ceremonies and usages, which could furnish no aliment or material for their intellect, Christianity provided an eternal *palestra*, or place of exercise, for the human understanding vitalized by human affections : for every problem whatever, interesting to the human intellect, provided only that it bears a moral aspect, immediately passes into the field of religious speculation. Religion had thus become the great organ of human culture.' Of this profound distinction De Quincey was the original discoverer.

It is known, of course, to every literary person, that Bentley attempted to *amend* Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' and that, on the whole, he made a very signal failure. It has been a matter of great surprise on the part of many, that one who is so confessedly superior in the criticism of classical poetry, whose ear was so exquisitely sensitive and accurate when awakened by ancient lyres, should prove himself such a driveller in the presence of the grandest cathedral-music of modern times. Coleridge took occasion to observe that it was only our ignorance that prevented Bentley's emendations and innovations from appearing as monstrous and unnatural in the poetry of the ancients as in that of John Milton. The charge appears very plausible and

damaging at first sight. We notice it in order to exhibit De Quincey's marvellous sagacity in detecting the true relation of things: he utterly dissipated the force of the cavil by simply stating the actual bearings of the two classes of poetry. Ancient poetry was darkly austere and practical; the imagination was fettered by a grim austerity; the merely passionate—that which proceeds from the sphere of the sensibilities alone—finds no resting place in its vast domain; but in the poetry of Milton the element of passion is triumphant; hence Bentley, with his icy, critical, matter-of-fact temperament, could never appreciate Milton's majestic flights. We cannot refrain from quoting, at this point, De Quincey's acute and beautiful parallel between Grecian and English tragedy:

'The kind of feeling which broods over the Grecian tragedy, and to court which the tragic poets of Greece naturally spread all their canvas, was more nearly allied to the atmosphere of death than of life. This expresses rudely the character of awe and religious horror investing the Greek theatre. But to my own feeling the different principle of passion which governs the Greek conception of tragedy, as compared with the English, is best conveyed by saying that the Grecian is a breathing from the world of sculpture, the English a breathing from the world of painting. What we read in sculpture is not absolutely death, but still less is it the fulness of life. We read there the abstraction of a life that reposes, the sublimity of a life that aspires, the solemnity of a life that is thrown to an infinite distance. This last is the feature of sculpture which seems most characteristic: the form which presides in the most commanding groups 'is not dead, but sleepeth:' true; but it is the sleep of a life sequestered, solemn, liberated from the bonds of time and space, and (as to both alike) thrown (I repeat the words) to a distance which is infinite. It affects us profoundly, but not by agitation. Now, on the other hand, the breathing life—life kindling, trembling, palpitating—that life which speaks to us in painting—this is also the life that speaks to us

in English tragedy. Into an English tragedy even festivals of joy may enter; marriages, and baptisms, or commemorations of national trophies: which, or anything *like* which, is incompatible with the very being of the Greek. In that tragedy what uniformity of gloom; in the English what light alternating with depths of darkness! The Greek, how mournful; the English, how tumultuous! Even the catastrophes how different! In the Greek we see a breathless waiting for a doom that cannot be evaded; a waiting, as it were, for the last shock of an earthquake, or the inexorable rising of a deluge: in the English it is like a midnight of shipwreck, from which, up to the last and until the final ruin comes, there still survives the sort of hope that clings to human energies.'

It is not to be expected that we can fully traverse and explore this vast section of De Quincey's writings; that would be a task beyond our present resources; and, consequently, we are compelled to pass unnoticed keen dissections of history; ingenious, although sometimes untenable, theories regarding the Essenes, the supposed expressions for eternity in the Scriptures, the character of Judas Iscariot, the doctrine of demons, the 'principles of casuistry, style, and rhetoric; the discussions of various points in philosophy and logic; the prodigality of erudition displayed in the articles on Plato, Homer, Dinner Real and Reputed, Bentley; the transcendent critical skill revealed in the little paper entitled 'The Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth,' in the essays on Shakspeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Lamb, and others; the minute dissections of feeling and passion scattered broadcast throughout his writings. We shall content ourselves with merely adverting another illustration of our author's extremely speculative and metaphysical cast of mind, and then close this section of the review. This is taken from that touchingly beautiful chapter in the 'Autobiographic Sketches,' entitled 'The Afflictions of Childhood.' De Quincey, even in his childhood, was profoundly sensitive, and capable

of forming the most ardent attachments. Tender and absorbing was the love which had sprung up between himself and his sister Elizabeth; she was the joy of his life—she was supreme in his affections. At the age of nine years she suddenly sickened and died; De Quincey, although younger by three years, was overwhelmed with unspeakable agony. When his sister had been dressed for the grave, he stole silently and alone into her chamber to look once more upon her beautiful face, to kiss once more her sweet lips: while standing by the bedside he is suddenly struck down in a trance, and his description of the scene is one of the noblest prose poems in the English language. But even here, amid the absorbing disclosures of a frantic sorrow, when the mighty swell of passion had reached its culmination, and a solemn Memnonian wind, 'the saddest that ear ever heard,' began to arise, and the seals of a heavenly vision were about to be unloosed—even here he pauses, philosophically to 'explain why death, other conditions being equal, is more profoundly affecting in summer than in other parts of the year'!

We have said that De Quincey was an eminent master of the historic art. His power in this direction is signally displayed in his account of 'The Household Wreck,' 'The Spanish Nun,' 'The First Rebellion,' and the 'Flight of a Tartar Tribe.' 'The Household Wreck' is a powerful and dramatic narrative, but the plot is somewhat confused; on the whole, it is decidedly inferior to the 'Spanish Nun.' The nun is a *bona-fide* historical personage, and her career is delineated with surprising effect. She was the daughter of a Spanish hidalgo, who pitilessly carried her in infancy to the Convent of St. Sebastian, where she remained until the age of fifteen; the quietude of that cloistered life her stormy spirit could no longer brook; she eloped, assumed male attire, became the page

of a nobleman, at whose house she saw that 'old crocodile,' her father, who was now searching with mock solicitude for his absconded daughter; exposure was imminent; no safety remained until the ocean divided her from Spain, and her plans were formed at once; the nun embarked for South America, doubled Cape Horn, was shipwrecked on the coast of Peru; finally arrived at Paita; killed a man in a street encounter; escaped death only by promising to marry a lady who had fallen in love with her; once again there was no security but in flight; she joined a cavalry regiment commanded by her own brother, to whom she was unknown; him she unwittingly killed in a midnight duel; then follow the terrific passage of the Andes, the fearful tragedies at Tucuman and Cuzco, her return to Europe in compliance with royal and papal commands; she approaches the port of Cadiz; myriads upon myriads line the shore and cover the houses to catch a glimpse of the martial nun; cardinals and kings and popes hasten to embrace her; the thunders of popular welcome arise wherever she appears; but the nun finds no rest; terrific memories rankle in her bosom, and blast her repose; again she embarks for America; but then, how closed that career, so tragically tempestuous! The nun reached Vera Cruz; she took her seat in the boat to go ashore; no more is known; her fate is concealed in impenetrable mystery; 'the sea was searched for her—the forests were ransacked. The sea made no answer—the forests gave up no sign.' These incidents, which are historical verities, are wrought up into a narrative of absorbing power.

In De Quincey's brief sketch of the 'First Rebellion' are found some graphic historical paintings. The following is his description of the panic at Enniscorthy, at the moment when the rebels had carried the place by assault;

'Now came a scene, which swallowed up all distinct or separate features in its frantic confluence of horrors. All the loyalists of Enniscorthy, all the gentry for miles around, who had congregated in that town, as a centre of security, were summoned at that moment, not to an orderly retreat, but to instant flight. At one end of the street were seen the rebel pikes and bayonets, and fierce faces already gleaming through the smoke; at the other end, volumes of fire, surging and billowing from the thatched roofs and blazing rafters, beginning to block up the avenues of escape. Then began the agony and uttermost conflict of what is worst and what is best in human nature. Then was to be seen the very delirium of fear, and the very delirium of vindictive malice; private and ignoble hatred of ancient origin, shrouding itself in the mask of patriotic wrath; the tiger glare of just vengeance, fresh from intolerable wrongs, and the never-to-be-forgotten ignominy of stripes and personal degradation; panic, self-palsied by its own excess; flight, eager or stealthy, according to the temper and means; volleying pursuit; the very frenzy of agitation under every mode of excitement; and here and there, towering aloft, the desperation of maternal love, victorious and supreme over all lower passions.'

There is a species of narrative in the 'Autobiographic Sketches,' of a somewhat different cast from that which we have been contemplating, less grand and passionate, perhaps, but more tender and exquisite—overspread with a quieter and mellow humor. We refer to the account of his brother William. He was a youth of the stormiest nature, a genuine cloud-compeller, forever raising storms and whirlwinds merely for the pleasure of directing them; 'haughty he was, aspiring, immeasurably active; fertile in resources as Robinson Crusoe; but also full of quarrel as it is possible to imagine; and in default of any other opponent, he would have fastened a quarrel upon his own shadow for presuming to run before him when going westward in the morning; whereas, in all reason, a shadow, like a dutiful child, ought to keep deferen-

tially in the rear of that majestic substance which is the author of its existence.' He hated books, except those which he chanced to write himself; he was especially great on the subject of necromancy; was even the author of a profound work, entitled 'How to Raise a Ghost, and when You have Got Him Down, how to Keep Him Down.' 'To which work, he assured us, that some most learned and enormous man, whose name was a foot and a half long, had promised him an appendix, which appendix treated of the Red Sea and Solomon's signet ring, with forms of *mittimus* for ghosts that might be refractory, and probably a riot act for any *émeutes* among ghosts;' for he often gravely affirmed that a confederation, 'a solemn league and conspiracy, might take place among the infinite generations of ghosts against the single generation of men at any one time composing the garrison of death.' Deeming this subject too recondite for his juvenile audience, he dropped it, and commenced a course of lectures upon physics. 'This undertaking arose from some one of us envying or admiring flies for their power of walking upon the ceiling. 'Poh!' said he, 'they are impostors; they pretend to do it, but they can't do it as it ought to be done. Ah! you should see *me* standing upright on the ceiling, with my head downward, for half an hour together, and meditating profoundly.' My sister Mary remarked that we should all be very glad to see him in that position. 'If that's the case,' he replied, 'it's very well that all is ready except as to a strap or two.' Being an excellent skater, he had first imagined that, if held up till he had started, he might then, by taking a bold sweep ahead, keep himself in position through the continued impetus of skating. But this he found not to answer; because, as he observed, 'the friction was too retarding from the plaster of Paris; but the case would be very different if the ceiling were covered with ice.' But as

it was *not*, he changed his plan. The true secret, he now discovered, was this: he would consider himself in the light of a humming top; he would make an apparatus (and he made it) for having himself launched, like a top, upon the ceiling, and regularly spun. Then the vertiginous motion of the human top would overcome the force of gravitation. He should, of course, spin upon his own axis, and sleep upon his own axis—perhaps he might even dream upon it; and he laughed at ‘those scoundrels, the flies,’ that never improved in their pretended art, nor made anything of it. The principle was now discovered; ‘and, of course,’ he said, ‘if a man can keep it up for five minutes, what’s to hinder him from doing so for five months?’ ‘Certainly, nothing that I can think of,’ was the reply of my sister, whose scepticism, in fact, had not settled upon the five months, but altogether upon the five minutes. The apparatus for spinning him, however, perhaps from its complexity, would not work—a fact evidently owing to the stupidity of the gardener. On reconsidering the subject, he announced, to the disappointment of some among us, that, although the physical discovery was now complete, he saw a moral difficulty. It was not a *humming* top that was required, but a *peg* top. Now, in order to keep up the *vertigo* at full stretch, without which, to a certain extent, gravitation would prove too much for him, he needed to be whipped incessantly. But that was what a gentleman ought not to tolerate: to be scourged unintermittingly on the legs by any grub of a gardener, unless it were Father Adam himself, was a thing that he could not bring his mind to face.’ Attempted improvements in the art of flying, which, he alleged, was then ‘in a condition disgraceful to civilized society;’ the composition and exhibition of that bloody tragedy, ‘Sultan Amurath;’ the conduct of a protracted war which arose out of a fancied insult from a

factory boy, whom, surveying with intense disdain, ‘he bade draw near that he might ‘give his flesh to the fowls of the air!’’ the government of the imaginary kingdom of ‘Tigrosylvania’—occupied the attention of this hundred-handed youth until his death, at the age of sixteen—all of which is narrated with unequalled pathos and humor.

But there is still another section of the narrative art, yet more sublime and unapproachable, where De Quincey stands alone—the section in which are recorded his dreams. These are without a rival or even a precedent in the English language; nay, purely impassioned prose as ‘The Confessions’ and ‘Suspiria de Profundis’ is scarcely to be found in any language; but the narration of dreams, while exposed to all its difficulties, is invested with superadded difficulties, arising from the shifting, visionary character of the world in which its scenes are laid, ‘where a single false note, a single word in a wrong key, will ruin the whole music.’ De Quincey’s habit of dreaming was constitutional, and displayed itself even in infancy. He was naturally extremely sensitive, and of a melancholy temperament; he was so passionately fond of undisturbed repose, that he willingly submitted to any amount of contempt if he could only be let alone; he had that weird faculty which is forever peopling the darkness with myriads of phantoms; then came the afflictions of childhood—that night, which ran after his footsteps far into life—and finally came opium, which is a specific ‘for exalting the dream scenery, for deepening its shadows, and, above all, for strengthening the sense of its fearful realities:’ all these allied characteristics and circumstances, combined with his vast intellectual capacity, imparted to De Quincey’s dreams a terrific grandeur. They were sometimes frightful, sometimes sublime, but always accompanied by anxiety and melancholy gloom. ‘I seemed,’ says he, ‘every night to de-

scend—not metaphorically, but literally to descend—into chasms and sunless abysses, depths below depths, from which it seemed hopeless that I could ever reascend. Nor did I, by awaking, feel that I had reascended. This I do not dwell upon; because the state of gloom which attended these gorgeous spectacles, amounting, at least, to utter darkness, as of some suicidal despondency, cannot be approached by words.’ De Quincey’s most elaborate dreams are: ‘The Daughter of Lebanon,’ ‘Levana and Our Ladies of Sorrow,’ ‘The Vision of Sudden Death,’ and ‘Dream Fugue.’ The last named is the most perfect in its conception, the most powerful in its execution. It is too long to quote, too sublime to be marred by abbreviation. If any one desires to see what can be done with the English language in an ‘effort to wrestle with the utmost power of music,’ let him read that dream. We shall, meanwhile, present one from the year 1820, and leave the reader to form his own estimate of it:

‘The dream commenced with a music which now I often heard in dreams—a music of preparation and of awakening suspense; a music like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and which, like *that*, gave the feeling of a vast march, of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and laboring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, I knew not where—somehow, I knew not how—by some beings, I knew not whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was conducting—was evolving like a great drama, or piece of music, with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature, and its possible issue. I had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself to will it; and yet again I had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexplicable guilt. ‘Deeper than ever plummet sounded,’ I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some

greater interest was at stake; some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms; hurrys to and fro; trepidations of innumerable fugitives. I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights; tempest and human faces; and, at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed—and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! and, with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of death—everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells!’

O mighty magician!

In point of style and general method of treating subjects, De Quincey’s greatest faults are pedantry and discursiveness. Of the former we have no defence to make; we think that, in writing avowedly for the public, and not for any particular class, the use of technical terms merely because they are technical, and of learned terms merely because they are learned, is a positive blemish. But still greater offence is given to many readers by the *occasional* practice of discursiveness; we employ the epithet intentionally, for the habit is by no means so inveterate as many seem to suppose. Yet even where it is most triumphant, there is, nevertheless, a goal to be reached—a goal which will finally be reached, despite interminable zigzags and ‘harsh angles.’ This peculiarity was, doubtless, in a great degree occasioned by the use of opium. Opium, even amid the very delirium of rapture it produces, nay, in consequence of that delirium, is hostile to strictly logical thought; the excitation approaches the character of an intuition; the glance, however keen and farsighted, is not steady; it is restless, fitful, veering forever with the movements of an unnatural stimulation; but when the exaltation has subsided, and the dread reaction and nervous depression succeeded, this result is in-

tensified a hundred fold, and gradually shapes itself into a confirmed habit. Even if the use of opium was positively beneficial to the intellect, still its dreadful havoc with the physical system would far more than outweigh its contributions in that direction. But, so far is that from being the truth in the case, that opium, at best, has only a revealing, a disclosing power; it cannot, even in the lowest sense of the term, be called a creative lower. Let a man dream dreams as gorgeous as De Quincey's, it does not at all follow that he can write like De Quincey; as related to literature, the grandeur of dreams depends absolutely upon the dreamer's mastery of the narrative art, which the dreaming faculty itself does not either presuppose or bestow. But, over and above all this, universal experience has declared that the use of opium is fatally hostile to any very protracted mental power. It ravages the mind no less fearfully than it does the body—precipitates both in one common ruin; by it ordinary men are speedily degraded to hopeless impotence, and the most mighty shorn of half their power—a swift-pursuing shadow closes suddenly and forever over the transient gleam of unnatural splendor. These considerations account in part for De Quincey's discursiveness, but perhaps not wholly. Discursiveness is not without its beauties. We believe in logic, but still it is pleasant, at times, to see a writer sport with his subject, to see him gallop at will, unconfined by the ring circle of strict severity. Nor is this all. Possibly the apparent discursiveness may be only the preliminary journeying by which we are to secure some new and startling view of the subject. Perhaps you may consider these initial movements needlessly protracted and fatiguing; but trust your guide; whatever your private opinion, at the time, may be, he will never miss the road, and when at last you are in the proper position for observation, the thrill of

unwonted pleasure will swallow up all memory of former efforts and former misgivings. Occasionally such is not the case; for instance, in the papers on Sir William Hamilton. They are three in number. Nearly half of the first is taken up in describing the difficulties under which the writer suffers of communicating with his publishers; the nervous maladies that torment his happiness; the limits of time and space so narrowly circumscribed. The same strain is taken up in the second paper. We have short dissertations on the deadly 'hiatus in the harness which should connect the pre-revolutionary with the post-revolutionary commonwealths of England;' on the adjective *old*, and the aged noun *civilization*; then comes a general belaboring of athletes and gymnasts, at which point Sir William fairly emerges into view; suddenly our author seems to recollect that his space is fast diminishing, and concludes to 'take a rise out of something or other' at once; sets down Sir William as a genuine logician, and immediately commences the consideration of several ancient word puzzles, one of which is stated in a very business-like manner: 'Vermin in account with the divine and long-legged Pelides.' Logic is pretty uniformly the subject of the third paper, and no inferior acquaintance with the topic is displayed; but we see very little of Sir William Hamilton in this miscellaneous collection. But unpardonable wandering is of extremely rare occurrence; and, on the whole, the evils of discursiveness are altogether outweighed by the positive advantages and beauties to which we have referred. To this characteristic trait must be added another—the dramatic and cumulative manner in which the subjects discussed are treated. That gives to De Quincey's style increased power and increased beauty; artistic symmetry is superinduced upon solid excellence. This peculiarity is especially noticeable in narratives where the element of horror is central, as in

'The Avenger.' The gentle whisper rises, gradually and by insensible degrees, to the awful voice of the thunderbolt. The prelude is calm enough, sweet enough, but soon the music ascends to a fiercer key; the plot darkens; the crisis gathers; louder and more tumultuous waxes the fiendish tumult, until all lesser passions are swallowed up, and the empire of a blank, rayless revenge is triumphant; we are spellbound amid the successive stages of the demoniac tragedy; we start up convulsively, as from the horrors of nightmare, at its ghastly catastrophe. But, over and above all this, in that melody, in that music of style, which exalts prose to the dignity of poetry, De Quincey is absolutely without a rival. Read the 'Confessions,' or the 'Autobiographic Sketches,' or the touching tribute to the Maid of Orleans, and all doubt upon that point will disappear. Besides, over the surface of his writings there ripples a quaint, genial humor, which is, for the most part, kept within the limits of propriety by an exquisite taste. In marked contrast to many of our most illustrious writers, De Quincey always exhibits a profound respect for Christianity. Listen to his indignant rebuke of Kant, who, in his work on 'Religion within the Limits of Pure Reason,' had expressed opinions so utterly atheistical as to draw forth severe menaces from the reigning King of Prussia, Frederic William the Second: 'Surely, gray hairs and irreligion make a monstrous union; and the spirit of proselytism carried into the service of infidelity—a youthful zeal put forth by a tottering, decrepid old man, to withdraw from desponding and suffering human nature its most essential props, whether for action or suffering, for conscience or for hope, is a spectacle too disgusting to leave room for much sympathy with merit of another kind.' Finally, we love De Quincey for his abhorrence of all knavish or quackish men, and his deep re-

spect for human nature. We suspect that but few dignitaries of the past ever received so sound a 'knouting' as did that 'accursed Jew' Josephus, at his hands; nor do Grotius and Dr. Parr fare much better. He believes Josephus to be a villain, Grotius and Dr. Parr literary impostors, and he strips off their masks in a very summary manner. But with the trials, the struggles, the miseries of humanity, no man more profoundly sympathizes than Thomas de Quincey. 'Oftentimes,' says he, speaking of the daily police reports, 'oftentimes I stand aghast at the revelations there made of human life and the human heart; at its colossal guilt, and its colossal misery; at the suffering which oftentimes throws a shadow over palaces, and the grandeur of mute endurance which sometimes glorifies a cottage.' How touching is his memorial of those forlorn twin sisters, who 'snatched convulsively at a loving smile, or loving gesture, from a child, as at some message of remembrance from God; how tender his tribute to 'poor Pink; how affecting his devotion to unhappy Ann, whom, in the strength of his gratitude, he could 'pursue into the darkness of a London brothel, or into the deeper darkness of the grave'!

But we must close. We have found De Quincey a subtle philosopher, a mighty master of the historic art, a prose poet of unrivalled splendor. To powers so versatile and extraordinary, combined with learning so profound, and a style of such matchless brilliance, we believe that no other writer of the present age can lay any great claims. Still we take our leave of that eccentric, storm-tossed man of genius with feelings of profound regret. Great as his contributions to literature are, he *might* have done vastly more. But nervous maladies blasted his hopes, overthrew his colossal designs, and he evermore drifts down the ages a wreck—splendid, brilliant, the admiration of all beholders—but none the less a wreck.

'FEED MY LAMBS.'

PART FIRST.

HARRY has crept to his little bed, shivering with childish dread of the dark. Ungentle hands have placed him there, guardians careless of his comfort and chary of kind words and looks, and a coarse-voiced girl has said, as she took the light away, and banged the door behind her:

'Cry out loud, you little imp, and I'll send the black bears to catch you.'

So Harry is choking down his sobs, and crying silently, very silently. The chill and melancholy night wind, as it comes moaning through the casement and rustling the light leaves of the tall poplar as they rest against the window panes, and the great round tears as they fall with a dull, heavy drop, drop on his lonely pillow, are the only sounds that break the dismal stillness, excepting now and then, when a great sob, too mighty to be choked down, bursts from the little, overcharged heart. And then Harry fancies he feels, through the thin coverlet and torn night dress, the huge black paws of these same bears grasping the tender round shoulder, blue with the cold, while the little boy lies there shivering and shuddering in an agony of apprehension. Darkness above and around him, terrible, black, silent darkness; darkness which enwraps and enfolds him and takes away his breath, like the heavy, stifling folds of a hideous black mantle; darkness that the active imagination of the timid child peoples with phantom shapes, grotesque and horrible—forms made unnaturally visible by their own light, that mouth and leer, and stretch out distorted arms to seize him, whose appalling presence fills the room from floor to ceiling, and which eddy and circle around him in horrid demon dances, whirling gradually nearer and nearer, until myriads of hideous faces

are thrust close to his own, or grin above him, while he chokes for breath—forms that make the cold sweat stand on his baby forehead, and freeze the blood in his veins, that he watches night after night, with his blue eyes starting from their sockets and his hair standing on end, that make of the desolate nighttime a dread and a horror! And there is no one to kneel beside his lonely bed and tell the frightened child, sick with dread, that there are no such things as odious black dwarfs, who drag young children off to dark and dismal dungeons by the hair of their head, nor great giants, who grow always bigger as you look at them, and who eat up, at a mouthful, little boys who cry in the dark. No tender mother bends low with all but divine compassion to listen to his little sorrows, or soothe his childish fears—to teach him his simple prayers, or tell him sweet stories of a little child like himself, before whose lowly cradle wise men bowed as at a shrine, and to do whom reverence shining ones came from a far-distant country. There is no one to pillow his curly head upon a loving bosom, and lull him to sleep with quaint old lullabies. Harry is worse than motherless.

So on the night in question, as on all other nights preceding, poor Harry, worn out with fright and weariness, is dropping to sleep from sheer exhaustion, closing his swollen eyes in troubled slumber, when, half unconsciously turning his curly head upon the pillow to find a dry place for the wet cheek to rest against, something bright and shining makes long lines of light in the tears still wet on Harry's lashes, and wakes him up again.

Such a bright, beautiful star it is. One that has been slowly rising, climbing the blue outside, until it reaches a

break in the foliage of the tree before the window, and shines straight into Harry's eyes. Something of that strange solemnity that fills minds of a maturer growth when gazing on the starry heavens, hushes that baby's soul into reverence as he looks upon it. The terrible shapes melt away into the gloom, he feels no dread of the dark now, and vaguely and gradually there arises the first dim consciousness of the deep spiritual want within him—the first awakened desire of the finite soul to see and find the Infinite Father and claim his protection. Fragments of childish hymns, parts of simple prayers, such poor and scattered crumbs of spiritual instruction as he has gleaned here and there somehow, and on which the infant soul has been but meagrely fed, crowd in upon him. Then come wondering thoughts of that great good Being, that strange, unfathomable mystery, whose name is God, Who lives up in the blue somewhere, and yet is everywhere. This problem of Omnipresence he has pondered and pondered over, and reasoned upon, in his childish fashion, but now it dawns with a newer and clearer light on Harry's mind. God is everywhere. To his awakened spiritual perception this holy, mysterious, and invisible presence seems pervading the sky, the air, the earth, filling and enfolding all things. Night after night, as he had lain there sobbing and crying and thought himself all alone in the darkness, this great good God had been with him all the time, and he had never known it, never felt it until now; and, overwhelmed by the mighty thought, powerfully felt, though imperfectly comprehended, awestruck Harry, tremulous with reverence, obedient to some childish fancy that the name of father is not holy and reverent enough for such a Being, folds his tiny hands, earnestly praying:

'Our Grandfather which art in heaven, stay near poor Harry in the dark, and keep the bears away!'

Is it faith or fancy, that soft, gentle, summery atmosphere that fills the room, and makes the little, lonely heart thrill as with the pleasant consciousness of a loving presence? It is real to Harry, with his child's undoubting faith. Stretching forth his rounded arms, and clasping the dark, impalpable air in a joyous embrace, he nestles closely to the wet pillow as if it were a loving bosom, and falls asleep with a smile upon his lip. A childhood robbed of childish joys and pleasures, the little, insignificant trifles which form its sum of happiness, denied the sympathetic love and tenderness which is the life of little hearts, deprived of the pleasures suited to its state, yet too immature to turn within itself for comfort in its need, its life without and within a dull, joyless, dreary blank—such was poor Harry's, for a shadow dark and terrible rested on his baby heart and home, a something that darkened and deepened day by day, and grew more and more insupportable as the weary time crept on. What it was, and how long it had rested there before he became conscious of its presence, and whether his miserable home had ever been free from it and ever been a happy one, little Harry never knew. All his brief life it had lain there. Its shadow had crept into the violet eyes with the first faint glimmer of intelligence, and when the new-born soul, mysterious breath of God, first woke from its mystic dreaming, and looked consciously out upon the world into which it had come, its baleful presence crept into that holy sanctuary, and darkened what should have been cloudless as well as sinless. He had drawn it in with every breath from the atmosphere of the little world around him; it rested on all he came in contact with, and gradually and sadly there arose in the mind too immature to comprehend the cause and the nature of this desolating power, yet feeling vaguely day by day its blighting effects, sorrowful and earnest questionings—questionings like the fol-

lowing, to which there came back no answer to the little, suffering heart :

Why his home (if home it may be called in which the heart finds no resting place), the four walls that enclosed the place where he ate and slept, was such a dull, joyless, lonesome spot ? What that dark something was that shadowed its light and took from it all joy and comfort, causing every face within it to wear a melancholy or forbidding aspect ? Why there was no glad smile even on his father's lips, when he came to seek the sad young creatures that crept silently to his knee and looked wistfully up into the careworn face ; and why, though loving and kind, he was always kind with that sorrowful tenderness which makes sad hearts the sadder ? Why this craving that he feels within him, this half-undefined, insatiable longing for maternal love and sympathy ? What had sealed from the thirsting heart this purest fountain of earthly tenderness ?

A mother's form was present to him day by day, but where was the maternal heart of love which should have beat within that bosom ? 'Can a mother forget her children ?' There is a fell and terrible destroyer, which murders peace in hearts and homes, whose very breath is a mildew and a blight, in whose desolating track follow woe, want, and ruin ; a fierce, insatiable appetite, trebly cursed, that makes of life a loathsome degradation, and fills dishonored graves, blighting all that is divine and godlike in human nature, sealing the gushing fountain of maternal tenderness, and teaching even a mother's heart forgetfulness. O God ! of what punishment shall thy justice deem those worthy, who, by cold neglect, cruelty, or shameful slavery to such a passion, shut out the light, and check the rich and limitless expansion of all that is divine in the souls committed to their charge ? Ah ! what did it matter that there were honorable titles affixed to the name so disgraced, that in the home thus blight-

ed were all the luxuries and appliances of wealth, that rare pictures hung against its walls, carpets covered the floors whose velvet surface muffled the footfalls, costly curtains shut out the too garish light, that servants were at command, well paid to take care of the neglected children, paid to care for the house, and all fine things within it, and —paid to keep its secrets ! What did all this matter to the miserable possessor of wealth and name, the disgraced husband, the heart-broken father ? He could comprehend this woe in all its bearings, could measure the length, the breadth, the depth of the curse that had lighted upon him ? Homes there were whose walls and floors were bare, whose windows were shaded by no costly curtains, but from which happy faces looked—lowly homes, poor in this world's wealth, but rich in domestic peace and love ; and for the blessed quiet of their lowly hearthstones, he would joyfully have bartered wealth and fame, and all such dross as men call happiness. And Harry saw them too. The little, lonely heart, saddened by a shadow it could not comprehend, from its own gloomy home turned longingly to their homely cheerfulness, as flowers turn to the light.

One in particular had attracted his childish notice. It was just across the road ; he could see it from the window of the nursery where he played, and he used to leave his play to watch it. Such glimpses of a happy home had streamed through its opening portals and fallen on the heart of the little solitary watcher like a benison. What hasty peeps he took at its homely brightness as the door opened and closed, and what long, long looks he bestowed upon it, when it stood open for hours together, as it did now in the fine June weather ! It was only a simple cottage. Too unpretending for hall or entry, the little parlor opened into the street, and from the window where he stood, Harry could see straight into it. There it was, with its bright pa-

pered walls, and gay red carpet, its deep low window seat looking like a garden, where flowers bloomed and frail exotics stretched forth their delicate leaves to bathe in the sunlight that came streaming in, and cunning little yellow birds, in quaint, tiny cages, sang the long day through. And there—oh, busy fingers! making neat and bright the little home—heart of love, shedding blessed sunlight around it—there, so busy and blithe, so happy and gay, sat the presiding genius of the place, with a face so bright and good—just such a face as you would expect to see in such a home; one that sad and disappointed mortals, meeting in the street, would turn to for a second look, and bless it as it passed; a face to which childhood cleaves instinctively, sure of ready sympathy with its little joys and sorrows; one that would never be disfigured by envy or malice; never grow black with passion, and oh! never, never look senseless, idiotic, and drivelling, as another face on which he looked so often did; but to Harry's fancy, it was like the sky on a calm summer's day, always pure and bright, and always the same. It was brighter and happier and better altogether when, in the fresh morning time, the little lady went tripping by on the pavement beneath the window with a small market basket on her arm. Then Harry, clambering to the sill, and leaning out, could see straight into it; and sometimes it happened that, attracted by that fixed gaze of earnest admiration, that happy face would be turned upward, and break into a beaming smile, as the sunny eyes met the large, blue, mournful orbs looking down upon them. Then there would be a smile on the lip and a song in the heart of the little watcher for the rest of the day. Cheering and dear as that face had ever been to him since he had first had the happiness of beholding it, much as he had watched and loved it, it had drawn him with a more potent attraction still and grown doubly dear of late. He had been within the sacred

precincts of a true home; he had breathed that atmosphere of heaven; he knew how that small, snug, cosy room looked to its inmates now. Yea, he had been there, and his going in chanced in the following manner:

This lady, whose cheerful presence was fast becoming a benison to Harry, had, among her other bright possessions, a rosy-cheeked, laughing-eyed, frolicsome mischief, about Harry's age, and he had recently come from the country happier, merrier, and fresher than ever, having still, as it were, about him the fragrant breath of the wood-violets, the purity of the unvitiated air, the freedom of the broad, green fields, the fragrant atmosphere of all the delightful things with which he had been so recently in contact.

One morning, not long after his coming, the cross girl who put Harry to bed at night, marshalled him and his brother out (as was her wont in fine weather) for a dreary promenade, which usually agreeable exercise consisted in the present instance in marching down a dusty stone pavement, by a long, unbroken line of brick buildings, up one street, and down another (for they always went the same way), until they came to a huge, dreary-looking school-house, where they left Charley, and came back more drearily than they went. Well, on this particular morning, Charley had forgotten his slate, and he and the girl returning to search for it left Harry at the gate to await their return. The little urchin, just at that precise moment, spying Harry solus, and impelled by the agreeable prospect of a playfellow, rushed across the street, at the imminent danger of being run over, to scrape acquaintance.

'Come, and play with me,' cried the little fellow, bounding up to Harry in all the ardor of a glowing anticipation, eagerly folding one thin hand in both his dimpled ones, and flashing a whole flood of sunlight into the sad young eyes that so timidly met his sunny ones.

'Come, and play with me, *do!* and we'll play at horse and build mud houses, and ma'll give us lots of candy and raisins, and a great big doughnut, ever so big, as big as my hands and your hands, and all our hands put together.'

'I can't,' said Harry, sadly resigning all thought of these rare dainties. 'Betty'll scold so!'

'We'll sit on the bank under the willow at the back of the house,' pursued the tempter, folding the hand he held still tighter within his own, 'where she can't see us; and when she comes to take you away, I'll bite her.'

The youthful pleader had unconsciously used the most potent argument possible. Harry wavered. To sit on a green bank under a willow, with such a sunny-faced companion as that, and listen to the birds singing in the branches, and the rustling of the leaves—to look up through the green, and see patches of blue sky through breaks in the foliage—and then, too, oh, blessed hope! to see the lady whom he regarded with such enthusiastic and reverent devotion, and to whose love he clung with all the wild tenacity of a desolate heart—to see her smile, and hear her speak—to *him*, perhaps; all this rose like a glorious vision before Harry, and the possibility of its realization sent the light to his eyes and the color to his face.

The contemplated walk in the hot, dusty streets, with the cross Betty—(which tyrannical young female, having brought the children, as it were, under military rule, and being a rigid disciplinarian, seldom failed to punish some fancied dereliction of duty by sundry shakes and pinches as they went along)—this prospect, placed beside the bright, cool picture his fancy had conjured up, seemed more unendurable than ever. With one quick glance toward the house, to see if that ogre, having in custody that form a little taller and face a little older and sadder than his own, was making her ap-

pearance, Harry, seized by an irresistible impulse, and still holding fast the chubby hand that had taken his so confidently, bounded from the pavement, dashed across the road, and both dashed through the garden and into the cosy parlor in a trice, panting like young racehorses. And there, in the brightest spot of the snug, bright room, by that bower of a window, sat the sunny-faced lady whom Harry's childish imagination had exalted into a superior being. Abashed at having so rudely rushed into that revered presence, Harry stood shyly by the door, trembling with embarrassment, while his more active companion, releasing his hand, bounded across the room, and, clambering up into his mother's lap and putting his arms around her neck and his rosebud of a mouth close to her ear, commenced a whispered explanation.

There was something strangely attractive in that mother's face, as she pushed back the clustering hair, after smilingly listening to the story, and pressed a fervent kiss upon that baby brow—a look which had never been on any face for him, but which he had dreamed of at night, and longed for by day, with a strange, undefined, half-conscious longing. It was as if he had found something he had been blindly searching, something for which the solitary heart had vaguely felt an ever-present need; and the timid child, forgetting his timidity, his awe of the presence into which he had come—forgetting all but his heart's great need—in a burst of pathetic longing, more sorrowful than tears, cried:

'Give me a kiss, too, just one!'

He was across the room and in her arms in a moment. Blessings on the true mother's heart! it gave not one kiss, but a dozen. Ah! feeling the blessing of those tears upon his head, pressed close against the breast throbbing with pure maternal sympathy, his own starved heart eagerly drinking from that overflowing fountain, the

word *mother* rose naturally to his lips *then*.—Alas for her from whom alone that beating heart, throbbing with a new delight, should have received that revelation! Alas for the heart thus robbed of its lawful heritage, to whom the highest and holiest of earth's affection had manifested itself but as a brutish instinct, which, in fits of maudlin tenderness, could fold the little form in a loathsome embrace, and smother the pure breath with drunken kisses! No other love, however high and pure it may be, can atone to the wronged heart that has been cruelly robbed of this.

In this new-found joy all heavy sorrows were forgotten. Pressed close against that sympathetic bosom, he was happy *now*, happier than he had ever been before; and when at last she wiped her tears away, and, lifting the hand on which his grateful tears were falling (for Harry cried too), and smilingly up turning the tear-wet face to meet her own, that face was so changed by joy that she hardly knew it, and Harry wondered why it was that she laughed and cried together when she looked at it, and kissed him over and over again more times than he could count. Laughing and chatting gayly until she saw her own smiles reflected on the little, sorrowful features, she, with a tender mother's care, bathed the flushed face, combed out the bright silky hair, smoothed and arranged the rumpled dress, and, taking the small hand, went out to the garden gate to meet the expedition sent in search of Harry.

Now this was his red-letter day. Harry was in luck. Therefore it was not one of the many servants of the establishment, or any straggling acquaintance that had joined in the search. Luckily, it was not one of these, or the cross Betty, who first espied Harry and the lady: otherwise he would have been borne away from his friend and his recently discovered Eden in triumph, in spite of all cries and protestations. It was Harry's own papa; and it did not take many words,

when the bright-faced lady was the pleader (backed by that little face, with that strange flush of joy upon it, that spoke more eloquently to the father's heart than any words could have done), to induce that gentleman to allow Harry to remain where he was all day; likewise to extort a promise that he might come to see the lady whenever and as often as she chose to trouble herself with the care of him: and this being nicely arranged, Harry's papa went his way and they went theirs. And Harry did that day what is seldom done in this world of disappointment—more than realized his anticipations. He sat on the bank and heard the birds sing; he played at horse until he was tired; and though he did not build mud houses, he ate sugar ones, which was, in every respect, a vast improvement on the original design; and, what was more than all, his little play-fellow, whose temper was as sunny as his face, never gave him a cross word or look the whole day through. They had supper, when the time came, under the rustling leaves of a huge green tree; and there were raisins and nuts and candy, cakes grotesquely cut and twisted into every conceivable shape, and every imaginable dainty. All through that memorable day, Harry was the happiest of the happy. Other days succeeded this that were but a thought less bright. A time had come when the rough path seemed smooth to the little pilgrim's feet, and flowers sprang up by the lonely wayside, and golden sunlight fell through the rifted clouds and crowned the little head with its blessing, and light and warmth crept into the chilled and desolate life, and made existence beautiful: a brief and joyful time, on which was written, as on all bright things of earth, those words of mournfulness unutterable: 'Passing away!'

PART SECOND.

It is that hour of day's decline when the turbulent roar from the city's busy

mart is hushed into a lazy hum, when a peaceful, quiet calm breathes through the atmosphere and settles on the noisy earth, as if all things were hushed into tranquil silence at thought of the coming twilight's holy hour. The sun's red, slanting rays fall on the dusty pavement in front of that gloomy, state-ly mansion which Harry calls his home, enter a richly furnished room where the blinds are thrown open and the curtains looped back, and with their fervent glow rest compassionately upon a drooping female figure, upon a bent head bowed in shame, a head still young, whose wealth of rich black tresses passion and remorse have already marked with gray. Sin-stricken, woe-stricken, and remorseful, feeling how inefficient is even her mother's love, how powerless every earthly consideration to hold her back from ruin; stretching out palsied hands to Heaven for help; racked by the fierce fires of repentance, her tortured soul corroded by remorse, she mourns passionately but unavailingly.

Oh! there are hours like this in the hidden history of every fallen and degraded son of Adam, when the scales are removed from the spiritual eyes, and the sin-stained soul shiveringly beholds the depth to which it has fallen, and shrinks back appalled at the sight; when the demon has departed for a season, and evil thoughts and evil influences are cast out, and, feeling their power returning with repentance, angels come to minister unto the sorrowing one. Gentle guardians are there, who have watched it all its life through, striven with all the means that lie within the grasp of a spirit's power to stay it on its downward course and bring the lost soul back. Ah! 'Love's labor lost.' Ineffectual these oft-repeated efforts *may* be, ineffectual through all time they doubtless will be; but who shall say in the 'land of the undying' that the work of ministering love shall not continue? What man is that, that in an hour like this can look upon his

brother, prostrate in spirit, racked with remorse, no matter how vile and polluted, and can say anguish like this shall be that soul's undying portion in the long hereafter; that God's justice requires infinite punishment for a finite crime; that, when freed from its earthly body, the ears of the All-Compassionate shut out that soul's despairing cry for pardon? Who shall limit infinite mercy? Who shall set bounds to Divine compassion, or think that, toiling painfully and slowly up the endless heights of progression, there shall not be a time away onward in the solemn future, hidden in the dim mists of ages yet to come, when that soul shall be cleansed from its pollution, freed from its mourning, sin entirely cast out, and God shall be all and in all?

The light breeze, as it sways the loose heavy tresses, wafts to her ear a strain of distant music. All the drowsy afternoon it has been playing, lost almost entirely at first in the busy hum of the streets and in the long lull of the lazy wind—a strain only caught at rare intervals when the breeze is strong enough to bear it to her. It has been slowly approaching as the hours creep on, advancing a few steps at a time. Ballads and simple ditties, dances, waltzes, grand old marches! with that unaccountable attraction for trifles which the mind often experiences in its hours of suffering, mechanically, one after another, she has traced them all. Now the varied tones cease to pervade the atmosphere, and there is a long resting pause. When the music begins again, it is on the pavement, almost beneath the window, and the old musician, perhaps unconsciously wrought upon by the silent influence of the hour, has merged from the gay to the pathetic, and plays only sad little pieces in the minor key. Presently from the multitude of sweet sounds there arises on the air a song lower and sadder than the others—a strange, pathetic melody, falling on the ear like a low, plaintive wail, broken by keen throbs of agony:

her whole nature beats in responsive echo. O God! gone so far down the dreary road which has darkly led her from that time of purity and peace when that song was nightly sung to her; after so many weary years of sin and suffering, to hear those notes again! It is but a simple thing which has the power so to move her, a mere nothing; half dirge, half hymn, familiar to her long-forgotten childhood, once sung by her mother as a cradle song! With her wretched face buried in her hands, she hears it, and clearly the past rises before her: her childhood in its innocence; her girlhood in its purity; her womanhood, her motherhood in its degradation! All the holier part of what was once herself; all that was true and noble, womanly and pure, from the deep waters of oblivion to which that damning appetite has consigned them, rise to haunt her now, pale, wan, and spectre-like. Oh! to sit down, side by side with her former self; to see herself as she used to be before the tempter crept into the Eden of her heart; to look despairingly up to the height whence she had fallen, so wrecked in moral strength that she had not the power to retrace a single step! Peace departed, virtue lost, health undermined, affection squandered, ruthlessly murdering the peace of one whose life through all the time of its sad earth-sojourn is linked with hers; cursing the home she should have blessed and brightened, making of that fair garden, wherein sweet domestic graces should have bloomed and blossomed as the rose, but a desolate and barren waste, knowing that hearts, little hearts, that had drawn their life-beat from her own, had starved and sickened for the love which is their rightful food;—with senses bleared and deadened, she had heard them piteously wailing but for a morsel of that bread of life without which even the footsteps of the self-reliant, the strong and brave of heart, faint and falter by the way, and she had cruelly

denied them that precious nutriment; she had given them life, but had robbed them of all that makes life endurable. Life's duties unfulfilled, life's high and holy aims trampled under the foot of sensual indulgence, living to blight instead of to bless! O woman, wife, and mother, thy life when lived aright a crucifixion of the flesh, a sublime self-sacrifice—not for thee the pleasures of sense and time, not for thee may peal earth's songs of triumph! Fainting oft beneath the burden of the cross, we trace thy way by bloody footprints, suffering as a saint;—falling from thy estate, how terrible will be thy retribution as a sinner!

Hark! There is the patter of little feet ascending the staircase, coming down the long upper hall. To the repentant mother's ears what music so sweet as that? She listens breathlessly. Was it thought of her that had impelled them thither? Would they approach her room? Since she had grown more and more repulsive day by day, since those fits of drunken passion had become a thing of fearful frequency, and those little ones had suffered from their violence, and learned to fear her, they had come but seldom—never alone; but they are approaching now, shyly, hesitatingly, as if afraid to come, but still approaching—pausing at the very threshold. The burning tears force their way through the clenched fingers—the sound of the little feet has given her power to pray. Though angels fail in the work of redemption, there may yet be power in the little hands to hold her back. She does not rise to open the door, but sits choking down her sobs, and listening to the turning, twisting, shaking of the door knob, to a dozen failures in unskilful attempts to enter, every movement of the little hand sending a strange thrill of mingled pain and pleasure through the overburdened heart.

It opens at last, and Harry stands upon the threshold, looking timidly in.

Ah! no maudlin sorrow, no senseless, idiotic mirth, no disgusting stupor disfigures the face on which he gazes. Its depth of hopeless, despairing tenderness, so eloquently accompanied by the pathetic movement of the outstretched hands, almost frightens him by its intensity; but, in obedience to the motion, he comes forward, half-fearfully proffering the flower he holds in his hand.

'A flower sent to her by a lady who was so kind,' he tremblingly explains, 'one that he loves so dearly!'

It is the lily, the emblem of purity. She takes it from him, lays it on the table behind her, out of sight, a sullen glow of resentment at the gift mingling with the sorrow of her face as she does so. What mother had fathomed her shameful secret, and dared to send her child to her with a gift like that? Some one that is fast gaining the place she should have occupied in his heart! One that is fast winning away from her the love she so much needs to aid her in the desired reformation. She notes how the little face softens and brightens when he speaks of her, and a sharp pang of jealousy shoots through her heart. The fact that she has never sought to win that heart to herself by kindness, that she has forfeited her child's respect, and never deserved its love, only increases her resentment and adds poignancy to the pang. She feels the slight form start and shiver with a strange, fearful repulsion as she places it on her lap. Would the strong natural affection nature had implanted there, so cruelly crushed out, now nearly if not quite dead, arise anew to life, and grow stronger than this repulsion? That is the question to be answered now. Ah! if there were but a spark remaining, were it only a poor, feeble, smouldering flame, it would have the power, she felt, to light her to higher and better things. With a thrill of pure maternal love, a stranger to her heart, whose holiest impulses, deadened by reckless indulgence, have de-

generated into instincts, she folds the little form closer to her, in spite of its shuddering, and, looking into the upturned face (O mother, miserably blind), reads understandingly for the first time the hunger of heart so legibly written on every speaking feature. With the sharp arrow of conviction that pierces her soul at the sight, comes a voice appealing to its inmost recesses, a voice speaking those words spoken by the great heart of Divine Compassion, eighteen hundred years ago; those words of tenderest pleading: '*Feed my lambs!*' How had she fed those committed to her charge? The wan, thin, sorrowful face, the little heart finding no joy in life, grown weary before its time, best answer that question. Aided by her aroused spiritual perceptions, she reads now all too truthfully the sad, sad record of the heart-breaking loneliness of the life she has made desolate; and, pressing the wronged heart close against her own, the keen remorse of her soul bursts forth in a low moan of irrepressible anguish:

'Oh, my child! my little, little, little child!'

Studying the face bent over him as children learn to study the faces of those whom they have reason to fear, whose kindness is at best capricious, and finding nothing but sorrow and tenderness in it, he began to fear it less: thankful even for a brief season of kindness, the solitary child laid the pale cheek close against his mother's, and twined the thin arms about her neck. It was a strange and blissful sensation for that mother to feel them clinging there. In her softened mood it made the tears fall hot and fast, to think how strange it was.

'What made Harry think of coming to see ma to-day?' she said at last, brushing them hurriedly away.

'A lady gave me that flower, mamma, and told me to bring it to you.'

A pause and a closer pressure—then she questioned nervously:

'What lady is it, Harry? Where

does she live? How came you to know her, darling?'

Harry hesitated. He noticed the dark shadow that swept across her face at every reference to his new-found friend, and, with a child's intuitive perception, he saw the subject gave her pain. Striving with ready tact to draw her attention from it to himself, he went back to the beginning, to give her a sort of history of how he came to form the acquaintance.

'Mamma,' he said timidly, twining his arms still closer around her neck, and speaking in a slow, hesitating way, as if he feared that this would give her pain also, 'our house, you know, is a very lonesome place. Oh, so *very* lonesome!—just like a day when the sun won't shine, and the rain comes dark and slow. Well, ma, it was always bad enough, but when Charley went away to school, and you stayed up here more than ever, and Betty got crosser than ever, you can't think *how* lonesome it was! Pa used to bring me playthings at first, but I felt so bad I couldn't play with them. I felt all the time as if I wanted something, and,' glancing pitously up into his mother's face, and laying his little hand upon his heart, 'as if I was *so hungry here*. Well, I used to climb up at the window and watch the people going by, and wonder and wonder what the matter was.' He waited as if half expecting an answer; but a stifled sob was the only reply. 'Looking out the window and seeing other people, I found out after a while that we were different from everybody else. Other mothers who had little boys like me, always took their little boys with them when they went to walk. All the sunshiny days they went walking up and down—walking up and down; and the mothers were not cross like Betty, and the little boys were not lonesome like me, but had such red, chubby cheeks, and looked happy 'most all the time. The first day I found this out, when Betty took me away from the window, and stood me up before the glass to

comb my hair, and I looked in and saw what a face I had, I cried and cried. Then the mothers would smile and look pleased whenever their little boys spoke to them, and seemed to love them so much, that I wanted them to love me too; and I used to throw little things out of the window sometimes, so that they would look up and smile at me.'

Ah! the young, tender heart, living, as yet, only by the affections, that required such a wealth of love to fill it! The little outcast heart depending on casual passers by for a stray word or look of comfort, striving to feed itself on such poor, miserable crumbs as these! It made the mother's face grow white with anguish to think of *that*.

'Well, about just such a time every morning, when Charley had gone to school, and I sat by the window as lonesome as lonesome could be, on the sidewalk under the window there always came a lady who was kinder to me than the other ladies, who *always* looked up and smiled. Such a beautiful lady, ma, with a face as kind as pa's, and a great deal more smiling; you'd love her if you saw her; I know you would—you couldn't help it. And ma,' and here Harry's enthusiasm died out, and his voice took a sadder tone, 'she's got a little boy, just about as big as I am, and she always takes him with her when she goes out, just like the other ladies. And—and ma'—the low voice had a frightened tone in it, as if the little one feared he was venturing too far.

'Yes, Harry.'

'I thought—that—that—'

'What, darling?'

'That if you would go out to walk yourself sometimes, and take us with you, Charley and me, that we shouldn't be so different from everybody else, and it wouldn't be quite so lonesome here.'

A long pause followed—a frightened pause on Harry's part. Venturing, after a little while, to look into his mother's face, its sadness, unmixed with

anger reassured him, and he proceeded:

'That was the lady who sent you the flower. She lives in a little white house just across the road. One day, when Betty took me out for a walk, I ran away and went there; and I have been there a good many times since. It's a little house, ma, a very little house. There are no bright pictures or beautiful carpets in it; but they are never lonesome there. She is as kind to her little boy every day as you are to me now. It's a long time, ma, since you kissed me and held me on your lap, and acted as if you loved me! Oh, mamma!' He laid the pale cheek, wet with grateful tears, close against her own. 'Why a'n't you good to me always? I love you *now*, but I don't love you always; I *can't* love you always, ma. That day when you frightened me so, when you pulled my hair, threw me down on the floor, and whipped me till the blood ran, I didn't like you for a long time *then*, you hurt me so.'

The grief of the wretched mother burst forth anew in sobs and tears.

'Oh, Harry! oh, my poor, poor child! Did ma do that?'

'Don't cry, ma, oh, don't cry; I don't think you meant to do it. There is something that changes you, that makes you cross and strange. And ma—the timid voice sank away to a low, frightened whisper, broken and tremulous with tears.

'Yes, dearest.'

'You won't be angry, dear mamma?'

'No, love, no.'

He hid his face on her shoulder, sobbing:

'It's something that you drink. They never have it there, in that little house,' pursued Harry in a voice choked with rushing tears. 'They never have it anywhere where they are happy. Oh, mamma! if you'd only send it away, if you'd throw it away, if you would put it out of sight; oh, my dear, dear mamma, if you would never look at it, never taste it, never, never drink

it any more!' In the energy of his supplication he twined the little arms still closer and closer about her neck—his tears fell like rain upon her bosom. That baby face, eloquent with entreaty and wet with tears! She could not bear to see it. Crimson with shame, she hid her own in her outstretched hands. 'She never drinks it. I've watched her; she drinks coffee sometimes, water sometimes, *tea* 'most always. Ma, if you must drink something, why wouldn't *tea* do just as well?'

She folded her arms about the little form, and clasped it to her bosom. Her face was lighted with a high resolve, the heart against which her child's was pressed was throbbing with a lofty impulse.

'It would, my darling, it would; with God's help, it shall. Here in His holy presence, I solemnly promise, if there is any strength in good resolutions, if there is any power of good left within me, if God will not utterly forsake one who has so long forsaken her better nature, never, never, from this time, henceforth and forever, to touch, taste, or look upon the accursed thing.'

That night, at the foot of the tall poplar, the flickering sunlight falling through the leaves on his head, making the brown hair golden where it fell, Harry sat watching the coming of his brother. He had not long to wait; in a little while the red, slanting rays fell on that other head of darker brown. The well-known form appeared at the gateway, and Harry went bounding down the gravel walk to meet him.

'Ma wants to see you,' panted the little brother. 'She wanted you to come up to her room as soon as ever you got home. She sent me to tell you so.'

The message was such an unusual one, he was so flushed and excited, so *proud* to give it, and the look of joy shining in the pale face was such a stranger to it, that the great brown eyes of the elder brother opened wide in

silent wonder, and the excited Harry had caught him by both hands, and was dragging him by main force toward the house before he had recovered from his astonishment sufficiently to speak.

'I don't want to go,' cried the unwilling Charley, ruefully drawing back. 'I don't *want* to go, Harry. *Why* does she want to see me? What *makes* her want to see me? I a'n't done nothing to be whipped for!'

'Oh! it isn't *that*,' returned the little fellow eagerly. 'We a'n't going to be whipped any more, unless we're real naughty, and then not very hard; and ma is going to send Betty away, and we a'n't going to be scolded any more; and she's going to take us to walk and ride with her sometimes, as the other mothers do. *Why*,' cried the eager child, all glowing at the delightful prospect, 'why, Charley, we're going to be happy now.'

'Oh, I don't believe we are,' sadly sighed the more experienced Charley, scratching his curls disconsolately, and looking at his brother in a maze of perplexity and doubt. 'I've thought we were going to be happy a great many times, but we a'n't been never, and I don't believe we ever will be. The first thing I remember was being lonesome, and I've been as lonesome as could be ever since. No, no; we shall never be happy. Ta'n't no use thinking about being happy,' and the forlorn child threw himself upon the grass in a hopeless and dejected manner. 'But they *do* say, Harry,' he continued, looking up through the leaves at the blue vault above him, 'that there's a place up yonder somewhere where good people go when they die, and where *everybody* is happy. I've thought, since I heard about it, that perhaps some people went there without dying. If they *do*, Harry, and I can only find out the way, I'd leave this mean old place, and go there straight, this very minute. I'd like to have you and pa come, Harry; but ma is always scolding or whipping us for something. I don't like ma, and

I don't care whether she ever gets there or not. Come to think of it,' pursued Charley, as a new thought seemed to strike him, 'I had a good deal rather she wouldn't come; for if she *did* find out the way, and come up there after a while, like as any way she'd bring a switch with her.'

'You shouldn't talk so about ma, Charley,' said his meek-eyed brother. 'She isn't cross *always*. She has been kind to me to-day, so kind,' said the little fellow, stemming with his fingers two great round drops that were slowly running down his cheeks, 'that it makes the tears come to think about it. I was with her a great long while, and she didn't scold or speak cross once. *Why*, only think, Charley,' he proceeded, opening his eyes, as if the fact about to be communicated could never be sufficiently wondered at, 'we were all alone together for ever so long, and she might have got angry and whipped me just as well as not, and pa would never know anything about it.'

'It's a wonder she didn't,' scornfully returned his brother; 'it would have been such a nice chance. She don't get such a chance as *that* every day. There wouldn't have been any fun in it if she had, though; for I tell you what it is,' he continued, looking about on his hands for sundry marks and dents left thereon by the nails of his mother, 'I tell you what it is, Harry, when she gets hold of a feller, she digs right in. She pounds us more than half the time for just nothing at all, only because she gets mad and likes to do it. To be sure, I get mad myself sometimes, and say ugly words, and ought to be whipped; but you, *you* never do anything to be whipped for, and *she*,' proceeded the indignant little fellow, with an emphasis of immeasurable scorn on that personal pronoun, '*she* to go to work and pound a little, pale fellow like you! *Why*, she ought to be ashamed of herself. I get so mad sometimes when she gets to whipping us, and pa comes to take us away, that

I think if he would pound her just as hard as she pounds us, and just long enough to let us see how good it feels, I wouldn't care a bit—I'd just like it: but he don't never; he only trembles all over and gets very white, sets her down in a chair, and takes us out of the room—buys us playthings, or tells us stories to stop our crying, and that's the end of it until next time.'

Poor Harry! the color had faded from his face, the light from his eyes. That deep shadow of inexpressible mournfulness had again crept into them. Memory of such scenes, as are never garnered up in the breasts of happy childhood, shadowed his face and heart. His short-lived happiness was over. He made no reply to his brother, but sat motionless, gazing at the sky with a searching, yearning, far-off gaze. Looking at the two young faces turned upward, it would have been hard to say which was the saddest. Young as they were, traces of the working of the curse which had blighted their lives, were plainly visible in both. Both were equally pale and thoughtful, both robbed of the brightness and gayety belonging to their years, only varying in expression as they varied in temperament. The look of meek and patient endurance on the face of the younger spoke of a nature that wrong and suffering might crush, but could never rouse to anger or resentment—of a heart that would break, if must be, but would patiently lie down and die. The scornful defiance flashing ever and anon in the face of the elder brother, the immeasurable bitterness mingling with its sadness, showed a proud and fiery temperament that could be goaded to desperation.

'But she shall never strike me many times more,' continued Charley, with suppressed indignation. After a pause, during which, with compressed lip and clouded brow, he had been resentfully dwelling upon the pain and humiliation consequent upon the blows he had received: 'Never! never! for I don't

care if it is wrong, if pa *does* tell me not to do it, I don't care if she is my mother; after I get just a little bigger, when she strikes me, I'm going to strike back again.'

These vengeful threats exciting no answering comments from his brother, Charley turned to look at him. A strange prophetic chill swept across the intuitional soul, and filled it with vague, shuddering apprehension.

'Harry, don't look that way; Harry, come back to yourself! Oh, Harry! take your eyes from the sky and look at me. You frighten me so!' cried Charley, in a voice tremulous with agitation.

The consciousness of his surroundings had dawned so slowly on the rapt soul, the patient face had turned toward his brother's so calmly, he was so meek and quiet, so undemonstrative usually, that he was totally unprepared for the wild burst of passionate weeping with which Harry threw himself upon his neck.

'Oh! Charley, Charley, I cannot find it, I cannot see the land you talk of I know it must be there, where the sky is clear and the sun is shining; but I've been looking, and I can't see it anywhere. Oh! Charley, where is it? Where is the place up yonder where they are good and happy? Show me the way there, show me the way. I don't want to stay *here*,' sobbed Harry, coming back to his own hopeless self again; 'I want to go somewhere where folks don't have to be lonesome all the time; I don't know what dying is, but if dying will do it, I want dying to take me there.'

He had drawn his brother toward him, wiped his tears away with his own little apron, and soothed him as well as his agitation would permit, striving, amid the tumult of his thoughts, to gather up such meagre scraps of information as he had gleaned upon the subject, and put it into intelligible words, when, from a window almost hidden by the leaves of the tree under which they were sitting, they heard a

voice calling to them, a familiar voice, but with a new tone in it, which quickens their pulse-beat, and makes their hearts throb with a sweet joy. Dimly visible through the foliage, a familiar face is looking down upon them, loving and tender as any mother's face should be; and with that look, the strong instinctive love for her which nature had implanted in their hearts awoke in all its strength. Pride, anger, sorrow, were all alike forgotten. To her loving call there came from eager lips the ready response:

'Yes, mamma; we are coming, dear mamma.'

Those who are blessed with golden memories of a happy childhood, perchance but lightly prize Heaven's brightest, choicest gift. Those who have never felt the hungering and thirsting of a heart deprived of sympathy and kindness, the desolate pining of that state more sorrowful than orphanage, can but feebly, faintly guess how tender tones and soft caresses, loving words and looks, such common blessings as awaken in the happy no thought of gratitude, were treasured up in these lonely hearts as gifts of priceless value, or measure the deep thankfulness which thrilled them as they knelt side by side at their mother's knee, and said their prayers in the deepening twilight that summer night.

They had a table spread before the open window, and had their supper in their mother's room, and, as the light sank into darkness, with an arm thrown around each little form caressingly, and a brown head resting on each shoulder, they sat beside her on the sofa, and listened as she told them, in language suited to their childish comprehension, of the coming joys in store for them, of what a happy home their future home should be, now that she had resolutely parted from the curse that had destroyed their peace, and forever turned her back against it;—listened as she drew glowing pictures of the walks and rides they would take, of the va-

ried pleasures they would enjoy together, pleasures it should be her pleasing task to plan. They had nothing to damp their enjoyment, for she had dismissed Betty, and with her own hands undressed and bathed them, and robed them for the night; and they enjoyed it all, not with the keen zest, the careless hilarity of childhood, but with the subdued and thoughtful gravity seen in beings of maturer years, to whose lot has fallen more of the sorrows than the joys of life, and who receive happiness, when at rare intervals it comes to them, with a tremulous thankfulness, as if fearful of entertaining so strange a guest; and when at last it ended, as all happy seasons must, and both tired heads rested on one pillow, Harry whispered to his brother:

'There is nothing to be sorry for now, Charley. She will never drink that dark stuff any more—I know she never will; she will never forget the promise she has made.'

Then the drowsy eyes, ere they closed, sought the dim night sky for that star, the brightest in the blue above him, which had revealed itself through his tears, when alone in the darkness he had first learned to pray, and, gazing on it, and on the sky beyond, where a happier home than any earthly one is proffered, murmured to himself, with a peaceful smile:

'Oh! we shall be so happy, so very, very, very happy!'

PART THIRD.

She promised. Oh, frail and sandy foundation, on which to build bright hopes of earthly happiness! Only for four brief weeks, one happy month, that solemn promise was faithfully remembered. Of the effort that even this short period of abstinence had cost her, of the burning thirst which tortured her by day and night, the fierce desire that battled with and almost overcame her feeble resolution when the enthusiasm that had at first upheld her died away, of the suffering of those weary

weeks of conflict, only those can tell who, heroes every one, like her, have battled with this fierce spiritual Apollon, and who, unlike her, have overcome. Hour by hour the maddening desire of gratification wasted little by little her moral strength. The thirst grew stronger, the will weaker.

The thought of the home she had brightened by her self-denial, the heart she had gladdened, the little ones who had drawn their life from hers, whose trust in her was growing stronger day by day, as evening came and showed the valued promise still remembered, and morning dawned and found her faithful, held her back at first; but gradually this also lost its power. Then that torturing, burning, maddening thirst swept over the doomed soul like a fierce simoom, drying up the fountains of maternal tenderness, bearing away all sense of duty, all tenderness and sympathy, the blessed hope of heaven itself, in its desolating track. One wretched day, when this thirst was so strong upon her that her priceless soul grew worthless in her eyes, and she would smilingly have bartered it but for a single draught; one well-remembered, miserable day, when the little faces were raised to hers, and found upon it no trace of motherly affection, only that dark foreboding look, and grew pale with fright when desire had reached that relentless climax which leaves the victim no choice but of madness or gratification, she had fiercely summoned her usual messenger, sent for her usual drink, and sat grimly waiting for it. In vain that trusty messenger, to whose care the wretched father had confided that pitiful remnant of family honor, the shame of public exposure, boldly setting fear of her aside, earnestly besought her to wrestle with the demon yet a little longer, were it but a single day; and implored her with tears to remember the little ones on whom this blow would fall so heavily. There was no tone of motherly affection within that raging

breast to respond to that appeal. With parched, cracked lips, and burning eyes and bloated face fierce with desire, she had driven her from her presence. Fear lest the lack of this great need would drive her to distraction quite, and some worse evil yet befall them, she had gone her way, weeping as she went. She came back presently. There was enough of that terrible poison in the bottle she brought to make her mistress drunk a score of times. She may get drunk *now*, dead drunk; in a little while she may lie upon the floor a senseless, idiotic, disgusting creature. She almost prays it may be so, as she hands her the glass which she angrily calls for, for there is yet a greater evil to be dreaded. The liquor so long untasted, acting upon her naturally high temper, may arouse within her a wild tempest of passion; in her frenzy she may fall upon those little ones, beat, bruise, maim, murder them perhaps. It is not the first time their lives have been endangered by her violence. To get them from the room without exciting her opposition, so quietly and naturally that it shall hardly attract her observation, is her first care; hence, under pretence of arranging the window curtain, she says to Charley, who is standing near it:

'Charley, say you want some cakes—a drink of water—anything that's down stairs, and follow me out of this room.'

'I can't go, Maggie,' returned the child, in the same cautious whisper, glancing toward his mother with his large dark eyes wildly dilated, and his small face bleached with fright. 'Harry won't go, and I can't leave Harry.'

'Harry shall go,' energetically repeated the resolute Maggie, putting her head out of the window to say her say. 'He is not going to stay here to be mauled! Harry,' she continued, in the most insinuating tone imaginable, 'come down stairs with Maggie. There's a darling.'

He was leaning out of the window, apparently looking at something in the street below, and did not move as she addressed him.

'Harry, Harry,' she called again, in an excited whisper, 'do you hear me? quick, child, quick!'

He turned toward her his face covered with tears.

'Don't cry, for heaven's sake, child; don't cry *here*,' returned Maggie, with a suppressed groan, 'or that mother of yours will pounce upon you in spite of me.'

At the mention of that word, what little self-possession he retained gave way, and he sobbed outright. It was a sob so passionate and long suppressed, and it burst forth in spite of him with such vehemence, that it shook the little form from head to foot, and sounded through the still room so miserably hopeless, so heart-broken, that it even aroused the stupefied being nodding in her chair, whom he had the misery to call by the name of mother. It awakened within her some vague thought of motherly sympathy; and, stupidly striving to comprehend what it meant, and idly muttering to her miserable self, she poured out a third glass, held it in her hand as well as she was able, and came tottering forward, swaying to and fro in maudlin efforts to keep her feet. She took up her position directly behind Harry, and looked vacantly out. She was trying to ask what was the matter, with a tongue whose palsied utterance made language incomprehensible, when Harry's friend, whom he had been watching, and whose figure he had, with love's delicate discrimination, picked out from a score of similar figures, and known to be hers, when it was but a mere speck in the distance, passed directly under the open window, and, startled by that sob and by that drunken voice in answer, looked wonderingly up. Oh, heavens! she read that fearful secret in one blank, horrified glance. She read it in the despairing hopeless-

ness of the little face turned toward hers—that look so terrible in a face so young. She read it still more clearly in that fiery, bloated, senseless visage looking down upon her with a dull stare, in the swaying form feebly holding the tell-tale glass. She knew now why that delicate child, nursed in the lap of affluence, having all that wealth could purchase, had come so timidly to her lowly dwelling, and earnestly besought her for a single kiss; what had made the little face sorrowful and wan, and set that seal of suffering upon it. She saw it all, and, under the sudden weight of that astounding revelation, she literally staggered as under the weight of a blow. Looking down through his tear-dimmed eyes at the face he loved so well, Harry saw upon it no look of sympathy or recognition for him—only that blank, amazed, horror-stricken look at that something behind him, a look which embraced every item of the shameful scene, and showed all too clearly how plainly it did so. Then, without a word or glance of kindness, she gathered her veil closely about her pallid visage, and quickly hurried away. Alas for Harry! he feels that the truth has turned her heart from his, and she has gone forever. The anguish of that thought was too great for suppression, and he stretched forth his hands toward the retreating figure with a forlorn wail of supplication. That look of horror, that low, plaintive, heart-broken cry, like a child forsaken of its mother, had sobered her a little. She had been a proud woman once, and a remnant of the nobler pride which had once uplifted her was still left within her soul. To have eyes from which shone forth the pure, unsullied spirit of womanhood, discover her secret, and look upon her in her shame; to behold in a rival, whom unseen she hated, womanhood enthroned in excellence; to see its image in herself fallen and defaced, sunken in degradation; to know that a few kind and well-bestowed caresses

had won her child's love from her, that on that strange maternal bosom the little head rested more tranquilly and peacefully than on her own; to owe her a double grudge as discoverer and supplanter—this aroused the smouldering and now perverted pride yet alive within her bosom, and fanned it to a flame. She clinched her hands convulsively, her teeth shut together with a dull, grating sound, the unsteady form swayed to and fro, like a lithe tree shaken in the wind of a coming tempest, and the bloated face, dark with wrath, was terrible to look upon. It was a fearful thing to be alone with that half-drunken creature, and see wave after wave of passion rolling over her tempest-tossed soul, lashing it into fury. Maggie felt it to be so *now*. As a trusty confidant and able protector, one who, by some strange means, had gained an ascendancy over her mistress that no other possessed, and wisely exercised this controlling power, she had been with these poor children through many similar scenes, sheltering them under the broad wing of her protection, but she had never beheld the gathering of so dark a storm, never felt the vague, shuddering dread, the chill apprehension which seized on her now. One glance at that terrible being showed her power lost, her protection insufficient, impotent. To stay with them and endeavor to breast the coming storm would be madness—to try to get the children from the room now would be both impolitic and dangerous; at the least demonstration of the kind that storm would be sure to burst upon them in all its resistless fury, and before its raging power she felt her strength would be utter weakness. She must fly for aid. Perhaps even now some invisible being, conscious of their danger, might be impelling their father to the rescue.

'Harry,' said Maggie, turning very pale, as she glanced at the dreadful figure rocking to and fro in fearful communing with itself, and bending

down to whisper a parting injunction as she tied on her bonnet, 'don't speak to her, don't look toward her. Don't cross her in any way. She's the devil's own, now.'

A word, a look, a gesture of entreaty to Charley, placing in dumb show his brother in his charge, and she passed from the room hastily and noiselessly, but not unperceived. As she vanished, an evil smile of triumph at thus being so easily rid of an able antagonist, flashed across the terrible face, giving it almost the look of a demon. In passing out, Maggie has left the door ajar, which perceiving, the wretched woman totters across the room, shuts the door, locks it, throws the key upon the floor, and, tottering back to her seat, again takes a long, deep draught from the glass upon the table. Fixing her fiery eyes full on Harry, she calls out imperiously:

'Come here, sir!'

The tone in which the command is given is cruel, stern, and cold, unsoftened by maternal tenderness, untouched by womanly gentleness, and the bloated face has the same evil look upon it. Harry shrinks back affrighted.

'Are you deaf, you adder? Come here, I say, come here.'

There is a fierceness in the tone now which shows a longer delay will be dangerous; and so Charley, pale and trembling, comes forth from the corner in which he has been crouching, and, taking his smaller brother by the hand, they come forward together.

'What made you bawl after that woman—that woman in the street?' she says, viciously grasping the little shoulder, and giving it a shake. 'Answer me this minute. Speak, sir, speak!'

'I—I can't help loving her, ma,' falters the poor child deprecatingly, while the blue eyes fill, and the tears fall slowly down his face.

'There, none of your snivelling,' she cries fiercely, giving him another shake. 'Come up here; come closer. Here!'

Stand back, you,' pushing Charley from her with a force that makes him stagger. 'Now then,' she furiously demands, 'did you ever cry after *me* when I went away and left you?'

He is so faint with fright that he can hardly find his voice to answer, and the words are almost inarticulate as he falters forth:

'Sometimes, ma; sometimes, when you are kind to me.'

'You never did; you know you never did, you little liar,' shrieks the crazed creature, savagely dealing him a heavy blow which sends him reeling from her.

'Oh, ma! Oh, ma!' gasps the poor child, crouching down in the extremity of terror as the terrible figure comes flying toward him. '*Don't* kill me, oh, don't kill *me*; I'm such a little boy!'

She pounces upon him like a tigress, lifting the fragile form high in the air, and dashing it down to the floor again with all her cruel force. She shakes, she bites him, she rains blows upon the poor, defenceless child, leaving prints of her vicious fingers all over the poor little body wherever she touches the tender skin, marks of her cruel nails on the delicate arms and hands, long, deep scratches from which the blood exudes slowly. One last cruel blow hushes the suppressed cries of pain and terror, the low moans for mercy, and lays the bruised and quivering form senseless at her feet. Then the mad creature, crazed with drink and passion, goes careering up and down the room, snatching from table and bureau the costly trinkets with which they are adorned, and wildly trampling them beneath her feet as she hurries to and fro. She is so terrible to look upon, with that scarlet, bloated face, distorted by passion, and the long, thick hair unbound hanging wildly about it, and that baleful light in her bloodshot eyes, so terrible in the frenzied excitement of look and motion, that Charley, who has crept to the side of his prostrate brother, and is tenderly holding

the unconscious head, has no power to cry or move, but sits half frozen with horror, with his great brown eyes wildly dilated, fixed in a species of fascination upon the strange motions of that dreadful figure, and merely in obedience to the instinct of self-preservation endeavors to shield himself and his insensible charge from the heavy blows aimed at them as she comes flying past. A few brief moments pass in this way, moments which to that poor child, alone with that wild being, seem dreadful hours of torturing length. Then the blessed sounds of coming relief fall on his ear, footsteps are approaching, a man's firm, hurried tread and woman's lighter but no less rapid step are heard through the hall below, up the staircase—on, on they come, crossing the long upper hall, pausing at the threshold. Then they try the door; swift, crushing blows are rained upon it, the door is burst open, and they come rushing distractedly in.

'Oh, pa! pa!' The tongue is loosed whose utterance fear has palsied, and Charley stretches forth his hands to the strong arm of his earthly saviour. One hasty glance around the room strewn with fragments of costly toys, one look at the maniacal form in the centre with wildly dishevelled hair, and leering, vacant face, then the anguished eyes fall on *that* for which they are searching, see the outstretched arms of the little figure cowering in a corner half hid by the window curtain, see that other figure lying at its feet, so livid and motionless, so breathless, with the deathly face upturned, and the long brown lashes, still wet with tears, resting on the marble cheeks.

'O God! too late! too late!' The strong agony of that father's heart bursts forth from his bleached lips in that wild, irrepressible cry. He seizes the tottering form. He shakes it fiercely: 'Woman! fiend! blot on the name of mother! you have *killed* my boy!'

That momentary burst of passion past, he leaves the hapless creature to

her witless mumbling, and, with great waves of anguish rolling over his soul, the broken-hearted father kneels beside his boy.

'Not dead! oh, thank God! not dead.'

There is a slight throbbing motion of the heart, a faint, scarcely perceptible pulsation at the wrist. They raise the senseless form from off the floor. Up to his room they bear him; softly on his little bed they lay him—that little bed from which he is never more to rise. Gentle footsteps glide noiselessly about the room, loving eyes are bent above him, and tears fall upon the upturned face. Long days go and come, fragrant sunny days, bright with the bloom of summer, each day one less of earth, one nearer heaven. The loving watchers know it, and ever and anon there are sounds of smothered weeping there. But there are no answering tears from eyes soon to look on immortal things, for on the passing soul dawns a vision of a home beyond the shadow and the blight, where, in meadows fragrant with immortal flowers, the *Great Shepherd feedeth His sheep*, and, as He tenderly leads them beside the still waters, gathers the *lambs* to His bosom. In that clime glows the glory of unfading light, the bloom of undying beauty. Henceforth the beauty and the light of this transitory sphere seem wan and cold, and the fading things of earth grow worthless in the dying eyes, and the tranced soul longs to be gone, yet bides its time with patient sweetness. Patient amid all his pain, no groan escapes the parched lips, no complaining murmur. Bearing all his sufferings with meek endurance, quiet and very thoughtful he lies upon his little bed, smiling placidly upon those about him—grateful, very grateful for their love and care; watching with musing eyes the long hours through the changes of the day on the sky as seen from his window—gray dawn melting into morning, morning into mellow day, day,

with its varied changes, sinking into night. The heaven beyond on which he muses as he gazes, the home for which he longs, baptizes him with its light beforetime. On the sinless brow the seal of a perfect peace is set, and the air about the child grows holy. A hush falls on the room mysterious and solemn, and they know that white-robed immortals are treading earthly courts, mingling in earthly company; for he murmurs in his dreams of radiant faces that bend above him; and the wan face, as they watch it in its slumbers, grows bright with the look of heaven. A few more hours of earth, a little longer tarrying of the immortal with the mortal part where it has lived and loved, suffered and rejoiced; a few more moans of pain, and the blue eyes open and look upon the day whose silent light will dawn upon us all. They had not thought the end so near at hand; and, worn out with grief and watching, the father and his faithful nurses had one by one retired to rest, leaving Charley, at his earnest solicitation, to sit beside the bed and watch his brother's fitful slumbers. Since that fatal day, a dread and horror of his mother had seized upon the child. Though surrounded by those he loved, her near approach would cause strong nervous chills, and her kiss or touch would throw him into frightful spasms, from which they could with difficulty recover him; hence, by the doctor's orders, she was forbidden the room, and it was only when utter exhaustion had steeped his refined spiritual sense into perfect oblivion of surrounding objects, that she was permitted to enter there and gaze for a little on the wan features of her sleeping child. That day, knowing his time on earth was short, and possessed by a restless and uncontrollable desire to be near him, even though she could not look upon his face, into the room of her dying boy he had stolen like a culprit, and noiselessly shrank into the farthest corner of the room, screened from his

observation by the heavy window-curtain and the high head-board of the bed. They had discovered her there after a time, but she, in terms which would have moved the coldest heart to pity, implored them with tears to allow her to remain; and they, seeing that the demon had departed from her for a season, and compassionating the forlorn being, had gone away and left her there. She sits motionless in the silent room, her despairing eyes fixed on the serene heaven to which her darling will soon be gone, and from which the stern justice of an accusing conscience tells her she may be forever excluded.

And oh! if this be truth, if in the World beyond there is no hope for sinful souls that have gone astray in this, and this parting is eternal, then, oh then, through the long, dark ages of suffering which may be her future portion, never to look upon her darling more, never more to kiss the sweet lips that have called her mother, never more to look upon him here till the silken lashes droop toward the marble cheek and the half-veiled eyes have lost their lustre, and they lead her in for a last look ere the little face is shut out from mortal gaze forever!—oh! the unutterable anguish of that thought, and the remorse which mingles with it! Not for that last dreadful act, for she never knew that she had killed him. No clear remembrance of that day lives within to curse her memory, but she knows that a strange and unaccountable dread of her has seized upon the child, that she is banished from his dying presence; and an undefined and vague remembrance, a misty horror, has fallen on her life, rests on her like an incubus, pursues her in a thousand phantom shapes through the long, dark watches of the terror-laden night, and through burdened days of ceaseless suffering. She knows, for they have told her, that when his consciousness returned, his first cry had been for the mother of his heart; that she had left

everything and come to him; that she had taken her place beside his bed, a dearer place than she had ever occupied in his heart; that no hands like those chill, magnetic ones could soothe him in his pain, or charm him to his fitful slumbers; that on no bosom could the throbbing head rest so tranquilly as on her own. What the mother's heart suffered in that knowledge when her better nature prevailed, only the Being knows Who framed it. The hours of the long day wore heavily on. The sun, that had paused awhile in mid-heaven, was now sinking slowly toward the west. Yet, unmindful of food or rest, seated in the same corner into which she had shrunk on entering the room, ever and anon rocking herself to and fro, or wringing her hands in silent agony, there sits the wretched mother, hidden watcher by the bedside of her dying boy. The room has been chosen for its retired situation, and is removed from the noise of household occupations; and the bustle of the crowded street, even in its busiest hours, falls on the ear in a distant hum. It is quiet now, very quiet. Harry has awakened once from his slumbers, asked to be moved nearer the front of the bed, that they may be very near each other while he sleeps again, and, when that was done, has smiled lovingly upon the little, sorrowful watcher, and, with his wasted hand tightly clasped in his, has fallen into sounder slumbers. In the deathlike stillness which has fallen on the room, she can hear his breathing, and has ventured twice or thrice, while he slept thus, to steal softly to the bedside and look upon his face; but as at each successive attempt he has seemed almost immediately to feel the dreaded atmosphere, and his slumbers have become broken and uneasy, with a heavy heart she has crept silently back again. Charley has waited until the thin hand of the sick child has relaxed its clasp on his own, then, moved by a loving impulse, noiselessly busied himself in removing a littered mass of

vials, cups, and glasses, which have accumulated on the stand near the bed, to a table just at hand, and taxes his childish ingenuity in arranging thereon, in the prettiest possible form, a multitude of toys and trinkets, gifts sent by the servants of the house to his brother, putting the new ones in front, so that his eye may fall on them first when he wakes again. This done, he creeps back to his seat by the bedside, and silently watches his slumbers as before.

A ray of sunlight, bright and warm, creeps through the lattice and falls on the veined lids; the eyes open, and instinctively moving from the too dazzling light, rest placidly on a fragment of blue sky just visible through the half-closed window. With eyes fixed intently on that hazy distance, moment after moment, silent and motionless he lies, and the blue orbs grow lustrous as he gazes with the mystic beauty of eyes whose inner vision rests on unutterable things, and gradually there comes upon the little face the look that never comes on any face but once. Oh, mystic change! Oh, strange solemnity of death! The little watcher by the bedside, face to face with its mysterious presence for the first time, ignorant of its processes, feels a dread, half-defined idea of what it may be, and, with a piteous effort to recall his dying brother back to his old look and seeming, tremulously falters:

'See all the nice things they've sent you, Harry, all the pretty toys you've got! Here they are, spread out upon the table. Look, brother, look!'

The eyes are bright and clear, the shadow of death has not yet dimmed their light. They turn slowly, very slowly, and, just glancing at the toy-strewn table, rest upon, his brother's face. Oh! what is that look within them that chills the warm life-current, and makes him cold and shivering in the heat of that summer day, as the sick child feebly says:

'You may have them all, *all*, Charley; I sha'n't never want them any more.'

'You've hardly looked at them at all, Harry,' quavers the young voice in reply, bravely trying to continue the subject. 'You don't know how handsome they are. The nicest ones, the very nicest ones Betty bought you! Poor Betty! she has done nothing but cry since you've been sick—cry, and buy you presents. She says when you get well, Harry—' and here the brave little voice, that has been tremulous and tear-laden all along, breaks down entirely, and he puts up his hand to check the tears that are running down his face. There are no tears in those other eyes looking into his; the mists of death are gathering within them. He cannot see the tear-wet face so plainly now, but he feebly strokes the hand that lies against his own, and says, in a weaker voice, pausing now and then for breath:

'Poor brother, dear brother! Don't cry, Charley, don't cry! You must tell Betty not to cry. Poor Betty! I haven't seen her once since I've been sick. And poor mamma'—the faint voice, forgetful of its weakness, grows stronger for a moment, and dwells on that name with measureless compassion—'poor, poor, *poor* mamma! I don't feel afraid of *ma* any more, and I want to see her. I do *so much* want to see her! Where *is* *ma*, Charley?'

There is a movement in the lower part of the room, and a bent form comes tottering forward, with hair hanging wildly about a haggard, despairing, woeworn face. Her hands are outstretched in piteous supplication.

'Here I am,' a voice choked with sobs makes answer. 'Here's your poor, miserable, guilty mother, Harry. O Harry! my sins have barred me out from the heaven you are entering; say you forgive me before we part forever. Oh! my darling, it is the last time I shall ever ask it; give me one *kiss* before you go!' He smiled as only the dying *can* smile, and stretched out his feeble arms. 'He smiles upon me, he forgives!' shrieked the half-demented creature. 'O God! most merciful!

Thou hast not quite forsaken me!' and with a step forward, and a gesture of embrace, the hapless being falls heavily upon the floor.

'Raise me up, raise me up,' pleads the sick child, after partially recovering from the shock the fall had given him; and, as he gazes upon the prostrate form, the white, haggard, insensible features, an angel's pity and compassion shine in the dying face. 'Oh, I can't kiss *her*, Charley. Tell poor mamma I *couldn't* kiss her,' he faintly moans. Then the fitful strength gives way again, and the tired head droops wearily on his brother's shoulder. The chilled form creeps closer to a warm embrace. A little while they hold each other thus—these little ones, brothers by the ties of blood, bound nearer to each other than any tie of blood can bind, by the sacred bond of suffering! Then the arm around poor Charley's neck relaxes its hold, and falls with a dull, lifeless sound back upon the pillow. The little form grows colder, colder yet. He has no power to lay it down, no power to cry

for help, but sits holding it, half paralyzed, as he hears them rushing up the stairs, urged wildly on by the dreadful fear that they have come too late.

There is a piteous supplication in the large, dilated eyes, a mute prayer for help in the white face he turns upon them as they enter. To the hurried questions which come pouring forth, the bleached, white lips make answer:

'He got cold, and went to sleep again; and he has been getting colder ever since.'

Then the father, stooping, looks into the little face lying on Charley's shoulder, and, staggering back as if a blow had struck him, cries out: 'Dead!' and the friend that Harry had loved so well raises the curly head and lays it back upon the pillow. There are no tears in her gentle eyes for him, for she knows the little, weary heart is resting now on the great heart of Infinite Love—that he is gone to One who, with outstretched arms, stood ready to receive him—*One* who said long ago: 'Suffer little children to come unto Me!'

AN HOUR IN THE GALLERY OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

THIRTY-NINTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

GREAT is the variety in the different classes of men to be found in picture galleries. First in importance stand the artists, oftentimes oracular personages, dangerous of approach by outsiders having opinions (*such* must generally expect a direct snubbing, polite indifference, or silent scorn), knowing much but not everything, no single one infallible, highly honorable as members of a guild, secretive as doctors or lawyers, chary of talking shop to the uninitiated, hardworking, conscien-

tious, half luring, half scoffing at, the glorious visions of the creative imagination granted them chiefly of all men, wonder workers, world reformers, recorders of the past and prophets of the future, comforters of prose-ridden humanity, stewards of some of God's best gifts, openers of the gates of the beautiful, and hence ushers into the vestibule of the glorious 'Land of the Hereafter.' May they *all* remember their lofty calling, and never diminish their usefulness by unworthy contests among

themselves, or by sacrificing their own better judgment to the exigencies of popular requirement!

Next in order come the connoisseurs. Unmistakably one is that young man with near-sighted eyeglass, with Dundreary whiskers and jaunty air, who talks of breadth, handling, foreshortening, perspective, etc.; who perhaps quotes Ruskin, has seen galleries abroad, is devoted to *genre* pictures, and, after rattling through an exhibition for a half hour, pronounces definitely upon the merits of the entire collection, singly and *en masse*.

Equally recognizable is the older picture-fancier. He talks, if possible, even more learnedly, discoursing of balance, tone, chiaroscuro; he despises innovations, judges in accordance with *names*; is of course convinced the present can bear no comparison with the past; will look through a whole gallery, and finally be captivated by some well-executed conceit—a sun shining through a hole—three different sorts of light, of fire, candle, and moon, mixed in with monstrous shadows and commonplace figures—some meaningless countenance surmounting a satin whose every shining thread is distinguishable, and the pattern of whose lace trimming could be copied for a fashion plate; he is, in short, a fussy, loud individual, with money to buy and some out-of-the-way place to hang pictures.

Then there is the man who knows but one, or at most two or three artists, and will look at the works of none other; who sees, as travellers generally do, not that which *is*, but that which he had made up his mind to see before he left his own threshold. There are those attracted by nothing except brilliant color, and others who have heard so much of the vulgarity of 'high lights' and gaudy hues, that they will tolerate nothing but brown trees, russet grass, gray skies, slate rocks, drab gowns, copper skins, and shadows so deep that the discovery of the objects repre-

sented becomes a real game of 'hide and go seek.' There are also the timidly modest, who, although aware of their own preferences, are yet afraid to admire any new name until some recognized authority has given permission. Another division of this class consists of those who, knowing their own inability to draw or to color the simplest object, hesitate to refuse admiration to any art production that is even barely tolerable. Let us concede to this class our respect, as humility is the only solid basis for any human acquirement.

We also find the pretty young lady, who says 'lovely,' 'charming,' or 'horrid,' 'abominable,' in a very attractive, but most indiscriminating manner;—the individual who cares only for the design (to whom real depth or pathos and affected prettiness are too often one and the same), and the other, who looks only at the technical execution. Rare, indeed, are the imaginative analysts who, while considering the design, can comprehend its philosophy, tell why it pleases or displeases, why they like or dislike; and still rarer are they who add to impartiality, observation, common sense, imaginative perception, and analytic power, a sufficiency of technical knowledge to render their criticism useful, not only to outsiders, but even to artists themselves. Such a guide would indeed be an invaluable companion in any gallery of art. In default of him, let us do the best we can, and come to a consideration of some of the works offered us in this, the thirty-ninth annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design.

Before we begin, however, let us make a passing remark upon a custom that seems lately to have come in vogue, namely, to publish in the daily papers damaging criticisms upon pictures offered for sale at auction, such criticisms generally appearing one, or at most two days before the sale. The want of good taste, or even of abstract justice, in such a proceeding, must be apparent to every one who will pause

a moment to consider. To compare small things with great, for the sake of illustration, if our neighbor has made his purchase of spring drygoods, and spreads them upon the counter of his store, we may or may not admire his taste in the selection of patterns, but we surely should not think ourselves called upon to rush to the newspapers and blazon forth an opinion to his detriment, especially if our assertions were mere guesses, perhaps even untrue, or if we were ourselves concerned in the selling of similar wares. Among the public are many tastes to be gratified, and each man can judge for himself of that which pleases him. A case of impudent pretension or actual imposition will of course require honest people to give in their testimony, but the facts adduced in such a case must be susceptible of proof, and not mere matters of individual taste or opinion; neither must they be advanced at so late an hour as to render their refutation difficult, or indeed impossible. A regular exhibition, such as that of the Academy, offers fair ground for discussion, as all sides have a chance of obtaining a hearing; but even there, the scales of justice should be nicely poised, and great care taken that neither rashness, flippancy, nor prejudice be permitted any share in their adjustment, and 'good will toward men' be the only extra weight ever added to either side.

To begin with the landscapes, one of the most remarkable, and, to our individual taste, the most attractive in the whole collection, is No. 147, 'The Woods and Fields in Autumn,' by Jervis McEntee, N. A. The fine tree-drawing and the exquisite harmony of color in this poetic representation of autumn scenery are worthy of *all praise*. The clouds are gathering for dark winter days, a few pleasant hours are yet left to the dying year, the atmosphere is saturated with moist exhalations, with tender mists softening but not obscuring the beautiful forms of the leafless trees and shrubs. The springs are

filling, the low grounds marshy, the leaves on the woodpaths crisp and of a golden brown. Far away in the west is a band of gray light, that tells of clearer skies and brighter seasons one day to come, of new hopes to dawn, when the earth, and the soul, shall have been purified by adverse blasts, by the baring of their nakedness to the unimpeded, searching light of heaven. No. 124, 'The Wanderer,' is a picture of similar character by the same skilful hand. Thoughtful, refined, and discriminating lovers of art cannot fail to find instruction and delight in these noble conceptions, and indeed it is chiefly in the possession of such persons that we find the truthful, conscientious, tenderly conceived, and poetical pictures of Jervis McEntee.

S. R. Gifford, N. A., exhibits two works, differing widely from each other, but both worthy of his reputation. Let the names now longer and more widely established in the estimation of the general public look to their laurels, for here is one who is destined successfully to enter an honorable contest for the possession of the very highest honors. Unity of design, and warmth as well as vividness of light, positive atmosphere, characterize the works of this artist, and render each one a satisfactorily completed poem. No. 226, 'South Mountain, Catskills,' presents a view doubtless well known to many of our readers. The far-away horizon, the winding Hudson with its tiny sails, the square dent where lies the lake in the Shawangunk range, the serrated ridges of the lower hills, the smoke from the lowlands outside the Clove, the shadowed, ridgy sides of the Round Top Mountain, the stunted pines of the South Mountain, so characteristically represented, the great rock overhanging the cliffs, and the whortleberry bushes and other low growth clustering about its base—all speak to us unmistakably of that very spot, and tell the story of the place as we scarcely thought it could have been told, yet so

simply, so naturally, that the art of the artist is almost forgotten in actual enjoyment of the scene portrayed. No. 250, 'A Twilight in the Adirondacs,' glows with an intensity of light suggestive of some secret art, and not of ordinary paint and canvas. A few brilliant cloud-specks float in a golden sky, which is reflected from the surface of a placid lake, high up among the hills, whose haze-flooded and light-crowned tops fade away into the far distance. To many this picture will prove more attractive than the view from the South Mountain: perhaps it is our familiarity with and love for the original of the last-mentioned view, which induce us to give to it our personal preference.

No. 158, 'The Old Hunting Grounds,' is by W. Whittredge, N. A. It gives a charming insight into the mysteries of the woods. The characteristic white birches, with their reflection in the quiet pool, the dark trunk and spreading branches of the great tree in the foreground, the tender foliage, and soft, hazy gleams into the depths of the forest, afford the materials for a delightful picture, the more precious in our sight that it is so truly a representation of our native land, so thoroughly American. The broken birch canoe adds to the beauty of nature a most effective and pathetic touch, by briefly figuring the melancholy history of a fast-departing race. Gone forever are the moccasined feet that pressed *that* mossy soil, and the dusky forms that flitted to and fro among the white trunks that catch and hold the light so lovingly. That broken canoe has a stranger tale to tell than any ruined arch or fallen column of the Old World: the one speaks of some empire passed away, the other of the gradual extinction of an entire type of human beings, a race of men who seem to have accomplished the work assigned them, and who die rather than abandon their native instincts and habits of thought and life. The fortunate possessor of the 'Old Hunting

Grounds,' when shut up within the confined streets and dreary walls of a city, need only lift his eyes to the picture to dream dreams of the freshness and freedom of the wild woods, of the scented breeze snuffed by the browsing deer, of the rocking branches glimmering gold and green against the clear summer sky. Mr. Whittredge's picture is suggestive and harmonious as nature itself, and one could never weary of it, as one infallibly must of weaker and more conventional productions, often highly prized by frequenters of galleries.

No. 153, 'The Iron-Bound Coast of Maine,' by W. S. Haseltine, N. A., has the freshness, brightness, and mistiness of such a shore. We have heard Mr. Haseltine's rocks complained of as too yellow; but, in the absence of knowledge, are content to presume he painted them as he saw them. The action of the dashing surf in washing away the lower strata, and strewing the beach with fragments, is one token, among many, of an actual observation of facts.

No. 236, 'An Artist's Studio,' and No. 181, 'Christmas Eve,' are by J. F. Weir. Both are well conceived and executed, the latter being especially interesting. The old wall, the great bell, the moonlight, and the elves set the fancy musing over many things in heaven and earth rarely dreamed of in our philosophy.

No. 12, 'The Argument,' is one of W. H. Beard's excellent fables. The attitudes of the two bears in discussion, of the sober-minded listener leaning with crossed paws upon the tree, and of the self-sufficient old fellow with his paw upon his breast, may read to many a good lesson, especially during the coming Presidential struggle, when the charities and *bienséances* of life will doubtless be but too often outraged. We have been surprised and pained to see attacks upon the works of this gentleman, coming from opposite quarters, said strictures being, in our opinion, unjust and uncalled for. If behind the

animal form we see proof of more than animal intellect, let us not quarrel with the addition. It is an evil mind that will go out of its way to fasten evil intentions upon the work of a man of genius. If human faults and follies so ill beseeem the brute creation, should not such representation render us heartily ashamed of their existence among ourselves. Love and pity for the animal world, and a proper holding up to ridicule and scorn of the brutish propensities, too prominent, alas! in the composition of the human race, have been the lessons taught us by all the works of this artist we have thus far seen.

No. 204, 'Out All Night,' by J. H. Beard, is an excellent warning to naughty puppies to keep good hours and shun bad company.

No. 114, 'A Buckwheat Field on Thomas Cole's Farm,' and No. 143, 'The Catskills from the Village,' are by Thomas C. Farrer, a representative of a school which professes to paint precisely what it sees. To represent nature is the aim of all our best modern landscapists. Of course, no painting can give all that is in any scene, but every painter must select the means best adapted to convey the idea he has himself received. Now, in the ultra ideal school (to use a slang word which we detest) we recognize but little known to us in nature; and in the ultra matter-of-fact (pre-Raphaelite) school of this country, we find the same absence of abstract truth, together with a painful stiffness, and the want of a sense for beauty. We are not sufficiently practical artists to fathom the difficulty, but it seems to us to arise from the absence of one of the most prominent elements of beauty and interest to be found in the universe, namely, mystery. If, in the metaphysical world, with our limited means, we attempt an *exhaustive* explanation of any of the attributes of the Infinite Being, the result must be unsatisfactory; we will always feel that there is

something beyond, which we have failed to grasp, a something which makes our best effort appear shallow and crude. Now, the material mystery of actual landscape arises from the presence of an appreciable atmosphere, softening forms, etherealizing distances, modifying color, and lending the glow of variously refracted light to every object falling under its influence. In these pictures of Mr. Farrer we fail to find any trace of atmosphere, and hence they strike us as bald, hard, cold, and unnatural.

No. 213, 'The Awe and Mystery of Death,' by Eugene Benson, is an able treatment of a repulsive subject. As we gaze, we cannot but admire the genius that has so far overcome the intrinsic difficulties of the situation; and, while congratulating the artist upon his success, must add that the Victor Hugo style of morbid horrors, however popular in some species of literature, can never, we hope, become so in the purer domain of visible fine art.

No. 246, 'Portrait,' William O. Stone, N. A., is a charming portrayal of a charming subject.

No. 283, 'A Child,' by George A. Baker, N. A., has lovely brown eyes, and a beautiful, thoughtful expression.

No. 258, 'A Portrait,' by W. H. Furness, jr., strikes us as a picture carefully disfigured. The *part* in the hair is singularly continued in the *part* between the wings of the golden butterfly ornamenting the head, the eyes are just sufficiently turned aside to give them the appearance of avoiding a direct gaze, and the tight-fitting gown is of white *moiré*, a material of stiff texture and chaotic pattern. The shimmer of waves in sun or moonlight is beautiful because restless, but the watering of a silk is a rude attempt to fix the ever variable in form, light, and color, and hence is always unsatisfactory.

We are glad to see that the women in our community are beginning to make some serious efforts in the way of good painting. They are by nature subtle colorists, and there is surely no

reason why they should not conquer form, attain to technical excellence, and be inspired by noble ideas. They must remember that excellence is attainable solely through hard study and patient assiduity, and small things must be well accomplished before great ones can be expected to succeed. With the general development of what we may call 'out-door' faculties, a taste for mere sentimental prettiness will vanish, and a healthy vigor, united to refined and acute perception, will, we hope, characterize the labors of the rising aspirants to artistic honors.

No. 91, 'The Sword and the Wreath,' by Miss A. E. Rose, is a poetical conception, beautifully elaborated. The flowers have no appearance of having been copied from wax or colored stucco, but are faithful representations of the actual, fragile, delicate texture of the lovely children of the garden. The method of presentation suggests a memory of La Farge, but Miss Rose is too talented and original ever to fall into servile imitation.

No. 132, 'On the Kaaterskill Creek,' and No. 64, 'Head of the Catskill Clove from the South Mountain,' are by Miss Edith W. Cook. The first offers some fine delineations of foliage, intermingled hemlock, and deciduous

trees, and the latter is a spirited and truthful representation of a beautiful bit of Catskill scenery. The Hunter and Plattekill Mountains, Haines's Fall, the Clove Road and intervening ravines, the winding woodpath, and burnt trees, are close records of fact, set in a far-away sky and a real atmosphere.

Miss Virginia Granbery's 'Basket of Cherries' (No. 81) and 'Strawberries' (No. 72) are tempting specimens of fruit.

No. 202, 'The Seamstress,' by Miss C. W. Conant, gives proof of future excellence in the truthful pathos of its conception and the energetic rendering of the idea.

But our hour has come to an end, and we have only space left to mention the names of Bierstadt, Constant Mayer, Hennessy, May, Durand, Griswold, Suydam, Bradford, Brevort, Crophey, Colman, Cranch, De Haas, Hart, Homer, Hubbard, Huntington, Vedder, and White, who are all characteristically represented, and to counsel such of our readers as are fortunate enough to have the opportunity, to go and see for themselves. Americans are beginning to comprehend the full value of the arts, and to appreciate their own artists accordingly.

A P H O R I S M S.

NO. V.

WITH us it may not be the actual suffering of death, as it was with our Lord; but that we may truly follow Him, and do what we can for the good of others, we must hold life, with all its endearments, subject to any call for sacrifice that may be made on us; and actually give up, from day to day, just as much of the present life, its pleas-

ures or interests, as may be necessary, that we may render the best possible service in the kingdom of Christ. We have the privilege of daily martyrdom, to be followed by its honors and blessedness, in whatsoever circumstances we may be placed: how much of the sufferings that sometimes accompany the spirit and the act, we need not concern ourselves to inquire.

THE UNKIND WORD.

AY—far in the feeling heart
 Cast the unkind word till it smiteth,
 Till deep in the flesh like a poisoned dart
 It stingeth—and ruthlessly biteth !
 What need that the blood
 In a crimson flood
 Flow fast from the throbbing veins—
 What need—if a sob
 Or the heart's wild throb
 Betoken the horrible pains ?

The tears are forced from the mournful eyes
 As the angry word proceedeth ;
 Little it cares for the stifled sighs,
 Little recks if the sad heart bleedeth ;—
 But onward it goes
 While the life-blood flows
 Fast—fast on its terrible path ;
 It laughs at the moan,
 And the low subdued groan,
 As it cuts so deep in its wrath.

But soft on its track,
 And calling it back,
 Soothing the wound it has made,
 A Spirit of Love
 Comes down from above,
 In heavenly beauty arrayed—

An angel of peace
 Who bids the tears cease,
 And stops the red life-blood's flow,
 And the poisoned dart
 Draws out of the heart,
 That dart that had torn it so,
 And heals o'er the skin—
 But look then within,
 There still is a *scar* below !

LANGUAGE A TYPE OF THE UNIVERSE.

In a preceding paper, published in the May number of *THE CONTINENTAL*, the possibility, the necessity, and the characteristics of a Scientific Universal Language were considered. In the present paper it is proposed to examine more at large the relations of Language to the total Universe; not merely in respect to Elements or the Alphabetic Domain of Language, and that which corresponds with it in the Universe; but in respect equally to all that rises above these foundations of the two edifices in question which are to be compared.

The term Edifice or Structure will be found to be alike applicable to each. It will be found, likewise, that both arise in parallel development through a succession of stages or stories (French, *étages*, *ESTAGES*, *STAGES*), and that this and other similar repetitions, in the development of *the one*, of all the facts and features of the development of *the other*, is what is meant by the Analogy of one with the other, and by the affirmation implied in the title of this article, that Language is a Type of the Universe.

We shall begin, therefore, by a general distribution of these two Domains or Spheres or Structures—for the facts of the analogy will justify the occasional use and interchange of all these terms—and shall pursue the relationship between them into so much of detail as space will allow.

What the Universe is in itself we have no other means of knowing than as it *impresses* itself upon our minds, modified as it may be by the reactive or reflectional element supplied by the mind itself. In preponderance, then, or primarily, the Universe is for each of us, what the totality of *Impression* made by the Universe is within each of us; and the Universe in that larger and generalized sense in which we speak of it as one, and not as many in-

dividual conceptions, is the mean aggregate or general average of the *Impression* made upon all minds, in so far as it has a general or common character.

The whole of what man individually or collectively puts forth, as the product of his mind or of all minds, is the totality of *Expression*, in a sense which exactly counterparts the totality of *Impression*. Impression is related to Nature, external to man, and acting on him. Expression has relation to Art, externalized from within man, and taken in that large sense which means all human performance whatsoever. Science is *systematized knowing*, and is a middle term, or stands and functions mediatorially between Impression or Nature and Expression or Art.

Nature or the external world impresses itself upon mind, primarily, through the Senses, and predominantly stands related with the sense of Feeling, of which all the other special senses are merely modified forms or differentiations. Feeling as a sense (the sense of Touch), is allied again with Affection, the internal counterpart of the mere external sensation, as testified to etymologically by the use of the same word to express both; namely, Feeling as the synonyme of Touch, and Feeling as the synonyme of Affection. *Conation*, from the Latin *conari*, TO EXERT ONESELF, TO PUT FORTH EFFORT, is the term employed by metaphysicians to signify both *Desire* and *Will*, the last being the determination of the mind which results in action. Conation is therefore related to action, which is again *Expression*, and is also Art, in the large definition of the term above given.

The grand primary distribution of the Mind made by Kant, followed by Sir William Hamilton, and now concurred in by the students of the mind

generally, is into: 1. FEELING; 2. KNOWING; and 3. CONATION (or Will and Desire). In accordance with this is Comte's famous epitome of the business of life: *AGIR PAR AFFECTION, ET PENSER POUR AGIR*; the three terms here being again, 1. Affection (or Feeling); 2. Knowledge (or Reflection); and 3. Action (or Performance).

If now, instead of distributing the Mind, we enlarge the sphere of our thinking, and distribute upon the same

principle the total Universe (*as if it were a mind or a mirror of the mind*), for Feeling or Affection we shall put Impression or Nature; for Knowing or Reflection we shall put Science or Systematized Knowledge; and for Conation or Action we shall put Art.

The following table will exhibit the two series of distribution, that of the Universe at large, and that of the Human Mind, in their parallelism, reading the two columns from below upward:

- I. *Universe.*
 3. ART (*or Expression*).
 2. SCIENCE.
 1. NATURE (*or Impression*).

- II. *Mind.*
 3. CONATION (*or Will and Desire*).
 2. KNOWING.
 1. FEELING (*or Affection*).

The point of present importance in the use of these discriminations is to make clear to the mind of the reader what perhaps is sufficiently implied in the very terms themselves, namely: that *Impression* and *Expression* are correlative to, and, in a sense, exactly reflect each other; that the totality of *Impression*, or the Universe which enters the mind through the senses, is repeated—with a modification, it is true, but still with traceable identity, or with a definite and unbroken relationship—in the totality of *Expression*, or in the Universe of Art, taken as the entirety of what man does or creates. It is by the mediation of Science or Knowledge, that one of these worlds is converted into the other. Nature or *Impression* is the aggregate of the Rays of Incidence falling upon a mirror; Science is the Reflecting Mirror; and Art or Human Performance is the aggregate of the Reflected Rays, whose angles can be exactly calculated by the knowledge of the angle of incidence. Science or Knowledge is not only the mirror which makes the Reflection, but it is the plane or level which is to furnish us the means of adjusting the angles; of knowing their correspondence or relation to each other; and of translating the one into the other. Science must, therefore, as it develops, be the instru-

ment of informing us of the exact analogy between Nature and Art; and must enable us so to apply the Laws of Nature, or the Laws of God as exhibited in Nature, that they shall become a perfect canon of life and action, in all our attempted performances and constructions, whatsoever they may be; or, *vice versa*, it must enable us from the knowledge of the laws of our own actions to reveal the secrets of Nature, and to know, by the analogy, in what manner she acts. It will then perhaps be found that the Moral Code, as dictated by inspiration, is only the forecast, through that method, of what is destined to be more perfectly revealed to the intellect, when the veil is rent by the millennial perfection of man.

It will be perceived by the reader that the term Art is here employed in a larger than its usual sense, although the analogy in question has a special intensification when we confine the term to mean, as it ordinarily does, the *choicest performances* of man. The term Science has also a larger and a smaller extension. In the larger sense it means the totality of knowledge *extracted from Impression* or the observation of Nature, and distinguished *from mere Impression* or Nature on the one hand, and from *Expression, Action, Performance, or Art*—the reprojec-

of the knowledge into new forms of being—on the other hand. In the more restricted sense, Science means systematized knowledge, or, still more specifically, the Body of Principles or Laws in accordance with which knowledge becomes systematized in the mind.

The larger and the smaller Art-Performances of Humanity—first, all the Work or Product of the Creative Power of Man; and, secondly, Grand and Fine Art, as the Choice Product of that faculty—are again epitomized in LANGUAGE or SPEECH. This last is the Sense-Bearing Product of the Lips and Coöperative Organs, put representatively for the product of the hands and of all the other instrumentalities of action.

It is in this representative sense that LANGUAGE is preeminently and distinctively denominated EXPRESSION. But, as we have seen, Expression is the Equivalent and exact Reflect of Impression; Art, of Nature; through the mediation of Science, meaning thereby the Laws of Knowing. These Laws of Knowing thus hold an exact relation to the Laws of Doing; or, in other words, Scientific Laws to Creative and Vital Laws, which last are the Laws of Administration, human and divine. As an epitome or miniature, then, the Laws of Language must be an exact reproduction of the Laws of the Universe. Language itself, in other words, must be an epitome or miniature image, in all its perfection, of the Universe at large; as the image formed upon the retina of the eye, though infinitely small in the comparison, is an exact epitome or image, inversely, of the external world presented to the vision.

Let the reader guard himself well against supposing that what is here meant is the mere commonplace truth that Language is the equivalent of our Impression of the Universe, in the fact

that we can, through the medium of Language, describe, and in that sense *express*, what we think and feel of and about the Universe. What is here intended is something far more recondite than this superficial relation between Speech, Thought, and the World thought about. It is this—That, in the Phenomena, the Laws, and the Indications of the Structure of Language—considered as a fabric, or Word-World—*there is an exact image or reproduction, in a miniature way, of the Phenomena, the Laws, and the Indications of the entire Universe; in so definite and traceable a manner as to furnish to us, when the analogy is understood, a complete model and illustration of the Science of the Universe as a whole.*

If this be true, the immense importance of the discovery can hardly be overestimated. We are furnished by means of it with a simple object, of manageable dimensions, as the subject of our direct investigations; which, when mastered, will, by reflection, and a definite law of relation and proportion, enable us to master the Plan of the Universe; and so to constitute a one Science out of the many Sciences by recognizing the Domains which they cover as parts of a larger domain, which is equivalent to the whole.

Holding fast, then, to this thought, let us proceed to the endeavor so to distribute the totality of the aspects of Language as to exhaust the subject; and, by a concurrent projection of the analogies into the larger domain of the Universe as a whole, to establish a valid scientific *nexus* between the minor and the major spheres of our investigation.

First recurring to the preceding table, and translating the Abstract Conceptions, NATURE, SCIENCE, and ART, into their Concrete Equivalents or Analogies, they will stand thus:

Abstract.	Concrete.
3. ART.	3. HUMAN PRODUCTION. (Art Creation.)
2. SCIENCE.	2. MAN.
1. NATURE.	1. THE WORLD. (The Natural Universe.)

This is to say, that the World or the Natural Universe is put for the Natural Impression which it makes of itself on the mind of the knowing subject; that the Knowing Subject is put in the place of Knowledge; and that the Product of Activity—the Thing Created—is put for the Activity itself or the Act of Creation.

It is clear enough that this distribution is exhaustive, thus: 1. The World, including, in a sense, all things; but here contrasted with, and in that sense *excluding*, two of its own minor domains; 2. Man, including Spirit, and God, in so far as human (not seeking to compass or bring within our scientific classification whatsoever is divine in a sense absolutely supernatural or transcending the Universe as such); 3. The Collective or Aggregate Product of Human Activity; including, especially, as norm or sample, Grand and Fine Art, the Choice Product of Human Activity; and, in a *more* especial sense, Language, as the Special or Typical Expression, which exactly counterparts and represents the totality of IMPRESSION made by *Primitive* Nature or The World, upon Man or the Human Mind.

Nature has again, therefore, like both Science and Art, as shown above, a double significance, in the former and larger of which it includes and covers or envelops the two other departments of Being; in the latter and smaller of which it excludes them, and makes Nature, or the World, to stand over against them, as that which is to be compared with Man and the Product of the Labor of Man; and in an especial sense with that particular product called Speech. The easy transition from the minor to the larger conception of Nature or the World is what renders Language a type, not only of the Universe as distinguished from Man and the Product of his Activity, *but equally a type of the Universe in that larger sense in which it embraces them both.*

Hence the two terms of our compari-

son are: 1. LANGUAGE, as the miniature and image of the whole, with, 2. The World or Universe, in that larger sense in which it is the whole, and, as such, includes Language and all else.

Observe, in the next place, that Art, whether in the larger or in the smaller sense which we have assigned to it, is the Product of the Combination and Blending of Science with Nature (reflective knowledge with natural impression); or, speaking in the concrete, of the conjunction of man with the outside world; man as the Agent or Actor, and the World or Nature as the Object wrought upon.

In the production of Speech, the *phonos* or mere sound is the natural, unwrought material, which corresponds with the Reality of Nature; and the Meaning or Minding which acts on, articulates and organizes the Sound into Speech, and which *measures* the sound quantitatively, as in Music, is the Scientific Attribute corresponding with Knowledge. The result of these two in combination is the Art of Speech, generally, and Improvisation or Song as the Fine Art of this Lingual Domain.

But passing from the Abstract to the Concrete Domain, Unwrought Natural Sound, bearing its proportion of meaning, furnishes the great basic department of language, which, for the reason that it is basic, is usually regarded as the whole of language, namely, ORAL SPEECH, or SPEECH LANGUAGE, as distinguished from MUSIC and SONG.

Music, on the other hand, is *wrought* or *measured* Sound, bearing also its proportion of meaning; a superior language, corresponding with *Science*, from its relation to *measure*, to *numbers*, to *fixed laws*; as Oral Speech corresponds, in its freedom and unconstraint, with Nature.

Music and Oral Language united or married to each other constitute *Sowe*, which is then the analogue or type, or Nature's hieroglyph, in this Domain, of Art.

We say instinctively the *Art* of Speech; the *Science* of Music, and the *Art* of Singing. In the first instance, *Art* is used for Natural Performance or Nature; but the whole of speech falling within the domain of art or performance, its lowest or natural division still has some claim to the distinction of an art. The first step of this series, Nature, and the third step, *Art*, repeat each other by overstepping the second, which is Science, as *Do* is accordant with *Mi*, but disharmonic with *Re*. It is, therefore, from the instinctual perception of this harmony, that Oral Speech, the basis of Language, the true Nature-department of Language, is still denominated the *Art* of Speech.

Adhering, however, to the Concrete Domain, and seeking our analogies there, oral speech, a Concrete Thing, does not directly correspond with Nature, an Abstract Conception, but with The World, a concrete thing; nor does Music, a Concrete Thing, correspond with Science, an Abstract Conception, but with Man (the Mind-being, Knowl-

edge-being, the Science-being), a concrete thing; nor, again, does Song, a Concrete Thing, correspond with Art, an Abstract Conception, but with Human Product or Doing, a concrete thing. Song is again but the lowest and simple expression for that combination of Music and Oral Expression, aided by Action, to which the Italians, full of instinct for Art, have given the name OPERA, THE WORK *par excellence*, the culmination of Art in Movement and Sound. This word, from the Latin, *opus, operari*, WORK, TO WORK, connects in idea with the Greek *ποίη*, and the whole with Action and Art. This last relationship accounts beautifully for the fact that the words *poetry, poesy, and poet* should be derived from the Greek word *ποίη*, which signifies simply TO DO.

The first threefold division of Language and of The Universe, both brought into a parallelism in the Concrete—the three ascending Stories of each Edifice, so to speak, when compared with each other—appear then as shown in the table below :

Language.

3. SONG.
2. MUSIC.
1. ORAL SPEECH.

The Universe.

3. HUMAN ACHIEVEMENT.
2. MAN.
1. THE WORLD.

Oral Speech is the agglomeration of Sound, conceived of as roundish or *in the lump*, as an undifferentiated Oneness or mass; and, when wholly unarticulated, it is the *Bowl*, a mere orthographical variation of *Ball*; that is to say, it is, to the imagination, Globe-shaped, or *World-shaped*. It is the concrete or massive world of Language or Speech.

Music is the *Strain* or the Abstraction of Sound. To *strain* means TO DRAW. *Ab-tract* is from the Latin *ab, FROM*, and *strahere*, TO DRAW. The idea is not here *roundish*, as in the other case, but *elongate*; sound made into a *strain*, a *cord*, or a *string*, equivalent to a *line*, which is the subject of *measure-ment*, by *notes* (or points) and *intervals*. The line, with its *twoness* of determination

and extremity, has a relation to the number Two, like that which the *ball* or *globe* has to the number ONE. The *line* is at the same time the type of The Abstract, the Domain of Science, and hence of Science, and of *Knowledge*, and again, in the concrete, of *Man*, the *Knowledge-being*. The *ball* (*bawl*) is at the same time the type of The Concrete (*con, WITH, creators, TO GROW; THE GROWN TOGETHER, OR AGGLOMERATE-world*), and hence of Nature, and again in The Concrete, of The World, as contrasted with Man.

Song is the *measure of the strain* and the *mingle of the bowl* again commingled with each other, in a composite blending of *The Measured* and *The Free*. As the Compositeness of that

which has for its numerical type Two, with that which has for its numerical type One, the proper numerical type of Song is Three; or thus:

<i>Language.</i>	<i>Number.</i>
3. Song,	THREE.
2. Music,	TWO.
1. Oral Speech,	ONE.

These numerical analogues can only be adverted to here, and their meaning may not be very distinctly perceived. Their full exposition and that of their immense importance as principles and guides in the domain of analogy must be treated of elsewhere.

Rhythm is the *measure* of the *strain*. Music is the *mingled measure of many strains*. Song is the higher mingling of music with the *bawl* (the phonoa, or the material of Oral Speech).

Measure is the analogue of *Science*, and hence Music is another such analogue. *Men-s*, MIND, and *men-sura*, MEASURE, are etymologically cognate words; so the English words MEAN-ing, THE MIND *that is in a thing*, and MEAN, the average or measure, or the *diameter*, or through-measure of a thing. Again, the concrete analogue of Science (*Knowledge, Mind, The Abstract*, etc.) is, as we have seen, MAN. *MEN-s*, MAN, *hu-MAN-us*, are again, probably, etymologically cognate to *homo, hominis, hoc men-s*, as *hodie* is to *hoc* or *hæc dies*.

The Line or Cord is the instrument of *measuring*, and as such is again the type of Science, as the Ball or Globe is the type of Nature; the Line, the type of *strictness, straightness, stretchedness, exactness*; and the lump or aggregative form, that of Freedom from Constraint, Solution, as of the water-drop, and of Absolute-ness (*ab, FROM, and solvere, TO FREE*). THE RELATIVE repeats THE ABSTRACT; and THE ABSOLUTE, in Philosophy, repeats THE CONCRETE. The Relative has for its type *Two*, or *di-termination* (*dis* or *di, Two*, and *termini, ENDS*); and the Absolute has for its type *One*, *to* *iv* of the Greeks. EXISTENCE, embodying The Absolute

and The Relative; the *one* and the *two*; has for its type Three; and the all-sided aspect of Universal Being which distinguishes and yet combines these *three* aspects of Being, is TRI-UNITY, or THE THREE IN ONE.

The Trinism, or third story of ascension in the constitution of things, again divides into Two Branches, the first of which accords with Duism (*music, line, science, mind, man*), and the second with Unism (*oral speech, globe, nature, world*).

In respect to Language, the division here made distributes Song (as the higher type, including all music) into two great departments; as, 1. COMPOSITION, and 2. PERFORMANCE, or the Song as a *Thing*, and *Singing* as an *Act*. Song as a whole is the analogue in language of the totality of *Human Achievement*, in the distribution of the total Universe, as shown above. The same division applied here distinguishes the *permanent product* of human activity, the book or the statue, from the performance of man—the action of the author or sculptor. It is the distinction of the Latins between 1. *Res*, and 2. *Res gesta*.

Dismissing for the present the higher domain of Language, which is Song, we reduce the scope of investigation to the lower and middle divisions, namely: 1. To Oral Speech, and 2. To Music; and, in the distribution of the Universe at large, to the corresponding lower and middle divisions, namely: 1. The World (Nature), and 2. Man (Mind).

Oral Speech, the Nature-department of language, separates, grammatically, into two grand Subdivisions, as follows: 1. Analysis, The Elements of Language, namely, The Alphabetic and Syllabic distribution of Language, culminating in Word-Building;—The Word in Language being THE INDIVIDUAL in that Domain; and, 2. Synthesis, Construction, the Grammatical Domain proper, including the Parts of Speech and their Syntax, or their *putting to-*

gether in a Structure or Lingual Construction.

The first of these is the Domain of the Elementality of Language, and corresponds with and illustrates what Kant denominates QUALITY; as the name of one of the groups of three in his table of the twelve Categories of the Understanding. This group of Quality includes 1. AFFIRMATION; 2. NEGATION; and 3. LIMITATION. By Affirmation is meant the Positive Element or Factor of Being; by Negation, the Negative Element; and by Limitation is meant the Articulation, that is to say, the *jointing* or *joining* of the Positive and Negative Elements, in a *seam* or *ridge*, which is the *existential* reality, arising from the positive (quasi-negative) and the negative grounds of Being.

The Positive Element or Factor of Oral Speech, the Absolute Reality or 'Affirmation' of Language, is Vocal Utterance, or, specifically, the kind of Sound called VOWEL.

The Negative Element or Factor of Oral Speech, the 'Negation' of Kant, as illustrated in the Speech Domain, is SILENCE; the Silences or Intervals of Rest which intervene between Sounds (and, by repetition, between Syllables, Words, Sentences, and the still larger divisions of Speech).

The Limitational Element of Oral Speech is CONSONANTISM, or, specifically, the Consonant Sounds, which for that reason are otherwise denominated Articulations, or *jointings*; as they are the breaks of the otherwise continuous vocal utterance of Vowel Sound, and, at the same time, the joinings between the fragments of Vowel Sound, namely, the Vowels, and the surrounding and intervening medium of Silence. The Consonants thus become, in a sense, the Bony Structure, or Skeleton of Speech, the most prominent part, that which furnishes the fossil remains of Language, which are investigated by the Comparative Philologists.

Sound, the Positive Element or Factor, the Affirmation, the Eternal Yea, the Absolute Reality, is the SOMETHING of Speech.

Silence, the Negative Element or Factor, the Negation, the Eternal Nay, the Absolute Unreality, is the NOTHING of Speech.

Articulate Sound, the Resultant Element, the *Limitation* or Articulation, the Eternal Transition, the Arriving and Departing, is the EXISTENTIAL REALITY, which comes up between and out of the Absolute Vocality (quasi-negative), and the Absolute Silence.

But the Vowel Absolute, the continuous, unbroken, unarticulated, undifferentiated, monotonous Vowel-Sound, would be precisely equivalent to Silence. This, then, illustrates the famous fundamental aphorism of the Philosophy of Hegel: SOMETHING = (equal to) NOTHING; and the seemingly absurd Hegelian affirmation that the *real Something* is the resultant of the conjunction of two Nothings.

What Kant denominates Quality, would be, for some uses, better denominated Elementism or Elementality, and the Domain in which this principle dominates might then be called the Elementism of such larger Domain as may be under consideration. Thus the Elementism (or Elementary Domain) of Language would include *Sounds*, or *the Alphabet*, *Syllables*, and *Root-Words*. These are three *powers* or gradations of the Roots of Language. This same domain might therefore be called the Radicismus or Root-Domain of Language. Typically, one-letter, two-letter, and three-letter roots, again, represent these three powers.

The Elementism or Radicismus of the Universe, correspondent with that of Language, consists of the Meta-physical, the Scientific, and the Descriptive Principles of Being. The parallelism is exhibited throughout in the following table:

tive region of Grammar ; Substance relating to Substantives, and Inherence (or Attributes) to Adjectives ; or, otherwise stated, thus :

SUBSTANTIVES = THINGS (= Substance.—*Kant*).
ADJECTIVES = PROPERTIES (= Inherence.—*Kant*).

The one Thing inclusive of all minor Things is the Universe. The Universe as Thing, or the concrete domain of Being, subdivides into the world of Things proper as distinguished from the Personal world, or the Human world or Man. This first division of the *substantive* Universe corresponds with the first grand grammatical division of Nouns Substantive into 1. Common Nouns Substantive, and 2. Proper Nouns Substantive.

Common Nouns Substantive correspond with Things proper, not aspiring to the rank of Personality ; Things put in contrast with Persons ; Things in that sense in which we speak of a person derogatorily as a *mere thing* ; hence, *common* or *ordinary*, and as a common, undistinguished herd of objects, only

named and discriminated by the class-name of the class of objects to which they belong.

Proper Nouns Substantive are the individual and distinctive names of Men, Women, and Children. Hence they belong to and correspond with the domain of Personality, or to that of Man as against the world of mere Things. Some objects, lower in the scale of Being than man, are treated with that respect and consideration which ordinarily attach to Human Beings, and are then dignified by applying to them Proper Names. These are especially the Domestic Animals immediately associated with man ; Mountains, Rivers, Lakes, etc. Restated, this discrimination is as follows :

1. COMMON NOUNS SUBSTANTIVE = THINGS, THE WORLD.
2. PROPER NOUNS SUBSTANTIVE = PERSONALITY, MAN.

It is to be borne in mind that, as a minor proportion of mere Things are raised to the dignity of wearing Proper Names, so, on the other hand, Men, though appropriately distinguished by prenomens and cognomens, may also sink to the character of Things, and be mentioned by class-names. Thus it is that throughout Nature one domain overlaps another domain, and all of our discriminations, though made in terms as if absolute, signify, in fact, merely the *preponderance* ; thus, when we say, that Proper Names apply to the Human Domain, that is true in *preponderance*, but not absolutely or exclusively ; and when we say that Common Names apply to Things below Persons, the statement is true in *preponderance*, but not absolutely or exclusively.

Proper Names—the Human World in Language—are, in the next place, distinguished by Gender, as that word itself is distinguished by Sex. By the

principle of Overlapping, above explained, this distinction of Gender or Sex descends in a minor degree into the Thing World ; in a large degree to the Animal World below man ; in less degree to the Vegetable World ; and in the least degree to the Mineral and Abstract World. But characteristically and predominatingly, Sex is predicated of Humanity, where it is developed in its highest perfection ; and in the same degree Gender in Grammar is, in predominance, confined to the Proper Nouns Substantive. Masculine and Feminine are the only Proper Genders. Neuter Gender means of *neither* Gender, and includes the great mass of Common Nouns, or the Thing World, as distinguished from Personality.

Reversing the order, and resuming the above discriminations in the two domains, Language and the Universe, they are as follows :

Language.		Universe.
PROPER-NOUN-DOM	{	PERSON-DOM {
COMMON-NOUN-DOM.		THING-DOM.
		MALE.
		FEMALE.

Again, in this Concrete World, the world of Persons and Things, Number reappears, and guides the next great Grammatical division of Nouns Substantive; and the ruling numbers are, again, One, Two, Three.

The Number One corresponds with the Singular Number in Grammar, and with the INDIVIDUAL or Single Person

(or Thing) in the Universe at large. The Number Two corresponds with the Dual Number in Grammar, and with the Couple or Pair in the World of Persons (and Things); and finally the Number Three corresponds with the Plural Number in Grammar and with Society or the many among Persons (and Things); or in tabular form, thus :

1. SINGULAR NUMBER,
2. DUAL NUMBER,
3. PLURAL NUMBER,

- THE NUMBER ONE (1).
- THE NUMBER TWO (2).
- THE NUMBER THREE (3).

The Number Three, as the first Plural Number above the Dual, is the Head and Type of Plurality in the grammatical discrimination, and stands representatively for all Plurality.

One, Two, and Three, are the Representative Numbers and Heads of the whole Cardinal Series of Number.

First, Second, and Third are the corresponding Representatives and Heads of the Corresponding Ordinal Series of Number. These latter numerals find their representation, grammatically, in the next Grand Grammatical Distribution of the Proper Nouns Substantive, namely, PERSON, so called, or, specifically, the

- 1st PERSON,
- 2d PERSON, and
- 3d PERSON (of Proper Nouns).

This distribution represents properly the Rank or Degree of Persons in the Hierarchy of Personality; the Ego ranking *naturally* as 'Number One.' Deference or Grace teaches us afterward to defer to the personality of others, and *converts* our primitive notions of rank into opposites, in a way which is indicated by the *honorific* use of *Thou* in addressing the Supreme, etc.

This idea of Personal Rank, the Hierarchical Ascension of Individuality or

Personality in Society, abstracted from the particular Individuals, and rendered purely official, becomes nominally a new Part of Speech, and is the whole, substantially, of what we denominate the *Pronouns*.

The Pronoun, as a Part of Speech, is, therefore, the Analogue, within the Lingual Domain, of The State or the Constitution, governmentally, of Human Society, the ascending and descending rank of individuals in the social organization, the Heraldic Schedule of Man.

Finally we arrive at the consideration of the *Casus* or *Case* of Nouns Substantive.

The *Accidents* of Life or Being, the occasional *states* of Men or Things, as acting or being acted upon, or simply as *related* to each other in Space, or otherwise, are here represented. It is this which is meant by *CASE*, from the Latin *canis*, itself from the Latin *cadere*, TO FALL, or to FALL OUT OF HAPPEN. In the old Grammars, the Cases of the Nouns are denominated *Accidents*. *Accident*, is from *ad*, TO, and *cadere* (cid), TO FALL; and the same root with *ob* (oc), gives us OC-CAS-ion, OC-CAS-ionally, etc.

The Accidents of Being are a special kind of *Inherence* to the *Substance* of

Being; the *Relational* kind *par excellence*, as distinguished from the *Qualitative* kind; which last is denoted by the proper Adjectives. The Oblique Case of a Noun Substantive, whether formed by an Inflection or by a Preposition, is therefore nothing else than a special kind of Adjective, destitute of the property of Comparison, because it denotes the Accident instead of the Quality of Being, and because Accidents or Relations between Things do not vary by degrees of Intensity as Qualities do.

The above description of the Cases of Nouns applies especially to the Oblique Cases; that is to say, to all except the Nominative Case.

The Nominative Case is itself susceptible of being regarded as an Accident; but its more important office is that of the SUBJECT of the Proposition, which takes it out of the minor category of an accident, or at least subordinates this latter view of its character.

The Accidents of Being in the Universe at large are therefore the analogues of the oblique cases of Nouns Substantive in the Domain of Language; the Nominative Case representing, on the contrary, the central figure in the particular member of discourse, and that which the accidents or *falls* (*casus*) are perceived to relate to or affect.

Substantives and Adjectives were both formerly included under the term Nouns or Names; and we have still to distinguish, when they are under special consideration, as they are here, Nouns Substantive, and Nouns Adjective.

By regarding all the Oblique Cases of Nouns Substantive as a species or variety of Nouns Adjective, and so classifying them along with the Adjectives proper, the *Nominative Case* alone remains to represent the *Substantive*, in the higher and exclusive sense of the term. This is then, at the same time, *The Subject*. The terms employed to designate them sufficiently indicate

this identity: *Substantive*, from *sub*, UNDER, and *stans*, STANDING; and *Subject*, from *sub*, UNDER, and *jectus*, THROWN OR CAST. These are, therefore, nearly etymological equivalents.

Before passing to the consideration of the Subject and the Proposition, let us finish with the Nouns Adjective, to which we have only given an incidental attention.

These are the representatives of Incidence or Attribution; and correspond to the entire adjectivity pertaining to the substantiality of the real or concrete Universe; both Substance and Incidence falling as parts of one domain within the larger domain of RELATION, which in Language is the domain of Grammar proper, including Etymology and Syntax.

It may now be shown that this Adjective World is so much a world by itself that Kant's *namings* for the four groups of the Categories of the Understanding, which we are here enlarging to be the Categories of All Being, are precisely the most appropriate namings for the subdivisions of the Adjective World. These are:

1. Adjectives of QUALITY.
2. Adjectives of RELATION.
3. Adjectives of QUANTITY.
4. Adjectives of MODE.

1. Adjectives of Quality are those which designate the qualities of things as *good* or *bad*, etc. They are susceptible of three Degrees of Comparison; and are, without due consideration, usually regarded by Grammarians as if they constituted the whole of the Adjective World.

2. Adjectives of Relation are, as we have seen, (chiefly) the Oblique Cases of the Noun Substantive. They admit of no Degrees of Comparison. These have not heretofore been regarded as Adjectives; but broadly and philosophically considered, they are so.

3. Adjectives of Quantity are the Numerals, which always instinctively find their way among the Adjectives in the

Grammar Books, without their presence there being duly accounted for, that part of speech having been usually defined as relating exclusively to the *Quality* of Things. These numeral Adjectives subdivide into Ordinal Numerals and Cardinal Numerals; and, like Adjectives of Relation, they are not susceptible of being varied by the Degrees of Comparison.

4. Adjectives of Mode relate to the Conditions of Existence, as *necessary* and *unnecessary*, *important* and *unimportant*, etc. They are somewhat ambiguous as to their susceptibility to comparison. It is over this class of

Adjectives that the Grammarians dispute. If a thing is *necessary*, then, it is said, it cannot be *more necessary*, or *most necessary*, the Positive Case being itself Absolute or Superlative. In some cases this rule is not so clear, and there is doubt whether it is proper to apply the signs of Comparison or not. We may correctly say *more important* and *most important*; and on the whole the Adjectives of Mode, or Modal Adjectives, are to be classed as capable of Comparison.

These four classes of Adjectives again classify in respect to their usual susceptibility to comparison, as follows:

Adjectives of Quality,	{	Capable of Comparison.
Adjectives of Mode,		
Adjectives of Quantity,	{	Incapable of Comparison.
Adjectives of Relation,		

The *Principle* of Comparison is itself *hierarchical*, or pertaining to gradation or rank divinely ordained; or as the mere scientist might prefer to say, naturally existent. It repeats, therefore, in an echo, or correspondentially, THE PERSON (First, Second, Third) of Nouns Substantive and Pronouns; and has relation to the Three Heads of the Ordinal Series of Number, 1st, 2d, 3d; as THE NUMBER of Nouns Substantive (Singular, Dual, and Plural) has relation to the Three Heads of the Cardinal Series of Number, 1, 2, 3.

The Qualities, the Relations, the Numerical Character, and the Modal Condition of Things, are conjointly an Adjunct World to the Real World of Persons and Things, in the Universe at Large; and taken collectively, it is that domain or aspect of the total Universe which is the scientific echo to or analogue of the Part of Speech called Adjective in the Grammar of Language. The Substantivity and the Adjectivity, taken again collectively with each other, are the totality of the *Concrete* Universe considered in a state of Rest. The *Movement* of the Universe is expressed by the verbal department of

Language, and will receive our subsequent attention. It is, therefore, from within this department that our concrete analogues of the larger Abstractions of the Universe, Nature, Science, and Art, namely, The World, Man, and the Product of Man's labor, were taken. They belong to the Substantivity (Kant's Substance) of the Universe, and their qualities, relations, number, and mode of being belong to the Adjectivity of the Universe (Kant's Inherence); and these two departments of Universal Being or of the possible aspects of Universal Being are the Scientific Analogues, in the Universe at large, of Nouns Substantive and Nouns Adjective, in the Grammar Department of the total distribution of the little Universe of Language; which is the point to be here specially illustrated and insisted upon.

We pass now to the consideration of the Verb and Participle, related to Movement. The Great Noun Class of Words, including the Nominative Noun Substantive, not yet brought into action and made to functionate as Subject or Agent, together with the whole Adjective Family of Words as above

defined, is *without Action*. These words, and correspondentially, the Things and their Attributes which they represent in the Universe at large, are *static* or *immovable*. The Universe, viewed in the light of them solely, is a Universe *at rest*, or, as it were, *arrested* in its progression through Time, and existing only in Space; *for TIME has relation to MOTION, as SPACE has relation to POSITION or REST*. This aspect of the Universe or of Language may therefore be appropriately denominated *Statoid* (or *Spaceoid*). The relations between the Parts of this Aspect, denoted by the Prepositions and Conjunctions, are inert or *static* relations, concerning predominantly Position in Space, as *above, below, etc.*

When the Substantive proper (the Nominative Case) passes over and becomes functionally a SUBJECT (we will consider, first, the case where the Verb is Active Transitive, and the Subject therefore an Agent), we pass from *Statism* to *Motism*; or from Rest to Movement. This is, at the same time, to pass from the Domain or Kingdom of *Space* to the Kingdom or Domain of *Time* (or *Tense*).

Noun-dom (in its largest extension, including Nouns Substantive and Nouns Adjective, together with their Words of Relation, Prepositions and Conjunctions) constitutes, therefore, the STATISMUS (or Domain of the Principle of Rest) within the RELATIONISMUS (or Domain of Parts and their Construction, or *Syntaxis* into a whole) of the larger Domain of Language, which might then be properly denominated the Linguismus of the Universe. (Every new Science has to have its new nomenclature. Let the reader not be repelled, therefore, by these innovations upon the speech usages of our Language; their great convenience, and their actual necessity even for the right discussion of the subject, furnishing their sufficient apology.)

To determine what the limits of the corresponding Domain are in the Uni-

verse at large, and its proper technical designation, it is only necessary to go back upon the analogues already indicated. We have, then, the Statismus of the Relationismus of the Universe; which is the Structural Universe, viewed in respect to the relationship between the parts and the whole, and as if arrested in Space, or, what is the same thing, abstracted from Movement in Time.

In going over to the new Domain in Language,—the Grammar of the Verb and Participle,—we pass then, technically speaking, to the MOTISMUS of the RELATIONISMUS of Language; and in going over to the corresponding Domain of the Universe at large, we pass to the MOTISMUS of the RELATIONISMUS of the *Universe*, in which action and the relations between actions are concerned.

Since Motion and Action involve the idea of Force or Power, for which the Greek word is *dynamis*, furnishing the English words *Dynamic* and *Dynamics*, our Philosophers have chosen the distinction *Static* and *Dynamic*, instead of *Static* and *Motic*, the true distinction, and have in that way obscured and disguised from themselves even the fundamental and all-important relationship of these two great Aspects of Being, with the two great negative Grounds or Containers of all Being; *namely, with SPACE and with TIME respectively.*

It is here, in the Domain of Movement and Time, the Motismus of Language, and especially of Grammar,—the Relationismus of Language,—that the Grand Lingual Illustration or Type of the Second Subdivision of Kant's Group of Relation occurs;—the subdivision which he *should* have denominated *Tempic*, as distinguished from the former Subdivision (of Substance and Inherence), which *should* then have been called *Spacic*.

This Tempic Sub-Group of Relation again subdivides, as already stated, into 1. CAUSE, and 2. DEPENDENCE.

The Subject of a Proposition, in the

Active Voice, which is the Typical or Direct Expression of Action, is the AGENT or Actor in the performance of the given Action. To be an agent is to act; and to act is to exhibit an effect, the Cause of which resides in the Agent. Agent and Cause are thus identified. In other words, the Nominative Case, in the Active Transitive Locution, is the type and illustration of the Sub-Category, Cause, in the Group of Relation, as conceived by the great German metaphysician. His Correlative Sub-Category, Dependence, is the Action itself, resulting from the Activity of the Agent, and expressed by the Verb and its dependencies.

The Cause and Dependence of Kant, as a Sub-Group of Relation, are therefore, when translated into their typical expression in Language, simply *The Nominative* and *The Verb*; and belong to the Domain of Movement, and hence to that of Time.

It is only, however, when the Verb is Active that the Nominative is Agent or Cause. In the Passive Locution or Voice, a Conversion into Opposites occurs,—the Direct is exchanged for the Inverse Order of the Action. The Nominative then names the Object which receives, suffers, or endures the force of the Action, and the Agent is then thrown into the Category of an Accident, and expressed in an Oblique Case; thus, *Charles is struck by John*.

The term *Subject*, applied to the Nominative Case, is made, by a happy *équivoque*, to cover both these aspects; that in which the Nominative is Agent or Cause, and that in which it is not so. It is only in the latter instance that it is really or literally a *subject*, that is to say, subjected to, or made to suffer the force of the action of the Verb; but action is a reaction from such invasion or infliction of suffering or impression upon the person (or thing); and the term *Subject*, changing its meaning, accompanies the person *nominated* or named by the Nominative Case over into this new positive relation to the

action. It is interesting to observe that precisely the same doubleness of meaning arises, in the same way, in respect to the word *Passion*, from Latin *patio*, to suffer. When we speak of the passion of Christ, we retain the primitive and etymological meaning of the word; but, ordinarily, *passion* means just the opposite; that violent reaction of the feeling side of the mind from *Impression* (or passion in the first sense), which is nearly allied to *Rage*.

Intermediate between the Active and the Passive Locutions is a compound Active and Reactive state—the action put forth by the agent, and yet terminating upon himself—which is expressed lingually by what is appropriately called in Greek the Middle Voice (Sanskrit, *At mane pada*), and in our modern Grammars, as the French, The Reflective Verb.

This last, the Reflective or Reciprocal Locution, is the grammatical type and illustration of Kant's third subdivision of the Group of Relation, that, namely, which he denominates RECIPROCAL ACTION.

The correspondences between Language and the Universe at large are here too obvious to require to be enlarged or insisted upon. The Active Voice in Grammar repeats the World of Direct Actions; the Passive Voice, the World of Inverse Actions; and the Middle Voice the World of Reciprocal Actions, in the Universe at large. The Nominative Case (in the first and leading of these Locutions) is the Analogue of Cause, and the Verb, of Dependence, or the Chain of Effects resulting from the Cause.

The I, the Me, the Ego, as Subject, in the domain of Philosophy, is first Subject (-ed) under Impression from the world without, and afterward becomes Cause (in Expression); and the term Subject has here, therefore, precisely the same ambiguity as in Grammar, and stands contrasted in the same way with the word Object; the Accusative Case of the old Grammarians being

now called the *Objective Case*, and denoting that upon which the force of the (direct) action is expended.

The Middle Voice becomes, by an elision, the Neuter Verb. I walk, means, I walk *myself*. Neuter Verbs fall, then, into the Category of Reciprocal Action.

The Typical Neuter Verb, the Typical Verb, in fine, of all verbs, is the Substantive or Copula Verb to *be*, the Verb of Existence or Being. *I am*, means, I am *myself*; or, I keep or hold myself in being.

In strictness, the verb *to be* is the ONLY VERB. Every other Verb is capable of Solution into this one, accompanied by a Participle; thus, *I walk*, becomes, *I am WALKING*, etc.

By this analysis, the Verb, as such, falls back among words of Relation, or mere Connectives. It may then be classed with Prepositions and Conjunctions; its office of Connection being still peculiar, however, namely, to intervene between the Subject and the Predicate. Participles, into which all other verbs than this *Copula* are so resolved, then fall back in like manner into the Class of Adjectives. The Tempic and Motic Word-Kingdom is thus carried back to its dependence upon the Spacic and Static Word-Kingdom, as basis; in the same manner as, in Nature, Time and Motion have Space and Rest for their perpetual background.

Reduced to this degree of simplicity, there are but three Parts of Speech: 1. Substantives; 2. Attributes; and 3. Words of Relation; which correspond with 1. Things; 2. Properties of Things; and 3. The Interrelationship of Things, of Properties, and of Things and their Properties, in the Universe at large.

The Adverb has not been mentioned. Analysis reduces it in every instance to an Oblique Case of the Substantive, or, what is the same thing, to a Substantive governed by a Preposition; and hence, by a second transfer, as shown above, to the class of Adjectives of Re-

lation: thus, *happily* means *in a happy manner*; *now* means *in the present time*, etc.

In the Grammatical Motismus the Three Tenses,—for there are but three strictly, or in the first great natural Division of Time,—namely, the Past, the Present, and the Future, correspond with the Grand Three-fold Division of The Tempismus, the Universal Ongoing or Procession of Events, the *Grandis Ordo Naturæ*; namely, the Past, the Present, and the Future, as the Three-fold Aspect of Time and of the Universe of *Res Gestæ*, or Things Done, and Contained in Time, as distinguished from the other equal Aspect of the total Universe, namely, the Static Expansion of the Universe in Space.

Mode, which is subsequently developed in Music as a Distinct Grouping of Categories, finds here, in the domain of Relation, a subordinate development, in connection with the Verb.

Kant's Subdivision of Mode, as a group of Categories is, 1. POSSIBILITY and IMPOSSIBILITY; 2. BEING and NOT-BEING; and 3. NECESSITY and ACCIDENCE.

It is obvious that POSSIBILITY is that Category which is expressed grammatically by the *Potential Mode* (from *potentia*, POWER, POSSIBILITY); otherwise called the Conditional Mode. *I should do so and so if—* The Negative Form of this Mode expresses IMPOSSIBILITY: *I should or could not do so and so unless*, etc.

BEING and NOT-BEING, direct Assertion and Denial, find their grammatical representation in the Indicative Mode: *I do or I do not*; and in an *Un-finite* or *In-definite* way, as a mere naming of the idea, in The Infinitive Mode, *to do*, etc.

NECESSITY and ACCIDENCE are expressed in the Imperative Mode for the former and in the Subjunctive Mode for the latter. *Necessary* and *Imperative* are synonymes. To command absolutely, is *to require*, and *The Required* or *The Requisite* is again *The Necessary*.

Accidence is that which is under a condition, sub-joined, *Sub-junctives*; which may or may not happen, hence introduced by an *if*, equal to *gif*, *give*, *grant*, *provided it so happen*.

ELEMENTALITY (Kant's QUALITY of Being) reappears in this domain of Relation in Connection with the Verb: AFFIRMATION, in the Affirmative Propositions, as, *I love*; NEGATION, in Negative Propositions, as, *I do not Love*; and Limitation, *wavering as between two*, in the Dubitative or Questioning Forms of the Proposition, as, *Do I love? Do I not love?* The Celtic tongues have special modal forms to express these modifications of the Verb.

NUMBER, the remaining one of Kant's Groups of the Categories, finds also its minor representative in this domain in the Numbers, Singular, Dual, and Plural, incorporated into the Conjugation of the Verb. This leads us to the consideration of Grammatical Agreement and Government; carries us over into Syntax, Prosody, Logic, and Rhetoric; back to Lexicology, the domain of the Dictionary or mere Vocabulary in Language; and thence upward to Music, and finally again to Song, the culmination of Speech.

The subject grows upon us, and it is

impossible to complete it in a single paper.

The Portions of Language which we have been considering belong to the two Departments: 1. ELEMENTIUMS (Kant's QUALITY), and 2. RELATION (Grammar more properly). The treatment of these is not fully exhausted, and must be recurred to hereafter.

The two remaining ones of Kant's Groups of the Categories of the Understanding (here extended to be the Categories of all Being) are, 3. QUANTITY, and 4. MODE. The proper domain of these two is Music. The mere mention of the musical terms Unison, Discord (duism, diversity), the Spirit of One and the Spirit of Two; and of the Major and the Minor Mode, suggest QUANTITY and MODALITY as the reigning principles in that domain. The appearance of Number and Mode in the domain of Relation (Grammar), is, as already stated, a subordinate one, and has respect to the principle of OVERLAPPING, already adverted to, by which all the domains of Nature are *intricated* or *con-creted* with each other.

QUANTITY and MODE, in their own independent and separate development, will, therefore, be the special subjects of a subsequent treatment.

APHORISMS.—NO. VI.

MIND is a thing that we partly have by nature, and partly have to create by mental discipline and exercise. Or, as Horace says:

'Ego nec studium sine divite vena,
Nec rude quid prosit video ingenium.'

De Arte Poetica, 409, 410.

In English:

'What can our studies yield, where mind is weak;

Or what a genius do, that's not with discipline prepared?'

Nor is it yet clear, on which, supposing a well-organized and healthy body,

most will depend—upon the native endowment, or upon the labor of developing and applying the inborn power.

Distinguishing, however, between genius and talent, we may safely admit that no discipline, without 'the gift and faculty divine,' will produce the one; and hold that well-directed industry, in almost any case of a naturally sound mind, will surely develop the other. The half-made and often ill-tutored efforts of the usual processes of learning, are not to be allowed a decisive voice against the supposition that vigorous mental life might be the common portion of educated men.

AN ARMY: ITS ORGANIZATION AND MOVEMENTS.

THE immense military operations of our civil war have familiarized, to a considerable extent, not only those connected with the armies, but the people generally with the systems on which military forces are organized and the methods of conducting war. Much has been learned in the past three years, and much accomplished in the improvement of tactics, internal organization, and the construction of all kinds of material. Civilians, who were well read in the history of former wars, and even professional military officers, were comparatively ignorant of all the numerous details necessarily incident to the formation and movement of armies. On account of the deficiency of practical information on these matters, the difficulties which arose at the commencement of the war, were, as it is well known, immense; but they were overcome with a celerity and energy absolutely unparalleled in the history of the world, and to-day we are able to assure ourselves with justifiable pride that in all essential particulars our armies are fully and properly organized, equipped, and provided for. We propose to exhibit in a few articles the methods by which these results have been accomplished—to present to readers generally the system of organization and the principles of operation existing in our armies—giving them such information as can be obtained only from actual thorough acquaintance with military life, or extended perusal of works on military art, as now understood among the leading civilized nations.

That such information would be desirable, we were led to believe from the surprise expressed by an intelligent friend at the definition given him of the phrase 'line of battle.' He was greatly astonished on learning that battles are fought, mostly, by lines of

only two ranks in depth. The history of the 'line of battle' is of great interest, and indeed contains an exposition of the principles on which a great portion of modern warfare is founded. While the chief principles of strategy, of the movement of armies, of attack and defence, and to some extent of tactics, are the same now as in the earliest ages, the mode of arraying men for battle has undergone an entire change, attributable to the improvement in the weapons of warfare. We are not superior to the ancients so much in the science of war, as in the character of our arms. They undoubtedly fought in the manner most appropriate to the means which they possessed. The great change which has taken place in the method of battle, consists chiefly in this—that formerly men were arrayed in masses, now in lines. The Grecian phalanx was composed of 82,000 men arranged as follows: 16,000 spearmen placed in sixteen ranks of a thousand men each, forming the centre; on each wing, 4,000 light spearmen in eight ranks; 4,000 men armed with bows and slings, who performed the part of skirmishers; 4,000 cavalry. The Roman legion contained 4,500 men, of which 1,200 were light infantry or skirmishers armed with bows and slings. The main body consisted of 1,200 spearmen, who were formed into ten rectangular bodies of twelve men front by ten deep; behind them were ten other rectangles of the second line; and behind these a third line of 600 in rectangles of six men front by ten deep. To the legion was attached 800 cavalry.

In the middle ages, infantry was considered of little importance, the combat being principally among the knights and cavaliers. The introduction of gunpowder caused a change in the method of fighting, but it was effected gradually. For a long time only clumsy

cannon were used, which, however, made great havoc among the formations in mass still retained. Rude arquebuses were then introduced, and improvements made from time to time; but even so late as the 17th century the ancient arms were retained in a large proportion. They did not disappear entirely until the invention of the bayonet in the 18th century. This contributed as much as the use of firearms to change the formations of battle. In the 16th century the number of ranks had been reduced from ten to six; at the end of the reign of Louis XIV. the number was four; Frederick the Great reduced it to three. With this number the wars of the French Republic and Empire were conducted, until at Leipsic, in 1813, Napoleon's army being greatly diminished, he directed the formation in two ranks, saying that the enemy being accustomed to see it in three, and not aware of the change, would be deceived in regard to its numbers. He stated also that the fire of the rear rank was dangerous to those in front, and that there was no reason for the triple formation. In this judgment military authorities have since concurred, and the two-rank formation is almost universally adopted. Russia is the only civilized power which places men in masses on the battle field. Formations in column are used when necessary to carry a particular local position, even at a great expenditure of life. But the usual mode of combat is that adopted by Napoleon. Our battles have been almost universally fought in this manner. The rebels have probably used the formation in column more frequently than the Northern troops. The non-military reader can easily perceive that formations in mass are more subject to loss from the fire of artillery and from that of small arms even at considerable distances, and are less able to deliver their own fire.

Our old regular army consisted of ten regiments of infantry, two of cavalry, two of dragoons, and one of mount-

ed rifles, of ten companies each, and four artillery regiments of twelve companies each. Two companies each of the latter served as light artillery—the companies alternating in this service. There was also a battalion of engineers.

At the commencement of the war our force of light artillery was very inadequate, and rifled ordnance had scarcely been introduced. Our present immense force of the former has been almost entirely created since the commencement of the war; the splendid achievements in rifled artillery have been entirely accomplished within the last three years. Although it had been applied some years previously in Europe, it was not formally introduced into our service until needed to assist in suppressing the gigantic rebellion. The Ordnance Department had, however, given attention to the matter, and boards of officers were engaged in making experiments. A report had been made that 'the era of smooth-bore field artillery has passed away, and the period of the adoption of rifled cannon, for siege and garrison service, is not remote. The superiority of elongated projectiles, whether solid or hollow, with the rifle rotation, as regards economy of ammunition, extent of range, and uniformity and accuracy of effect, over the present system, is decided and unquestionable.* We shall see, in discussing artillery, how far these expectations have been realized.

The regular army was increased in 1861 by the addition of nine regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and one of artillery. The Mounted Rifles were changed into the 8d Cavalry, and the two dragoon regiments into the 1st and 2d Cavalry. The old 1st and 2d Cavalry became the 4th and 5th. All cavalry regiments have now twelve companies, and the new infantry regiments are formed on the latest French system of three battalions, of eight companies each, with a colonel, lieutenant-colonel, and three majors. Each of the 24 companies has 82 privates.

* Scott's *Military Dictionary*.

The old regular army comprised, when full, about 18,000 officers and men. As increased, the total complement is over 43,600, including five major-generals, nine brigadier-generals, thirty-three aides-de-camp, besides the field officers of the various regiments and the company officers. In addition to these officers (but included in the aggregate above given) are the various staff departments, as follows :

Adjutant-Generals.—1 brigadier-general, 2 colonels, 4 lieutenant-colonels, 13 majors.

Judge-Advocates.—1 colonel.

Inspector Generals.—4 colonels, 5 majors.

Signal Corps.—1 colonel, 1 lieutenant-colonel, 2 majors.

Quartermaster's Department.—1 brigadier-general, 8 colonels, 4 lieutenant-colonels, 11 majors, 48 captains, 12 military storekeepers.

Subsistence Department.—1 brigadier-general, 2 colonels, 2 lieutenant-colonels, 8 majors, 16 captains.

Medical Department.—1 brigadier-general, 3 colonels, 16 lieutenant-colonels, 50 majors, 5 captains, 109 first lieutenants, 6 storekeepers, 119 hospital chaplains, 70 medical cadets.

Pay Department.—1 colonel, 2 lieutenant-colonels, 25 majors.

Corps of Engineers.—1 brigadier-general, 4 colonels, 10 lieutenant-colonels, 20 majors, 80 captains, 80 first lieutenants, 10 second lieutenants. The battalion of engineers comprises a total of 805.

Ordnance Department.—1 brigadier-general, 2 colonels, 8 lieutenant-colonels, 6 majors, 20 captains, 20 first lieutenants, 13 second lieutenants, 15 storekeepers, and a battalion of 905 men.

These figures all pertain to the *regular army*. A considerable number of the officers in the regiments have been appointed from civil life ; but in the staff departments the officers are almost exclusively graduates from the Military Academy at West Point.

The raising of the immense volunteer force necessitated a great increase in the staff departments, and large numbers of persons from civil life have been appointed into the volunteer staff in the Adjutant-General's, Judge-Advocate's, Quartermaster's, Commissary, Medical, and Pay Departments. The ordnance duties are performed by officers detailed from the line, and engineer duties by regiments assigned for that purpose. A large number of additional aides-de-camp were also authorized, forming that branch of duty into a department. Aides-de-camp are also detailed from the line. The highest rank yet created for volunteer staff officers is that of colonel in the aides-de-camp. The heads of staff departments at corps headquarters are lieutenant-colonels, including an assistant adjutant-general, assistant inspector-general, a chief quartermaster, and chief commissary. Many regular officers hold these volunteer staff appointments, gaining in this manner additional rank during the war—still retaining their positions in the regular service ; in the same manner as many regular officers are field officers in volunteer regiments.

The aggregate *militia* force of the United States (including seceded portions), according to the last returns, was 3,214,769. The reports of the last census increase this to about 5,600,000, which exceeds to some extent the number actually *fit* to bear arms. The computed proportion in Europe of the number of men who can be called into the field is about one-fifth or one-sixth of the population. If the population of the entire United States be assumed to be 23,000,000, the number of men liable, according to this computation, would be about 4,000,000, which is sufficiently approximate. The European computation of the force to be kept as a *standing army* is a hundredth part of the population—varied somewhat by circumstances. This would give the United States a force of 230,000. It will be seen how greatly in-

ferior our regular force has been and still is to the computations adopted in Europe. But the United States will probably never require such a large force to be permanently organized; for we have not, like the European powers, frontiers to protect against nations with whom we may at any time be at war, nor oppressed nationalities to retain in subjugation by force. Our frontiers on Canada and Mexico have good natural defences—the first by the St. Lawrence river and lakes, and the second by the great distance to be traversed by an invading army before it could reach any important commercial position. Our vulnerability is in our extensive seacoast. The principal requirement for an army is a large framework, which can be rapidly filled by volunteers in expectation of war. With such a military constitution and a system of military education and drill in the different States, large and effective armies could be rapidly organized.

Our staff corps and regular army are insignificant, compared with those of European nations, in which the average strength of the standing armies is from 250,000 to 800,000 men on the peace footing, and 400,000 to 600,000 on the war footing, with immense magazines of equipage and material, numerous military schools, and extensive organizations in all the departments incident to an army. Our own army has hitherto been modelled to a great extent on the English system—the most aristocratic of all in Europe, and consequently the least adapted to a republic. To this is attributable much of the jealousy hitherto felt in regard to the army and all pertaining to it. We are now, however, conforming more to the French system, and from it will probably be adopted any changes that may be introduced.

The French army, since Napoleon gave it the impress of his genius, has in many characteristics been well adapted to the peculiarities of republican institutions. A soldier can rise from the

ranks to the highest command, by the exhibition of valor and ability, more easily, in fact, than he can in our own army, with which political favoritism has much to do in promotions and appointments. By a recent policy of our War Department, however, vacancies have been left in the subordinate commissioned officers of the regular army, which are to be filled exclusively from the ranks. Many deserving officers in the army have been private soldiers.

No system will be effective for providing an adequate military organization that does not include thorough instruction for officers. The prevailing feeling in our country, as remarked above, has rather been to underrate the army, and to look with some jealousy on the West Point Military Academy and its graduates. The present war has effected a change in this respect. The country owes too much to the educated regular officers for the organization and conduct of the volunteer forces, to be insensible of the merits of the system which produced them. A capable civilian can undoubtedly become just as good an officer of any rank as a graduate of West Point; but it must be through a course of study similar to that there pursued. No natural ability can supply the want of the scientific training in the military, more than in any other profession. Military science is only the result of all the experience of the past, embodied in the most comprehensive and practical form. Napoleon was a profound student of military history. In his *Memoirs* he observes: 'Alexander made 8 campaigns, Hannibal 17 (of which 1 was in Spain, 15 in Italy, and 1 in Africa), Caesar made 15 (of which 8 were against the Gauls, and 5 against the legions of Pompey), Gustavus Adolphus 5, Turenne 18, the Prince Eugene of Savoy 13, and Frederic 11 (in Bohemia, Silesia, and upon the Elbe.) The history of these 87 campaigns, made with care, would be a complete treatise on the art of war. The principles one should follow, in

both offensive and defensive war, flow from them as a source.'

To one familiar with the gradual progress in the organization of our armies, it is interesting to recur to the time when the first levies of volunteers were raised. Regiments were hurried into Washington half accoutred and indifferently armed. Officers and men were for the most part equally ignorant of the details, a knowledge of which enables a soldier to take care of himself in all circumstances. Staff officers knew nothing of the various departments and the methods of obtaining supplies. The Government had not been able to provide barrack accommodations for the immense irruption of 'Northern barbarians,' and the men were stowed like sheep in any unoccupied buildings that could be obtained. These were generally storehouses, without any cooking arrangements, so that when provisions were procured, no one knew what to do with them. Hundreds of men, who previously scarcely knew but that beef-steaks and potatoes grew already cooked and seasoned, could be seen every day sitting disconsolately on the curbstones cooking their pork on ramrods over little fires made with twigs gathered from the trees. Those who happened to be the lucky possessors of a few spare dimes, straggled off to restaurants. Washington, in those days, was only a great country-town, and not the immense city which the war has made it. The vague and laughable attempts of officers to assume military dignity and enforce discipline, with the careless insubordination of the men, furnished many amusing scenes. It was not easy for officer and man, who had gone to the same school, worked in the same shop, sung in the same choir, and belonged to the same base-ball club, to assume their new relations.

Privates would address their officer, 'I say, Bill, have you got any tobacco?' Officers would reply, 'Do you not know, sir, the proper method of addressing me?' Private would exclaim,

'Well, I guess now you're puttin' on airs, a'n't you?' Pompous colonels strutted about in a blaze of new uniforms, and even line officers then considered themselves of some consequence; while a brigadier-general was a sort of a demigod—a man to be revered as something infallible. Now-a-days old veterans care very little for even the two stars of a major-general, unless they know that the wearer has some other claims to respect than his shoulder straps.

As matters gradually became arranged, the troops were provided with tents, and encamped in the vicinity. Never was guard duty more vigilantly performed than in those camps around Washington. Every one of us came to the capital with the expectation of being immediately despatched to Virginia, and ordered to pitch into a miscellaneous fight with the rebels. Rebel guerillas and spies were supposed to be lurking in the surroundings of the capital, and 'taking notes' in all the camps. Woe betide the unsuspicious stranger who might loiter curiously around the encampments. With half a dozen bayonets at his breast he was hurried off in utter amazement to the guard house. At night the sentinels saw 'in every bush' a lurking rebel. Shots were pattering all night in every direction. Unfortunate straggling cows were frequently reduced to beeves by the bullets of the wary guardians. The colonel's horse broke loose one night, and, while browsing around, his long, flowing tail, the colonel's pride, was reduced to an ignominious 'bob' by a bullet, which neatly severed it near the root. Many was the trigger pulled at me, many the bullet sent whizzing at my head, as I returned to camp after an evening in the city. Fortunately, the person fired at was usually safe—any one within the circle of a hundred feet diameter was likely to receive the ball. One evening, about dusk, going into camp, I took a running jump over a ditch, and this rapid motion so fright-

ened an honest German sentinel—probably a little muddled with lager—that he actually forgot to fire, and came at me in a more natural way with his musket clubbed. I escaped a broken head at the expense of a severely bruised arm. The rule for challenging, it used to be said, was to ‘fire three times, and then cry ‘halt!’ instead of the reverse, as prescribed in the regulations.

When the order—long anticipated—for actually invading Virginia arrived, then was there excitement. Every man felt the premonition of battle, and nerved himself for conflict. As we marched down to Long Bridge, at midnight, perfect silence prevailed. Breaths were suspended, footfalls were as light as snowflakes, orders were given in hollow whispers. We placed our feet on the ‘sacred soil’ with more emotion than the Normans felt when landing in England, or the Pilgrims at Plymouth. This was war—the real, genuine thing. But our expectations were not realized. As the ‘grand army’ advanced, the scattered rebel pickets withdrew. The only fatality of the campaign was the death of the gallant but indiscreet Ellsworth. We had our first experience of lying out doors in our blankets. How vainglorious we felt over it! Many a poor fellow complained jocosely of the hardship and exposure, whom since I have seen perfectly content to obtain a few pine boughs to keep him from being submerged in an abyss of mud. Many, alas! have gone to a couch where their sleep will be no more broken by the reveille of drum and fife and bugle—in the trenches of Yorktown, in the thickets of Williamsburg, in the morasses of the Chickahominy, on the banks of the Antietam, at the foot of those fatal heights at Fredericksburg, in the wilderness of Chancellorsville, on the glorious ridge of Gettysburg. Comrades of the bivouac and the mess! ye are not forgotten in that sleep upon the fields where swept the infernal tide of

battle, obliterating so much glorious life, leaving so much desolation! Even amid the roar of cannon, exulting in their might for destruction, amid the shrieking of the merciless shells, amid the blaze of the deadly musketry, memories of you occur to us. We resolve that your lives shall not have been sacrificed in vain. And in these long, dreary, monotonous days of winter, as the sleet rattles on our frail canvas covering, and the wind roars in our rude log chimneys, while the jests go around and the song arises, thoughts of the battle fields of the past cross our minds—we recall the incidents of fierce conflicts—we say, there and there fell —, no nobler fellows ever lived! A blunt and hasty epitaph, but the desultory vicissitudes of a soldier’s life permit no other—we expect no other for ourselves when our turn to follow you shall come. So we break out into our favorite chorus:

‘Then we’ll stand by our glasses steady,
And we’ll drink to our ladies’ eyes.
Three cheers for the dead already,
And huzza for the next man that dies.

Though your graves are unmarked, save by the simple broad slab from which storms have already effaced the pencilled legend, or perhaps only by the murderous fragment of iron, which lies half imbedded on the spot where you fell and where you lie, yet you live in the memory of your comrades, you live in the hearts of those who were desolated by your death, you live in that eternal record of heaven where are written the names of those who have given their lives to promote the truth and the freedom which God has guaranteed to humanity in the great charters of Nature and Revelation. For we are fighting in a holy cause. No crusade to redeem Eastern shrines from infidels, no struggle for the privilege of religious freedom, no insurrection for civil independence, has been more holy than this strife against the great curse and its abettors, who seek to make a land of freedom a land of bond-

age to substitute for a Union of free-men, miserable oligarchies controlled by breeders of slaves. If we die in this cause, we have lived a full life.

An anomalous state of things had existed between the time of the attack on Sumter and the 'invasion' of Virginia. Although the war had in reality commenced, communication was not suspended between Washington and Alexandria. On the day following the march over the Potomac, we found the plans of intrenchments marked out by wooden forms on the spots which subsequently became Fort Corcoran, opposite Georgetown, Fort Runyon, opposite Washington, and Fort Ellsworth, in front of Alexandria. How this had so speedily been done by the engineers I did not learn until many months afterward, when one of the party who planned the works described the *modus operandi*. They went over to Virginia in a very rustic dress, and professed to the rebel pickets to be from 'down country,' come up to take a look at 'them durned Yankees.' So they walked around unmolested, selected the sites for the intrenchments, formed the plans in their minds, made some stealthy notes and sketches, and, returning to Washington, plotted the works on paper, gave directions to the carpenters about the frames, which were constructed; and, after the army crossed, these were put in their proper positions, tools were placed conveniently, and, soon after the crossing was made, the men commenced to work.

In raising these intrenchments, drilling and organizing, the army passed about a month—varied only by alarms two or three times a week at night that the rebels were coming, whereupon the troops turned out and stood in line till daylight. It was shrewdly suspected that these alarms were purposely propagated from headquarters to accustom the men to form themselves quickly at night without panic. In after times, in front of Richmond, we had such duty to perform, without any factitious

reasons. It was a matter of necessary precaution to stand to our arms nightly for two or three hours before daybreak.

Until just previous to the disastrous Bull Run campaign, no higher organization than that of brigades was adopted; but a day or two before the march commenced, General McDowell organized the brigades into divisions. These were reorganized by General McClellan as the two and three years' volunteers joined the army. The organization of corps was made in the spring of 1862, just before the commencement of the Peninsula campaign, and is now the organization of the army.

The complete organization is now as follows:

Regiments, generally of ten companies.
Brigades, of four or more regiments.
Divisions, generally of three brigades.
Corps, generally of three divisions.

The various staffs have gradually been organized, until they now stand (in the Army of the Potomac) as follows:

At the headquarters of the army:

A Chief of Staff.
An Assistant Adjutant-General.
A Chief Quartermaster.
A Chief Commissary.
A Chief of Artillery.
An Assistant Inspector-General.
A Medical Director.
A Judge Advocate-General.
An Ordnance Officer.
A Provost Marshal-General.
A Chief Engineer.
A Signal Officer.
Aides-de-Camp.

The rank of these officers, as the staff is now composed, is as follows: The chief of staff, a major-general; the assistant adjutant-general, chief of artillery, and provost marshal, brigadier-generals; assistant inspector-general, a colonel; medical director, chief engineer, judge advocate-general, majors; the signal officer, chief commissary, and ordnance officer, captains; the aides, of various ranks, lieutenants, captains, and

majors. Most of these officers do not derive their rank from their position on the staff, but it has been given them in the volunteer organization, or pertains to them in the line of the regular or volunteer army. All the department officers (meaning all except aides) have a number of assistants, and the general officers have staffs and aides of their own, to which they are entitled by law. The total number of officers on duty at the headquarters may amount to fifty or more, and there is plenty of work for all of them during a campaign. Besides the regular staff, constituted as above related, there are the officers of an infantry regiment which furnishes guards and escorts, and officers of cavalry squadrons detailed to furnish orderlies. The headquarters of the army is therefore a town of considerable population.

At the headquarters of the different corps the staffs are as follows:

An Assistant Adjutant-General—Lieutenant-colonel.

A Chief Quartermaster—Lieutenant-colonel.

A Chief Commissary—Lieutenant-colonel.

An Assistant Inspector-General—Lieutenant-colonel.

[These officers derive their rank from their position, under a law of Congress.]

A Medical Director—being detailed from the senior surgeons of the regular or volunteer army, and ranking as a major.

A Commissary of Musters.

A Provost Marshal.

A Signal Officer.

[These officers are detailed from the line, and have the ranks which there belongs to them. The signal corps is, however, now being organized, with ranks prescribed by law.]

Aides-de-Camp—one with the rank of major, and two with the rank of captain. Besides these, additional aides are sent to the corps from those created under an act of Congress of

1861—now repealed—and are detailed from the line.

The quartermaster, commissary, and medical director generally have assistant officers. There is a squadron of cavalry and usually a company of infantry at each corps headquarters.

The staffs of divisions and brigades resemble those of the corps, except that the regular staff officers usually rank only as captains, except in cases where a major-general commands; he is entitled to an assistant adjutant-general with the rank of major. Officers detailed from the line to act on any staff in any capacity, bring with them the rank they hold in the line. They are not entitled, except the authorized aides and in some other particular cases, when ordered by the War Department, to additional allowances; but if they are foot officers, and are properly detailed for mounted duty, the quartermaster of the staff on which they serve is obligated to furnish them a horse and equipments. Divisions usually have an *ordnance officer*, whose duty it is to take charge of the ammunition of the division, keep the quantity ordered, and supply the troops in time of battle. By law the chief of artillery at corps headquarters is the chief ordnance officer for the corps, but this arrangement has been found impracticable. In the Army of the Potomac the chief of artillery does not remain at corps headquarters, but is assigned directly to the command of the artillery, where he also has a staff, including an ordnance officer, who supplies ammunition and other articles pertaining to his department, exclusively to the artillery.

The *staff*, it must be recollected, is to an army what the masons, carpenters, ironworkers, and upholsterers are to a building. As the latter are the agents for executing the designs of the architect, so the staff are the medium by which the commander of an army effects his purposes. Without competent staff officers in all the various

grades of organization constituting an army, the most judicious plans of the ablest commander will entirely fail. If a campaign is to be made, the commanding general, having formed his general strategical plan, needs the advice of his chief of staff as to the condition of his troops, and his assistance in devising the details. His adjutant-general's office must contain full records of the numbers of the troops—effective and non-effective—armed and unarmed—sick and well—present and absent, with all reports and communications relative to the state of the army. His quartermaster must have been diligent to provide animals, wagons, clothing, tents, forage, and other supplies in his department; his commissary and ordnance officer, the same in relation to subsistence and munitions—all having made their arrangements to establish depots at the most accessible points on the proposed route of march. His chief of artillery must have bestowed proper attention to keeping the hundred batteries of the army in the most effective condition. His chief engineer must have informed himself of all the routes and the general topography of the country to be traversed; he must know at what points rivers can be best crossed, and where positions for battle can be best obtained; his pontoon trains and intrenching implements must be complete and ready for service; his maps prepared for distribution to subordinate commanders. His inspector must have seen that the orders for discipline and equipment have been complied with. His medical director must have procured a supply of hospital stores, and organized the ambulance and hospital departments. His provost marshal must have made adequate arrangements to prevent straggling, plundering, and other disorders. His aides must have informed themselves of the positions of the various commands, and become acquainted with the principal officers, so as to take orders through

night and storm with unerring accuracy. They must be cool-headed, daring fellows, alert, and well posted, good riders, and have good horses under them.

All this work cannot be accomplished in a day, a week, or a month. The full preparations required to render a campaign successful must have been the result of long, patient, thoughtful consideration and organization. It is no time to teach sailors seamanship in a hurricane. They must know where to find the ropes and what to do with them, with the spray dashing in their eyes and the black clouds scurrying across the sky. It is no time for staff officers to begin their duties when a great army is to be moved. Then it is needed that every harness strap, every gun-carriage wheel, every knapsack, every soldier's shoe should have been provided and should be in serviceable order; that the men should have had their regular fare, and have been kept in the healthiest condition; that clear and explicit information be ready on all details. Prepared by the assiduous, intelligent labor of a vigilant and faithful staff, an army becomes a compact, homogeneous mass—without individuality, but pervaded by one animating will—cohesive by discipline, but pliant in all its parts—impetuous with enthusiasm, but controlled easily in the most minute operations.

These remarks, relative to the requirements for an effective staff, pertain to all grades of organization. The staff officers at the headquarters of the army organize general arrangements and supervise the operations of subordinate officers of their department at the headquarters of corps; these have more detailed duties, and, in their turn, supervise the staffs of the divisions; the duties of these again are still more detailed, and they supervise the staffs of brigades; these finally are charged with the specific details pertaining to their commands, supervising the staffs of the regiments, who are in direct

communication with the officers of companies.

Prepared for service by the unremitting labors of the staff officers, it is seldom that the army cannot move in complete order at six hours' notice. Think what preparation is required for a family of half a dozen to get ready to spend a month in the country—how tailors and milliners and dressmakers are put in requisition—how business arrangements must be made—how a thousand little vexing details constantly suggest themselves which need attention. Think of a thousand fami-

lies—ten thousand—making these preparations! What a vast hurly burly! What an ocean of confusion! How many delays and disappointments! During the fortnight or month which has elapsed while these families have been getting ready, an army of fifty or a hundred thousand men has marched a hundred miles, fought a battle, been reëquipped, reclothed, reorganized, and, perhaps, the order of a nation's history has experienced an entire change.

Our next paper will describe in detail the operations of the staff departments.

S L E E P I N G .

The purple light sleeps on the hills,
The shadowed valleys sleep between,
Down through the shadows slide the rills,
The drooping hazels o'er them lean.

The clouds lie sleeping in the sky—
The crimson beds of sleeping airs;
The broad sun shuts his lazy eye
On all the long day's weary cares.

The far, low meadows sleep in light,
The river sleeps, a molten tide;
I dream reclined, with half-shut sight—
My dog sleeps, couching at my side.

The branches droop above my head,
The motes sleep in the slanting beam,
Yon hawk sails through the sunset red—
Adieu thought, sailing through a dream!

And here upon this bank I lie,
Beneath the drooping, airless leaves,
And watch the long, low sunset die,
On silent, dreamy summer eves.

The slant light creeps the boughs among,
And drops upon the sleeping sod—
SHE lies below, in slumber long,
ASLEEP till the great morn of God!

DR. FOX'S PRESCRIPTION.

'None but bigots will in vain
Adore a heaven they cannot gain.'—SHERIDAN.

THERE is a story, familiar to most people of extensive reading, and quite frequently alluded to, of a fox that, after endeavoring in vain to possess himself of some luscious grapes which grew beyond his reach, walked composedly away, solemnly assuring himself and Mr. *Æsop*, who overheard him, that as yet the grapes were unripe. The story, or any allusion to it, seldom fails to excite a smile. I, too, laugh when I hear it; but not so much at Reynard's inconsistency as at his wit. The faculty of discovering grave defects in that which we have failed to obtain is one for which we cannot be too thankful. It is a source of infinite comfort in this comfortless world—a principle which enables both parties in every contest to be victorious—an important article in the great law of compensation. It is as old as the human race. The great fabulist no more invented it than Lord Bacon invented inductive reasoning. Like that philosopher, he simply enunciated a principle which had been unconsciously recognized and constantly used ever since the machinery of the human mind was first set in motion. I have no doubt that when Adam found himself outside of Eden he wondered how he could have been contented to remain so long in that little garden, assorting pinks and training honeysuckles, when here lay a vast farm, well watered and fertile, needing only to be cleared, fenced, and cultivated to yield a handsome income.

It is well that pride should sometimes have a fall. But you and I, dear reader, have often seen envious people gloating over that fall in any but a Christian spirit. At such times have we not rejoiced at any circumstance

which could break the force of the fall and disappoint the gratification of such malicious hopes? And what has accomplished that object so often and so effectually as Reynard's great principle?

Once or twice in my life I have seen a smile on a female face under circumstances which made it impossible to doubt that the smile was gotten up for my especial benefit. On such occasions my sense of gratitude (which is quite large) and my vanity (which is very small) have conspired to exalt women in my estimation to perhaps an undue elevation. They have seemed to me to be angels visiting poor, weak, degraded man from pure motives of love and sympathy. And I have felt a sort of chagrin that we have only such a dirty, ill-constructed world to ask them into. But let us suppose that a short time afterward I see on the same face a decided frown or a look of chilling disdain (I do not say that I ever did), under circumstances which indicate that this also is displayed with reference to, and out of a kind regard for, myself. Here, it should seem, the premises are established which compel me to admit a very disagreeable conclusion. This I cannot think of doing. How shall I escape? Why, deny one of the premises, of course. But the frown—I saw it plainly, alas, too plainly! I cannot dispute the evidence of my senses. For a moment I falter; and again that ghastly conclusion stares me in the face. But now I remember that a shrewd debater sometimes gains a point by denying the premise which he is expected to concede. Can it be done in this case? Certainly! Human judgment, you know, is fallible. Not that mine can be at fault *now*; but it

may have been so heretofore. All men have erred; but no man errs. There is the point! I was in error when I said women were angels. They are, they must be, mortal. There are unmistakable signs that they are but human—indeed, some of them might almost be called inhuman. The world is plenty good enough for them—a little too good for some I could name. The Mussulman is quite right in excluding them from heaven. What should we want of them when we get there? Won't there be plenty of houris there, with all their beauty and virtue, but without their extravagance and wilfulness? To say the least, they are the weaker vessels, though they carry the most sail. Am I, then, to drop my lip and hang my head and put my finger in my eye, because one of them, for some cause or no cause, chooses to turn up her nose at me? The proposition is absurd.—Thus, thus only, I save my self-respect without sacrificing my logic. Am I inconsistent? Nay, verily. For what is the highest consistency but correspondence with truth? And have I not at length hit upon the exact truth? Before, I was deceived; then, I was inconsistent. But now—now I am thoroughly, beautifully consistent. But all this is simply Dr. Fox's method of treating half the ills which flesh is heir to, reduced to logical forms and written out in plain English.

Had Lord Byron but availed himself of this panacea after his adventure in Jack Muster's vineyard, it might, perhaps, have rendered his life happier,

and imparted a 'healthy, moral tone' to his writings.

Every science, in its true progress, works toward simplicity. And mankind will acknowledge at some future time that the 'sour grapes' at which they were wont to sneer, contain a powerful stimulant for drooping ambition—the only infallible remedy for damaged honor and wounded pride. When the scales shall have fallen from our eyes in that happy day, politics will become a delightful profession, the contentious spirit of man will cease from its bickerings, the tongue of woman will settle down into a steady and respectable trot, the golden age of duelling will retreat into the shadowy past until it shall seem contemporary with the half-fabulous chivalry of the middle ages, distracted maidens will no longer die of broken hearts, nor disappointed lovers of unbroken halters.

As the parties to a lawsuit have the privilege of challenging peremptorily a certain number of jurymen, so every man should be allowed to enjoy a reasonable number of whims and prejudices without being called upon to give reasons for them. Then let us hear no more derisive laughter when it is hinted that an unfortunate brother has resorted to the sour-grape remedy. We all, at times, would be glad to find relief in a similar way, but are deterred sometimes by ignorance of the true principles of therapeutics, but oftener by a false pride of consistency. Let us rather say that he has simply fallen back upon a final privilege, and exercised a God-given faculty.

LITERARY NOTICES.

HISTORICAL MEMOIR OF JOAN OF ARC, THE MAID OF ORLEANS. Compiled from Authentic Sources. Boston : Patrick Donahoe. 1864.

OUR attention was first drawn to this work by a notice of it in that sprightly paper, the *Round Table*. The writer of the notice therein says: 'I am at a loss where to award its authorship, since it comes anonymously, but from internal evidence it seems to be a translation from the German, and to have been rendered likewise into French. It seems also to have been written before the official publication of the documentary evidence given on Joan's trial, which was committed to the press for the first time in 1847, and which within ten years thereafter was the occasion of an address to the present Emperor of the French, accompanied by elaborate historical notes, praying him to take the preliminary steps to secure the canonization of the Maid. It is always to be regretted that a book is put forth, like the present, without any vouchers for its authenticity, especially when the knowledge of its origin dimly presents itself to the reader upon perusal.' We can imagine no possible reason for the suppression of the name of the careful and conscientious author of the work under consideration. Such suppressions and literary piracies expose the writers and translators of America to suspicion and censure. Have we any right to defraud an author of his just fame, or to use his works to fill our own pockets, without at least giving the name of the man to whose labors we stand indebted for our whole tissue? We think our publishers should frown upon all such attempts, bearing as they do upon the just claims of foreign authors. The work in question is a translation from the German of Guido Görres, the son of the great Görres, author of 'The History of Mysticism.' So far as we have examined it, it gives the original without abridgment until the thirtieth chap-

ter, when, in the most interesting part of the whole life, condensation and omissions begin. The ten last chapters of the original are crowded into three. We have thirty-three chapters in the translation, and forty in the original. Many of the most characteristic, exciting, and intensely interesting passages of the wonderful trial are excluded.

This work was first translated into English by Martha Walker Cook, and was given to the public without abridgment in 1859, in the pages of the *Freeman's Journal*, published in New York. The title page ran thus: 'Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans. An Authentic Life from Contemporaneous Chronicles. From the German of Guido Görres. By Mrs. Martha Walker Cook.' Mrs. Cook's translation has never appeared in book form. The rendering of the work in question differs in many important points from that given by Mrs. Cook. The life in the original is one of exceeding interest. The standpoint of its author is a Catholic one, he being a firm believer in the divinity of the mission of the maiden. Her career was full of marvels, every step marked by the wildest romance united to the strangest truths. Chained and exposed to the fury and brutality of the English soldiery, defenceless and alone, she yet knew how to preserve her virgin sanctity; the hero of the battle field, the deliverer of her country from the rule of the foreigner, she shed not human blood; deserted by her friends, she never ceased to pray for them; bewildered, betrayed, tried and condemned by the clergy of her own church, her firm faith never wavered. Her answers to the subtle metaphysical questions propounded to her by her judges on purpose to entrap her during her painful trial, are models of simplicity, innocence, and faith, mingled with keen intellect and intuitive perception of their bearing upon her fate. Maligned and persecuted by the English, deserted by the French, forgotten by the king she saved and

crowned, betrayed and condemned by the ecclesiastics of the church she honored—she perished in the flames with the name of the Saviour she worshipped upon her pure, young lips. Her fame brightens with the increasing light of our own century, and her canonization is now loudly demanded from the Church. She has been celebrated in the most opposite domains of human intelligence, by historians, romancers, theologians, jurisconsults, philosophers, writers on tactics, politicians, genealogists, heralds, preachers, orators, epic, tragic, and lyric poets, magnetizers, demonologists, students of magic, rhapsodists, biographers, journalists, and critics, and yet we have never met with a single writer who appeared to comprehend her aright, or who was able to do justice to the marvellous simplicity, truth, modesty, and force of her character. A French author has drawn up a list of four hundred works dedicated to her history, but as yet this uncultured girl of nineteen has puzzled all her delineators!

THE NATIONAL ALMANAC AND ANNUAL RECORD FOR THE YEAR 1864. Philadelphia: George W. Childs, 628 & 630 Chestnut street. For sale by J. Bradburn, 49 Walker street, New York.

THE value of this compilation as a book of reference can scarcely be overestimated. Almost every question likely to be asked about officers, offices, governments, finances, elections, education, armies, navies, commerce, navigation, or public affairs, at home or abroad, is answered herein. There are 600 pages of compactly and clearly printed matter, and it is marvellous how much has been included in them through a judicious system of condensation. Stores of information relating to the volunteers furnished by the several States to the United States army; names, dates, figures in detail of all the regimental organizations from all the States and Territories; valuable records of the events of the war, presented in a twofold form, first by tracing the operations of each of the great armies, and then by noting the events in chronological order—are given in these pages, where millions of figures and names occur, with wonderful accuracy. Particulars of every vessel, with name, armament, tonnage, &c., and details of the internal revenue system, are placed before us. We cannot offer even an outline of the contents of this volume, because the details are so mul-

tifarious that we could compress their index into no reasonable space. A copy of this book should be in the hands of every reader, thinker, and business man in the country. It is indeed a 'little library,' a 'photograph of the world' for the last two years of its rapid course.

MY CAVE LIFE IN VICKSBURG, WITH LETTERS OF TRIAL AND TRAVEL. By a Lady. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 443 and 445 Broadway.

WE are a magnanimous people, and we doubt not this simple record of a woman's sufferings and terror will be read with interest, although she is the wife of a Confederate officer. It gives us, indeed, the only picture we have as yet seen of the interior of Vicksburg during its ever-memorable siege; the only sketch of the hopes and fears of its inhabitants. Its dedication is as follows: 'To one who, though absent, is ever present, this little waif is tenderly and affectionately dedicated.'

NEIGHBOR JACKWOOD. By J. T. Trowbridge. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Company. For sale by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

A NOVEL from Mr. Trowbridge, the author of 'Cudjo's Cave,' will always command attention. He gives us no wayside episodes, rambling details, or useless explanations. He seizes his story at the outset, and sustains its interest to the close. His action is rapid, and every step is a direct one to the final *dénouement*. He holds his reins with a firm hand, and his incidents never swerve from an air-line track. His books are characteristically American, and he uses the events and characters of the hour with ability. Poor Charlotte, the heroine, is well drawn, and her tale is one appealing to all human sympathies, yet, perhaps in consequence of old and persistent prejudices, we cannot say we like this work as well as 'Cudjo's Cave.' Many of our readers may like it better. Grandmother Rigglesty is inimitable, and should be studied by all the peevish, selfish, and exacting old women in the land.

IN consequence of the space occupied by our Index, the remaining notices of new books are unavoidably postponed until the issue of the ensuing number.—ED. COX.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE METROPOLITAN FAIR.

THIS noble and humane enterprise has nearly reached its conclusion, and the results, we believe, are quite commensurate with the expectations of the Executive Committee. It is not possible as yet to arrive at the net proceeds, but the entire receipts will exceed one million dollars. The names and reputation of the chiefs of the Sanitary Commission are sufficient guarantee that the funds thus raised will be applied to the purpose for which they were given, and many a poor soldier will have reason to bless the zeal of the energetic men and women who have so efficiently labored to soothe suffering and furnish to the sick and wounded the very best aid their country can offer.

We have more than once been pained by hearing the words 'humbug,' 'great advertising establishment,' etc., applied to the New York Fair, as well as to fairs in general. Now, nothing could be more unjust than the first term; and as to the latter, we have only to say that, if human nature were perfect, fairs would be unnecessary, and a subscription all that any just enterprise would require for success. Beneficence on a large scale, however, requires the money of the selfishly munificent as well as of the purely generous, and fairs not only procure purchasers for such articles as givers can spare with the least detriment to themselves, but also make known the names and quality of wares of various dealers. The man who might have *subscribed* ten dollars, is content to pay one hundred for an object contributed from the time and labor of some individual devoid of other commodities. If the wares in question become more widely known, and benefit hence accrue to the giver, the consequence is surely a legitimate one, and even a fortunate condition of the facts, as increasing the size of the fund received. They who give simply with the idea of doing good, will doubtless receive their appropriate reward;

and they who give with mixed motives know well that the alleviation purchased by their contribution will be as welcome to the sick soldier as that procured by the more unselfish donation. Our admiration for the individual may vary with our knowledge of his springs of action, but if love of self can be made to minister to the wants of the suffering, all the better, especially as no man can (without certain knowledge) dare to sit in judgment upon the motives of his fellow men.

Each department has done well, and none better than that devoted to painting, statuary, engraving, and photography. Large sums have been realized upon the pictures presented by the artists—generous gifts indeed from men (and women) not usually overburdened with this world's gear. M. Knoedler, of the Art Committee, merits the especial gratitude of the community, not only for the generous but unobtrusive zeal displayed by him, but also for large contributions in engravings and photographs.

The gift department of the picture gallery comprised works from all our best-known names, as well as from some hitherto unknown. The artists' albums were also a special feature in this domain. Judging merely as outsiders (having owned no certificate of subscription), we thought the anti-raffling rule might either have been suspended in their favor, or should certainly have been enforced upon the first day, before the burden of so many subscriptions had fallen upon the shoulders of the energetic artists having them in charge.

The general exhibition, although by no means a complete representation of all that has been accomplished by painting in America (several of our best artists having been represented only by their gift pictures), was nevertheless very interesting. Opportunity was offered for close and immediate comparison between some of the renowned works that have adorned our annals, namely, Bier-

stadt's 'Rocky Mountains,' and Church's 'Andes of Ecuador' and 'Heart of the Andes,' also, Gignoux's and Church's 'Niagaras.'

The 'arms and trophies' made a very splendid and inspiring array. The book store, the nautical room, the machine shop, the New York fire, police, and New Jersey departments, and the grouping and general arrangement of the Seventeenth-street building, were but a few of the tasteful and admirable results of the labors of the executive and minor committees.

Last, but not least, come the Indians, who contributed to the Fair one of its most attractive features. Good pictures may often be seen, fancy articles every day, but the advent of these children of the forest has left a vivid memory of their appearance and of some of their customs, their musical instruments, songs, and dances, with many who have never heretofore come in contact with them, and whose grandchildren may perhaps cross the continent from New York to San Francisco without meeting a single one of the original denizens of mountain, vale, prairie, or table land. Great thanks are due to M. Bierstadt for the almost herculean labors he must have undergone in presenting to us these living fossils. Keeping them in a good humor must have been one of his most serious tasks, as they doubtless encountered many contrarieties calculated to chafe hot blood and annoy men unaccustomed to the confinement of city life.

Again, thanks to him, and also to them; thanks, indeed, to all the patriotic men and women who have done so much in New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, and other smaller places, and also to those who are making similar noble efforts in Baltimore, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Pittsburg, etc., etc. War is a sad phase in the history of humanity, and yet it has ever had the glory of developing some of the highest of human virtues.

KNOUT, PLÈTE, AND GANTLET.

THE peasants of Poland do not seem very amiably disposed toward the great Russian czar. Having been already emancipated by their own leaders, they do not appear to be aware of his superhuman benevolence in their behalf. They have issued a manifesto against him. They propose to raise a peas-

ant army of a million of men, from the ages of sixteen to sixty, to assault Warsaw and other Polish cities held by the Russians. They treat with scorn the offered emancipation, and determine to resist 'the odious, fierce, greedy, and astute Muscovite, and to organize *en masse* under their own captains, while their own National Government will designate the day upon which the general movement will take place.' Having accomplished their object—the deliverance of Poland—the peasants will elect chiefs to arrange the repartition of taxes, and a national diet will undertake the management of the affairs of the country. Prussia and Austria will then be called in again to aid in the subjugation of Poland. This will throw the firebrand of war and revolution over Western Europe, the oppressed peoples will rise in their might, and Liberty be inscribed on the banner of the world. In the indignant refusal of the Polish peasants to receive as a boon from the foreigner what they already possess as a right from their own leaders; in the devoted patriotism they are now evincing, they rob Russia of the vast advantage she hoped to gain in depriving Poland of what has made part of her marvellous force, the moral sympathies of the civilized world. For can any one be weak enough to believe that the ukase of emancipation originated in the magnanimity of Russia? The design was evidently to divide the peasants from the nobles, to light the flames of civil war, to murder by the hands of her own sons that unhappy country, which, deserted by all the nations of the earth, has again and again risen from her bloody grave to startle her oppressor, with the old hymns of faith and triumph. But, if uncultured, because the iron heel of the tyrant has been on the heart of the murdered mother, the Polish peasant is faithful and devoted. He knows the nature of Russian rule. He has seen women knouted, children murdered, boys imprisoned, and men exposed to the tortures of Siberia. Have our readers any true conception of what it is to be knouted? We will place before them a translation from Piotrowski of three modes of punishment used by Russia.

'The *Knout* is a long narrow thong of leather, which is steeped and boiled in a chemical solution until it becomes thickly coated with metallic filings and deposit. Pre-

pared in this way, the thong acquires considerable weight and hardness. Before it cools and hardens, however, they take care to turn the edges, made thin for this purpose, up toward each other, thus forming a groove extending through the whole length of the metal-coated thong, with the exception of the extremity, which is left limber that it may be wound round the hand of the executioner, while a strong iron hook is appended to the other extremity. The scaffold on which the victim suffers is called in Russian 'Kobyła,' literally a mare. It is an inclined plane, on which the sufferer is tied, his back is stripped naked, his arms embrace the higher end of the plank, his hands are tied under it, his feet are fastened on the lower end, all movement being thus rendered impossible. Hacking down upon the naked back of the victim, the knout falls with its concave side upon the skin, which the metalized edge of the instrument cuts like a knife, the blades of the groove burying themselves in the flesh; the instrument is not lifted up by the operator, but is drawn horizontally toward himself, tearing away, by means of the hook, the severed flesh in long strings. If the operator performs his part conscientiously, the sufferer loses consciousness after the third blow, and frequently expires with the fifth. Peter the Great fixed the maximum of the number to be given at one hundred and one—of course, this was a sentence of death. It is a singularity of the Russian laws that the number of blows decreed for the knout is always uneven. As soon as the wretched victim has received the prescribed number, he is untied, forced to kneel, and submit to the punishment of the brand. This brand consists of the three letters *vom* (robber, criminal), cut in iron points upon a stamp, and is struck by the executioner into the forehead and cheeks of the sufferer. While the blood is still flowing, a black fluid, partly composed of gunpowder, is injected into the wounds. When the wounds heal, the letters assume a dark blue tint, and are forever after indelible. After the infliction of the brand, it was formerly the custom to tear out the nostrils, but this horrible barbarity was definitely abolished toward the close of the reign of Alexander I. I have, however, met more than one Siberian exile thus hideously disfigured, no doubt belonging to the time anterior to the publication of the

ukase. I have met an incalculable number of men bearing upon cheeks and forehead the triple inscription *vom*. I do not think the brand is applied to woman; at least I have never seen one thus desecrated.

'The *Plate*, which is often and wrongfully confounded with the knout, is a far less formidable instrument. It is composed of three strong leathern thongs, terminated at the one end by balls of lead; the other is wrapped round the hand of the executioner. In accordance with the Russian law, this instrument should weigh from five to six pounds. It strikes like a triple lash upon the naked back of the sufferer. It does not plough or tear up the flesh like the knout, but the skin of course breaks under the heavy blows inflicted upon the spinal column and the sides. Phthisis is a common complaint with those who have been subjected to the punishment of the *plète*, the strokes frequently detaching the viscera from their living walls. In order to give more force to the blow, the executioner takes a leap and run, only striking as he reaches his victim. If possible to gain him by a bribe, he may diminish the punishment without detection. He may manage not to use his little finger on the instrument, which softens the force of the blow, without attracting the attention of the superintending officer. If the number of lashes is to be great, the operator is often bribed to give all his available force to the first blow, directing them principally toward the sides, in order to put as short a term as possible to the torture and life of the miserable sufferer.

'A third kind of punishment is that of the *Skvoz-stroi*, literally, *through the ranks*. This is generally used for soldiers only, though many Polish patriots have been subjected to it after condemnation for political offences. It is thus inflicted: Long rods are taken, freshly cut and well soaked in water to render them perfectly flexible, and given to the men who are to operate. A company of soldiers range themselves, facing each other, in a double file, placing themselves at such a distance from one another that they may be able to strike with their whole force without being in the way of each other. The sufferer is stripped to the waist, his hands are tied before him to a gun, the bayonet of which rests on his breast, while the butt end of it is carried by the soldier appointed to lead him

through the ranks charged with the duty of inflicting his punishment. He is led slowly forward through the files, receiving the lashes on his back and shoulders. When he faints or falls on the ground, he is raised up and urged to move on. Peter the Great fixed the maximum of blows at twelve thousand, but unless they intend to make an example of some offender, more than two thousand are rarely administered. If more are decreed, the patient is usually carried to the hospital and cured of his wounds ere he is forced to undergo the rest of the sentence.

'A conspiracy broke out in Siberia, which was betrayed on the very eve of its commencement at Omsk. The Abbé Siérocinski was concerned in it, and he and five of his accomplices, among whom was found an officer of the empire between sixty and seventy years of age, were condemned to seven thousand lashes, each without remission. The other conspirators, numbering nearly a thousand in all, were sentenced to receive from one thousand to fifteen hundred lashes, and to hard labor for life. The day of execution arrived. It occurred in 1837, early in the month of March. It took place at Omsk. General Golofeiev, in consequence of being celebrated for his cruelty, was sent from the capital to superintend the punishment and command this mournful *cortège*. Two entire battalions were ranged in a great plain near the city, the one destined for the six principal conspirators, the other for those whose punishment was not to be so severe. It is not our intention to describe the detailed butchery of this day of horror: we will confine ourselves to the Abbé Siérocinski and his five companions in misfortune. They were escorted on the plain, their sentence was read aloud to them with great solemnity, and then the running of the gantlet commenced. The lashes were administered, according to the letter of the decree, 'without mercy,' and the cries of the wretched sufferers rose to the skies. None of them lived to receive the full number of lashes: executed one after another, after having passed two or three times through the dreadful file, they fell upon the earth, dyeing the pure snow red

with the blood of their agonies as they expired. In order that the Abbé Siérocinski might drink to the dregs the bitter cup of his punishment, that he might suffer doubly through the torture of his friends, he had been reserved to the last. His turn now arrived, they stripped his back and tied his hands to the bayonet, and the physician advanced to give him, as he had given the others, some drops to strengthen him for the torment, but he refused them, saying: 'I do not want your drops—I will not taste them, I am ready—drink, then, the blood for which you thirst.' The signal of his fearful march was given, and the strong voice of the old superior of the monastery was heard intoning with high, clear chant: 'Miserere mei, Deus, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam!'

'The chant of the priest was broken in upon by the harsh cry of General Golofeiev to the soldiers: *Pokreptche! Pokreptche!* 'Harder! Harder!' Thus was heard for some time the chant of the Basiliens broken by the hissing of the lashes and the angry cry of the general. Siérocinski had only passed once through the ranks of the battalion, that is to say, he had received but a thousand lashes, when he rolled without consciousness over the snow, staining it with his dauntless blood. In vain they tried to place him again on his feet—he was too weak to stand; and he was then stretched upon a sled which had been prepared in advance. He was fastened upon this species of support so as to present his back to the blows, and again the defile through the ranks began. Cries and groans were still heard: though they were constantly growing weaker, they ceased not until the commencement of the fourth course—the three thousand last blows fell on the body of the hapless corpse.

'A common ditch received those who died on this dreadful day, Poles and Russians being thrown in together. The holy sign of our faith was placed by the friends of the dead upon this crowded grave, and even in 1846 the great wooden cross still stretched its black arms over the steppe shrouded in its snow of dazzling whiteness.'

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